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LONDON:
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11, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

The Index to the last volume is given in this number.

The "Wives of the Cæsars" arrived too late for insertion this month.

We intended to have given a detailed notice of the "Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography" in our present number; but, on consideration, we are inclined to wait until criticism has expended itself, and next month confront the Baronet with the irritable host. We shall then be able to judge between them.

We are much obliged to N. M. for his valuable communication. His papers are safe—he will see that his ground is occupied, that is, with regard to the subject of the paper in our possession. We shall be very glad to hear from him.

DRAMATIC MONOPOLY.

We perceive that the Marquis of Clanricarde has introduced into the House of Lords a bill for licensing dramatic performances, at other theatres beyond the two patent ones, hitherto claiming the monopoly of that privilege. We are glad to see that the subject has not been allowed to fall to the ground,* and we hope eventually that genius may be emancipated from the ignoble bondage to which it has been too long condemned. We will not at present enter upon a discussion of the provisions of the noble lord's proposed measure for this good object, many of which we confess and consider exceptionable. The main point at present is the grand principle of right or no right to legislate upon the subject, as whatever opposition the bill will meet with will be upon the ground of right, and in defence of vested interest. We are content to view the question in that important and interesting light in the present article. The patentees, like Shylock, "stand here for law," and will have their bond, and proclaim their patents to be invulnerable, sole unique, and eternal. Let us see whether it be "so nominated in the bond."

The two great theatres claim exclusive privileges to enact performances of the stage upon a variety of grounds, which may be reduced to the following two,—viz., 1. The patents granted by Charles II. to Davenant and Killigrew;—2. "An understood compact," according to Mr. Kemble, between whom existing, however, or under what conditions and penalties, does not appear.

The proposals for extending licences for dramatic performances at other theatres, is opposed upon the grounds;—1. That it would be a violation of the long-vested patent rights of the two great theatres;—2. That it would be an infringement of the Royal prerogative. 3. That it would be "a violation of good faith," and an injustice to private property.

These grounds of opposition will be severally replied to, by considering,—1. The nature of a patent as distinguished from an exclusive right; and the power of the crown to grant an exclusive right of the nature claimed by the proprietors of the two great theatres. 2. Whether it is a part of the royal prerogative to grant patents or licences for dramatic performances. 3. The title of exclusive right, particularly as claimed under the patents of Davenant and Killigrew.

I. The king's grants, which are always a matter of record, are always contained in letters patent (*literæ patentes*), so called, because they are not sealed up, but exposed to public inspection; and it is a vulgar mistake to suppose that the word patent necessarily implies an exclusive right, though in the more common use of the term, in the present day, the king's letters patent are generally understood to confer the exclusive right of using or practising some new discovery or invention on the inventor or originator. In former times, indeed, the king's letters patent were granted to individuals and corporations, conferring upon them exclusive privileges in various branches of

* Since this article was written, the bill has been rejected by the Lords. On Friday last, after a short discussion, Lord Seagrave moved that it be read that day six months, which was carried by a majority of 14.

trade and manufacture, till at length in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., these monopolies were carried to such a grievous height, as to be heavily complained of by Sir Edward Coke, who denounced them to be "against the ancient and fundamental laws of the realm," and "against Magna Charta, because they were against the liberty and freedom of the subject and the law of the land." Accordingly, in the 21st year of the latter prince's reign, an act was "forcibly and vehemently penned *for the suppression of all monopolies*," enacting (21 Jac. 1. cap. 3.) that "all monopolies, commissions, grants, licences, charters, and letters patent, granted to any persons, bodies politic or corporate, for the sole buying, selling, making, working, or *using* of any thing within this realm, or of *any other monopolies, or power, or liberty, &c. should be void.*" With respect to the power and all-embracing meaning of this provision, Coke says, "this word (*sole*) is to be applied to five several things, viz. buying, selling, making, working; and using, four of which are special, and the last, viz. (*sole using*) *so general, as no monopoly can be raised but shall be within the reach of this statute;* and yet for more surety these words (or of *any other monopolies*) are added."

So hateful had monopolies grown in the eyes of the people, and of the legislature, that the above act was designed to include them in all their possible shapes and varieties. In the next section but one of the same statute, it is declared, that "all persons shall be disabled to have any monopoly, or any such grants as aforesaid;" and not that only, for that monopolists "were to be punished with the forfeiture of treble damages and double costs, to those whom they attempted to disturb; and if they procured any action to be stayed by any extra-judicial order, other than the court wherein it was brought, they incurred the penalties of *præmunire.*"

From this act were excepted "patents not exceeding the grant of fourteen years, to authors of new inventions; also patents concerning printing, saltpetre, gun-powder, great ordnance, and shot," as well as grants or privileges conferred by act of Parliament, and all grants or charters to corporations or cities, their customs, &c.

There are several instances on record of the operation of this most important statute. And it was decreed by Judge Croke, and agreed to by C. J. Coke, that "the patent to the College of Physicians, that none practise physic but such as are allowed by them, had not been good, if not confirmed by act of Parliament."

And yet, in face of this statute, and the commentaries upon it above cited, do the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres claim the right of *sole acting* "tragedies, comedies, plays, operas, music-scenes, and *all other entertainments of the stage whatsoever*," for ever, by virtue of a patent granted nearly two hundred years ago, and which, if it ever pretended to convey such right of monopoly, was in itself *ab initio* and *de facto* void, and liable to penal visitation. But that such was not the intention on the first granting of the patent to Davenant, by Charles I. in 1639, and which is cited and cancelled by the patents subsequently granted by Charles II. to Davenant and Killigrew, is very evident. This patent of 1639, after giving the licence for building the theatre, collecting the company, and acting

the plays, &c., gives authority to take and receive of such as come to witness the performances, "such sum or sums of money as was, or then after from time to time, should be accustomed to be given or taken *in other play-houses and places for the like plays, scenes, presentments, and entertainments.*"—From this passage, it is evident that the original patent to Davenant by Charles I., so far from granting, or even contemplating an exclusive privilege of performance, distinctly recognized the existence of "other play-houses," and "for the like plays and entertainments." This patent was, in 1662, surrendered to Charles II. to be cancelled, when that monarch renewed the grant, in stronger but still somewhat equivocal terms. The grant generally runs "for us, our heirs, and successors;" but in the passage, stating that whereas "divers companies of players have taken upon them to act plays publicly in our said cities of London or Westminster, or the suburbs thereof, without any authority for that purpose," it is simply stated, that "we do hereby declare *our dislike of the same,* and will and grant," that only Davenant's and Killigrew's companies, "and none others, shall from henceforth" be allowed to perform; without any pretence, however, at binding his "heirs and successors" to the exclusiveness of the grant. These words declaring "our dislike" of the other stage performances, were evidently very artfully penned; for the King, as head of the peace, had doubtless a right to express his "dislike" of what he might think dangerous or inconvenient to the public quiet; the restrictive passage, however, has never been attempted to be enforced for the suppression of any unlicensed or licensed stage-performances by the patentees, doubtless for the very good reason that such proceedings would at once bring their virtual monopoly into question, and call down the penal vigour of the statute 21, Jac. 1., cap. 3. Certain it is, too, that when Betterton applied to William III. for a separate licence, the lawyers of the day were consulted, and they agreed that the grants from Charles II. to Davenant and Killigrew, did *not* preclude succeeding monarchs from giving *similar rights* to others; and a licence was accordingly granted in 1690. We have a later authority to the same effect in Mr. Charles Kemble himself, who conceives that a licence for the legitimate drama granted to another theatre would be a "breach of the understood compact," though he does not think there would be any legal remedy (a breach of contract without legal remedy!), nor that the grant of Charles II. is binding on his successors. Capt. Forbes also says, it would be no infraction of the law, "but only a violation of good faith."

II. The next ground of opposition to the enfranchising of the theatrical trade is alleged to be the infringement of the prerogative of the Crown. How the advocates of this opinion will establish the claim of the Crown to the prerogative of licensing theatrical performances, we are at a loss to conceive. A prerogative, in the words of Blackstone, is "a *special pre-eminence,* which the King hath, over and above all other persons, and out of the ordinary course of the common law, *in right of his regal dignity.*" And hence it follows, that it must be in its nature *singular and eccentrical,*—that it can only be applied to those rights and capacities which the King enjoys alone, in contradistinction to others, and not to those which he enjoys in common

with any of his subjects; for *if any one prerogative of the Crown could be held in common with the subject, it would cease to be a prerogative any longer.*" (I. 239.) Then who could think of viewing in the jealous light of "prerogative," thus nicely explained, the privilege of licensing stage-players—a privilege which, from the earliest period of their occupation, was exercised at discretion by every noble in the land? As early as the middle of the sixteenth century, for instance, we find more than a score of noblemen, Lord Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Robert Lane, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Chamberlain, &c., besides the Queen herself, having their respective companies of players, who performed, "not only at their lords' houses, but *publicly in other places under their licence and protection.*" We gather, from various theatrical records, that from the year 1570 to the year 1629, no less than seventeen play-houses had been built; and that in Shakspeare's time "there were seven *principal* theatres." These facts are sufficient to shew that the theatrical business, from its first introduction till the renewal of Davenant's patent by Charles II., had never been looked upon as a matter of monopoly, nor of Royal prerogative. But that it is not a matter of Royal prerogative, has been tacitly acknowledged by the simple fact of Mr. Bulwer's bill of last session having been suffered to be introduced into, and passed through the House of Commons, without *previously obtaining the Royal assent to the measure.*

III. We come now to consider a few of the particulars connected with the history and title of the patents under which the two great theatres pretend to claim their exclusive privileges. In 1684, the two patents were united, by consent of their respective proprietors, and the two companies played together at Drury Lane, under the title of "The King's Company." The two patents having thus fallen into the hands of the same parties, there is every reason to believe that they never again were separated; in which case, of course, one of them must have fallen into nonentity by merging into the other. Indeed, that such was always considered the case by all writers upon the subject, appears from the fact that, though the patentees were thus "doubly armed" with Davenant's and Killigrew's patents, the united documents of right were only called "The Patent."

But though the two companies and the two patents were thus united in 1684, the union, as far as the actors were concerned, did not long continue. For in 1690, as before hinted, we find Betterton at the head of an association of disaffected actors, applying for and receiving a separate licence, from William III., under which authority they built and opened the theatre in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, with Congreve's celebrated comedy of "Love for Love." In 1704, Betterton conveyed his licence to Vanbrugh, who opened the theatre in the Haymarket with it, and Vanbrugh subsequently parted with the same licence to Swiney for a consideration of 5*l.* for each night's performance. Meantime the "Patents" which remained in the hands of the Drury Lane proprietors, at length fell entirely into the hands of the cunning and not over-scrupulous Rich, who, by continued ill-treatment of the actors under his care, at length provoked the indignation of the Lord Chamberlain, who forced him, albeit

armed with two patents, twice to close his theatre, once in 1707, and again by order of the Queen, in 1709, from which latter period his double patent lay dormant, or "under prohibition," till the accession of George I., when his son opened the Lincoln's Inn Fields house, with the "Recruiting Officer."

All this time, however, there had been still two theatres open by licence, viz.—the Haymarket, by virtue of Betterton's licence, and Drury Lane, under Collier, who, having in 1710 obtained a licence, and taken a lease of the premises, had forcibly ejected the aforesaid Rich from Drury Lane theatre, with his patents in his pocket. But this is not all. In 1714, that is, on the accession of George I., Sir Richard Steele, by means of his interest at court, obtained a patent for the Drury Lane company, under the title of the "Royal Company of Comedians," with which he kept the theatre open till 1720, when having given offence in certain high quarters, this patent was taken from him, and renewed to Booth, Wilks, and Cibber; under wh ch renewed licence, and *not under Killigrew's Patent*, Drury Lane has been kept open ever since.

In 1733, Rich, with his two patents, opened Covent Garden theatre; and in 1766, Mr. Foote obtained a licence for the little theatre in the Haymarket, as a Theatre "Royal" for "all kinds of dramatic performances." The old Haymarket licence, that granted originally to Betterton, and afterwards in the hands of Swiney, was in 1792 permanently restricted to the performance of Italian Operas, whilst the patentees of Covent Garden, and the licensed "Royal Company" of Drury Lane, stipulated and agreed never to use their patents or licences for the performance of Italian Operas. Since that date, the exclusive privileges of the pretended heirs of Davenant and Killigrew have been further infringed by the licences granted by the Lord Chamberlain to the Lyceum, the Adelphi, the Olympic, and other theatres; and that without any resistance on the part of the proprietors of the said infallible patents. But another, and the last point that we shall adduce, as tending to show that the patents have really fallen into disuse, or that their powers have been tacitly waived, is, that in 1809, when Drury Lane theatre was burned down, the company repaired to, and performed at, the Lyceum theatre, "*under a licence from the Lord Chamberlain;*" a licence which, if they really did still possess the original patent under which they claim, was quite unnecessary, as it is in that patent distinctly provided that they might act in their own theatre, or in "*any other house* where they could be best fitted for that purpose."

From all that has been adduced, it becomes evident:—1st. That Charles II. could not grant patents of monopoly, valid even in his own reign, and much less valid in the reign of William IV., 170 years subsequent. 2ndly. That the King's prerogative is not infringed by the proposed extension of theatrical licences. And, lastly, That in accordance with these two principles, *all* the theatres, for the last 150 years, have been open by virtue of *temporary licences*, or, as in the case of Covent Garden, which still pretends to hold the two patents, *by toleration;* and not by any sort of prescriptive or "vested right," as asserted by the managers of the two large theatres.

H. O.

THE BEAR, THE APE, AND THE PIG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF TRIARTE.

A BEAR, whose gambols earn'd his master's food,
(A Piedmontese, who from the Pole had brought him),
One day upon his hind-legs gaily stood,
And danced a minuet that had been taught him.

At length being tir'd, to an ape advancing,
(A connoisseur), said he "I should be glad
To have your cool opinion of my dancing."
The ape replied, "Indeed, 'tis very bad."

"Pshaw," said the bear, "you have not done me justice,
You did not mark my elegance of mien;
I trip so lightly, that the very dust is
Scarcely disturb'd, and that you might have seen."

At this a pig, who likewise had been gazing
On the performance, to the ape made answer,—
"Your want of taste is certainly amazing,
I never saw so beautiful a dancer."

Now vanity a medium most dense is,
Yet by the pig these words were scarcely utter'd,
Than they pierc'd through to Bruin's better senses,
He commun'd with himself, and thus he mutter'd—

"I must confess the ape's reproof did raise
Some doubts within me of the skill I had;
But now the pig has given me his praise,
I am convinc'd my dancing must be bad!"

Ye authors, let this just reflection haunt ye—
Learn ye the truth this fable doth rehearse;
A wise man's blame is bad enough I grant ye,
But a fool's praise is infinitely worse.

THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

FROM THE SPANISH OF TRIARTE.

"How is it, dearest?" of the harmless Leech
Enquir'd the Viper, "Since 'tis doubtless true,
That the same qualities belong to each,
That I bite when I can, and so do you:

"Yet man, unjust and inconsistent still,
Differs in treatment of the two so much?
He suffers you to bite him at your will,
Yet starts and shudders at my slightest touch."

"Both bite," replied the Leech—"this much you're right in;
But there's some difference in our modes of biting:
My mouth the dying man to health restores,
While the most healthy dies if touched by your's."

Learn from this fable, readers, then, and writers,
That though all critics certainly are biters,
Yet, that a very wide distinction runs,
Between the useful and malignant ones.

ODE.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

WRITTEN MAY, 12, 1831.

What line of knowledge high
Is alien to the Muse?
She traverses both mind and space,
And thro' the earth and sky
Her searches can diffuse,
And thro' all paths obscure and vast her dark pursuits can trace.
Her ever-piercing eye
Can penetrate the depths of earth
And forward draw the gem of worth,
That buried uselessly did lie
With ray in dross imbedded.
The quickening beam of life,
In happy union wedded
She gives to all the tribes of mind,
And regions new for haunts can find,
Where flowers of every hue, in climate kind,
Spring up in lovely pride, or in bright wreaths combin'd.
A Bard* of magic strain
Has sung, that when the great Creator formed
This rolling orb, and hung it in the skies,
And bade the land and main
Its limits each retain,
And plac'd the mountains and the vales,
And clad with verdure and with woods,
And pour'd the fertilizing floods,
That near their narrow channels spread
Their healthful moisture, and breath'd forth the gales,
That clear the pests by vapours fed.
The Muse sat by his side,
And with congenial rapture view'd
The varied fabric grow;
And, as the wonders started into life
Or shape, full notes of triumph tried,
That through the azure vaults resounded wide,

* Collins.

As, sprung from Chaos rude,
Order its course pursued,
And out of elements in strife
Beauty and grandeur by the spell of hands divine could flow.
'Tis thus the maid inspir'd could know
The fountains, and the forms,
Whence this great orb of wonders
In all its fabric so sublime
Its smiling lights, its clouded storms,
Its gentle sighs, its roaring thunders,
Its change of season, and of clime,
The beauty, in its living shapes that warms,
Could know, as present at the sight,
When all the wondrous fabric issued into light!
Then why should not this favour'd Muse divine
All secrets of our mortal state,
Interpret every hidden sign,
Resolve the knot of each perplex'd debate,
And where she darts her rays, disperse
The clouds that human folly breeds,
The glory of our thoughts rehearse,
And paint our airy hopes, and sing our worthiest deeds?
But in the climes of heaven, in air
Empyreal who is wont to dwell,
Too oft with pain alone can bear
The rude, or vapoury atmosphere,
That tuneless makes her shell!
A mortal shape she takes,
And mortal passions in her bosom wakes;
And in a nymph-like form
She comes, the gaze and love of men to warm:
But sad and sullen droops
Her spirit at the breath of Vice,
And, mid tumultuous human groups,
Her loftiness to guard her wings from wrong can ill suffice.
She has ubiquity,
And wide as is the world,
The drops that to her burning vase
Her magic can supply,
Are by her mighty right hand hurl'd
O'er all the globe; and by the laws
Of nature to the plastic brain
Of favoured beings, like the fertile rain,
To the creative earth bestow'd,
Till working, swelling, and expanding,
They the rich elemental treasure goad;
And by her irresistible commanding
Form into fabrics, on whose airy towers
The eye of rapt imagination pores.

But where the seed is sown,
It is not all delight;
Full many a weed is grown
Amid the harvest bright;
And many a cloudy night
It costs care, sleepless toil, and skill,
To guard against the deadly blight;
For in a fickle sky we still
Our trembling tasks fulfil.
O, Bard! on whose renown
Envy too oft looks down
With spite, and with affected scorn—
Full well thou know'st, how deep thou pay'st
For the light chaplets that thy brows adorn;
For every melting word thou say'st,
An hundred sighs thy breast have torn,
And many a weary day and night hast thou been left forlorn!
With all the vulgar storms of life
Thou ill art fram'd to bear the strife;
And shivering at the breeze,
And pierceable by pelting rain,
Thou strugglest on in grief and pain;
And down beneath the shade of trees
Afar from human haunts wouldst lie—
Compose thy weary limbs to rest, and still thy heart to die;
For thou art mingled up
Of thousands of conflicting parts;
And when thou drink'st the cup,
And when thou feelst the nectar high, that darts
Its inspiration through thy veins,
The conflict, that the drop celestial wakes,
The very vital spirit takes
And with the earthly elements a mortal fight sustains.
From earliest days,
E'en from the cradle's cries,
Th' ingredients of unearthly vigour raise
Contentions, where incessant strife,
The strings of life,
With unrepaird exhausture tires.
And yet sometimes to age
The fight, and courage unsubdued, goes on.
Thus Milton war could wage
With Satan's stout rebellious crew,
Till seven and sixty years had gone;
And Dryden's dancing rhymes
Surviv'd the blight of adverse times:
His mighty strength augmented with his years,
And scorn'd to let his worn-out limbs bend to the grave in tears.
What tho' ere youth had fled,
Byron was number'd with the dead,

'Twas not the Muse, whose grief and gloom
Brought him thus early to the tomb—
But war and wasteful ire,
And pestilential fumes of earth,
That bred the fever's fire,
And on a strangely-fated birth
The dire destruction cast, that broke a heavenly lyre.
The bard* of Arun's stream
Had still prolonged his dream,
And in Elysian gardens slept,
Nor in wild fury wept
His blasted hopes, and with a mangled brain
In manhood's vigour to the grave descended,
Had not some fearful stain
Of earthly elements too sadly blended
Its gross material poison in the brain
Of that all-brilliant web, wherein were laid
The gleaming hues of heaven's own light
In inexpressive splendour bright;
But thus arrives the night,
When thro' the blazing skies
Were spread a thousand ecstasies
And countless forms of beauty round
Gay earth's expanded scenery crown'd,
And in an instant draws the veil,
And bids the gathering clouds in massy darkness sail.
And thou† on Granta's banks, alone
Who spends thy melancholy years
And tremblest at maternal tears.
In mortal fate thou couldst but see
That woe was human heritage,
And melancholy could agree
Alone with the o'ershadow'd stage
Where thou wert doom'd thy days to tread,
And weary out the thoughts thy fears had bred.
But interminged with the gloom
Was many a cheerful beam, that led thee to the tomb.
O! eye of exquisite perfection
That could in Nature's smiling scenes
View her best charms with magical detection;
That by a touch could find the means
To bring before th' enraptur'd sense
The associate spirit, that from hence
To visionary pleasure, takes us,
And with unearthly thoughts awakes us
Up to ideal quintessence:
But yet to homely joys descends,
To humblest rural duties bends,

* Collins. † Gray.

And in the peasant's hut can trace
The elements of happiness !
Thou couldst not, in thy deepest grief,
But find from gifts like this, relief;
And if the virtuous heart shall gain,
For its unmingled purity
Reward in heaven,—in seats how high
Dost thou thy lifted rank maintain !
Remembrance of the groveling crew
Who scorned thee in thy days of earth;
Who in their hours of empty show
Thought meanly of thy modest worth;
Who swept along, and would not deign
Without dispite to cast a look,
Where in thy silent cell
Thou didst with melancholy dwell;
And for thy thoughts, and for thy book,
The busy crowds of men forsook,
Where, when ambition's vulgar toil
Rais'd into wealth, and rank, and power,
The very creatures of the soil,
That in corruption's sunshine bask their hour,
Thou wert unknown, unheeded, unbelieved,
But still from secret fountains soothed the wretch whose bosom griev'd.
The dark despair, by fits
That sate upon thy brow,
Was but a fiend, which always flits
When the muse hears the vow,
And to the bosom's shrine alights,
And pours her warmth, and gives her visioned sights.
Then let me turn to thee,
O ! holy muse : with worship due
Thine altars to pursue,
And be thy priest, and love thy beams,
And never wander from thy gleams ;
And be thou, in my gloomiest hours, Protectress, kind to me.

PRESUMPTUOUS POETRY.*

The world never produced—shall we except Shakspeare?—a greater man than John Milton. And yet, we believe, that even at this day the English poet is very little known by his countrymen. Accordingly, whenever a new poem appears, purporting to be of a religious nature, we constantly find that our modern critics make a present of his name to the new poet; congratulate themselves on their shew of reading; and rely, confidently enough, on the credulity of the modern book-buying world. Thus, a few years ago, we had Mr. Milton Montgomery, whom, it appears, the present age has already left to the more cool award of posterity; and now, it seems, Mr. Heraud is come with a very important and imposing appearance to assert his claims to the same honour. "I have as much right to be here as you have," he seems to say, in the words of the man about to be hanged, to his rival, as he stands beside him on the banks of the Lethean lake; and truly, when we look upon the ponderous performance before us, we are hardly disposed to question his title.

In truth, upon the present occasion, another deceit has been attempted to be played off upon us by some of our modern critics. Another pasteboard watchcase, made for the hour, has been converted by this magnifying medium, into a Westminster-Abbey. We are curious to behold the new leviathan in poetic literature—we expect his appearance,—we hail his approach—we draw nearer—we examine—we touch, and lo! encrusted with an amiable self conceit, protected by a testaceous covering of compressed variety, a Milton—oyster!

It is not to be doubted or denied that an attempt to present the modern world with a second epic, is one of no common difficulty and danger. We cannot conceive a man, even of the very highest powers, contemplating such a work without feeling that he is about to encounter no small share of the one, and is bound to overcome no ordinary degree of the other. Mr. Heraud truly says that "few are the minds capable of appreciating an endeavour so difficult, yet laudable;" but he will not be offended with us if we shew, to the best of our ability, however incapable we may be of appreciating the endeavour, that he has not succeeded in it. He will not deny, in many modern instances, the Epopeia has been found to be a poppy—and that the epic has not seldom acted as Ipecacuhana, without, however, its beneficial effects.

When Salmoneus proposed to himself to imitate Jove's thunder, he found it necessary to call into requisition a vast deal of brass; and we have no doubt that he made a great noise in his time, and by the aid of critics was led to believe himself a mighty clever fellow; in like manner, supplied with a sufficient stock of brass, Mr. Heraud seems to have set about emulating the thunder of Milton.

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* The Judgment of the Flood. By John A. Heraud. London, 1834.

But Mr. Heraud may say that we do him injustice—that he has not endeavoured to imitate Milton—but that he has striven to give to his countrymen a poem, which, unlike in other respects, is, or ought to be, considered alike in excellence of matter, and not inferior in execution.

That Mr. Heraud believes that his endeavour has been crowned with success there can be no question; we shall by and bye quote several passages that sufficiently evince his feeling upon that head; but that he can have deceived himself into a belief that he has not at every turn been imitating Milton, in the most slavish, and, to us, obvious manner, we altogether reject as an impossible circumstance.

That Mr. Heraud may have originally conceived his poem, with a determination to emulate, without copying, his great master, we can, perhaps, believe—and that he has applied himself with praiseworthy diligence to laborious study, in order to qualify himself for his undertaking, we can plainly discern; but, alas! of what use is this congregation of faggots without the spark—what are all these enlivened appliances and means to boot, without the *power*—what are these munitions of war—what is this armour—this sword—this shield—without the man?

Milton was a mighty genius, profound and lofty, though not so many-sided as Shakspeare. He reached as near to heaven, though the area of his base was not so broad. Shakspeare was as a vast city —Milton a solemn cathedral. Before he commenced his great poem, his various learning had become fused within him—had made itself, as it were, a portion of his mind. It is a grevious error to suppose that Milton was a laborious writer—there is sufficient evidence to prove that he was not,—even if his works did not at once satisfy the reader of the fact. No less a mistake is it to imagine that his language is stilted or pedantic, as some have pronounced it to be; or that his verse is verse only to the eye—as Dr. Johnson, was, perhaps, justified in asserting, who had no ear.

In a word, the poetry of Milton flowed as freely and spontaneously as that of Shakspeare—in language, which, for strength, force, majesty, and beauty, has never been equalled, and in versification to which English poetry can afford no parallel.

One word as to Milton's versification:—We have said, that it is unequalled. Frequently, however, passages of surpassing beauty, of melody, are to be found in Shakspeare—not seldom in Kit Marlow—sometimes, though rarely, in Beaumont and Fletcher. Coleridge and Shelley alone, of our modern times, have approached these in the harmony of blank verse.

We find, then, in the Paradise Lost of Milton, an extraordinary genius, an astonishing extent of learning, a vast command and mastery over all the resources of his own language, and an unrivalled power of versification. We can hardly expect to find such attributes conjoined in any one man again. Which of them, therefore, shall we concede to him who shall aspire to his pre-eminence? In whichever of these Mr. Heraud may be wanting, (and that, compared with Milton he is lamentably deficient, we have no hesitation in assuring him) he

certainly does not lack something which will stand him in good stead in the common affairs of life—that is to say,—self-conceit.

Mr. Heraud appears to have taken it into his head—for how it got there, unless he took it in out of pure charity, we are at loss to conceive—that he is a great genius. He does not leave us to find it out—that were, perhaps, to give us too much trouble; but he flatly tells us so in several parts of his poem. This idea is constantly in his mind, and seems to have lain there for many years, to have grown with his growth and strengthened with his strengh; so that, what with clawing all the books together he could lay his hands upon; suddenly bolting all the matters to be found therein, whether farinaceous or such as might perplex the digestive functions of an ostrich, and fancying what a fine thing it would be to be thought a second Milton, Mr. Heraud has at length completed an epic poem in twelve books.

The Judgment of the Flood is a poem, as nearly as conveniently may be, of the same length as Milton's Paradise Lost, the latter having the advantage by about one hundred and sixty lines. "It will be found to commence and terminate in vision;" and the method adopted is "that of a circle returning into itself;" on the authority, it seems, of Shakspeare, who says

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

This argument is as good for never getting up to read Mr. Heraud's poem, as it is for deciding the plan of it; and for the method adopted, *viz.* that of a circle returning into itself, it is some German contrivance that we wot not of.

The poem comprehends a period of more than two hundred and thirty years, commencing with the death of Jared, and concluding with the entrance of Noah into the ark. The extreme scantiness of the materials upon which to found an epic poem, to be found in the book of Genesis, has led Mr. Heraud to refer to the apocryphal book of Enoch, translated by Dr. Laurence, to which frequent allusions are made, and from whence many of the characters are drawn.

We cannot approve of the fiction by which Enoch is made to enter up into the Mount for the purpose of receiving the tables of the law, thereby heightening the sin of the antediluvian world, to whom no commandments, direct from the Almighty, were, as we are taught to believe, ever issued at all. Still less do we approve the retrospective effect of these commandments, as shewn upon ten unfortunate individuals whom Enoch selects for that purpose. "Behold," says he,

> "The tables of the law of the Most High,
> The decalogue of Heaven. God's finger graved
> Each statute on the consecrated stone.
> Hither, thou trembling sinner. 'Stand thou forth,
> And answer for thy sin. What God is thine?'
> And he who thus was called upon replied,
> 'I bow the knee unto the teraphim,
> And they have answered me, and made me rich

In herds, and wives, and numerous progeny.
Their glory is less terrible than theirs
That flash and fulmine over Paradise.'
To whom the Man of God: Read the command
'Thou shalt none other Gods to me prefer.'
Then rolled the thunder louder, and the hill
More wrathfully cast out consuming flame,
And lightning smote the sinner to the earth."

In like manner, nine others are catechized and punished, to whom the commandments were unknown.

Mr. Heraud also supposes the birth of our Saviour in those days. He is represented as the youngest son of Lamech, and his name is Elihu. Our readers will remember that this person is a prominent character in the book of Job;—but there is no foundation for the idea—if idea it can be called, which is the wildest and most visionary conjecture, that this Elihu is intended to typify our Saviour. In the book of Job he is called the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram, and his wrath is kindled at the unsatisfactory nature of the arguments urged by the three friends of Job. He, however, refrains from addressing Job until the latter had spoken, "because they were elder than he;" and in justifying his presumption in answering them, he says, "For I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing *my Maker* would soon take me away."

Elihu, however, in Mr. Heraud's poem, is represented as the Saviour, and is a conspicuous character in the poem. By him is the brute creation collected together, previous to its entrance into the ark. Mr. Heraud, however, takes advantage of the conjectural identity before alluded to,—although rather clumsily; by causing several of the characters, including Elihu, to appropriate to themselves the language of the book of Job; we refer particularly to the lamentations of Lamech on the sudden destruction of his whole tribe.

But if this species of plagiarism is admissible on the supposition of Mr. Heraud, that Elihu was our Saviour, there is, nevertheless, no conceivable reason why Mr. Heraud should resort to the book of Job for his poetry, which he has done in several instances, of which three will, for the present, suffice.

An archangel appears to Noah, in the first book, and foretells the approaching deluge. He says

"In the halls of mighty men
Leviathan disports; no morn have they
But of his eyelids, neither lamp nor fire
But of what wrath-breath, scintillant and fierce,
From his volcano nostrils smokes and burns."

HERAUD.

"By his sneezing a light doth shine, and his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.

"Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.

"Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or cauldron."

JOB.

In the twelfth book, Mr. Heraud describes the crocodile, which is about to enter the ark. We wish the reader to mark how recklessly

our poet employs the wonderful language of the Scriptures. That which is, in the highest degree, sublime, applied to the leviathan, is made to appear ridiculous when transferred to the crocodile. The whale does not swim like the sprat. Besides, there is no truth in the passage.

"——— with fiery eyes
Like to the burnished eyelids of the morn,
Sporting along the deep, beneath him boil
The waves like to a cauldron, and the sea
Froths as with unguents; while his brilliant path
Makes hoary the great waters wrought with foam."

HERAUD.

"He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary."—JOB.

Mr. Heraud thus describes two war-horses:—

"Straightway these battle-horses reared their necks,
Doubting the trumpets' blare with scornful laugh,
Saying, ha! ha! and snuffed the distant strife,
The captain's thunder, and the shouting hosts."

HERAUD.

"He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."—JOB.

But now let us say a few words of Mr. Heraud's poem, viewed as a whole. The great pervading fault of the "Judgment of the Flood" is its want of intelligibility in parts, and the extremely unskilful manner in which it is conducted. We sometimes are unable to ascertain who is speaking, whether the poet or the character, or which of them; and not seldom, when we have discovered the orator, we know not what he is talking about. Again, several large portions of the poem are occupied with the doings of characters which, in point of fact, do not assist or in any manner belong to the main argument of the poem. We are unable, for instance, to conjecture for what purpose Samiasa was introduced, unless with the view of creating the worst kind of vulgar melo-dramatic effect. Again, Japhet, the youngest son of Noah, is introduced to us very pompously in the first book as a great prophet-sculptor, but dwindles away as the poem proceeds, and we only hear of him incidentally afterwards. Lastly, the several parts are so loosely connected, if connected at all,—there are so many characters in whom we take no interest, and so entire an absence of individuality in every one of them, that we not only find very little pleasure, but lose our very great patience during the perusal of the poem.

But, although as an attempt to supplant, or if not to supplant, to succeed Milton as an epic poet, we consider the "Judgment of the Flood" a most woeful failure; yet is it quite clear that Mr. Heraud entertains no such opinion. Let us admire the modesty with which he invokes the Almighty to assist his great theme: so worthy of Milton the invocation—so pious the presumption, that his prayer has been listened to.

"Omniscient Spirit! Seer of the past!
Rend, rend the veil; unblasted let me look
Into the Holiest!—on that dial's front
Whose hours are ages; bid the sun return,
That I may read their history aloud;
Disperse the mist from ocean's monstrous face,
And purge my sight that I may see beyond!
Prayer hath prevailed. The deep yields up her dead;
What brings the Spirit to my musing *ear?*"

Having got through his first book, Mr. Heraud takes breath, and begins to look upon himself as booked for immortality—and not in the dickey. The second book commences thus:—

"To re-create the past, and to create
Being and Passion for its occupance
Is mine. What poet but might quail beneath
The mighty task. What excellence of thought,
What strength of soul it needs, to wrestle well
With the ancient of such far-off days obscure!
Though wounded in the conflict—though my brain
Be with the effort in the end collapsed,
Dilated, till enfeebled, then o'erthrown—
Yet I will on, until it be complete.
What should I fear to lose for my theme's sake?
Yea, the great globe is valueless and void!
My country or the world may guerdon me,
So let, or let them not; and to themselves
Be deathless shame, or honour on us both;
For time discovers truth, and where 'tis due,
The eternal meed of Fame, though late, confers."

Not an *if* in the whole passage. His success was certain; not a doubt of it so far as he was concerned. "Reward me, and you do yourselves honour; but mark! deathless shame upon you if you do not." The modesty of genius is proverbial.

In the fifth book Mr. Heraud breaks out again. He cannot let himself alone. He speaks of certain warnings:—

"To me revealed by Him, ancient of days,
Who hath baptized me with the gift of song,
And grace to sing this theme: at first a spark
Deep buried in my soul, then blazed abroad,
Wakening a spirit able to support,
Even to the end, the energy of faith."

The incipient spark thus spoken of, which now, it seems, is glowing away "like blazes," gives occasion to a simile:—A fire burning in a huge forest by a gradual wind is fanned into a conflagration, which, increasing more and more, invests the tops of loftiest trees, with

Cherubick billows—terribly sublime!

But Mr. Heraud has something more to say for himself, and it were a pity that we should deny him the gratification of setting forth his merits at length:—

"Nor had I now so dauntless seized the harp,
But that, O Wisdom! to this argument

Thy voice excited me while yet a child,
As once it came to Samuel, in the days
When open vision was not, and the word
Of great Jehovah, seldom heard, was dear;
And I, like him, made answer, Here am I;
Yet wist not whence it came, and thrice deceived:
But now I know it rightly, and can say,
Speak, for thy servant heareth; and will now,
For thus am I enjoined, tell every whit,
And nought from Eli hide, or Israel."

And as though this measure of complacent impiety were not full, towards the conclusion of his poem, having described the entrance of Noah and his family into the ark, he adds,

"As for the rest, they to the cherubim
Bowed down adoring—all save Elihu;
Who, to the hill returned, transfigured stood
In glory ineffable by me. *Yet* I,
(The poet of the Judgment of the Flood,
And of Messiah's going down to hell)
Looked," &c.

After the perusal of such passages as these, we may well cry out with Solomon, "Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain."

We purpose now to indulge the reader with a few passages from this poem—not the worst, certainly; and such as will help him to an understanding of the peculiar vices of Mr. Heraud's style, both of thought and of expression. Here is a sample of the hopelessly obscure. We would offer a "king's ransom" for the meaning of the following passage, if we could bring ourselves to believe that the author himself intended that there should be any meaning in it. He is speaking of Methuselah:—

"——— Mysterious man;
Nay, an embodied mystery in his
Identity, to whose him bethinks,
How hard on earth that absolute to hit
Of all relations head; wisest or best,
Or worst or simplest, in extreme degree;
Knowing it is, yet what or where unknown;
In all that is, inferring, elsewhere, is
Still something more above it or below,
Wiser or better, worse or simpler still."

Nor is the passage we are about to quote much less obscure than the above. The poet is describing the powers of the prophet-sculptor, Japhet. To him,

"The stoic marble was as potter's clay;
Save that its sterner volume yielded not
To change, unequally diminishing
Harmonious symmetry, proportion bland,
Compacting solids, till the substance be
Conflict of dry and moist, receding that,
And this remaining on the vantage ground,
Like parted friends turned mutual enemies."

In the whole range of modern poetry, filled as it is to overflowing

with vices of all sorts, we shall hardly find a more sickly specimen of bad taste than the description we are about to quote, which one of the critics was pleased to consider very fine :—

" Morn hath walked forth, and edged them with the trace
Of her auriferous footsteps, tinged the skies
With her own rose-tipped fingers, and the clouds
Kissed to the ripe hue of her coral lips
The intense suffusion of her lustrous cheeks.
What strife of love is on the orient hill,
Deep blush, and rival ardour of desire!
The enamoured breezes press to her embrace," &c.

Mr. Heraud appears occasionally to suspect that the too sceptical reader may be inclined to doubt his facts. He accordingly takes the prudent precaution of reiterating an assertion in the most positive and elaborate manner. Take the following agreeable specimen. No one surely will venture, after this responsible and weighty assertion, to question its truth :—

" And lo, before her Samaisa stands!
She shrieks, and on the palace floor she falls,
Soon at his feet she falls, and there she lies;
There prostrate at his feet, even where she fell,—
Not dead, but speechless, Amazarah lies;
At her son's feet, fallen speechless, but not dead,
The queen lies prostrate on that palace floor."

Our poet is a great creator of laughter. Far be it from us to intimate that he purposes the reader shall join in the pleasantry he describes. Let us select a few specimens.

At the burial of Lamech, a dispute arises as to the particular method in which the remains of the prophet should be disposed of. A false prophet being appealed to, ridicules the idea of embalming, burning, and burying the dead :—

" ———— And then he laughed,
So wild, and loud, and long, that all the rocks
And burial places in that field of graves,
Echoed the bitter mockery of that laugh;—
Loud pealed the same from Jared's sepulchre,
Mahalaleel's replied to his dread mirth,
Cainan's that laugh resounded, and the vault
Of Enoch was alive with that mad voice;
And Seth's twin-pillared temple of repose
Was wakened with the hoarse profanity;
And Adam's tomb reverberated deep
The cachinnation."

But what is this laugh to the laughter that takes place in another part of the poem? The Rephaim, giant twins, having been twice baffled in their attempt upon the life of Noah, turn their rage upon each other. This is the result :—

" Long time was either by the other held
At bay—their weapons clasped, but to protect
And not to wound—until at length—at length
Dagger of each was close at heart of each,
Mutually crossed; then each in other's face

Looked and laughed loud—and, as they laughed, they plunged
The poinards in—laughed as they plunged them in—
And laughing drew them out, and, as they fell
Backward, laughed dying; laughing, so they died
In ecstasy, both victors, both death-crowned."

This, it must be confessed, is much superior to the celebrated "lock" dagger scene in "The Critic." The cachinnatory contrivance was altogether beyond Sheridan.

We find also a laughing nightingale. Mr. Tennyson was the first, we believe, to discover this strange propensity in birds, and we shall not be surprised if more recent naturalists do not discover for us a tittering tom-tit, a simpering owl, or perhaps a sighing gander. Every one must have heard of Mr. Coleridge's unpoetical endeavour to convert a feeling into a fact, by attempting to show that the note of the nightingale is merry and not sad; Mr. Heraud, unwilling to compromise his opinion, keeps clear of the argument to which Mr. Coleridge's assertion has given rise: bidding us take notice at the same time that he is aware that the question has been raised.

He says,

"The night bird utters her peculiar song,
Of joy or grief uncertain, and to both
Strangely attuned."

But he settles the question, too, in another place, in the following impartial manner:—

"And mingled song the timorous bird outpours,
Weeping forth *joy*, or *laughing* in its *grief*."

This "whichsumever you please, my good little boy," method of arranging the matter is truly exhilarating to the exhausted inquirer. But this extraordinary nightingale "smiling at grief," and "weeping for joy," is not more marvellous than

"The ass, *poetic brute*, and dignified
With great associations."

It is true that many a "poetic brute" is an ass; but we know not what to say to the converse of the proposition. We should like to hear that a *bonâ fide* donkey had taken pen in hoof, and completed a poem, to be called "Balaam, in twelve books, by Edward Bray."

Mr. Wordsworth speaks of "similitude in dissimilitude." The poet before us furnishes us with an illustration of his meaning:—

"——— Like a morning Iris arched,
O'er the deep music of a cataract,
The imperial purple *glowed about his loins*."

Of the admirable propriety of Mr. Heraud's diction, let the following suffice as a specimen:—

"The foot advanced, one steel-clenched fist grasped air,
The other *embraced* with violence his brows."

Who ever beheld a horse, whether in real life or in sculpture, with nostrils in this predicament?

"——— The *head* of that pale horse
Snorts fire—*each nostril to each eye constrained*
In nigh-disrupting rage dilated, tort."

Or, who can conceive Satan with only one eye?

> "And like *a blasted orb*, once over bright,
> *His eye, a ruin*, burned."

We have advanced a serious charge against Mr. Heraud; we have said that he has slavishly imitated Milton; we should rather have said that Mr. Heraud's poem is full of the grossest plagiarisms from that great poet. It were not decent that such a charge should be unsupported by proof; we shall accordingly cite not a few examples. Let us begin with words and expressions. Far be it from us to assert that Mr. Heraud is not at liberty to use any word that Milton has employed; but it is worthy of remark that in many cases the beauty of a passage resides in the word adopted by Milton. More than any other poet is Milton remarkable for the happiness of his words:—"the *gadding* vine"—"the *flaunting* honeysuckle"—the *huddling* brook"—are illustrations of our meaning. We find, then, in Mr. Heraud's poem the following amongst other (which we have not noted) words belonging to Milton:—"star-bright"—"prankt"—"fulmined"—"swinkt"—"darkles"—"'sdained,"—"garish"—"imparadised"—"fulgent"—"westering"—"imbruted"—"prowest," &c.

Of Milton's phrases we discover these:—"sea without shore"—"oblivious deep"—"slant beam"—"fleshy nook"—"oaten stop"—"fair atheist"—"ample locks"—"visible confine"—"sensual sty"—"heaven's champaign." &c.

From Shakspeare:—"could not choose but weep"—"bourne of death"—"cold obstruction"—"still small voice."

We find also:—"starry poesy"—Byron; "expressive silence"—Thomson; "*storied* shield"—Gray.

Mr. Heraud also applies to Milton for these:—"not a jot bated"—"the darkness of excessive light." He speaks of the swan "*oaring* her way;" and of himself, "I build the lofty rhyme."

Let us give two more straws. They indicate which way the wind blows pretty accurately:—

> "———————— and *begirt*
> With warrior and with noble." HERAUD.
>
> "*Begirt* with British and armorick knights."
> MILTON.
>
> "Apart with his strong hand (such power he had
> From heaven)." HERAUD.
>
> "With that (such power was given him then)."
> MILTON.

We think we hear the indulgent or partial critic say that these are trifles—that, at the utmost, they are to be considered as a species of literary petty larceny—and that they prove at most that Mr. Heraud has read Milton very attentively. Be it so. We shall now shew that he has not only studied him with great attention, but to some purpose.

We select the following passages descriptive of, or relating to, Satan:—

"——— his stature reached the sky."

HERAUD.

"——— his stature reached the sky."

MILTON.

"Hurled headlong flaming from the etherial sky,
In ruin and combustion, down to hell."

HERAUD.

"Hurled headlong flaming from the etherial sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down."

MILTON.

"His front was scarred with thunder."

HERAUD.

"——— but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd."

MILTON.

Mr. Heraud speaks of the appearance of Noah upon a certain occasion thus:—

"——— Now, like a blasted oak or tower
Magnificent, scathed by heaven's lightning shaft,
He stood."

What is this but Milton's well known passage?

"——— As when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath."

Let us now look at Mr. Heraud's Death. It will not give him immortality:—

"And his unnatural head was strangely crowned."

HERAUD.

"——— what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

MILTON.

"———like gaunt Death who with his *mace*
(As Cain beheld in Hades) the thronged soil
He *smote* o'er shuddering Chaos, and wrought on
A *mole immense*, bridging the way from hell."

HERAUD.

"——— The *aggregated soil*
Death with his *mace* petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident, *smote;* and fixed as firm
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move,
And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the *mole immense wrought on*,
Over the foaming deep a bridge high-arch'd
Of length prodigious.——" MILTON.

Take the following description of Samiasa pulling down a monstrous idol, which in former days he had raised:—

"So saying, on that monstrous idol, he
Hung, in his maniac might, and *tugged* and *strained*,

Till on its pedestal, it *shook*, it fell,
With a tremendous crash, in hideous wreck."

HERAUD.

This reminds us not a little of Samson pulling down the theatre upon the heads of the Philistines:—

"This utter'd, *straining* all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, these two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He *tugged*, he *shook*, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder."

MILTON.

Also, the transformation of Samiasa into a beast:—

"——— *Horror fell on all*,
But chief on him, O change! for *prone* at once
He *sank*, now beast, in sorow and in shame."

HERAUD.

"His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain,—
——— *Horror on them fell*
And horrid sympathy."

MILTON.

Let us now pay our respects to Mr. Heraud's Amazarah. She is a queen and an enchantress:—

"But she, who erewhile vaunted power to bid
The angel of the sun attire himself
With radiance new, feigned how he veiled his beams,
That the *surpassing glory* of her pomp
Might be itself, alone; while some presumed
That his *diminished head* he *hid* in shame."

HERAUD.

"O thou, that with *surpassing glory* crowned
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads."

MILTON.

By the power of magic, Amazarah raises a city.

———"Nor lacked there sound
And sight; concerts of numbers and parade
To celebrate the finished work. Nor since
Hath bardick praise been wanting, to report
How to the harmony of harp *it rose*
Exhaled from earth by charm of magic verse."

HERAUD,

"Anon, *out of the earth* a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

MILTON.

It may not be out of place here to submit a plagiarism from Shakspeare. Mr. Heraud is describing an ambitious demon:—

"————————and held it eath
To soar above the heavens infinite
Or into central shades, and beneath
The unfathomable to descend, so he
Might lead bright honour captive, or redeem
From durance far remote, obscure and old."

HERAUD.

We are almost tempted to apologize for quoting the well-known boast of Hotspur.

"By Heaven! methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her throne, might wear
Without co-rival all her dignities."

We have almost done with Mr. Heraud. But before we dismiss him, we cannot refrain from noting down, perhaps the most shameful plagiarism that was ever perpetrated by mortal man upon an immortal poet. Mr. Heraud appears to have argued somewhat after this fashion. "Not one in a thousand reads Paradise Lost; of those who do, not one in ten thinks of looking into Paradise Regained. Few can detect my plagiarisms from the former, not one, in all probability will detect me in the robbery I am about to commit upon the latter."

There is a description in Mr. Heraud's poem of an invading army. In "Paradise Regained" the array of the Parthians against the Scythians was a case in point not to be lost by our modern poet. We shall see how he takes advantage of it.

"War chariot, and war steed, and elephant,
To conflict trained, and bearing on his back
Turrets of warriors."

HERAUD.

"————————Nor on each horn
Curassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots or elephants endorst with towers."

MILTON.

"The mailed crowds in military pomp."

HERAUD.

"In coats of mail and military pride."

MILTON.

"Proud of such pomp, vain shew, though gorgeous, weak,
Though seeming strong in multitudes, thence weak,
And because weak in multitude arrayed."

HERAUD.

"————————or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness, rather than of strength,"

MILTON.

"With ensigns and with pioneers expert,
To push obstruction back of hill or wood,
Or raise opposing mountain, where was vale,
Or bridge over lake and chasm, and river broad."

HERAUD.

" ——————————Nor of labouring pioneers,
A multitude with spades and axes armed,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke."

MILTON.

One word to Mr. Heraud before we let him go. We have dealt out to him strict and severe justice; of more worth, let us assure him, than the base and servile flattery which has been spit out upon him by those worst enemies—his best friends. This praise appears to be welcome to him, for he has advertised it with no common diligence. It will avail him nought. If he wishes to write with respectable ability—for he can never be great—let him put it away forthwith. If he do not, the trunk and the tartlet must have him at last.

ON A DRAWING OF ROME.

I HAD a dream of a distant land,
Palaces rose up on either hand;
Tow'r above tow'r, and pile above pile,
Arches and columns in long defile;
Streams of sunset on water fell,
Which sparkled and danced like a fairy well;
Bending willows, and tow'ring trees,
Like plumes of warriors waved in the breeze.

The air was balmy, the earth was bright,
So gorgeous the scene that it dimmed the sight.
But in that mass of splendour lay
A spot of gloom in the warm sun's ray;
It told of sorrow, it told of doom—
Of early death—'twas a youthful tomb!
And all that enshrined that marble frail
Was a heart as cold, and a cheek as pale!

Art was exhausted to make it fair,
But darkness had shar'd it with cold despair:
Grief had bow'd o'er it in speechless woe
To think of the ruin which lurk'd below.
I thought not again of that scene of pride,
For a voice of warning rose at my side.
List to its tones, oh list! and think
How very narrow is life's lov'd link.

" High are these tow'rs—yet glory not;
Time passes o'er them, and they are forgot;
Noble the trees, yet a tempest's rush
Their trunks will wither, their whisp'ring hush.
Look on the sky, it will last for aye;
Turn to the waters—they fade not away;
Thy body is youthful—'twill turn to earth;
But the soul will live in the land of its birth!"

September, 1831. E. B.

LEAVES FROM A LOG.—No. IV.

THERE are few situations more uncomfortable than that of the luckless mortal who lies in bed in the West Indies, and ineffectually tries to sleep—the climate will not allow the use of the soft beds of Europe; a horse-hair mattress is more cool certainly, but less agreeable during a sleepless night, to turn upon from side to side. This I did like the Spanish saint, who when broiled on a gridiron requested from time to time to be turned, in order that every part of his body might equally partake of the pleasures of martyrdom. "When we cannot sleep by lying still, it is useless to turn," says a modern author; this is most reasonable, yet we cannot help it in spite of reason. When I got into a snug position, and began to perceive the approaches of the poppy-crowned god, I was so rejoiced at it that I started wide awake with delight, and then would I hopelessly take another turn; all this time 100,000,000 musquitos were phlebotomising me, actually triumphing over my misery, and with loud and continued huzzas (so to me their buzz sounded) cheered each other on to the attack.

Coy slumbers that require too much courting are seldom pleasing; mine were anything but agreeable. Methought that the hideous phantom of Quaco stalked before me; the spectre's dark and bloated features looked most vengeful—his cocoa nut-formed head wore a wreath of the poisonous flowers—in one hand he held a 'spatch cock,* and in the other a tray on which stood two large rummers, containing sangaree and porter cup.—"YOU GO TO BED TO-MORROW NIGHT WITHOUT YOUR DINNER," said the spectre, and he seated himself on my breast. I felt like a wretch who was undergoing the "*peines fortes et dures*" in the press-yard. In vain I attempted to dislodge the ponderous demon from my bosom. I groaned aloud, when I thought Quaco seized me by the shoulder and shook me violently—with a start I woke, and horror seized me as I felt the grasp on my shoulder and the violent shaking a reality.

"Wha de matter wid you, massa?" said a well-known voice.

"Who is this? Ah! is it you, Jack?"

The fact is, the negro who was watchman for the night, heard me groan beneath the influence of the night-mare, and as I generally slept with my chamber-door open, he came into my room, and by shaking awoke me. The waning moon had risen high in the calm blue concave of heaven, and the black clouds in the east bordered with fire, informed me that the brief twilight would soon appear.

The sugar-mill was already in motion, and the boiling-house chimney sent forth volumes of smoke. The boiler-man's shout, which told the stoker to increase the heat of the coppers, and the stoker's gruff reply, mingled with the chorus of the mill-gang who were

* A fowl broiled in haste is called dispatch or 'spatch cock.

singing to a short and not unpleasing Creole air, with mellow voices the following brief strain :—

" Longtime* dem put in a mill, mule, horse and mare,
But dis time,† the buckra put dam raskil there."

To understand the humour, such as it is, of this couplet, the reader must be informed that the tread-mill had just been introduced into the island.

Day broke ; the bell of the estate, and those of the neighbourhood, called their respective field-gangs to work. The driver blew his shell in reply ; at which signal the negroes slowly left their dwellings and passed my house in their way to the field, each saluting me with " morrow, massa."

Having got through the business of the morning and given the overseer orders what should be done during the day, I attempted to take my breakfast, but attempted in vain. The recollection of the porter-cup, sangaree bowl, and 'spatch cock that played so conspicuous a part in my dream, also reminded me that I had the night before departed from my usual temperate habits, and that late suppers and libations destroy the morning appetite ; of this I am so convinced, that were I under the necessity of advertising for an overseer, instead of the advertisement running in the usual way,—" Wanted an overseer who can bring unexceptionable testimonies of sobriety," it should run thus,—" Wanted an overseer who can give satisfactory proofs of his being a good breakfast-eater." After taking a cup of tea, I mounted my horse Bolivar, and set out on my long journey to a Spaniard, with the brief appellation of Don Josef-Maria-Henrico-Hospedero Hedalgon, I did not expect to reach him before night, but having a score of friends and acquaintance on the road, of whose hospitality I could partake, I felt no apprehension touching the prophecy of Quaco, about my " going to bed without my dinner !" My road was pleasant enough, it being that delightful part of the Trinidad year, the commencement of the dry season, which some have called the spring.

I now passed the estate belonging to Monsieur Bonnemaison ; the field-gang were cutting canes, and the muleteers loading their animals,—all were chaunting a short song. Negro songs are always short ; it was what on French estates is called a " belle air," a kind of Creole chaunt, almost agreeable enough to merit its appellation. Here I found on inquiry that the master was gone to town. I, therefore, proceeded to the Conucco (small plantation) of Mr. Bavard Cordillac, a native of the south of France, who had been an officer in Napoleon's army. He was a stout little man, remarkably active, and on several occasions had proved himself a hero in miniature ; but he was so fond of talking of his own prowess that he might lead one unacquainted with him to doubt his courage ; however, this was excusable, for he was a Gascon. He who conceives every Frenchman that boasts too much of his courage a coward, will generally form erroneous estimates.

* Formerly. † Now.

Cordillac had often dined with me and pressed me to visit him in return; he swore "cadédié"* if I accepted his invitation he would kill the fattest sheep on his estate. Now though I knew he never had any sheep, yet I doubted not a hearty welcome from the Gascon, and as I began to feel certain qualms from not having had breakfast, his proffered hospitality was acceptable. I rode up to his dwelling, a little thatched cottage, which he denominated his *chateau*. "An Englishman's house is his *castle*," so is a Frenchman's if he happen to be a native of the banks of the Garonne. But ere I approached within a hundred yards of his residence, he came out and saluted me with a degree of warmth that even surprised me; he squeezed my hand with a grasp that was painful, swore *sandié cadédié*, that he was "ravished, charmed, and enchanted" at the pleasure of seeing me at his domicile, and wished I had come a little sooner as he had just dined:—(at this my face lengthened).

"I dined well to-day," said he; "I had a little capon very fat, and a good bottle of very old Madeira;" while he said this he picked his teeth with the air of one who had been an inmate at Verray's. He protested that if I would honour his "*chateau*" by taking up my residence there for the night he would give me a glorious "*déjeuné à la fourchette*" in the morning; this offer I declined on account of having business with my friend the Spaniard. The fact is, I did not like the prospect of fulfilling the prophecy of Quaco, which now began to stare me in the face. I took a kind leave of the little Gascon, and cursed my hard fortune in not being in time for his fine fat capon and bottle of old Madeira, though I have been since informed that he dined that day off a tureen of onion soup, and half a bottle of sour "*vin de côte*."

On I went, carried rather slowly by my somewhat jaded horse, until the neat-built mansion of Mr. —— I beg his pardon—of Theophilus Grumbleton, Esq. appeared in view. Here all men expect the title of esquire;—I have written letters for slaves to their brother bondsmen, and was always requested to address them by this title; nay, one made me conclude his letter thus—

"I remain, dear Quashee,
"Your obedient servant to command,
"Tom Codgo, Esquire."

But to describe Grumbleton's mansion. It was a wooden structure, covered with cedar shingles;† standing on hard wooden posts; the floor of the house was about fourteen feet off the ground, so that a carriage might drive under it; the sides were painted lead colour, and the roof had a coat of tar and red ochre. The walks to it were covered with bitumen got from the pitch lake, which, next to Macadamising, makes the best roads; these black traces afford a curious contrast to the deep-green velvet-like Bahama grass which was planted round the mansion. This was the house. Its owner was what is called a fine-looking man; yet there was a gloom in his look, a surliness of expression, that to me was any thing but prepossessing;

* A Gascon exclamation.
† Small pieces of wood used like flat tiles.

my knowledge of him was slight, but in a country where hospitality is so generally practised as in Trinidad, this was more than sufficient for a passport to Mr. Grumbleton's table; besides, I was not then in a humour to stand on the forms of etiquette, for it was three o'clock, and I was fasting.

As I approached the house I was struck with the sombre appearance of all about the estate. The driver was in the field looking silent and gloomy; the negroes were working without talking or singing—a sure sign of discontent with those people; and even the very cattle about the pasture appeared to graze in Carthusian silence. As I approached the house Mr. G. came out to welcome me, which he did with grave politeness; and as I dismounted he protested that he was glad to see me, hoped I would spend the evening on "Rigor Hall;" he added, "By the bye, you come very opportunely, as I have had a boy in the stocks these three days and have not been able to *punish him* for want of a witness."* I took the liberty of asking if the boy's offence was of too serious a nature to admit of my asking pardon for him;† he assured me it was; that he had broke a porcelain cup, and then ran away to Mr. Proser, and brought a note with him from Miss Belinda entreating forgiveness. "I tore up the note directly," added he, "and am going to flog him myself before you."

"Yourself, Sir!" exclaimed I in astonishment; for though during fifteen years residence in the West Indies it was my misfortune to meet with one or two tyrants who, like the *gentleman* before me, abused the authority that the master has over his slave, yet he was the first instance I had ever met in the whole course of my sojourn here of a white man's punishing a negro with his own hand.

Had this humane man looked in my face he would have read my sentiments. He continued—"Yes, Sir, I always flog my negroes when they deserve it, because I am an adept at it. I handle the cat in a peculiar manner; this I learnt from an Irish right and left handed drummer when I was last in Dublin. A soldier was condemned to receive 400 *lashes for insolence to his officer.* I went to see him punished, and was so taken with the manner that Teddy O'Flin handled the cat with both his hands that I gave him a sovereign to instruct me in his art; by practice I have so much improved that I cut deeper than he! It will be a pleasure to see me flog the rascal!"

"Not to me, Sir," said I; and springing on my horse, made my way towards the public road as quick as possible. I deeply lamented that in my whole day's route there was no inn *or place of public entertainment.*

I now proceeded on my road, determined to call at the next plantation, whose humane proprietor would not propose such an agreeable

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* Since the Order in Council of 1824, no slave can be punished without a witness.

† When a negro commits an offence and his master wishes not to punish him, he gets a friend, neighbour, or even a respectable negro, to ask pardon for him; this humane *ruse* is well understood in the colonies. "Nobody go ask pardon for him," is a proverbial expression amongst our slaves; it conveys a deep reproach, signifying that the person to whom it is applied is too worthless for any one's taking an interest in his fate.

recreation to his guest, as witnessing the punishment of a slave; although he had one species of barbarity in his composition. The fact is, Mr. Proser was what is termed "a bore;" a downright button-holding "bore;"—one who consumed twenty cubic feet of atmospheric air per diem, in talk! the subject of which might have been condensed in a nutshell.

He had a sister living with him, Miss Belinda; she was many years younger than he. She, too, had a foible: that is to say, she was passionately fond of vocal and instrumental music; although nature in many respects bountiful to her, had given her a shrieking voice, and denied her that talent which musicians call "an ear;" still she persevered torturing her "Broadwood," and murdering songs to that degree, that, could their composers have heard her, they would certainly have been seized with the cholera morbus. A lucky recollection now crossed my memory. Proser, I believe, was in town, and I had heard that the lady's piano was broken, so that I might call in and dine at Cane Garden without having my years agonized with the discourse of Proser, or the tuneless lays of his sister. With this thought I was so elated, that I gave my horse the spur, who instantly carried me through a piece of copse that lies between the estate of Grumbleton and Cane Garden. Scarcely had I reached the small tract which leads from the public road to the mansion, ere (oh, terrible sound!) my ears were assailed with what I knew to be the effects of Miss Belinda's attempts at strumming treble and base at her piano-forte; to say that her notes mocked all tune, is not saying too much, while

"Panting time toiled after *her* in vain."

While I was debating the question of proceeding or not, I felt some one slap me heartily on the back.

"What, Master Tropic, listening enraptured to the angelic notes of Miss Belinda?" The words were addressed to me by Doctor Whirlwhim, who, mounted on a mule, had unperceived overtaken me. After a friendly salute, I briefly told the Doctor, that I was thinking of my dinner.

"If that be the case," said the Doctor, "come home with me; my cottage is not above a furlong from this: and I will give you such a dinner, that it is not likely you have ever eaten before." I gladly accepted the Doctor's invitation, for Whirlwhim might be called an *amateur cook*:—he was continually talking of the delights of the table, or using his scientific knowledge for the improvement of the culinary art. He was perpetually finding out new sauces, and methods of preserving meats and vegetables; many are the dishes of his discovery. Some of them were rather whimsical.

On went the Doctor and myself, and in about two minutes we came to a very handsome villa which he called his cottage: it was a few yards off the road: we dismounted, and the Doctor ordered his groom to give a feed of Indian corn, some Guinea grass, and water to my horse, to whom it seems, the prophecy of Quaco did not apply. The Doctor after giving some orders soon joined me, and we entered into conversation on his favorite subject, the enjoyments of

good eating—on which topic he was so fluent, that one would suppose him to be a mere glutton; while, on the contrary, few men ate less than he did.

How long Doctor Whirlwhim might have continued on this interesting subject I know not, for he had deeply studied it, possessed great fluency and a good memory; it was a theme on which he appeared both able and willing to descant, but his learned remarks were cut short by receiving a note from Proser, informing him that one of his negroes was sick.

"Excuse me," said he, "I must step over to my neighbour to visit his man, but will be back in a few minutes; in the mean time amuse yourself, as well as you can, with my library;" he placed in his pocket a small case of instruments and left me. I went into his study, the first book that caught my eye was Dr. Kitchener's Treatise on the culinary art—an excellent name, by the by, for the author of such a production, Meg Dodd's Cookery;—but I will spare the reader the catalogue; let it suffice to remark that he had more than two hundred volumes, in different languages on the art of cooking. On his table lay two MSS.; the first was a transcript of Horace's second satire of his second book, with Latin notes by himself; the second was an Essay on Chymistry, Botany, Comparative Anatomy, Hygrology, Osteology, Myology, Angiology, Newrology, Ornithology, Ichthyology, Zoology, Conchology, and twenty more *ologies*, whose names I cannot think of, shewing their connexion with the Gastronomic Science, by Nicholas Whirlwhim, M.D. I looked into this treatise; it commenced thus: "It is a well known fact, that cooking has been practised by all the civilized nations for nearly six hundred years;" (pretty well known that) "yet, nothstanding, it is easy to prove that we are as yet but in the elements of this useful *science.*" I could read no more, and began to conjecture what it was that the Doctor intended to give me for dinner; he was always trying experiments; he one day gave me alligator's eggs for breakfast, and not knowing what they were, I ate, and thought them delicious. I looked out of the window and saw the cook leave the kitchen (a small out-house) and go into the garden; I thought this a good opportunity to satisfy my curiosity, and went into the kitchen, when —ah! I saw on the dresser, skinned and ready to be cut out into a fricassee, an Aloato Monkey!—there he lay, looking so disgustingly like a dead child, that I recoiled with a shudder.

"And this," said I, "is to compose the dish which, he truly says, I never before partook of—no; nor ever will." Saying this, I returned to the library, wrote the best excuse my awkward situation would admit of; saddled Bolivar, who had well regaled himself; remounted, and again faced the road.

I had yet ten miles of my journey to perform, although I had ridden a long way and was yet fasting.

The first half mile of my way laid through a vestige of the original forest, that but a few years since covered the country for miles round; the scene was gloomy as my reflections. "To think," said I to myself, "of dining off a monkey!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" resounded through the forest; the notes were like the laughter of demons. I started at the unearthly noise, and found it was made by a colony of red monkeys perched on the gigantic trees under which I was passing.

"You villains, do you mock my vexation?" cried I aloud. They looked down at me with their expressive and half-human countenances, which they turned first to one side and then to another, as though they partly understood what I said. They gave another general hail, and then skipped away so friskily that I could swear there was not a long-tailed rascal of them but what had dined.

Issuing from the woods, the plantation of which Mr. Muscovado was attorney* appeared in sight. It was true that I could not expect any very splendid entertainment there, for he generally kept a miserably spare table. However, as even Muscovado's Newfoundland steak (salt fish) and plantains would be acceptable to me in the present state of my appetite, I turned from the main road to go to his dwelling.

"Is your master at home, boy?" said I to a negro; for here when we know not the name of a negro we call him boy, although (as on the present occasion) he should be gray-headed.

"Yes, massa," was the reply.

"Has he dined?"

"No, him hab (has) company—no dine till night."

This was glorious information for me, for I could calculate on a good repast as he had company, and so I gladly hurried towards the mansion, whence, as I approached it, issued most agreeable sounds. I heard Mrs. Muscovado play on the piano with great taste, accompanied by some one on the flute, while another sung; at the end of each stanza several voices joined in chorus.

As the song ended I was about to dismount, when I heard a voice which fixed me to the saddle, exclaim—

"Bravo! that's an almighty good song, I guess!" These words were uttered by Jonathan Longlick, an American merchant, and decidedly the most indefatigable dun that ever gave a debtor the blue devils—one who has been known to importune an insolvent on his death-bed, and dun a widow at the funeral of her husband; one who when he visited a planter in order to persecute him until he settled "that there small account" between them, was neither to be diverted by hospitality nor mollified by good fare; in vain might the dunée give this Yankee Shylock a pound of the finest flesh that Creole mutton afforded, and induce him to wash it down with the richest Champagne ever smuggled from Martinique; "he would have his bond;" in short, he was a man who gave unlimited credit, yet was never known to lose a single debt, save on one occasion when he trusted a countryman of his own with three bags of cocoa for which he could not pay. Longlick so worried his unfortunate debtor, that the latter finding he could no longer keep his head above water, drowned

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* An agent in the West Indies is called an attorney.

himself in the Gulf of Paria, at which Jonathan pretended so much sorrow that he kept a New England Lent; that is to say, he lived for six weeks on salt pork and molasses. This he pretended was out of remorse for his having caused the death of his countryman, but those who knew him said it was out of grief for his having lost thirty dollars. Such was the person whom I heard pronounce the song an "almighty good one," and to this person I unhappily was in debt for Bolivar, the very Spanish horse I that day rode. I wheeled the animal round regardless of the hospitality I stood so much in need of, and galloped off like another Tam O'Shanter, as though I was pursued by a hellish legion; yet amid the thunders of the gallop methought I heard the deep nasal voice of Jonathan Longlick calling after me, "I say, Mr. Tropic, you've come to pay me that there small account of your's, I calculate." My horse being blown, I was fain to slacken his pace, as by this time I fancied myself secure.

I had arrived at a most beautiful part of the island: twenty sugar plantations now lay in view with their square cane pieces, some cut but mostly standing, divided by hedges of limes and other species of the citron. Here and there cattle reposed under the shade of thick tufts of elegant bamboos or more elegant palms of various kinds around the estates' mansions. In full bloom grew the yellow orange, the large shaddock, the shady tamarind, the beautiful mango, the rapid papaw trees, and a hundred other inter-tropical fruits, while villages of palm-thatched negro-houses were irregularly but picturesquely placed amid the shade of plantain, banana, bread-fruit, and cocoa-nut trees. The land was neither flat nor mountainous, but undulating like that of the county of Kent; here and there might be seen pieces of the original forest of the island. In the middle of the pastures, and beside the road stood gigantic silk cotton trees, or noble cedars, whose venerable and grand appearance had saved them from the axe, when the forest sunk beneath the efforts of the woodmen. On the right the scene was bounded by dark virgin woods, on which the works of man had not yet encroached, while to the left at intervals might be seen the Gulf of Paria, whose tranquil bosom was just ruffled by the afternoon breeze, and glittered with the reflection of the declining sun; every feature in the landscape contributed to its beauty: amongst these were two ships and a brig at anchor in the gulf, two or three fishing-boats barely visible, a shallow river winding across the road in ten places, a large windmill whose arms were gently turning round, and, not the least interesting, eight or ten sugar boiling houses in full work, their smoke curling upwards into the blue and almost cloudless sky. The air was perfumed with the agreeable odour of boiling cane-juice, and two or three hundred negroes on different estates were singing merry choruses, the notes of which were softened and rendered agreeable by distance; in short, all seemed mirthful, happy and contented, save myself—*for I had not dined!*

I crossed the afore-mentioned river, which was so shallow that when viewed in the dry season by a native of a flat country, he would wonder at its being called any thing but a brook; and yet when its

mountain source was swollen by tropical rains it became broad and rapid. At this time it was about three feet deep, and as limpid as molten glass. My horse showed that he wanted to drink; I slackened the reins to allow him to do so, but as they were too short I was obliged to incline forward, and, as it were, hang over his neck, while in this position some one having turned from a road of communication on the right came on me unperceived.

"Ah, master Tropic, is that you?" said a well-known voice. Looking up suddenly I perceived my friend, John Oldboy—a gentleman belonging to a species now nearly extinct; that is to say, he is one of the few West Indians of the old school remaining amongst us.

John Oldboy is a native of one of the virgin islands, descended from a buccaneer family; he was born in the year 1760, as he says, but it is supposed he is older than he pretends; he is about seven feet *long*. I use this word in preference, because it is more applicable to his gaunt and lean form.

In his youth England was at war with her North American Colonies, while those of the Caribbean Sea were faithful to the mother country. Oldboy partook of the sentiments of his native isle; he detests the Yankees even to this day; but his aversion to the French is still more deadly. Some years ago a party of that nation, having taken the island of which he is a native, behaved in a most brutal and disgraceful manner, since which time his abhorrence of Frenchmen has been of the most determined kind; so far has he been known to carry this aversion, that a merchant once having committed the enormous crime of mistaking Oldboy for a Frenchman, he never was able to forget the atrocious offence. On seeing this person ride by his estate, he was overheard thus to soliloquize—"There goes that fellow Ledger! Pshaw! he looks like a —— Frenchman himself." This was only twenty years after Ledger perpetrated the crime of mistaking Oldboy for a Frenchman. Nor was his dislike to France vented merely in words, as every one knows who has heard him tell the story of the capture of the privateer "Fleur-de-Lis" by the Terrible—a gallant affair enough in which he was concerned. The history of it was this:—The Fleur-de-Lis, or, as he called her, "the Flower-de-Luce," having annoyed the trade of his native island to a considerable extent, a party of young men, and amongst the rest himself, about forty in number, armed a small drogher,* went out, and, as it was agreed upon, suffered the privateer to come alongside the Terrible, such was the vessel called; the French crew expected little resistance, and boarded the Terrible, when the Creoles (the greater part of whom were hid under the hatches) sprang up, and by surprise and bravery drove the enemy from the deck with considerable loss, and after firing a LICK† or two, boarded the Fleur-de-Lis and captured her.

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* Droghers are small craft employed in carrying produce and stores from one part of an island to another.

† Lick in the English West India *patois* has as extensive a signification as *coup* in French, and in general has the same meaning.

This was the most remarkable event in the life of John Oldboy, and it was most diverting to listen to the old man while he related the particulars of this bold affair: I have heard him tell it a hundred times, and ever with delight. He related how Jack Jenkins fought with the French mate till the latter, by wounding him in the wrist, disarmed him, when Jack adopting Creole tactics, "fired a butt"* at him; in other words dashed his head so furiously into the Frenchman's bread-basket that he pitched him overboard; on which Oldboy would add, "the captain ran at me with his *neppé* (*épée*) calling out '*Morbleu*'—'*True blue,*' said I, 'you French Jacko,' and I split his skull with the pump-rake!" And then to hear him tell how they towed the enemy into "Guana Bay," while Kit Sharp played Rule Britannia on his fiddle, and a bevy of white, black, yellow, and brown beauties awaited to welcome the victors ashore. Tut! uncle Toby when laying some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortresses in Europe was never so elated as Oldboy when describing the capture of the Fleur-de-Lis by the Terrible!

On meeting Mr. Oldboy, I perceived he was in full dress, wearing the habiliments of the last century; that is, he had on white short knees, white silk stockings, with yellow clocks, pumps and buckles, a yellow figured velvet waistcoat, coat of an old fashion cut, a lace frilled and ruffled shirt; his own hair of a deep black, without the slightest mixture of gray, strong and bushy, was copiously daubed with pomatum and powder; he was crowned with a Panama straw hat—a cocked hat he was not able to get in the colony.

"Ah, mister Tropic! glad to see you in this quarter."

"Happy at meeting you, Sir; I was coming to dine with you."

"That you cannot, Mr. Tropic, on Golden Hill estate, as I dine out to-day, but I'll tell you what we can do to dine together; come with me where I go, I am invited by a mutual friend, who will be very glad to see you."

"Who may he be?" I inquired.

"My neighbour Fireblood," was the reply.

At hearing this name I thought of my dream; the fact is, Fireblood and myself had quarrelled at the last brigade parade, when he sent for a friend in order to "call me out;" in vain this friend, who was a man of peace, remonstrated with him on his folly in so seriously noticing such a trifle. He would listen to no proposal, but talked of sending for Terrence O'Rily, a man who was never known to refuse carrying a challenge, should the other persist in not bearing his hostile message.

To prevent worse consequences, his friend came to demand satisfaction, but called on his commandant on his way to me, so that in due time I received the challenge, was put under arrest, and obliged to find two sureties that I would not break the peace for six months; so was Fireblood, who appeared quite satisfied. Now but three out of the six months had expired, and etiquette required that we should be at drawn daggers until the term of our keeping the peace should

* In West Indian boxing the head is more used than the fist. To "fire a butt," means to rush in with the head.

expire; *ergo*, I could not go to his house to dine with him. Having explained the matter to Mr. Oldboy, I wished him a good afternoon, and we passed each other.

On the two next plantations where I called I had equally as little success as at the preceding ones; the first of these estates was under the direction of a manager of the name of Wrangle. When I called he was in the height of a matrimonial difference with Mrs. Wrangle; I had therefore too much good sense to intrude on their private amusement; and the proprietor of the last place I called at was in town, and the manager dying with the yellow fever, I verily believed, for the express purpose of disappointing me of my dinner.

Thank my stars! I have at length arrived at Don Jose-Maria-Henrico Hospedero Hedalgon's, the extent of this day's journey.

Fatigued and hungry as I was, I could not but admire the beauty of the cocoa plantation; and, indeed, I know of no species of cultivation that will at all compete in this respect with a cocoa walk, with the exception of some few grounds laid out by skilful landscape gardeners. The fine rows of oristaro cocoas traversed each other at right angles; they were planted at regular intervals; their leaves were green, red, and brown, and their stems and limbs so trimmed and lopped that they all grew the same height, and had much the same form; they had regularity without stiffness; the sun which was sinking into the western horizon gave a splendour to the skies, inconceivable to those who have never been between the tropics; the blazing clouds harmonized well with the rows of "bois immortel" trees called by the Spaniards "*la madre de cacao*," the mother of cocoa. These trees are planted also at regular intervals, to shade the cocoa, and grow about the height of an English oak, so that from an elevation they appear a forest growing, as it were, out of a forest; the height of the cocoa trees being about twenty feet, forms a thick canopy of foliage; the stately trunks of the bois immortel shoot up from this leafy roof, and terminate by forming an other covering of branches and leaves, and when the immortel is in full blossom, which it was at that time, the beauty of this wood is not to be surpassed. Some slight conception of this the reader may form, if he can imagine several miles square covered with trees, planted in rows, crossing each other at right angles; the body and limbs of which trees are as high as any in Europe, having a thick foliage of the deepest and most brilliant rose colour.

The dwelling-house of the Don was situated on a mound beside the large shed for curing cocoa; the former was a spacious lofty building, the wall and partitions of which were wattled, that is, formed with roseaux into a kind of basket-work, plastered with earth, and whitewashed; the hall was unfloored, but the chambers had a floor of Palmiste boards; the whole building was admirably adapted to the climate; its open gables and loftiness rendered it delightfully cool. It is true this structure was not formed to stand against a hurricane: hurricanes, however, never occur in Trinidad; but so admirably was it made proof against the effects of earthquakes, which sometimes happen here, that the ground might undulate like the face of the ocean, and its basket and earthen walls, its bamboo

rafters, light palm posts and thatched roof, would bend like an ozier cage, and regain its original form without damage.

It was evening, and the negroes had done the light day's task of a cocoa estate some four hours before my arrival; they were employed either cultivating little gardens of their own near their cottages, feeding stock, or enjoying the coolness of the evening by laying on the ground; some were making ropes of the fibrous parts of the maho-tree, and others manufacturing or repairing turtle nets A group of fat lively children, with skins as smooth as ivory, and as black as ebony, ran up to me and followed my horse, vociferating "Buenos Dios, Señor." The whole of the slave population of this plantation looked in good condition, contented and happy.

As I proceeded to the house, I saw two negroes and a peon making a kind of basket for catching fish; they had just returned from town with Señor Josef, and were singing a canoe song, very common amongst the Spanish boatmen of the Gulf of Paria, the chorus of which was "Sopla, Sopla, Sopla, San Antonio," a favourite saint to invoke when a wind is required, though sometimes so unseasonably deaf is the saint to their entreaties that I have heard him cursed heartily by Spanish mariners.

"Is your master at home?" said I, to a boy who held my horse as I dismounted.

"Yes Sir, he has just returned from town."

I entered the unfloored hall, and saw Don Josef swinging in a chinchura (a net-woven hammock), and smoking a cigar. He rose to welcome me with that unostentatious politeness for which the Spaniard is remarkable. "I think his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to three score;" yet time, though it had whitened his hair, had not quenched the fire of his Castilian eye; he was middle-sized, and, for an European, of a dark complexion; he wore trowsers and jacket of coarse sheeting, a lace-frilled shirt, gold sleeve and collar buttons; the buckles of his braces were of the same metal, which were conspicuous, as he wore no waistcoat. The Don was a native of Segovia, and could boast that he was an "old Christian," and an hidalgo of untainted blood; he left his native city young, and came to the New World; where, recommended by his rank, and handsome appearance, he married a young widow, with a princely estate in the neighbourhood of Caraccas. She gave birth to a son, and died. On the breaking out of the revolution on the main, patriotism induced the son to join the ranks of the insurgents, and the same sentiment induced the father to fight on the side of the royalists; both acted bravely, and the result of the war was to both equally unfortunate. At the success of the republicans, the fine estate of Don Josef was completely ruined, and five hundred of his slaves were made soldiers of Bolivar and Piaz; these were destroyed during the various campaigns, except a few, who lived to join the robber Castillos. The son gained many wounds, and the grant of an immense tract of land, which, in consequence of the ravages of war, is useless. He cannot sell it, nor has he the means of cultivating an acre; he has, likewise, a claim on the state for 10,000 dollars, which the republican government has admitted, but cannot or will not liquidate. He has

a colonelcy in the army, whose pay is, to use a naval proverb, "nothing a day, and find yourself." The father, at the beginning of the war, had the prudence to remit some money to a friend in the island, to serve as a *dernier ressort*. When Don Josef found the cause of his sovereign lost on Costa Firma, he refused to live under the democratic government; so, accompanied by about forty slaves, he went to Trinidad. These people followed their master voluntarily; and though the laws of the colony obliged Don Josef to land them as free people, as no slaves were admissable from foreign ports, they have served him ever since most faithfully. With the wreck of his fortune he settled the cocoa plantation, on which I then visited him.

Don Josef asked me if I would take refreshment. I told him I had not dined.

"So much the better," said he, "I am just from town, and having had a long passage, have not dined myself," and he called his servant to hasten dinner. While this was getting ready, we talked of the business that brought me to his estate. In a few minutes the servant informed us of the glad tidings that dinner was on the table, when we sat down to it, accompanied by Pedro Juan, a man of mixed European and Indian race, Don Josef's major domo (so Spaniards call the managers of plantations). This man, who was an Angosturian, talked a little English—rather convenient for our conference; for Don Josef spoke Castilian, purer than the Spanish generally spoken there; consequently I was sometimes at a loss to understand him, although it is remarkable, of all the European tongues, that of Spain is generally the least corrupted in the New World.

But to dinner—on seating myself, I reconnoitered the table. The first dish that took my attention was a stewed opossum; its rat-like look and unsavoury odour were any thing but tempting to my palate: secondly, there was a dish of tasso or Columbian jerked beef—this was intolerable to me, on account of its smoky taste; thirdly a fricasseed capon, uneatable in consequence of the profusion of garlic used in dressing it, garlic being my aversion. But to make amends for these three rejected dishes, there was one of the most tempting-looking, well-dressed fish; at the sight of which the cockles of my heart were cheered, and I mentally said "so my dream will not be verified after all." The general superiority of fish over other meats of this island, had made me quite *pisciverous*. I knew not what kind of fish it was; this was not to be wondered at, for the finny tribes are here so numerous, that one may reside in Trinidad twenty years without knowing half their names. It was sufficient that it looked tempting to induce me to try its taste, and its *goût* surpassed its appearance. As this repast was my breakfast, dinner and supper, *trio juncta in uno*, I eat most ravenously; the casava and arapa (a bread made from Indian corn) served as good substitutes for a wheaten loaf, of which there was none at table. Repeatedly did Don Josef press me to change my plate, and try the other dishes—no, I found the fish so good, and had such an insuperable aversion to opossum, tasso, and garlic, that I was thrice helped to fish; whilst emptying the contents of my third plate, whether from the effects of the journey, my long fasting, defective state of digestion from having eaten too much or

too fast, or from all these causes combined, I know not; but I felt a sudden check to my appetite, and a sensation a little like that caused by surfeit. Not being able to proceed in my repast, by way of doing something, while Don Josef and Pedro were eating, I examined curiously the vetebræ of the fish on my plate. As I am a bit of an Ichthyologist, I perceived the fish I had eaten of so heartily, was of that which is by naturalists called the cartilaginous kind. Addressing my host, I said

"*Como se llama este pescado, Senor?*" (What do you call that fish, Sir?

"*Tiburon,*" was the reply; but as I did not know what *tiburon* meant, I applied to Pedro Juan to tell me its name in English.

"SHARK," said he.

"SHARK—ha!" I dropped my knife and fork; for I had helped to take one of these sea-gluttons the week before, which had devoured a black child; and the horrid appearance of the monster's maw flashed across my imagination, and increased the unpleasant sensation I before spoke of to that degree, that I actually turned pale.

"SHARK!" I repeated.

"Yes," said Pedro coolly; "shark eat man, why not man eat shark?"

I rushed from the room—

SHARK! * * * * * * * *
* * * * * SHARK!! * *
* * * * * * THE SHARK!!!

The prophecy of Quaco was literally fulfilled. I went to bed without my dinner.

THE SEA-SHORE.

THOUGH I swell no sail
With the gentle gale,
To waft me upon the tide;
Still my fancies free
Glide over the sea,
With a passion I cannot hide:
For I make my home
By the colour'd foam,
Where its bursting billows part;
And I fly from all,
To the musical call,
With which they summon my heart.
Not a weed can drift
From the spray they lift,
But I think that it mutely grieves,
For the ocean spar,
For the wild wave's war,
For all that it loves—and leaves?
And I watch the gloss
Of the shells that toss
With a sighing strife on the shore,
Till I deem them made
To feel—for they fade
When the current returns no more.

L. P.

NEW SOUTH WALES.*

"We have seen the land, and behold it is very good!" Such is the motto which the reverend author has prefixed to his book; and one more *apropos* in every respect we are sure he could not have found, had he searched the Bible from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations. In fact, when taken in connexion with the remainder of the verse—"be not slothful to go, and to enter and possess the land,"—it may be regarded as containing the sum and substance of the two volumes.

The author is a Scotchman, and was educated for the established church of his native country. After obtaining his "licence" (a step which we believe is equivalent to "taking out orders" in England), he embarked for the distant colony of New South Wales; not like most of his countrymen, to "buy, and sell, and get gain," but with an object which we could wish to see enter more frequently into the calculations of the priesthoods of all communions—one of pure *philanthropy*.

Dr. Lang arrived in the colony in 1821, and since that time has been actively employed in endeavouring to make himself useful, and to promote its interests in a variety of ways. Within that short period he has been the means of founding no fewer than four churches in connexion with the national church of Scotland. He has also, without any aid from Government, and at his own sole expense, introduced into the colony a numerous body of highly respectable emigrants, both in the middle and lower ranks of life; and, finally, he has been the means of forming at Sydney, the capital of the colony, an academical institution for the education of youth in the elementary and higher branches of knowledge, similar in plan to the useful and much admired "Institution" at Belfast, and which has received the name of "The Australian College."

In a residence of upwards of ten years in the colony—in his having, in the prosecution of his various schemes of benevolence, come into contact with most of its leading men, and with the mind of the colonial public itself—and in his having had the most ample opportunities of observing the fortunes of many emigrants from the time of their settlement in the colony, and the various causes which have contributed to the formation of these fortunes—the author has thus had very peculiar advantages for obtaining correct information, and forming correct opinions on the subjects of which he professes to treat; and that he has not allowed these advantages to remain unimproved the volumes themselves bear most ample testimony. They are evidently the production of a man who *knows* his subject—who has viewed it in all its bearings—and who has thought and reasoned

* "An historical and statistical Account of New South Wales, both as a penal Settlement and a British Colony." By John Dunmore Lang, D.D. In two volumes. London: Cochrane and M'Crone.

upon it both long and deeply. To the advantages which the work derives from the intimate acquaintance which the author has with his subject, it adds the additional one of having emanated from a naturally strong mind, endowed with great powers of observation. To the *perfervidum ingenium* of his countrymen, the author adds a *perfervidum ingenium* of his own, there being a degree of healthy vigour about the whole book, which, in this age of weakly authors, is really refreshing. He appears to be a man of a bold and independent mind—in every instance proceeding straight forward to his subject, with a sturdy determination to speak what he thinks, and to state his opinion both of men and of measures, as he himself expresses it, " without fear and without favour."

In the former of these two very valuable volumes the author has given us a history of the colony of New South Wales from the earliest period to the present time. He commences this part of his work with an account of its first discovery by the Spaniards in 1609; and after a full and interesting detail of the subsequent discoveries of the Dutch navigators, of the establishment of a British colony at Port Jackson under Captain Phillip, in 1788, and of the object in which our Government aimed in the formation of that establishment, he proceeds with an account of its situation under the two successive governors, Hunter and King. The state of the colony during the unfortunate administration of Governor Bligh, and the origin and result of the colonial rebellion of 1808 (perhaps one of the most extraordinary recorded in history), are also fully detailed. He then proceeds with the history of the colony during the successive administrations of Governors Macquarrie, Brisbane, and Darling, carefully noting, as he goes along, the various measures which they severally introduced for the benefit of the convict part of the population, and the ultimate results of these measures, and concludes with an account of the state of the colony under the present Governor, Major-General Bourbo.

In this part of his work Dr. Lang has canvassed the conduct of a number of individuals in high places with a considerable degree of freedom; and we have no doubt that his work will excite a strong sensation in certain quarters at home, and also among sundry of the *magnates* of the colony. We do not know that he has not been too severe in some of his censures; and we doubt whether he has, in his accounts of the conduct and measures of the different governors, made sufficient allowance for the very peculiar nature of the charge entrusted to the ruler of a penal colony. The charge of such a nest of " evil doers," as the first settlers must necessarily have been, cannot have been either an easy or agreeable one. The first establishment of the colony was confessedly of the nature of an *experiment;* and it must have been difficult for the governor to foresee the ultimate result of the measures which they severally introduced for the amelioration and improvement of the convict population of the colony.

We are glad to find that the colony appears to be more happily placed under the present governor than it has been under any of his predecessors. According to the author, he is proceeding with much good sense and decision of conduct in his administration, and has al-

ready been the means of removing many of those petty annoyances by which the peace and good feeling of the colony has hitherto been disturbed.

The historical part of Dr. Lang's work we regard as peculiarly valuable in several points of view.* It is because it has enlightened us upon this subject that we reckon the historical part of Dr. Lang's work of so much value. In the concise and well-written sketch which he has given us of the history of the colony, he has pointed out with great precision and accuracy the various causes which have operated in preventing the transportation system from producing the effects which were contemplated, and has proved that its failure has not by any means arisen from an innate defect in the system itself, but solely from the mistakes and misgovernment of those to whom it has been entrusted. He has proved, likewise, that it is still possible for that system, under good management, and a proper code of regulations, to be made a most valuable means in the hands of the British Government, not only for the improvement of the convicts themselves, but also for the good of the colony, and the mother country itself.

In this point of view Dr. Lang's work must be of incalculable use to those entrusted with the Colonial Department of Government; and we hope that it will therefore receive both from them and from the British public that attention which, on this account alone, it so well deserves.

To give a correct idea of the history, tendency, and working of the transportation system, as regarded the Australian colonies, was one of the objects which the author had in the present work. This he has accomplished with much skill and ability in the first seven chapters of his first volume. To give a correct exhibition of the present state of the colony, and to point out the advantages which would accrue to it, to the mother country, and to private individuals, from an extensive emigration of certain classes at home, is the other object he has in view, and to this he devotes the remainder of his book.

In the two concluding chapters of Volume I, and the first three of Volume II, there is much information on the climate, natural productions, and state of society in the colony, which we have no doubt will prove interesting both to the general reader and to those intending to emigrate. The climate appears to be an extremely delightful one;

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* It would be so, were it only that it formed, as it does, the only complete *civil history* of the colony that has yet been given to the public, and has thus supplied what has long been a desideratum in our knowledge of those distant regions. But it is still more valuable in another respect: it was generally known in this country that the hopes of those who had counted upon the amelioration and moral improvement of the transported convicts had been, to a certain extent, disappointed, and that the transportation experiment had turned out, at least partially, a failure. But the *causes* of this failure were not so obvious; and whether it was owing to some radical defect in the system itself, or to a bad management of the system, we could not tell; and the great distance of the colony from the mother country, and the conflicting, and sometimes interested, statements which were from time to time sent home, tended only to render our ignorance more profound.

"the sky," according to the author "being seldom clouded, and day after day, for whole weeks together, the sun looking down in unveiled beauty from the northern heavens." The soil produces in abundance almost all the delicacies of the tropical regions: and that the country itself is by no means destitute of fine scenery, appear from the following quotation:—

"Let the reader" says the author, in his description of Hunter's River, one of the largest in the colony, "imagine to himself a noble river as wide as the Thames, in the lower part of its course, winding slowly towards the ocean, among forests that have never felt the stroke of the axe, or seen any human face till lately but that of the wandering barbarian. On either bank the lofty gum-tree shoots up its white naked stem to the height of 150 feet from the rich alluvial soil, while underwood, of most luxuriant growth, completely covers the ground, and numerous wild vines dip their long branches, covered with white flowers, into the very water. The voice of the lark, or the linnet, or the nightingale, is, doubtless, never heard along the banks of the Hunter; for New South Wales is strangely deficient in the music of the groves. But the eye is gratified instead of the ear; for flocks of white or black cockatoos, with their yellow or red crests, occasionally flit across from bank to bank; and innumerable chirping parroquets, of most superb and inconceivably variegated plumage, are ever and anon hopping about from branch to branch. I have been told, indeed, that there is nothing like interesting natural scenery in New South Wales. My own experience and observation enable me flatly to contradict the assertion. In many parts of the territory, both to the northward and southward of Sydney, I have seen natural scenery, combining every variety of the beautiful, the picturesque, the wild, and the sublime, and equalling any thing I had ever seen in Scotland, England, Ireland, or Wales."

In that part of the work which relates to Sydney, the capital of the colony, and where the settlers have made the greatest advances in civilization, we find the following graphic and very lively description of the manner in which the inhabitants spend their leisure hours:—

"It is not very creditable, however, to the dwellers in Sydney, that such scenes" (he had just been describing some fine pieces of scenery in the government domain around Port Jackson), "should be allowed to remain so entirely sacred to solitude, as they have hitherto been. But while it is undeniable that the schoolmaster will require to be abroad somewhat longer, ere the race of Australians can be expected to go anywhere in search of the picturesque, there is another very obvious reason for the comparative desertion of the government domain by the inhabitants of Sydney. Every person who can contrive to get any thing more than a mere livelihood in the colony, forthwith possesses himself of a horse and *shay* for *pleasuring*, to be transformed in due time into a curricle and pair. Till lately, however, the government domain was open only to pedestrians, and was consequently no place for the display of equipages. Besides, a road was formed, during Governor Macquarie's administration, at the expense of the people of Sydney, as far as the Light House on the South Head; and that road has ever since been the favourite resort of the *beau monde* of the capital. About four o'clock in the afternoon—before dinner in the *haut ton* circles, but some time after it among people of inferior station—all the coach-house doors in Sydney fly open simultaneously, and the company begin to take their places for the afternoon drive on the South Head road. In half an hour the streets are comparatively deserted; by far the greater portion of the well-dressed population being already out of town. In the mean time, the long line of equipages—from the ponderous coach of the member of

council, moving leisurely and proudly along, or the lively barouche of Mr. Whalebone, the ship-owner, to the *one horse shay*, in which the landlord of the *Tinker's Arms* drives out his blowsy dame to take the *hair arter dinner* —doubles Hyde Park Corner, and arrives on the Corso; where ever and anon some young bachelor, merchant, or military officer, eager to display his superior skill in horsemanship, dashes briskly forward along the cavalcade at full gallop."

The fourth and seventh chapters of Volume II, Dr. Lang devotes to the important subject of emigration—the former containing a statement of the advantages which New South Wales holds forth to various classes of emigrants of moderate capital, and the latter considering emigration chiefly in reference to the practicability of settling in New South Wales a numerous agricultural population. Both of these chapters are eminently deserving of the attention of those intending to better their fortunes by going abroad; containing as they do almost all the information which could be desired by persons in their circumstances. This colony seems at present to hold out very peculiar advantages to many classes of emigrants, more particularly to mechanics, labourers, agriculturists, and families of moderate capital. Mechanics can earn with ease two pounds per week. Money can be safely invested on loan, at an interest of ten per cent.; and families who can afford to invest a small capital in farming, building, or other useful speculations, and have skill to conduct them, may turn their funds to even still better account.

We have never yet been able to find out any satisfactory reason why the government of this country, in the establishment of its colonies, has all along, as a matter of course, established in them at the same time the episcopal church. Could our Sovereign Lord the King do with his colonial subjects what the virtuous King Henry the Eighth did with his loving people—make them all conscientious Episcopalians by an Act of Parliament—it might be well enough. But among the colonists there are certainly, at least, as many conscentiously attached to other forms of faith as to that which happens to be the government one; and it is hard that the non-conforming sects should be laid under the necessity of supporting both their own priesthood and the priesthood of another church, of whose tenets they do not approve. Why is the sect, called the "Church of England," selected from all the other sects, and endowed with such a princely munificence? Not, surely, because it in particular has done more than any of the other churches for the attainment of British liberties; because its clergy have all along shewn themselves opposed to their extension. Nor, surely, can it be because it is the cheapest establishment of all the others; as with a much smaller sum than goes to enable half a dozen of the Reverend Fathers in God to "clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," the Presbyterian Church of Scotland supplies the religious wants of the inhabitants of nearly a thousand parishes, and gives education to the children of nearly the same number of schools.

In the work before us the author complains, and with reason, of the unequal division of the funds destined to the support of the church in New South Wales. To the Episcopal establishment, which consists

of an archdeacon, fifteen chaplains, and a number of schools, there is apportioned nearly 20,000*l.* a-year; and to the Roman Catholic Clergy and schools 2,200*l.*, while the Presbyterians receive only the paltry sum of 600*l.*! This is much too bad; considering that fully a half of the free emigrants are Scotchmen, and attached both by principle and education to the faith of their native land.

We do not know precisely what effect the establishment of the Episcopal Church may have produced upon the morals of the colonists in New South Wales, but if its places of worship are no better attended than those of the same establishment in Ireland, and if its clergy serve up in the shape of sermons the same "babes' meat" that the laity are fed with there, we may at least say that we stand in doubt of it. Dr. Lang seems to be of opinion that its establishment in New South Wales has been but of little use; and his "account of the state of morals and religion" in the colony is accordingly a sufficiently lamentable one. We do not by any means, however, lay the same stress upon his account of the "tendency and working" of the *Episcopal Church*, that we do upon his account of the "tendency and working" of the *transportation system*. The doctor is a native of the land that lieth beyond the Tweed—that happy land where the tenantry pay no tithes, and the poor support themselves; where there are no cathedrals except in ruins, and where the great body of the people have, somehow or other, been made moral, without the aid of either bishops, priests, or deacons. He has evidently a strong and an ardent attachment to his native church, and is, moreover, a descendant of one of the heroes of the covenant. In these circumstances, therefore, it need not be reckoned wonderful if he should shew himself no great admirer of the Episcopal Church; and we accordingly find that he hates and abhors her with all his might and main, and, like the most of his countrymen, looks upon her as little or no better than the "scarlet lady that sitteth upon the seven hills." On this head, therefore, we reckon the doctor to be a *prejudiced* person; and so we would recommend our readers to receive his evidence on the subject in the same manner that the Scotch lawyers receive the testimony of witnesses similarly situated, that is, *cum nota*.

But we must have done with the author and his two pleasant and very useful volumes. We have perused them with much pleasure, and we have no doubt that many of our readers will do the same. They have given to the public of this country much new information on the two important subjects of Emigration and the Transportation System; and we have no doubt they will, both at home and in the colony, secure that extensive circulation to which they are so well entitled.

SAD REGRETS.

" Sad regrets, from past existence
Come like gales of chilling breath."—CAMPBELL.

O, for the joy to wander still,
By Egriff dams, and Lascoe Mill;
O, for the songs of nightingales
Once heard in Lascoe's pleasant vales;
And for a voice which there I heard,
Far sweeter than the sweetest bird.

No more the lingering twilight hours,
The song of birds, the breath of flowers,
The tinkle soft of streams which fell
Around us in the shady dell,—
No more—no more—the dream is done—
The flowers are dead, and set the sun!

Yet I in thought, those scenes may pace,
And breathe as in some hallowed place;
In fancy o'er each waterfall,
May, sadly soothed, the past recall;
Till, in the strength of loves regard,
I recreate what death has marred.

The bat will circle by the mill,
The distant dog bay softly still;
The gate, but lightly clapp'd will sound,
To make the quiet more profound;
Till one will start up at my side,
My perished hope, my vanished pride.

Each waterfall will lightly leap,
Soft memory of her grace to keep;
The leaves and blossoms waving light,
Will wave her form into my sight;
The violets breathe her living breath,
While she is in the vaults of death.

No—no—those haunts I would not tread,
Since she the soul of all is dead;
Glad light would fall on blossoms fair,
But joy would never meet me there;
The birds would sing, the streams would flow,
All tinctured by one inward woe;
The flowers would droop, the foliage wave,
Like banners sighing o'er a grave.

R. HOWITT.

ANDALUSIAN SKETCHES.

No. III.—The Baths of Manilba.

In the autumn of the year 1828, Gibraltar was visited by a dreadful scourge. A pestilence carried off 600 of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers in garrison, and 1,400 of the inhabitants. Nearly all the medical men, military as well as civil, waged a fierce war of opinion as to whether the disease was contagious or non-contagious, imported or indigenous. Few endeavours appeared to be made to discover some successful mode of treatment; hence, one of every three persons attacked died. I had the good fortune to survive, but it was long ere I recovered from the effects of the fever. The summer of 1829 found me still an invalid; and, in August, I availed myself of a readily-granted short leave of absence, to make an excursion for change of air. The baths of Manilba had been suggested to me, and to them I resolved to proceed. Provided with a guide, and of course travelling on horseback, I passed through the town of San Roque, continued on the Malaga road, and crossing the river Guadiaro at a ford, reached a strong fort called the Castle of Savanilla, on the shore of the Mediterranean, from which a road turns up to Manilba. This town I found to be about twenty-one English miles from Gibraltar, lying inland something more than a mile, or as a *contrabandista* told me in a characteristic mode of computing distance, "*Lejos, desde aqui, el fumar de un cigaro*"—(distant from hence the smoking of a cigar). It is miserably poor, but pleasantly situated in the midst of corn-fields and vineyards, crowning the summit of a hill, and commanding a fine panoramic view. In one direction the eye dwells on a wide expanse of sea, studded with the numerous white latine-sail boats, always scudding to and fro. To the westward, the fantastic peaks of the rock of Gibraltar are seen over the less elevated summits of the Sierra Carbonera. Mount Abyla (Apes' Hill), Ceuta, and the chain of the Lower Atlas form the extreme distance. To the north-east, ranges of lofty mountains bound the view: the most remarkable is the Sierra Bermeja, so called from its brownish-red hue, and which terminates abruptly in the Mediterranean, near Estepona. In the fastnesses of this Sierra, the Moors, under their celebrated leader Feri de Benestepar, made their last stand against the iniquitous decree of expulsion by Philip the Second. The mountain, well known at Gibraltar as "The Bermeja," reaches a height of more than 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, although, when seen from our rock, with the range of mountains in its back ground (the Sierra Marabella, and the snow-capped Pico de Santa Juana), it has not the appearance of that elevation. In the Sierras are many valuable mines of silver and copper, which were known to the Phœnicians and Romans. They are now totally neglected. Want of capital and enterprise prevent the Spaniards availing themselves of these riches, and the apprehension of insecurity to the per-

sons and property of mercantile foreigners in Spain, operates against speculators making any attempt to work the mines.

The Baths of Manilba are about one mile and a half north from the town. They are situate on the right bank of a rapid torrent, which, confined, during the upper part of its course, to a deep rocky fissure, here gains a more open country. A rugged mountain, however, continues to overhang it, and from this issue several medicinal springs, the virtues of which it is averred were known to, and appreciated by, the Romans; indeed, it is certain that Cæsar bathed there. The country people invariably call the Baths "Las Hediondas," literally "*The Stinking Springs.*" The waters contain iron, hydrogen, and sulphur, in various proportions. They have some fame amongst the Spaniards, and the spot is much resorted to during the summer and autumn by real and fancied invalids. This has induced some capitalists to build a few lodging huts, an inn, bath-houses, and of course a chapel, dedicated to "*Nuestra Senora de los Remedios*" (*our lady of the cures*).

On my arrival I found collected a number of families and persons of all classes, chiefly from the towns in Andalusia. I established myself at the inn, where tolerable accommodation is to be had. The neighbouring country is singularly wild and beautiful. I usually passed the mornings in exploring it. Partridges and quail were in abundance, and my gun thus procured for me ample occupation until the mid-day sun rendered it prudent to return homewards, where a tepid bath and a *siesta* put me in condition to enjoy a savoury and well-cooked *olla* at the table d'hôte of my inn. In the evenings I joined the general assembly of all the visitors, which was in fact held in the streets, under the vine-covered trellis-work, extending from the opposite houses, and forming a delicious fragrant screen. There the higher orders danced (waltzed), whilst those of inferior grade grouped around to admire the graceful movements of "the gentry." I generally, however, retired early from the gay scene, and returned to my apartment at the inn, accompanied by a new acquaintance, whose character and conversation afforded me no little amusement. His name I learned to be Juan de Guzman, but he is only known and spoken of as *Tio Juan* (uncle John). He was a tall, limping, gossiping personage of about sixty, filling the responsible and dignified situation of *administrador* (steward, warder, or keeper) of the establishment. He is the physician, too, of the place, although certainly without pretension to be considered a regular member of the healing art. Nevertheless, he boldly tells you on the very first day of your arrival the spring best suited to your complaint, the exact quantity of water your case requires that you should swallow, and the number of minutes you must daily remain in a bath. After a few days' residence he knows which pair of bright eyes in the evening waltz has had the greatest attraction for you, and he will whisper if the fair one has smiled or frowned—whether the bouquet of wild flowers exchanged betokened hope or disappointment. He knew, or pretended to know and recollect, the family secrets of nearly every person of consideration who had visited the baths for many past years, and gave me numerous anecdotes of ladies who had arrived

there "thin as laths," and had gone away "fat as butter-firkins." Some of the tales to which I was obliged to listen were long and tedious, and without much point, but still his chatter was always in some degree entertaining. He had a slight smattering of history, making, however, sad havoc with dates and persons. One of his legends, for instance, informed me that the Emperor Trajan came to "Las Hediondas" under pretence of being cured of some disease, but in reality to carry on an amour with a celebrated Moorish beauty, the daughter of the *alcalde* of the neighbouring town of Cizares (the Roman Cesarium). I listened to, and laughed at his tales, so that I became more and more favoured by old Tio Juan. An occasional extra *peseta* (fifth of a dollar) for himself, delicately left in the palm of his hand at our friendly leave-taking, might perhaps have aided somewhat in cementing our friendship; but the great attraction certainly was a nightly jorum of whiskey-punch, which, notwithstanding his high opinion of the mineral waters, he had no objection to add as a rectifier. One evening, during our conversation over an extra potion of the seducing beverage I had prepared for him, he gave me a sort of history of himself.

"*Escucha Usted*," said he, "*Listen*. I have not always been a bath-keeper. I am the son of parents of good family. My father had valuable property in the Sierra, and particularly in the town of Benaraba, where I was born. He had property, too, in various small villages and hamlets which are studded over the wild valley of the 'Genal,' that beautiful river which takes its rise at the back of the Bermeja mountains, and empties itself into the Guadiaro about four leagues from its mouth. In Atajate, Benadalid, Algatocin, Benalauria, Genalquacil—'*todos nombres de los Moros*' (all Moorish names)—were houses or gardens belonging to my father, Don Gaspar de Guzman. We are descended from the Moors, and I love to repeat the names of these villages, bearing as they do, even at this day, the very Arabic appellations given to them when built by my ancestors. They saved their lives and some of their possessions at the period of 'The Expulsion from Spain,' by having become true converts to our Holy Catholic religion. In this delightful valley of the Genal, and in the heart of the Sierra, I passed my childhood, my education having been well attended to by the friars of the convent of San Geronimo at Guacin. I had just completed my fourteenth year when death deprived me, in one short week, of both my revered parents. I was left to the guardianship of my uncle Don Felipe, alcalde of Olbera, to whose residence I was removed. He proved to be a villain! In order to possess himself of my property, he administered to me in my daily food a slow poison, the secret of which had been handed down in our family, from the first entrance into Spain of our race. I was not, of course, aware of his designs. His diabolical scheme gradually took effect; my health and intellects became impaired. I must soon have fallen a victim had not his proceedings been detected by my old nurse Ramona, herself a kinswoman and learned in all the mysteries of poisonous drugs and antidotes. She dared not, however, denounce the traitor, or even warn me of his plans; yet did this faithful creature so far counteract them, as to induce me

secretly to wear next my heart a talisman which acted as a sure preservative against the effects of poison. *Ahi esta,*" said Tio Juan, producing to my view what appeared to be a small piece of shrivelled discoloured parchment. " This is it," continued he ; " it is part of the skin of a wild black dog which had not a spot of white about him. The animal, when in perfect health, was killed near Alhama by a single blow with a stick blessed by a holy man, a *descalzado,* a wandering barefoot monk of the monastery of ' Nuestra Senora de los Remedios.' *Ya esta en el cielo!* (He is now in heaven!) Before the kindness of my nurse had procured for me this never-failing protection, my health and the powers of my mind had been somewhat affected. Thanks, however, to the friendly dog-skin, I survived, most probably to the great surprise of my uncle. When I attained the age of twenty-one, he refused to make over to me my property on the plea of my being an idiot, and in the opinion that I was such, I fear he was supported by most of the townspeople, who judged me only by my wretched appearance. I did not, however, tamely submit. I loudly proclaimed his villany—his treachery—and disclosed the means by which I had avoided the death intended for me. But, alas ! the greater number of those to whom I related my wrongs considered my statement as indeed the raving of a madman. To save myself now from Felipe's certain vengeance, I fled from the town, and sought refuge in the mountains. I established myself in yon wild Sierra, just above these baths. A cavern was my abode. At first I subsisted upon roots and wild fruit ; then I became known to the kind goatherds, who charitably gave me, from time to time, bread and millet, and occasionally some rude article of dress. Daily I descended the mountain to these springs, where I bathed and drank to allay my thirst. At that period there were not any buildings. The spot was rarely visited, and then only by curious travellers as a place celebrated in the time of the Romans. It must have been about five years that I lived this life. The waters, of the virtues of which I was then ignorant, had gradually and almost imperceptibly worked a wonderful cure upon me. All the effects of the poison I had taken before wearing the talisman (for that administered to me afterwards was powerless) vanished. My intellects recovered their original vigour. I became sensible that the life of a savage was unbecoming my station and claims. I quitted the cave, and proceeded to Estepona. My appearance, you will easily conceive, was singular enough ; and you cannot wonder that on my entrance into the town I was followed by every cur-dog and urchin in it. Thus attended, I sought refuge in the Convent of San Juan de Dios. In the confessional, the pious Padre Cid learned my story : he granted me absolution for my numerous sins in having been absent for so many years from the ordinances and ceremonies of the mother church. But the good father's Christian charity did not stop here ; he furnished me with clothes, and assigned to me a dormitory in the convent. He further sent for Don Pablo España, the *escribano* of Estepona—a wonderful lawyer, who undertook my cause solely from a sense of its justice. I engaged and bound myself, however, to give him one half of the value of the property recovered, and likewise

to defray the law charges. Nothing could be more reasonable. The suit lasted for years, during which I was supported by my kind protector the priest. At length it was decided in my favour; the decree was issued, commanding my uncle to deliver over to me my right. Don Pablo and myself set out in joyful mood for Olbera. But I was doomed to be persecuted by unkind fortune: my vile relative seeing that he must disgorge his plunder, and be for ever exposed to the contempt of his fellow-townsmen, had converted every thing possible into money, and had left the place. The decree of the court could not therefore be served upon him. This happened at a memorable period—that of the infamous invasion of Spain by the French, under the orders of Napoleon. My uncle joined the invaders, and was, I believe, of infinite service to them as a guide and spy. Indeed it was from his information that the combined expedition of the Spaniards and English, commanded by your renowned countryman, Lord Blayney, failed. The traitor afterwards met the fate he deserved; he was put to death by the invaders—by the very men he basely served, under a suspicion that he was about to change sides again and betray them. But to return to myself. The laws in Spain are not administered in a manner which enables suitors to obtain justice; the legal functionaries usually reap the whole harvest. Nothing could be done, it appeared, towards restoring to me my property, until my uncle was forthcoming, or a formal certificate of his decease produced. The *justicia*—the court—therefore, took possession of my houses and the gardens belonging to me. At this time corps of guerillas were forming all over Spain to act against the detested French. I joined a band of *serranos (mountaineers)* and we performed good service to our beloved country. I was soon chosen leader. Reckless of life, I did some daring deeds; besides, my knowledge of the goat-paths and hiding places in the Sierra, acquired during my five years' residence in it, gave me great advantages. After a period, my party of guerillas was postly conveniently to the town of Olbera, in which I established my head-quarters, and from whence we directed our operations against the convoys and detachments of French troops which occasionally ventured to move between Seville and Ronda. Must I confess that I had another motive for being so frequently in Olbera? Don Carlos Archoval, the alcalde, the worthy successor to my unworthy uncle, had a daughter. She was indeed a mountain gem—*un almacen de gracias;* but I dare not attempt to describe her. Amongst all the beauties of Andalusia you may have looked upon, you cannot have beheld her equal; I can scarcely even now whisper her name—it was Concha. I mark your smile of pity and incredulity; but it is too true. There is no accounting for the fancies and tastes of woman —I was not an unsuccessful suitor. Our union, however, was to be delayed until more peaceful times: no matter—let me resume my narrative. If I were to relate to you the various defeats these robbers encountered at the hands of my band, the summer would not be long enough to enable me to finish my tale. I kept no regular account, but I can swear that, with my own good gun and knife, I sent to 'El Infierno' at least one hundred of the scoundrels. I must recount one of my adventures. It was, I think, about the com-

mencement of the spring of 1810 that I was in Olbera, awaiting the return of some scouts who had been sent to learn the movements of the enemy. We guerillas wore no uniform; the usual brown dress of the mountaineers was our garb. I was chatting one morning with my good friend the alcalde, when a townsman acquainted us that a French officer was entering the place, demanding billets and refreshments for a corps which was following. We hastily put on our cloaks, and sallied forth. At the end of the *Calle-ancha* (Broad-street), we encountered a young officer in the French uniform covered with dust, and mounted upon a horse exhibiting extreme fatigue. Don Carlos addressed him; and the Frenchman replied in Spanish, which he spoke fluently, demanding if the town was 'loyal and well-disposed?'—'Undoubtedly,' replied the alcalde; 'the people of Olbera will give you a good reception—they esteem highly the French.' I did not enter into the jesting humour of my friend, although I knew him to be any thing but an *afrancesado,* the name we gave to those traitors in Spain who favoured the invaders. I coldly asked the Frenchman how many of his countrymen were following. 'Two hundred,' he replied, but in such a tone of hesitation, that I at once felt persuaded that it was an exaggerated number. He did not seem disposed to confer further with me, but turned with a haughty commanding air to Don Carlos, handing to him a paper. It was a decree, signed by the intruder king Joseph Napoleon, ordering all the constituted authorities in Spain to receive with proper respect and attention their good friends the French troops. 'This shall be obeyed,' said the alcalde. We had been surrounded during the parley by a number of the inhabitants, whose countenances did not evince much friendly feeling towards the stranger, and which he evidently observed. He appeared, however, somewhat re-assured by the demeanour of Don Carlos, and dismounting from his horse, we conducted him to the *plaza* (the square), where billets were made out for the numbers he stated to be advancing. In about an hour his detachment arrived at the outskirts of the town, and I, as a volunteer guide, accompanied him to meet it. I found, as I had expected, that the boasted two hundred were about eighty dragoons, tired and dispirited with their long and painful mountain march. After a short consultation amongst the officers, I was informed that they resolved not to incommode the 'good and loyal inhabitants of Olbera,' but that they would bivouac on the spot where they now were, and occupy a small farm-yard and house near the road. I did not approve of this arrangement, as it was my intention to have called in my band during the evening, and in the course of the night to dispatch every one of the French; I therefore said all in my power to induce them to accept the very comfortable lodgings we had prepared, but without avail. I was rudely dismissed, and ordered to send, as soon as possible, provisions. 'An ox must at all events be forthcoming,' said the officer, 'and we shall then not demand any further supply of beef.' I was on my return to the plaza to consult with Don Carlos, when I was stopped in the narrow *Calle-verde* (Green-street), by a wretched borico, which had fallen under an enormous load of chopped straw, and was expiring from fatigue. '*Carne para los*

Franceses' (meat for the French), said I to the idlers who were looking on. The skin was soon stripped from the dead animal, and the carcass cut up by the town butcher and carried to the dragoons. It was eagerly received, and cooking commenced. Towards evening I strolled to the French position; the invaders were at their meal, certainly making wry faces, and uttering exclamations not complimentary to the beef of Olbera. A crowd from the town had assembled, and some one shouted, 'Ye are eating asses'-flesh!' I feared this insult would have been instantly avenged; but it was passed by unheeded. Seeing that it would be impossible to effect any serious injury to the Frenchmen during their occupancy of the position outside the town, I employed myself in preparing for them a warm reception on their march. They mounted, and were on the road for Ronda before daybreak; I had placed my guerillas, and such of the inhabitants who had fire-arms, along the upper crags of the mountains overhanging the road. We allowed the enemy to advance nearly a league before our fire opened upon them. One half of the robbers met at once their just fate! I myself loaded and fired five times, and each discharge sent an invader to his long account; those who escaped this deadly attack, pressed forward in desperation, and taking, by chance, the road to Setenil, avoided the advanced guard of my band. But for this, not a man could have escaped. As it was, the people of this last-named village hung upon their rear, and cut off the wounded and most fatigued. Scarcely thirty out of the eighty dragoons who were at Olbera, reached Ronda.

"I have been thus prolix in recounting to you this affair, because it was much talked of and applauded at the time; and the enemy had afterwards ample revenge! Nothing of moment occurred for many weeks subsequent to this feat. I then ventured with a small party close to Ronda, for the purpose of cutting off a convoy of provisions. We fell upon it, and had killed or wounded the entire escort, when we were suddenly attacked by a strong force which had moved out in support of the foragers, and escaped the observation of our scouts. We fought desperately; but were overpowered. Myself and three companions only, survived, and all of us badly wounded. We were conveyed prisoners to Ronda, and there thrown into a dungeon; our wounds undressed and unattended. Nevertheless we all four lived, although sad cripples; even now you see I am rather lame. At length we were restored to liberty. The *Serranos* drove the French out of Ronda and of the Sierra. Then did I find that all the misery of my previous misfortunes was but as a drop of water into the ocean compared to that which now fell upon me. Amongst our deliverers were several of the men of Olbera. From them I learned that soon after my capture, a column of infantry had been sent by the French general, commanding at Seville, to revenge, what they termed, the cold-blooded slaughter of their countrymen near our town. Terribly indeed did they perform their mission! They sacked and plundered the place;—they inflicted a cruel death upon my friend and intended father-in-law, the alcalde, and ———, his daughter, was dishonoured! She was of true Moorish descent. She did not survive. With her own hand she gave herself

the death-wound, but not before she had stabbed to the heart the villain ravisher!

"I was no longer able to serve: my wounds utterly incapacitated me, and my heart was nearly broken. With my helpless companions I reached the town of Manilba, where we were assisted and supported by the charitable inhabitants. We crawled daily to these springs, drinking and bathing. The virtues of these waters are great. We all of us recovered. Observe how little of my lameness remains!

"When peace was re-established, and Ferdinand, our rightful sovereign, returned to his country, I endeavoured to recover my property, but in vain. It had all been sold by the *Justicia*, during the 'troubled times,' and they tendered me, as balance of the proceeds, two doubloons, thirty-two dollars! The remainder, it was averred, had gone to defray the unavoidable law expenses; amongst which the charge of my old acquaintance Don Pablo España, of Estepona, was no small item.

"After a time, a speculator from Gibraltar built these houses and bath-rooms; and, as no one could testify to the wonderful cures performed by the waters better than myself, I was appointed *administrador*, an office I have now held for many years. I enjoy perfect health. I attribute this entirely to the waters. '*Nunca bebo otra cosa*' (*I never drink any other liquid*)," concluded the old man, entirely forgetting the nightly jorums of toddy in which he had indulged himself since I had been favoured with his acquaintance.

I remained a month at Manilba; and if I could not say, with Tio Juan, that I was completely restored to health, yet I certainly had very much recovered. I can safely recommend to any traveller in the south of Spain, or brother officer stationed at Gibraltar, an occasional visit to these baths. The "Tio" is still there. When the baggage-mule is loading, let not a small supply of *ferintosh* be forgotten, and the chatter of the old guerilla will wile away many an hour of, perhaps, an otherwise dull evening.

J. W.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Oh! many a weary hundred years thy sires that fetter wore,
And he has worn it since the day that him his mother bore;
And now, my son, it waits on you, the moment you are born,
The old hereditary badge of suffering and scorn!

Alas, my boy so beautiful!—alas, my love so brave!
Alas, and must your gallant limbs still drag it to the grave!
And you, my son, yet have a son, fore-doom'd a slave to be,
Whose mother still must weep o'er him the tears I weep o'er thee!

THE SONGS OF "ROOKWOOD."

In redeeming the promise which we last month made to our readers, and placing before them an uninterrupted series of the beautiful and diversified lyrics of "Rookwood," we conceive that we shall confer no inconsiderable favour, even upon those (and we trust they are many) who are already acquainted with that energetic Romance: for when borne along by the breathless excitement of a wildly interesting story, the mind is apt to regard the introduction of scattered poesy as impertinence rather than a gratification, and to pass it over without notice, and thus it not unfrequently happens that the most exquisite *morceaux* are altogether neglected. That this is the case with the readers of "Rookwood" we pretend not to say. We hope not—but still it is just possible—and for this reason, if for no other, have we resolved to consider Mr. Ainsworth's character as a song-writer, separately and distinctly from that of a novelist; and to bring within one view the many and varied aspects in which he has chosen to exhibit his powers.

Highly as we think of the romance of "Rookwood," we incline to believe that genius of a loftier order has been manifested in these lyrics than in thenarrative in which they are woven. Mr. Ainsworth has fine poetical powers, which only require cultivation to produce their full development. The germ of song is sown within his heart. As Rogers said of Byron, the "bee has touched his lips:" music henceforth must flow from them. He has a sense of modulation and harmony which give even to the words, divested of the accompaniment of music, a musical cadence. We sing them as we read, and almost fancy the tune; and this, after all, is the secret and indescribable charm of Moore—*his* words ever sing—his soul is song—his faculties are harmonious. The thrush cannot pour forth strains more fresh and natural. Rhythm and modulation are the tests of excellence in the lyric poet; and no man ever possessed rhythmical perceptions in an equal degree with Shelley. What variety—what intonation—what *singing* harmony pervades all his minor poems! Every impassioned thought finds its appropriate expression clothed in the music of verse. Excepting Herrick, he was the first of our lyric poets, perhaps the first of all other lyric poets—and if our readers would form a fair estimate of his genius, let them reflect how *fade* and feeble, in comparison with his exquisite songs, are the emasculate efforts of Barry Cornwall, and the herd of lesser imitators.

The present is not a poetical age—granted. But at the same time greater encouragement was never held out to the song-writer. A ballad indifferently written, if fortunately adapted to a taking melody, and subsequently sung by some fashionable vocalist, will bring its author high repute, and what is of more consequence to himself, a return more substantial. Songs sell, and well too—as Haynes Bayly, Planché, Ball, and others, can sufficiently testify; and knowing this, it has always surprised us that some man of real genius and talent has

not rescued the "land of song," from these interlopers. We trust that Mr. Ainsworth will buckle on his armour, and drive these *fainéants* from the field they have so long usurped.

But it is now time to come to the lyrics before us. We have not time, at this moment, to dispute the pretensions of these claimants to distinction. We shall at once proceed to the songs of "Rookwood." In this work Mr. Ainsworth has essayed almost every variety of versification, of which the laws of metre are susceptible, and has approved himself equal master of all. This will be more apparent in our collective relics than in the book itself, where the songs only appear at distinct intervals. Talent more diversified has scarcely ever, we think, been displayed within the same compass. We have ditties of all kinds—grave, gay, humorous, impassioned, bacchanalian, and flash. His lute is pitched in all keys. He now strikes the chord with all the fervour and passion of a Spanish serenader—now with the wild hubbub, exciting merriment of the cantling crew—now with the dreariness of "worms, and epitaphs, and graves,"—now he bursts forth with all the sparkling vivacity of a French *chanson à boire*—again dashes into all the reckless jollity, coupled with the breadth and frolic of a roaring Irishman—subsides into melancholy and pathos—aspires again into enraptured mysticism—and then, anon patters all the racy and unctuous jargon of the members of "*the* Family." Specimens of all these varieties we shall now proceed to place in juxta-position. Our first extract shall be from one of the old sepulchral strains, which, independent of the force and origin of the verse, presents, we think, a most striking picture. The effect of his ballad upon ourselves was precisely that of a hideous nightmare. It is like one of Fuseli's creations. Listen to

"THE COFFIN.

"In a church-yard upon the sward a coffin there was laid,
And leaning stood, beside the wood, a Sexton on his spade.
A coffin old and black it was, and fashioned curiously,
With quaint device of carved oak, in hideous fantasie.

"For here was wrought the sculptured thought of a tormented face,
With serpents lithe that round it writhe, in folded strict embrace.
Grim visages of grinning fiends were at each corner set,
And emblematic scrolls, mort-heads, and bones, together met.

"'Ah, well-a-day!' that Sexton gray unto himself did cry,
'Beneath that lid much lieth hid—much awful mysterie.
It is an ancient coffin from the abbey that stood here;
Perchance it holds an abbot's bones, perchance those of a freere.

"'In digging deep, where monks do sleep, beneath yon cloister shrined,
That coffin old, within the mould, it was my chance to find;
The costly carvings of the lid I scraped full carefully,
In hope to get at name or date, yet nothing could I see.

"'With pick and spade I've plied my trade, for sixty years and more,
Yet never found, beneath the ground, shell strange as that before;
Full many coffins have I seen—have seen them deep or flat,
Fantastical in fashion—none fantastical as that.'

"And saying so, with heavy blow the lid he shattered wide,
And pale with fright, a ghastly sight that Sexton gray espied,
A miserable sight it was, that loathsome corpse to see,
The last, last, dreary, darksome stage of fallen humanity.

"Though all was gone save reeky bone, a green and grisly heap,
With scarce a trace of fleshly face, strange posture did it keep.
The hands were clench'd, the teeth were wrench'd, as if the wretch had risen,
E'en after death had ta'en his breath, to strive and burst his prison.

"The neck was bent, the nails were rent, no limb or joint was straight;
Together glued, with blood imbued, black and coagulate.
And as the Sexton stooped him down, to lift the coffin plank,
His fingers were defiled all o'er with slimy substance dank.

"'Ah, well-a-day!' that Sexton gray unto himself did cry,
'Full well I see how Fate's decree foredoomed this wretch to die;
A living man, a breathing man, within the coffin thrust,
Alack! alack! the agony ere he returned to dust.'

"A vision drear did then appear unto that Sexton's eyes;
Like that poor wight before him straight he in a coffin lies.
He lieth in a trance within that coffin close and fast;
Yet though he sleepeth now, he feels he shall awake at last.

"The coffin then, by reverend men, is borne with footstep slow,
Where tapers shine before the shrine—where breaths the requiem low,
And for the dead the prayer is said, for the soul that is *not* flown,
Then all is drown'd in hollow sound, the earth is o'er him thrown.

"He draweth breath—he wakes from death to life more horrible,
To agony! such agony! no living tongue may tell.
Die! die! he must, that wretched one! he struggles, strives in vain;
No more heaven's light, nor sunshine bright, shall he behold again.

"'Gramercy, Lord!' the Sexton roar'd, awakening suddenly,
'If this be dream, yet doth it seem most dreadful so to die.
Oh, cast my body in the sea! or hurl it on the shore!
But nail me not in coffin fast—no grave will I dig more.'"

Is not this of the earth, earthly—of the grave, gravelike? In the same vein is the "Mandrake." It has all the profundity of Sir Thomas Brown combined with the melodiousness of Shelley. We could fancy it was a match of Webster, whom the author has well placed at the head of our elder dramatists.

"THE MANDRAKE.*

"The Mandrake grows 'neath the gallows-tree,
And rank and green are its leaves to see;
Green and rank, as the grass that waves
Over the unctuous earth of graves.

* "The imaginary malignant and fatal influence of this plant is frequently alluded to by our elder dramatists; and with one of the greatest of them, Webster, (as might be expected from a charnel muse, that revels like a ghoul in graves and sepulchres, and rakes up hideous and revolting lore,) it is an especial favourite for illustration. But none have plunged so deeply into the disquisition of the suppositious virtues of the Mandrake, as the learned and profound Sir

And though all around it be bleak and bare,
Freely the Mandrake flourisheth there.
Maranatha—Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!—

"At the foot of the gibbet the Mandrake springs,
Just where the creaking carcass swings;
Some have thought it engendered
From the fat that drops from the bones of the dead;
Some have thought it a human thing;
But this is a vain imagining.
Maranatha—Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!

"A charnel leaf doth the Mandrake wear,
A charnel fruit doth the Mandrake bear;
Yet none like the Mandrake hath such great power,
Such virtue resides not in herb or flower;
Anconite, hemlock, or moonshade, I ween,
None hath a poison so subtle and keen.
Maranatha—Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!

"And whether the Mandrake be create
Flesh with the flower incorporate,
I know not; yet, if from the earth 'tis rent,
Shrieks and groans from the root are sent;
Shrieks and groans, and a sweat like gore
Oozes, and drops from the clammy core.
Maranatha—Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!

"Whoso gathereth the Mandrake, shall surely die;
Blood for blood is his destiny.
Some who have plucked it have died with groans,
Like to the Mandrake's expiring moans;
Some have died raving, and some beside—
With penitent prayers—but *all* have died.
Jesu! save us, by night and day!
From the terrible death of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!"

Thomas Browne. He tears up the fable, root and branch. Concerning the danger ensuing from the eradication of the Mandrake, he thus writeth:—'The last assertion is, that there follows a hazard of life to them that pull it up, that some evil fate pursues them, and that they live not very long hereafter. Therefore the attempt hereof among the ancients was not in ordinary way; but, as Pliny informeth, when they intended to take up the root of this plant, they took the wind thereof, and with a sword describing three circles about it, they digged it up, looking toward the West. A conceit not only injurious unto truth and confutable by daily experience, but somewhat derogatory unto the Providence of God; that is, not only to impose so destructive a quality on any plant, but to conceive a vegetable whose parts are so useful unto many, should, in the only taking up, prove mortal unto any. This were to introduce a second forbidden fruit, and enhance the first malediction, making it not only mortal for Adam to taste the one, but capital for his posterity to eradicate, or dig up the other.'—*Vulgar Errors*, Book ii., c. vi.

The burthen of this song is magnificent. How the blessing springs from the malediction—

"Maranatha! Anathema!
Dread is the curse of Mandragora!
Euthanasy!"

Not quite equal to the foregoing, but still not without merit, is—

"THE YEW.

"A noxious tree is the church-yard yew,
As if from the dead its sap it drew;*
Dark are its branches, and dismal to see,
Like plumes at Death's latest solemnity.
Spectral and jagged, and black as the wings
Which some spirit of ill o'er a sepulchre flings:
Oh! a terrible tree is the church-yard yew;—
Like it is nothing so ghastly to view.

"Yet this baleful tree hath a core so sound,
Can nought so tough in the grove be found;
From it were fashioned brave English bows,
The boast of our isle, and the dread of its foes,
For our sturdy sires cut their stoutest staves
From the branch that hung o'er their fathers' graves:
And though it be dreary and dismal to view,
Staunch at the heart is the church-yard yew."

In the original these songs derive much of their peculiar character from being chaunted by an old sexton, whose talk is for ever of "the dead and their house the grave." We will not surfeit our readers with horrors, but will now strike a livelier note. Here is a delicious *ritornella*, which we hope to hear from the lips of the lady of our love, or, next to her, from those of the fair Stephens. This is one of those songs which we before stated scarce need the aid of music. It has nevertheless been gracefully arranged by Mr. F. Romer.†

"LA GITANILLA.

"By the Guadalquivir,
Ere the sun be flown,
By that glorious river
Sits a maid alone.
Like the sun-set splendour
Of that current bright,
Shone her dark eyes, tender
As its witching light:

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* ——— Metuendaque succo
Taxus.—STATIUS.

† We are happy to find that the high opinion which we have all along entertained of these songs has been corroborated by their announcement in a separate publication, adapted to music by Mr. F. Romer, a gentleman of rising talent in his profession. Mr. Romer has published his selection under the same title as the present article, and dedicated the work to the Countess of Blessington.

Like the ripple flowing,
Tinged with purple sheen,
Darkly, richly, glowing,
Is her warm cheek seen.
'Tis the Gitanilla,
By the stream doth linger,
In the hope that eve
Will her lover bring her.

"See, the sun is sinking!
All grows dim, and dies;
See, the waves are drinking
Glories of the skies.
Day's last lustre playeth
On that current dark;
Yet no speck betrayeth
His long looked-for bark.
'Tis the hour of meeting!
Nay,—the hour is past.
Swift the time is fleeting!
Fleeteth Hope as fast.
Still the Gitanilla
By the stream doth linger,
In the hope that night
Will her lover bring her."

Our next specimen shall be of the devotional and mystical kind. The following hymn approaches very nearly in excellence to Margaret's imploration of the *Mater Doloroso* in Goëthe's Faust:—

"HYMN TO ST. THECLA.

"In my trouble, in my anguish,
In the depths of my despair,
As in grief and pain I languish,
Unto thee I raise my prayer.
Sainted Virgin! martyr'd maiden!
Let thy countenance incline
Upon one with woes o'erladen,
Kneeling lowly at thy shrine;
That in agony, in terror,
In her blind perplexity,
Wandering weak in doubt and error,
Calling feebly upon thee.
Sinful thoughts, sweet Saint, oppress me,
Thoughts that will not be dismissed;
Temptations dark possess me,
Which my strength may not resist.
I am full of pain, and weary
Of my life, I fain would die;
Unto me the world is dreary;
To the grave for rest I fly.
For rest! oh, could I borrow
Thy bright wings, celestial dove!
They should waft me from my sorrow,
Where peace dwells in bowers above.

Upon one with woes o'erladen,
Kneeling lowly at thy shrine;
Sainted Virgin! martyr'd maiden!
Let thy countenance incline.
Mei miserere, Virgo,
Requiem æternam dona!

"By thy loveliness—thy purity,
Unpolluted—undefiled,
That in serene security
Upon earth's temptations smiled;—
By the fetters that constrained thee,
By thy flame-attested faith;
By the fervour that sustained thee,
By thine angel-ushered death;—
By thy soul's divine elation,
'Mid thine agonies assuring
Of thy sanctified translation,
To beatitude enduring;—
By the mystic interfusion
Of thy spirit with the rays
That in ever-bright profusion
Round the throne eternal blaze;—
By thy portion now partaken,
With the pain-perfected Just;
Look on one of hope forsaken,
From the gates of mercy thrust;
Upon one with woes o'erladen,
Kneeling lowly at thy shrine,
Sainted Virgin! martyr'd maiden,
Let thy countenance incline.
Ora pro me mortis horâ
Sancta Virgo oro te!
Kyrie Eleison!"

Take the following as a contrast:—

"THE TWICE-USED RING.

"'Beware thy bridal day,'
On her death-bed, sighed my mother;
'Beware—beware, I say,
Death shall wed thee, and no other.
Cold the hand shall grasp thee,
Cold the arms shall clasp thee,
Colder lips thy kiss shall smother—
Beware thy bridal kiss.

"'Thy wedding ring shall be
From a clay-cold finger taken;
From one that, like to thee,
Was by her love forsaken.
For a twice-used ring
Is a fatal thing;
Her griefs who wore it are partaken—
Beware that fatal ring.

"'The altar and the grave,
Many steps are not asunder;
Bright banners o'er thee wave,
Shrouded horror lieth under.

Blithe may sound the bell,
Yet 'twill toll thy knell;
Scathed thy chaplet by the thunder—
Beware that blighted wreath.'

"Beware my bridal day!
Dying lips my doom have spoken;
Deep tones call me away;
From the grave is sent a token.
Cold—cold fingers bring
That ill-omen'd ring,
Soon will a *second* heart be broken;
This is my bridal day."

Or this, which we suspect will realize what the Germans call the principle of antagonism. It is sung by the gay Tom King—next to Du Val, one of the pleasantest fellows on the road:—

"PLEDGE OF THE HIGHWAYMAN.

"Come fill up a bumper to Eve's fairest daughters,
Who have lavished their smiles on the brave and the free;
Toast the sweethearts of Dudley, Hind, Wilmot, and Waters,*
Whate'er their attractions, whate'er their degree.
Pledge—pledge in a bumper, each kind-hearted maiden,
Whose bright eyes were dimmed at the Highwayman's fall—
Who stood by the gallows with sorrow o'erladen,
Bemoaning the fate of the gallant Du Val.†

"Here's to each pretty lass chance of war bringeth near one,
Whom, with manner empassioned, we tenderly stop;
And to whom, like the lover addressing his dear one,
In terms of entreaty *the question* we pop.
How oft in such case rosy lips have proved sweeter
Than the rosiest book—bright eyes saved a bright ring,
While that *one other* kiss has bought off a *repeater*;
And a bead as a *favour*—the *favourite* string.

"With our hearts ready rifled, each pocket we rifle,
With the pure flame of chivalry stirring our breast;
Life's risk for our *mistress's praise* is a trifle;
And each purse is a *trophy* our *homage* attests.

* "Four celebrated highwaymen, all rejoicing in the honourable distinction of Captain."

† "Of this gay and chivalrous robber, his flageolet and *couranto*, his *bonnes fortunes*, his masked visitants, his gorgeous funeral, and the crowd of damsels who bewailed his loss, we have spoken at some length in our first volume; but they who desire to hear more of him will do well, if they are not already acquainted with it, to turn to a delightful essay on the subject of *Thieves, Ancient and Modern*, in Mr. Leigh Hunt's Indicator, in which there is a sparkling sketch of the gallant Claude. *Our* only regret is that Mr. Hunt did not expatiate more upon the Highwaymen; but we trust he will repair this error in the *London Journal*, and give us a brilliant page or two on the denizens of the empire of High Toby. *A-propos* of the *London Journal*, let us, even in a hasty note, wish Mr. Hunt all the success in his new undertaking, which he so richly merits; and counsel all our readers who love the cordial, the kindly, the amiable, the poetical, the fanciful, and the *reasonable* in every sense, at once to become subscribers to this pleasantest of pleasant hebdomadals. He who can turn even '*stones*' to gems must possess a subtle alchemy."

Then toss off your glasses to all girls of spirit,
Ne'er with names, or with number, your memories vex;
Our toast, boys, embraces each woman of merit,
And for fear of omission we'll toast the WHOLE SEX!"

Often as it has been quoted, nay, indeed, printed in the play-bills of Astley's (and that most incorrectly), we must give Turpin's affectionate eulogy of his mare—after such praise, how could he ride her to the death?

"BLACK BESS.

"Let the lover his mistress's beauty rehearse,
And laud her attractions in languishing verse;
Be it mine in rude strains, but with *truth* to express,
The love that I bear to my bonny Black Bess.

"From the west was her dam, from the east was her sire,
From the one came her swiftness, the other her fire;
No peer of the realm better blood can possess,
Than flows in the veins of my bonny Black Bess.

"Look! look! how that eyeball glows bright as a brand!
That neck proudly arches, those nostrils expand!
Mark! that wide-flowing mane! of which each silky tress
Might adorn prouder beauties—though none like Black Bess.

"Mark! that skin sleek as velvet, and dusky as night,
With its jet undisfigured by one lock of white;
That throat branched with veins, prompt to charge or caress,
Now is she not beautiful—bonny Black Bess?

"Over highway and byeway, in rough and smooth weather,
Some thousands of miles have we journied together;
Our couch the same straw, and our meal the same mess,
No couple more constant than I and Black Bess.

"By moonlight, in darkness, by night, or by day,
Her headlong career there is nothing can stay.
She cares not for distance—she knows not distress—
Can you show me a courser to match with Black Bess?

"Once it happened in Cheshire, near Dunham, I popped
On a horseman alone, whom I speedily stopped;
That I lightened his pockets you'll readily guess—
Quick work makes Dick Turpin when mounted on Bess.

"Now it seems the man knew me; 'Dick Turpin,' said he,
'You shall swing for this job, as you live d'ye see;'
I laughed at his threats and his vows of redress,
I was sure of an *alibi* then with Black Bess.

"The road was a hollow, a sunken ravine,*
Overshadowed completely by wood like a screen;
I clambered the bank, and I needs must confess
That one touch of the spur grazed the side of Black Bess.

"* The exact spot where Turpin committed this well-known robbery, and which has often been pointed out to us, lies in what is now a woody hollow,

"Brake, brook, meadow, and plough'd field, Bess fleetly bestrode,
As the crow wings her flight, we selected our road,
We arrived at Hough Green in five minutes or less,
My neck, it was saved, by the speed of Black Bess.

"Stepping carelessly forward, I lounge on the green,
Taking excellent care that by all I am seen,
Some remarks on time's flight, to the squires I address,
But I say not a word of the flight of Black Bess.

"I mention the hour—it was just about four—
Play a rubber at bowls—think the danger is o'er,
When athwart my next game, like a checkmate at chess,
Comes the horseman in search of the rider of Bess.

"What matter details? Off with triumph I came,
He swears to the hour—and the squires swear the same,
I had robbed him at *four*—while at four *they* profess
I was quietly bowling—all thanks to Black Bess.

"Then one halloo, boys—one loud cheering halloo—
To the swiftest of coursers—the gallant, the true;
For the sportsman unborn, shall the memory bless,
Of the horse of the high wayman—bonny Black Bess!"

We now come to one of the most racy and original compositions in the volume, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it the very best flash song ever written. We are not so rich as the French or Spaniards are in this species of writing; but we can boast some few good specimens, though not at all to be compared with Mr. Ainsworth's ditty. It is one of those *ballades à reprises* which, according to Vidocq, are generally *aussi longues qu'un faubourg*. Our author ought to have christened it, as we shall christen it, the

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JERRY JUNIPER.

"In a box[a] of the Stone Jug[b] I was born,
Of a hempen widow[c] the kid forlorn.
Fake away.
And my father, as I've heard say,
Fake away,
Was a merchant of capers[d] gay,
Who cut his last fling with great applause,
[e] Nix my doll palls, fake away.

---

though once the old road from Altringham to Knutsford, skirting the rich and sylvan domains of Dunham, and descending the hill which brings you to the bridge crossing the river Bollin. With some little difficulty we penetrated this ravine; it is just the locality for such an adventure. A small brook wells through it, and the steep banks are overhung with every description of timber, and was, the other day, a perfect nest of primroses and wild flowers. Hough (pronounced Hoo) Green lies, we believe, at about three miles distance across the country—the way Turpin rode. The old Bowling Green is one of the pleasantest inns in Cheshire.

[a] Cell. [b] Newgate.

[c] A woman whose husband has been hanged. [d] A dancing master.

[e] "Nothing, comrades, on, on," supposed to be addressed by a thief to his confederates.

"Who cut his last fling with great applause[a],
To the tune of a 'hearty choke with caper sauce.'
Fake away.
The knucks in quod[b] did my schoolmen play,
Fake away,
And put me up to the time of day;
Until at last there was none so knowing,
Nix my doll palls, fake away.

"Until at last there was none so knowing,
No such sneaksman[c] or buzgloak[d] going,
Fake away.
Fogles[e] and fawnies[f] soon went their way,
Fake away,
To the spout[g] with the sneezers[h] in grand array,
No dummy hunter[i] had forks[k] so fly;
Nix my doll palls, fake away.

"No dummy hunter had forks so fly,
No knuckler[l] so deftly could fake a cly[m],
Fake away.
No slour'd hoxter[n] my snipes[o] could stay,
Fake away.
None knap a reader[p] like me in the Lay.
Soon then I mounted in swell-street high.
Nix my doll palls, fake away.

"Soon then I mounted in swell-street high,
And sported my flashiest toggery[q],
Fake away,
Firmly resolved I would make my hay,
Fake away,
While Mercury's star shed a single ray,
And ne'er was there seen such a dashing prig[r],
Nix my doll palls, fake away.

"And ne'er was there seen such a dashing prig,
With my strummel faked in the newest twig[s].
Fake away.
With my fawnied famms[t], and my onions gay[u],
Fake away;
My thimble of ridge[v], and my driz kemesa[w];
All my togs were so niblike[x] and splash,
Nix my doll palls, fake away.

---

[a] Thus Victor Hugo, in *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, makes an imprisoned felon sing,

J'li ferai danser une danse
Où il n'y a pas de plancher.

[b] Thieves in prison. [c] Shoplifter. [d] Pickpocket. [e] Handkerchiefs.
[f] Rings. [g] To the pawnbroker. [h] Snuff boxes. [i] Pickpocket.
[k] The two fore-fingers used in picking a pocket. [l] Pickpocket.
[m] Pick a pocket. [n] No inside coat pocket, buttoned up.
[o] Scissars. [p] Steal a pocket-book. [q] Best-made clothes.
[r] Thief. [s] With my hair dressed in the first fashion.
[t] With several rings on my hands. [u] Seals.
[v] Gold Watch. [w] Laced shirt. [x] Gentlemanlike.

"All my togs were so niblike and splash,
Readily the queer screens I then could smash[a];
Fake away,
But my nuttiest blowen[b], one fine day,
Fake away,
To the beaks[c] did her fancy man betray,
And thus was I bowled out at last[d].
Nix my doll palls, fake away.

"And thus was I bowled out at last,
And into the Jug for a lag was cast[e];
Fake away,
But I slipped my darbies[f] one morn in May,
Fake away,
And gave to the dubsman[g] a holiday.
And here I am palls, merry and free,
A regular rollocking Romany[h].
Nix my doll palls, fake away."

This is first-rate flash. Doctor Maginn has translated Vidocq's

"*En roulant de vergne en vergne,*
Pour apprendre à goupiner,"

in most excellent style; beginning, if we remember rightly,

"As from ken to ken I was going,
Doing a bit in the prigging lay,
Who should I meet but a jolly blowen,
Tol lol, lol lol, lol derol ay;
Who should I meet but a jolly blowen,
Who was fly to the time of day;"

but we must concede the palm to the author of "Rookwood." His *reprises* are inimitable, and the "*fake away*" the perfection of a roguish chorus.*

We believe Mr. Ainsworth to be a fellow-countryman of our own; but there is something very Irish about

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[a] Easily then forged notes could I pass. [b] Favourite mistress.
[c] Police. [d] Taken at length. [e] Cast for transportation.
[f] Fetters. [g] Turnkey. [h] Gipsy.

* The *Quarterly Review*, we perceive, objects to the slang of "Rookwood," but without much show of reason. The flash is only used in the dialogues of highwaymen, and how otherwise ought such a reprobate as Turpin to clothe his sentiments than in the garniture of "*the family?*" Physiologically speaking, it is part of his *costume*. He would be out of character if he pattered after any other fashion, and we believe it is now admitted on all hands that the "Turpin" of "Rookwood" is the best drawn highwayman that has as yet been presented to the public; and we suspect that he derives much of his *vraisemblance* from his plentiful use of this very flash. As well might Byron have made his "Lucifer" talk like a clergyman as Mr. Ainsworth portray his highwaymen as the pattern of gentility the *Quarterly Review* would have him. That the flash is good flash we take it upon our credit to uphold; with such subjects the *Quarterly Review* is not, or ought not, to be too conversant. We have faith in Mr. Ainsworth.—*Experto crede Roberto.*

"THE RAPPAREES.

"Let the Englishman boast of his Turpins and Shepherds, as cocks of the walk,
His Mulsacks, and Cheneys, and Swiftnecks—it's all botheration and talk;
Compared with the robbers of Ireland, they don't come within half a mile,
There never were yet any rascals, like those of my own native isle.

"First and foremost comes REDMOND O'HANLON, allowed the first thief of the world,
That o'er the broad province of Ulster, the Rapparee banner unfurl'd;
O'ch! he was an elegant fellow, as ever you saw in your life,
At fingering the blunderbuss trigger, or handling the throat-cutting knife.

"And then such a dare devil squadron as that which composed REDMOND'S *tail!*
Meel, Mactigh, Jack Reilly, Shan Bernagh, Phil Galloge, and Arthur O'Neal;
Shure never were any boys like 'em, for rows, *agitation*, and sprees:
Scarce a *rap* did they leave in the country, and hence they were called *Rapparees.*

"Next comes POWER the great Tory of Munster, a gentleman born every inch,
And strong JACK MACPHERSON of Leinster, a horse shoe who broke at a pinch;
The last was a fellow so *lively*, not death e'en his courage could damp,
For as he was led to the gallows, he played his own own 'march to the camp.'

"PADDY FLEMING, DICK BALF, and MULHONI, I think are the next on my list,
All adepts in the beautiful science of giving a pocket a twist;
JEMMY CARRICK must follow his leaders, *ould* Purney who put in a huff,
By dancing a hornpipe at Tyburn, and bothering the hangman for snuff.

"There's PAUL LIDDY the curl-pate Tory, whose noddle was stuck on a spike,
And BILLY DELANY the "*Songster*," we never shall meet with his like;
For his neck by a witch was anointed, and warranted safe by her charm,
No hemp that was ever yet twisted, his wonderful throttle could harm.

"And lastly there's CAHIR NA CAPPUL, the handiest rogue of them all,
Who only need whisper a word, and your horse will trot out of his stall;
Your tit is not safe in your stable, though you or your groom should be near,
And devil a bit in the paddock, if CAHIR gets *hould* of his ear.

"Then success to the Tories of Ireland, the generous, the gallant, the gay,
With them the best *Rumpads* of England are not to be named the same day;
And were further proof wanting to show what precedence we take with our *prigs*,
Recollect that *our* robbers are TORIES, while those of *your* country are WHIGS."

The notes to this song are amusing and instructive, but too long to be extracted. In fact, we have already exceeded our limits. One other sombre strain and we have done.

"THE SEXTON'S SONG.

"The Carrion Crow is a Sexton bold,
He raketh the dead from out the mould;
He delveth the ground like a miser old,
Stealthily hiding his store of gold.
Caw! Caw!

"The Carrion Crow hath a coat of black,
Silky and sleek, like a priest's, to his back;
Like a lawyer he grubbeth—no matter what way—
The fouler the offal, the richer his prey.
Caw! Caw! the Carrion Crow!
Dig! Dig! in the ground below!

"The Carrion Crow hath a dainty maw,
With savoury pickings he crammeth his craw:
Kept meat from the gibbet it pleaseth his whim,
It never can *hang* too long for him.
Caw! Caw!

"The Carrion Crow smelleth powder, 'tis said,
Like a soldier escheweth the taste of cold lead;
No jester or mime hath more marvellous wit,
For wherever he lighteth he maketh a hit.
Caw! Caw! the Carrion Crow!
Dig! Dig! in the ground below!"

We think we have said enough, and quoted enough, to prove that Mr. Ainsworth deserves a high rank among the poets of the day.

PAST RECOLLECTIONS.

The sun breaks the dream of the flowers,
Their bells turn to heaven as in prayer;
The dew sleeps like peace on the bowers,—
The sweetness of morning is there.
But I see not the Cheviot's bleak front,
White as snow o'er the heather-clad hills;
I see not the woods I was wont,
I hear not the voice of their rills.
Northumbria! my heart is with thee—
It roams near thy bloom-border'd streams,
By the Coquet's wild path to the sea,
And the Allan, bright in the sunbeams.
It lingers where hangs the green willow,
Sad witness of Love's early vow:
And mourns o'er the daisy-deck'd pillow,
My Mary's lone resting place now.
Though my eyes on thy beauties may rest again never,
Northumbria! my spirit roams o'er thee for ever!

J. W. T.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—Second Yarn.

At the usual time I hurried into my corner, lit my cigar, and waited patiently for the congregation. Jack Murray soon arrived, and the topmen mustering thick, he was soon called upon to finish his yarn.

"Well, lads, I can tell you there is nothing 'tic'lar to come, but if you will hear what became of uncle, here goes:—

"After the ship's company had got possession of the ship, and been murdering every body fore and aft, they gave the command to my uncle, gave him the captain's cabin, and every thing ship-shape. Well, when all the row was over, and the men began to cool a-bit, my uncle hauled the ship to the wind till the next morning, that they might determine what they would do with her. Well, when she was all snug for the night, under double-reefed topsails and courses, down goes my uncle into his cabin, to lay down and think of what he had done. He was a kind-hearted man, and was very sorry to have shed so much blood, and this made him rather melancholy, and the loss of his messmate, poor Brown, and all together he could not get to sleep at all; well, after he had been rolling about some time in his cot, he heard a noise in the cabin like somebody moving; he thought at first it was only fancy, so he laid still a little while to listen, but he heard it again, so out he jumps, grasps his cutlass, and moves over to the starboard side where the noise comes from; it was quite dark, and just as he was groping his way somebody caught hold of him, and cried, 'Save me! save me!' so he seizes hold of the feller, and asks who he was—and who do you think it was?—why old Nibcheese (purser); directly the row began he had stowed himself away in the quarter gallery; and so he begs of my uncle to save his life, and he would do any thing—he would be my uncle's servant, any thing, if he would save his life—my uncle promised him he would, and the next morning he told the ship's company what he had done; and, after a good deal of palaver, they all agreed not to kill him, though they did not like him much, for he had made many dead men 'chew tobacco;' but, however, they were tired of killing, so they only made him promise that if they saved his life he would not inform against them, even if he should have an opportunity, all this he promised—that was all right; now they had only to settle what they would do with the ship, so my uncle called all the men aft to think about it; just as they were all tumbling up from below, the man at the mast-head shouted, 'a sail a-head!' all hands were now on the look out, some thought it was best to bear up and get out of her way, but my uncle said, 'wait a little, lads, till I go aloft and see what she is;' so up he goes with a spy-glass in his fist, and gets a squint at her from the foretop-mast cross-trees, down he came, flying, by the backstays, and aft he goes: 'lads,' he says, says he, 'that's no man-of-war, she's no more nor a merchant ship bound for England,' and he says, 'I am an old man, and have got a wife and four children in England, and I

can't make up my mind to leave them; so, lads,' says he, 'I shall just go home in this here craft as is a-coming up, and take my chance; I dare say I shall be able to get into the country and pick up a living where I am not known, and die in old England.' Well, so all the men tried to persuade him not to go, 'for,' says they, 'you are sure to be found out, and you shall have command of this ship as long as you like;' but it would not do, he was determined to go home, 'cause, as he told my father, he could not bear the thought of never seeing old England again. It happened luckily one of the men was able to speak Spanish, so they dressed him out as flashy as a new-made luff, and sent him on board the merchant ship with my uncle as interpreter, and told them it was a Spanish frigate, and asked them if they would give my uncle a passage to England, they said they would; so he returned on board the Hermione to pack up his traps, and, after shaking hands with all his old shipmates, was just going over the side, when up comes old Nibcheese, and begged to be allowed to go with him to England, promising he would not say a word about what had happened; all the men laughed at him at first, and pushed him back; but my uncle said he would trust him, and prevailed upon the men to let him go; every body advised him not to take the old rascal, but he did, and so they went on board together, and spun a yarn about being left at the hospital, and all that sort o'gammon, and it was all right. Away they went with a spanking breeze for England, and soon lost sight of the frigate. In three days they made the Lizard, and run up Channel with a fair wind, a good south-wester—that's the ticket, is'n't it, lads?"

"Aye, aye! Jack, but go on."

"Well, when they got off Plymouth, my uncle asked them to put him on shore; and a fishing-boat coming alongside, away he went with old Nibcheese, and soon landed at Mutton Cove. Up they went together; the purser said my uncle should go to an inn with him and be his guest, and not pay a farthing. He refused at first, but at last away they went together to the Albion in Fore-street, Dock; it was called Dock then, not Devonport;—you mind when it was called Dock, don't you Will?"

"Aye, that I do," said old Will Gibbon, puffing out a volume of smoke that would have stifled any body but a galley ranger.

"Well, when they got to the inn, down they sat to a good dinner, and after that they began to drink, and my uncle was soon glad to go to bed; away he went, and directly he was safely housed, what do you think that d—— d—— rascally purser did? Why away he went to the admiral's secretary, and told him the whole affair; so the master of arms, a luff tackle, a serjeant with a party of Joeys from the flag-ship, were sent to the Albion to bring my uncle on board the flag-ship. They dragged him out of bed, took him on board, and clapt him, both legs in irons, with a sentry over him, down in the forehold, and it was not till the morning that he heard who it was betrayed him; and when he was told, he said he would rather be in the situation he was then, both legs in irons and sure of being hung in a few days, than he would be such a mean dastardly scoundrel as the purser. Well, there was no help for him, poor

feller: it was reported to the Admiralty, and a court martial was ordered to sit upon him that day week; he had that time to prepare his defence, and it was then he wrote to my father; I wish I could find the letter, but I can't—it was a beautiful letter—I hope I arn't lost it. But howsomnever, that's neither here nor there. At last the time came as he was to be tried; at nine o'clock off went the gun and up went the Union Jack to the peak, as a signal for a court martial. A guard was drawn up on the quarter-deck of the Admiral's ship to receive the skippers; at about ten aboard they all came, roast-beef coats and all a-tanto. My uncle was called in. It's no use, lads, spinning you a yarn about the court martial, 'cause as how I don't know nothing more nor he was condemned to be hanged on the Friday, that was Tuesday; so he was led back to his prison and put in irons as afore. Here he remained miserable enough till Friday came. All was prepared by nine o'clock; a gun fired—a platform was rigged out by the guess warp boom, the running part led on deck through a snatch-block, with a party of black list men to run him up. The hands were turned up on board every ship in the squadron. My uncle was led out. The skipper and the admiral was a-standing on deck. The provost martial, with his fore-and-after athwart ships, had charge of the prisoner, and as he was walking forward he touched his hat as he passed the captain and the admiral. So the admiral says, 'Prisoner,' says he, 'by the sentence you must die at eleven o'clock—it is now half-past ten; if you have any thing to say privately to me, or publicly to the ship's company, do it at once.'—'Yes, Sir,' says my uncle, 'I should like to speak to the ship's company.' So the admiral ordered silence, and my uncle turning round, said, 'My lads, I am now going to die, for having mutinied against my captain and afterwards murdered him. I acknowledge the justice of my sentence; but in justice to myself and my old shipmates, I must say we put up with the most tyrannical conduct; we worked morning, noon, and night, put up with every thing rather than mutiny, till at last the captain threw our messmate overboard like a dog; we were no longer able to command ourselves—this drove us quite mad, and we mutinied; and though I know nothing can justify mutiny, I hope my case will be a warning to all captains that h'majesty will be better served by a ship's company that love than one that fear their captain.' Well, lads, the ship's company all pressed forward to shake hands with my uncle, and after the admiral, the skipper, and the captain, had shaken hands with him, the gun fired, and up he went to the yard-arm, and from there I hope he went to heaven."

It wanted yet an hour of the time for piping the hammocks down. The galley was still full, and I did not despair of hearing another yarn; so lighting another cigar I returned to my station, where I had not waited long before Jack Murray, re-filling his pipe, addressed Will Gibbon—

"Come, Will, my bo', it's your turn now to tip us a stave out of that old muzzle of thine."

"There won't be time, I doubt," said Old Will, pretending to hesitate, but who was too confirmed a "yarner" to forego the pleasure

of surprising the "greenhorns," by exercising the prerogative belonging only to those who have doubled the Cape.

"Oh, lots of time, bo'," said Jack, "I HEERD the first Leaftenant say he would not pipe down till three bells, and it's only just gone one."

"Well, lads, did I ever tell you of the mutiny on board o' the Comus?"

"No, no; let's have it Will," said the listeners, who were quite enamoured of mutinies since Jack's yarn.

"Well, lads, the Comus, you know, was one o' your thirty-sixes, and the time as I was in her was commanded by Captain Smith, a reg'lar Tartar I can tell you that, though not so bad as Captain Pigot; he was as smart a sailor as ever stepped between decks, and a reg'lar fire-eater; he feared neither God or Devil. He was the man as fought the Milbrook ten-gun schooner against a privateer carrying thirty guns, and thrashed her too—aye, did he. Well; it was just arter the mutiny, when every body in the fleet was discontented and ready for another row, we was sent away with about forty men that the Admiral sent on board, 'cause he said Captain Smith was the man for taming them. Well; we went away to Malta. Captain Smith, for all he was such a Tartar, was liked by all hands; for he didn't bully, he only made us do our duty; but since the forty new hands had come on board every thing went on differently; they were always getting drunk at night, and getting five dozen next forenoon. The boatswain began to talk with the men, and advise them to follow the example of the fleet. At last, almost the whole ship's company had agreed to murder the captain and the rest of the officers, and run away with the ship. But nobody could settle how it should be done. The keys of the magazine were always in the captain's cabin, and all the cutlasses were in the gunner's store-room; they had been taken from over the guns ever since the mutiny in the fleet. The captain always slept with a pair of pistols on his pillow, and he had given particular orders that nobody should enter his cabin without being introduced by the first leaftenant. Well; all this made it hard work; nobody knew what to do. At last, the boatswain tried to gain the joeys; but this was no go. They were all 'pauled' now. The next thing they tried was to get me over. I was captain's coxswain, and they thought I should be of use. The boatswain was the first man that spake to me about it. I told him at once I would have nothing to do with it, 'cause I liked the skipper; he was a good feller on the whole, and if a man did his duty he had nothing to fear. The boatswain only laughed at me, and said he would cut my throat. So I told him, without he promised not to have any thing to do with it, and prevent the others, I would tell the captain. He was a d——d cunning chap; he pretended to hesitate, and at last told me he would think of it, and give me an answer to-morrow night. So as I did not wish to get all the fellers into a row, I didn't say nothing about it; but I suspected the boatswain, so I kept a sharp look out to windward, for I was determined to stand by the skipper.

"When to-morrow came, the boatswain says to me, 'Will Gibbon,' says he, 'I'se been a-thinking about what you was a saying of, and

I thinks as how it would be better to let it alone, for the skipper is a rum one to deal with; so Gibbon,' says he, 'don't you think no more about it; for it shan't happen!'—'Very well, Sir,' says I, and so I went away, but I thought it worn't over yet, for the boatswain was a wengeful feller. But howsomnever all went on very well, we had a spanking breeze till we seed Malta, then the wind headed off us, and the skipper turned the hands up to work ship; we soon hauled her to the wind, and stood away on the starboard tack, making a good leg that we might run in next tack. I worn't thinking o' nothing, standing by the lee-main-brace, for it worn't my turn at the conn, when up comes Dick Salter (he was a bit o' a chummie of mine, I had spoken to him about the boatswain, and he agreed to stand by the skipper and be on the look out) and says, 'Will,' says he, 'there's the boatswain talking to a party o' faukslemen (forcastle-men) and foretopmen, keep a look out,' says he. 'Aye! aye!' says I. I thought there would be a row every minute, so I walks for'ed (forwards) to see how things were going on, but as I got on to the gangway there it was hands about ship. 'Stations!' cries the skipper, so aft I goes to stand by to let go the lee-main-brace. The skipper always carried on himself, so he begins—'Ready oh! ready! quarter-master put the helm down.'—'The helm's down, Sir,' reported the master. 'The helm's a lee—raise tacks and sheets—shorten in the lee-main-tack—haul well taut (tight), mainsail haul.' The maintopsail-yard hung. 'There's the maintop-bowline fast,' cries the captain, 'you d—d set of lubbers for'ed, what are you about? send the boatswain aft here.' Aft comes the boastwain, never touched his hat nor nothing to the captain. 'Why didn't you see a hand at the maintop-bowline,' says the captain. 'I forgot it.' (never said Sir) 'You forgot it—consider yourself under an arrest, and I'll try you by a court martial when we sees the admiral—you might have sprung that yard.' And so he might you know."

"To be sure he might,' says Jack, "but go on."

"Well, so the boatswain hesitated a little while and looked for'ed. I thought then the men would have come aft, but they didn't, all remained quiet; and as we could not fetch Malta we anchored in St. Paul's Bay. And when everybody was in their hammocks, aft goes the old carpenter to the captain's cabin, and tells the sentry he wanted to speak to the captain, but he was in bed, and could not be seen, so he had to wait till the next morning, when ———"

"Hurrah, lads," says Bob Short, "there's three bells, finish your yarn to-morrow night, Will."

"Aye, aye, bo'! I must be off now and get my hammock down."

Away they went and I followed, and the night following I heard the sequel.

THE RELATION THAT TOOK A LIKING TO ME.

Were you, my dear Reader, ever troubled with a deaf aunt? If not, heaven prosper you in the same enviable and happy fortune! you cannot do better under the sky. But, should you chance to be in the pitiable condition I am, I feel a most brotherly yearning for your society—a desire of trafficking with you in that mutually necessary article—consolation. I entertain a most Christian pity for you. I hear your whines and groans escaping at all times like those of a very malefactor.

You are hoarse with shouting; you have stormed into her "portcullisses of ears" till your eyes are bloodshot and half way out of your head. Your teeth are blown down by blasts of breath from the interior, and your nose is compressed like a negro's, by being squeezed against the sides of her impenetrable head. Are these things not so? Is not this your actual condition? Then, depend upon it, you never had a thorough *nut-deaf* aunt in the whole course of your existence.

He was a cunning flunkie who first served his time at the back of experience, and found out that she taught her servants wisdom. I never could find out the true value of ears, till I had learned by experience what it was to lack them. Not that my aunt Judith had been deprived of these organs—oh, no; she had a pair, but unluckily, like the blank windows in a mansion, they served only for show—very handsome and elaborate outside, but stopped up with bricks and mortar. Nothing short of a pair of forge-bellows could drive a breath of air through them.

I remember the time when at my own home, and free to range field and forest for sport from one year's end to another, I had a pleasant soul, and was altogether one of those easy-minded, dough-like sort of lads, who care not a toss what shape they are, providing every thing else be agreeable, who are always high-spirited, can be easily amused at less than nothing, and who, according to Cocker of Stratford-on-Avon, "will evermore peep through their eyes, and laugh like parrots at a bagpiper." But after those merciless old folks, my parents, had turned me over for a year's *seriousizing* with my aunt Judith, I soon came to have such a leaden, sedate, and "vinegar aspect," as led visitors to think I was (as the Scotch say) "her own veritable chiel."

Before my year with her was out, a most disastrous misfortune befel me, for I unluckily discovered that somehow or other the old lady had taken a liking to me! My nervous sensibility was shocked—what in the world would become of me? I could not talk to her; she was stone-deaf. My mind at best never rested above five minutes, for I was always obliged to storm at such a rate, that any person overhearing our most peaceable conversation, would absolutely imagine we were going raging mad, tearing one another to tatters, to very rags; for, by a strange fatality, she always shouted as loud as those were compelled to do who addressed her. I could not be

kissing her all day, that was out of the question—once when I arrived, and once when I should go home again, I felt to be sufficiently satisfactory—at least to me. I could not even take her a walking, for she was like, perhaps, your own aunt, dear reader—a fixture in the parlour.

The maid regularly planted her after breakfast in the chair; if a cold morning by the fire-side, like a clothes-horse; or, if the sun shone, over against the window, where, with one side of the venetian blind open, she would sit gazing on the garden till dusk, having an old china bowl of soup brought for her nourishment in the middle of the day, without subjecting herself to a removal. She always insisted on being shifted as seldom as possible, for she was a thorough household economist, and felt the truth of that apothegm of poor Richard's, "three removes are as bad as a fire." I have known her sit looking through the same pane of glass on the same grass-plot, as patient as a hatching barn-door fowl, for nine hours without winking.

As for giving a formal description of her, I esteem it altogether unnecessary. She was but one, of which a specimen may be found in almost every standing family in the country. She was one of those whose white crimped muslin cap fits close to their face, just beyond the forehead, like the fringe of a tart, with here and there a glimpse of sable-silvered ghosts of curls peeping out by stealth. Her mouth was an irregular, horizontal aperture, dipping at the ends; the loins of her nose thick, and her upper eye-lids like two pent-houses, with one of her hands on the nob of her chair-arm, and the other cast carelessly into her ample lap, as if she had discarded the use of it altogether.

Such was the "relation that took a liking to me;" it was a strange phenomenon. I did not think she could like any thing under heaven but her chair, her broth, and her ottoman.

I have many times observed, however, amongst other things, how her natural piety would break like momentary sunshine through the habitual apathy of her existence. The rubbing of her spectacles was as inevitable a forerunner of this, as knives and forks were of dinner. She would spend one quarter of an hour in wiping the glasses, another quarter in adjusting them to the exact point of sight, ring the bell for Mary to bring the Bible with large type, con over and puzzle her eyes with the generations of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, not above five minutes at most, and then either fall asleep and let the ponderous volume fall upon her toes, or lay it aside at her elbow, shouting like Stentor, "ay, my eyes get worser and worser, I shall be sand-blind soon, as well as nut-deaf." Then she would pocket her spectacles again, and fix her eyes on the window, *setting* the plants in the garden just as a pointer sets game.

Half my employment consisted in observing her; but, at last, owing to either the nature of the subject, or to the novelty being worn off, I ceased to be moved by her little eccentricities, and grew as sedate as an ancient Tom cat. I believe it was from that period that my visage began to "cream and mantle like a standing pond," to go into folds and overlappings, and concentric circles, and to be here and there overgrown with a kind of duck-meat.

I sighed to go home again, but the old lady held me as a child does its lump-sugar; nor was it until a couple of months after my limited time, that I obtained my release, and even then, only on an especial promise that I would return as soon as possible. I was tempted to say any thing to obtain my ransom, although in my heart I felt it never would be possible, as long as earth stood, to keep my word. Remember these were all the remarks and resolutions of youth—flippant and foolish enough. But the human heart and feelings, and the most stern resolves, are not to be depended on. A few years past away, and things underwent a change. As we grow out of youth into manhood, the world becomes another place, we look at it in another light, and with different feelings. So it was with me and my aunt Judith; she seemed to change along with the rest; and, for the first time, I no longer saw her as my tormenter, but a nice, quiet, genteel, peaceable old lady; a person who I ever admire—one not given, even on the most pressing occasion, to listening. I knew she had no ear for either a keyhole or a door a-jar, and therefore I held her company in a house very tolerable. My aunt was indeed as deaf as a pancake; and that, to a nephew just getting into those years when a young gentleman begins to talk what no old woman should overhear, was no ordinary blessing. I hate people who listen to private conversation, and especially when I am in such delicate company as requires pretty things to be said; because folks are apt to imagine all pretty sayings to be nonsense, if not whispered immediately to themselves.

During the few years of my absence there had been an addition to my aunt's household, by the return from school of her daughter Julia; her mother's own in every thing, save deafness, and plainness, and other qualities common to an aged, but disagreeable in a young, lady. My sister, who returned home at the same time, and from the same school, gave me a most enticing description of my cousin Julia. I have a liking to cousins, when they are pretty and simple, and redolent of that hoyden modesty so observable in country-bred damsels.

So do you know, I took it into my head to go down and see my aunt. I said no more about my cousin than if she had not been there. However that I might not take, nor be taken by surprize—for I hate to catch an otherwise pretty young lady with her hair in paper, and a morning splash print dress on—I sent a note, letting the old lady know at what time I should pay my respects to her; but having previously known her taciturnity, and the way she had of reading a letter to herself, and then doubling it up, and thrusting it to the lowest deep of her unfathomable wallet, among a chaos of pincushions, papers, keys, cough lozenges, and, mayhap, a cake or two of Grantham gingerbread, I took care to write my note in a hand beyond the reach of her glasses, so that anyhow she would be under the necessity of submitting it for interpretation to her daughter Julia.

This contrivance ensured, not only that my pretty cousin would, to a certainty, be informed of my intended visit, but also that the particular period of its fulfilment should not be overlooked; for a damsel does not easily forget such visitors, whereas, if the matter had been left to my aunt alone, it might have stood a good chance of being for-

gotten; since I have known her to receive written notice of coming friends a few days beforehand, and then be as surprised to see them when they got there as if they were but just born in the world. When I once more got down into the country, I found Miss Julia to be to the full as good as her description, and better so far as a man's judgment of a lady may be preferred to a lady's.

I shook my old aunt like a palsy, and caused the pent-houses of her eyes to be for once taken of their dim suspension. I gave her all the compliments I had saved for Julia, and expatiated both largely and loudly upon the pleasantness of the weather, without stopping to inquire whether she heard me or not. Placing my chin on the top of the blind at the old window—it was the same as it was seven years ago, alike to day and yesterday—I descanted on the beauty of the garden prospect, and, among the rest, made what I thought a sentimental remark about the old church tower, which rose beyond the boundary plantation. My old aunt's ears did not catch the words—"Ah, ah," said she. I repeated it; she looked at me half a moment, and then added, "I am getting so very deaf." I then bellowed it out again in a style which made me ashamed of myself, setting the yard dog a-barking, and frightening a pair of guinea fowls off the lawn. The old lady still did not appear to be enlightened; she looked bewildered; while she turned to her daughter Julia with "I don't hear what he says." Julia reddened, and taking the words out of my mouth absolutely beat them into the old lady's drums: — "My cousin says, the old church tower looks very solemn and picturesque from the window." "Oh!" she screamed out at the top of her voice—although, from the answer she made, I verily believe she did not hear a word—"Oh, yes; they whistle very nicely all day long, both night and morning." Miss Julia, for laughing, dare not look again at her mother; and I myself most heartily prayed I could whistle equally well, for if she could hear one, she then might have some small chance of apprehending the other. This in fact was her worst failing; as if not content to have people's throats torn two or three times a-day of necessity, she no sooner observed one's lips moving in the way of discourse, than she wanted to know what it was about; and thus every odd end of conversation that happened to catch the tail of her eye had to be rehearsed again and again, until every word of it haunted the imagination six months after. I have known the cook to be to the full half an hour in drumming into her, that the eggs were cooked enough.

At last, Miss Julia and I learned to talk through our teeth, and then, indeed, I found her deafness a most convenient accommodation; for a man does not always talk to his cousin in a style which requires the presence of her mother. In this respect my deaf aunt was mostly as good as if she was absent, only sometimes she would catch a stray smile, or a something which betokened that there was a kind of conversation going forward, and then I was obliged to put her off with an answer of a complexion somewhat different to the real subject of debate. I dare say, by this time, the reader smells a rat; if so, there is no occasion to lengthen an already too long story. Courtships are very pleasant to those engaged in them; but horribly tedious to

every body unconcerned. To hear one described is, in my opinion, tantamount to standing by while a person sucks sugar.

At the end of six months we agreed that nothing better could be done than making up a marriage between us; but from that unlucky moment I felt most severely the real curse of deafness. I would have given half my fortune if my intended mother-in-law could have had better ears. If, good reader, you have yourself either been upon the eve of marriage, or had a daughter to tempt any one else upon it, you know that it is a subject not to be bolted on a sudden, like a cannon shot; there are always some preparatory exercises which cannot be dispensed with—hints, inuendos, and expressions, drifting that way by accident.

Now, after I had fully agreed with Miss Julia, it took me full two months in breaking the ice to my blessed aunt, and then I had to do it in such a voice that the banns might almost better have been published thrice at church before an assemblage of the whole parish. In making my intentions known to her I could not but inform the whole neighbourhood out of my own mouth—only think of the misery of a bashful man like myself, being obliged to cry out as lustily as a bellman, that I had a desire to make my cousin Julia a woman of the world!

Under heaven, I had better caused it to be advertised in the next town's paper, or proclaimed in the market-place; even then the old lady was not satisfied. She said she objected to the match until she had heard the whole of the arrangements; and though I gave her to understand that if we waited until she had heard the whole of them, we should die as veritable maid and bachelor as we were born, I could not bring her over. She still insisted on being first made acquainted with every tittle of the affair. I was in an agony; and, while I endeavoured to roar out arrangement, through the thick end of a neat's horn, on one side of her impenetrable head, Miss Julia shot hot water with a syringe into her ear, to make way for the important intelligence on the other. But our labours, like our loves, were in vain, we could not satisfy her pent-up conscience at any price. I might as well have laid my mouth to the earth, and bellowed down to the antipodes. So that at last I am fain, for some time at least, to sit down a disappointed single man. But to beguile my unmarried hours a little, I have drawn up this narrative in very vexation and despair. My miserable heart has but one prayer left in it, and that is—if ever I should have the luck to get married, and have a generation of my own, they, every one of them, male, big and little, may have ears as big as blisters, and be saved the ill-luck of going nut-deaf, in preference to getting a fortune.

THE RIGHTS OF THE POOR.

The condition of the labouring poor in many parts of the kingdom is very far from being satisfactory. Hopeless poverty, and its companions, recklessness and discontent, have converted the cottage homes of England into foci for crime and dangerous political excitement. Any man whose experience goes back thirty years, and whose habits have led him into familiar intercourse with this most important part of our population, cannot fail to be sensible how great a change has been wrought in its social condition. It is in vain that we appeal to tables of exports and imports as proofs of national prosperity —it is in vain that we are a wealthy people—the basis upon which all rests—the substratum running beneath all our institutions, is decidedly unsound. A moral revolution, goaded on by growing intelligence, and stimulated by physical deprivations, is gradually, but steadily, undermining the existing state of things, and threatens, unless checked by wise remedial measure, to overthrow our social confederation.

There are many well-meaning people who trust to what may be termed the *vis inertiæ* of society for bringing every thing to its proper level, and who argue, that if matters are allowed to go on in their own way, they are sure to turn out right. This is a comfortable doctrine; but happens to resemble pretty closely the wisdom of the philosopher who, when told by his servants that his house was on fire, very coolly desired them to inform their mistress, as he never interfered in household affairs. There are others amongst that class of individuals termed, for want of a more appropriate name, "political economists," who, when told of misery and distress—of crime and wide-spreading immorality, existing in many rural and manufacturing districts, admit the fact, but bristle up with indignation, and accuse the poor creatures of imprudence, and throw the entire onus of blame upon their own shoulders. They arrive at this conclusion by a very simple process of reasoning. The people are poor—that is they are in want of the comforts and conveniencies proper for a civilized and polished nation; hence it is plain, say they, that there are too many people—the demand for these comforts is greater than the supply, and the remedy is obvious—reduce the amount of population and keep up production, and then every man may live on beefsteaks and French rolls, and dress in good broad-cloth. It unfortunately happens for this beautiful and simple theory, that God has impressed upon mankind certain instincts and passions, and that human legislation has sanctioned these appetencies by formula adapted for the moral welfare of society, and consequently that our species will marry, and children will be born. If we interfere with this natural and proper order of things, we throw open the floodgates which have hitherto restrained the unreserved indulgence of

our coarser propensities, and lower ourselves to a level approaching the habits of brutes.

Another class of political economists, with more show of reason, advocate emigration. We are, they urge, weighed down by a surplus population; labour by the force of competition, and the introduction of machinery, is becoming daily less and less valuable; and as labour constitutes the poor man's sole capital, he is rapidly going to ruin. But they continue,—there are many fertile regions—many wide countries—nearly if not altogether uninhabited—countries, too, with genial climates, and great capabilities as to soil and situation—why should our starving population not be located there?—why not extend the blessings of civilization?—why not call into "existence new worlds" to counterbalance the decay which dogs the steps of old countries?—why not relieve ourselves from an incubus which is pressing upon our resourses, and threatening the most serious consequences? Why not, indeed—for the plan is feasible, and has some certain advantages?—Why not? Because some of the best principles of our common nature revolts against it. Can we wonder that the inhabitants of the quiet hamlet, whose forefathers have for generations lived beneath the same thatched roof—cultivated the same plot of ground—and now rest in the same grave, still cling to their familiar homestead? Their condition, it is true, may differ widely from that of their immediate predecessors. The home manufacture is lost—their plots of ground are either greatly over-rented, or they are rapidly losing them, the proprietor having broken up his small farms,—and the commoning is all enclosed. The wheel and the distaff are idle—the shuttle and knitting-needle are abandoned, and the cheerful industry of content is converted into apathetic idleness. Yet still they cling to their homes, and sincerely do we hope that this feeling, which is the basis of all nationality, may never be lost amongst us. Sincerely do we trust that the hearts of our peasantry may never be so dead within them as to abandon their home, their kindred, and their country at the bidding of the cold calculations of scheming projectors. The feeling which attach men to the soil and to particular localities, form an integral part of those great moral and social instincts implanted within us for the wisest and noblest purposes, and we do not envy that man whose "smooth-rubbed soul" does not acknowledge them. We, on the contrary, would widen the circle of such attachments—we would bind man by domestic and political ties—we would have him consider his cottage, his wife, and his family as his home, and his country as his world.

It is some consolation to know that amidst these crude masses of theory and nonsense, genuine philanthropy, and wise and prudent measures are to be found, and that a system is steadily and quietly progressing, which has produced excellent results, and which cannot fail to be the means for removing many of the evils now pressing on the labouring poor. It is satisfactory to reflect, that when the heaps of illustrations, outlines, and hints are forgotten, which have of late swarmed from the press, and whose greatest recommendation has been their perfect unintelligibility,—and whose popularity we presume to depend upon the same principle as that of the oracles of other

times—namely, upon their obscurity, and the ease with which they can be turned to any signification,—just as futurity is calculated from the ringing of the village bells, of which it has been well said, that—

"As the bell tinks, so the fool thinks,
As the fool thinks, so the bell tinks."

We say that it is satisfactory to reflect that when all these are forgotten, the benefits of *practical* suggestions and *enlightened* patriotism will be seen in a thriving and contented people. The Labourers' Friend Society, which has been established some years, proceeds upon a plan admirably calculated to attain the noble and beneficent ends at which it aims. It interferes neither with master nor man—neither with labour nor capital—it recommends no sudden and violent changes in our institutions—it brings forwards no new fangled schemes for the regeneration of society, but contents itself simply by making earnest endeavours to extend the views it has adopted, and by anxiously striving to induce landowners on the one side, and labourers on the other, to make an experiment at least of the system of small allotments. *It is no joint-stock company purchasing land,* and grinding down tenants in the attempt to force an unnatural profit; but it employs its funds in collecting facts and observations tending to illustrate the advantages resulting to property and to labour by making the labourer independent of parochial relief and dependent on his own exertions; to teaching, that a man who has some interest in the soil—who feels that he has a stake in his country, is likely to be a better citizen; and that by finding himself and family a source of healthy employment during those hours he is not engaged in his usual routine of occupation, he is abstracted from evil communications, and thus benefitted both in a moral and physical point of view. These are noble objects, and the entire freedom from selfishness marking the proceedings and intentions of this society, renders it worthy of all commendation and support; and we cannot wonder that good and wise men should hail its progress as at least *one* satisfactory sign of the times.

The principle recommended is this—that, wherever it is practicable, a small plot of ground, from thirty-five to forty poles in extent, shall be attached to every cottage. This space is sufficient to employ the leisure hours of a day-labourer, and that of his wife and young family. This is no novelty; so early as the reign of Elizabeth, an act was passed to prevent any cottage being built, without having four acres of land attached to it, an act which was not repealed till 15th of George III., c. 32. The principle thus acknowledged sprung no doubt from the fact, that the small landowners, emphatically termed the "yeomanry of England," had ever been found her firmest stay and surest support, and from a wish to raise up a secondary class of landholders that might approximate in character to this valuable body of men, and who might at the same time be employed as agricultural labourers. Both these classes in many districts are nearly extinct; we know several townships within the boundaries of which during the last forty years upwards of thirty respectable landowners, and an equal number of small renters have disappeared, and where

the land has been turned into large farms, and is now cultivated by labourers without hardly a single garden amongst them. Is the moral and social character of the people improved by the change? Then, Sunday after Sunday, the small primitive-looking church was crowded with decently clad and attentive hearers. *Then* the master and his men mingled occasionally together, and offices of kindness and good will were continually interchanged between them. *Then* father, mother, son and daughter were seen either at work in the same loom, or shop, or cultivating a well-ordered and productive garden-plot, and exhibiting in their appearance and general deportment, evidences of content, sobriety and industry. *Now*—the same church stands in its simple and primitive beauty, and provided with a pastor fit to "point the way to heaven;" but it is deserted by the children of parents, who permitted nothing but the most grievous sickness to detain them from its hallowed walls—and where are they? Lounging in ragged heedlessness, lurking about beer-houses, or listening to the furious raving of some political demagogue. *Now*, the employer and the employed are in mutual hostility; no decent respect or gratitude on the one hand, or kindly countenance and assistance on the other. *Now*—father, mother, son, and daughter are no longer denizens under the same roof, and the once neat and well-cultivated garden-plot, is either run to waste, its fences ragged and broken, and producing little beyond nettles and gooseberries, or not a vestige remains of it—and *now* their deportment and general appearance indicate discontent and discomfort. *Then* parochial relief was administered with a kindly hand, as between neighbour and neighbour—as it was never asked for but in the extremest exigences. *Now* poor-rates are more than quintupled, and though doled out with rigour, and with every circumstance of degradation and humiliation, relief is clamorously and insolently demanded to supply the place of wage, and to the ruin of every feeling of self respect—Well may we say, "Look on this picture and on that!" Who is it that would not pray to see the cottage-homes, and the cottage-gardens of England what they once were? To hear again the voice of her peasantry in glad jubilee—and in place of midnight burnings and dastardly outrage, to find confidence and good-will restored. These are objects aimed at by the Labourers' Friend Society.

By those who have paid no attention to the subject, it will be asked—is labour thus expended on land, at a fair farmer's rent, profitable to the labourer? The answer is—highly so. The produce of spade husbandry seems hardly to have a limit, and a cottager with thirty poles of land, or even considerably less, will be able to keep a pig, supply his family with vegetables, and lay up a winter-store of potatoes, besides paying his rent, and all this without interfering with his daily labour, as the heavier part of the work only requires his attention, his family being perfectly competent to manage all the rest of the operations.

It was truly remarked by one of the commissioners of poor-laws in his report, that "where a labourer was possessed of a small portion of land, sufficient and not more than sufficient to occupy his leisure time, and furnish his children with employment, I found a striking

improvement in the general condition of the whole family. The children were early and practically taught the beneficial effects of industry, and the man appeared to be more contented with his lot, and had less inducement to keep loose company." This observation is in strict keeping with our own experience, and we could at the present moment point out numbers of families, especially amongst the silk-weavers, that have been preserved from want and from moral and social degradation by the happy circumstance that they were, to use their own expression, "garden proud." It is gratifying to know that in these instances the parties have preserved their private worth and respectability amidst the sufferings which have pressed so heavily on some parts of this class of operatives: and we believe we can say with perfect safety, that not one amongst them has been found in the ranks of "turn outs" and rioters. It is to extend this state of things—it is to make men as far as possible independent of the occasional and brief vicissitudes in the labour market—it is to make them permanently industrious, and to keep them from the worst of evils—idleness—that the Labourers' Friend Society has been established; and it is with these ends in view that its operations are conducted.

We must here close our brief and general remarks. It is, however, our intention to resume the subject in our succeeding numbers, and to examine in detail the merits and demerits of the allotment system, and to compare its workings immediate and remote with the plan of home-colonization. The subject is one of the greatest importance and deserves the most attentive consideration.

STANZAS.

I.

Lady, but once I saw thy face,
And then I gazed in silent sadness;
The joy to meet thee soon gave place
To thoughts of blighted peace and gladness:—
A form like thine I'd seen elsewhere,
When my young heart was free from care.

II.

But once I hear thy voice—and yet
Of visions of the past it telleth;
Those well-known sounds can I forget
That mutely in the still grave dwelleth?—
The music of thy lips hath stole,
Like angels' whispers, to my soul.

III.

Emblem of her I loved so dear!
Ah, why so soon hast thou departed?
I claim from thee a kindred tear,
And pity for the broken-hearted:—
Let me but see thee once again,
Then welcome sorrow, bliss, or pain!

F.

AN EPISODE OF JULY 1830.*

THE last rays of the setting sun fell upon the gilded dome of the *Hôtel des Invalides;* a thick smoke rose from the barriers of Paris; —the provocations of the populace were answered by the thundering cannon, and the *tocsin* rent the air:—it was July 1830.

A young man, named Pierre, arrived at the gates of the metropolis at this awful moment. His parents were respectable inhabitants of Paris, who had been reduced to indigence by unfortunate speculations; and Pierre was now on his return from the south of France, whither he had gone in search of employment. His family had heard nothing of him since his departure;—he had not, however, forgotten either his widowed and high-spirited mother, his brother, the companion of his early years, his little sisters, or his aged grandmother: —often did he think of their destitute condition, yet he had never afforded them any assistance;—nevertheless, Pierre was not exactly a *mauvais sujet,* but his best intentions were, but too often, frustrated by the variability of his character. He was an odd compound of folly and intelligence,—being a frequenter of petty coffee-houses, a great billiard-player, and news-devourer.

When the young traveller arrived at the barrier, he beheld a crowd of frantic beings who were singing—or rather howling—the *Marseillaise;* and there were some persons close at hand, distributing arms, ammunition, and brandy.

"Ho there! citizen," cried one of the group, "what business have you here unarmed? take this sabre, and musket, and *en avant.*"

Another man gave him a brace of pistols and a poniard, and thus, in an instant, he was armed to the teeth.

"*Vive Napoleon II.*" vociferated the insurgents.

"Ah!" exclaimed Pierre, "they are fighting for the young King of Rome, then! Well, here goes for Napoleon II."

"*Vive la Republique!*" roared another band of patriots.

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* The above sketch is written by the Viscount d'Arlincourt, a zealous partisan of the fallen dynasty, and the facts detailed are stated by him to be actually true, although the names of the parties are concealed. It is written in the true Tory spirit, though we have seen nothing which the Viscount has yet produced to make us regret the change in France which he so unceasingly deplores. To prove the benevolence of the individual members of the exiled family by such means is unnecessary. No one is inclined to dispute it; but the French have lost nothing by the change even in this particular; whereas what they have gained is well appreciated. *The French are satisfied:* for nothing has proved the feebleness of faction more strongly than the late anarchical attempts at Paris and Lyons. We rejoice in the conviction that *the throne of Louis Philippe is secure;* and that amiable and talented gentlemen, such as the Viscount d'Arlincourt, may indulge their literary taste in penning sketches on whatever subject they please, assuring them, when the *facts* to which they pledge themselves are of a political nature, that a friendly allowance will be made for the imagination of the romantic and the prejudice of the partisan.

" Napoleon II. and the Republic are two different things! ' replied the young man, " I don't understand this."

" *Vive la Charte,*" was the rejoinder.

" Another change!" cried Pierre, " *la Charte* signifies the government of Charles X."

" No, no, *la Charte* is liberty."

" Yes," added a man in a smock-frock, " and Liberty is the Republic."

" And the Republic is the son of Napoleon," said an old *ex-Garde Imperiale.*

A cry of " *Vive le duc d'Orleans!*" was now heard.

In the midst of this turmoil Pierre entered the city, and was soon in the hottest of the fight. He was still in the dark as to the real cause of the horrid strife, but he drank—swore—loaded and fired again and again,—cut and slashed in every direction, shouting *Vive la Charte!*—to which the groans of the dying responded mournfully.

He thus reached the *Boulevard,* and took his post behind a barricade, formed of magnificent trees which had been cut down in full leaf, blood-stained paving-stones, and broken carriages. A lad about twelve years old was amusing himself in the midst of the sanguinary drama, by playing the horn of an omnibus which had been overturned:—the child of disorder laughed at the strange music, which formed a warlike accompaniment to the rolling of the drums, and the shouts of the combatants. Pierre looked at him and laughed also:—*both made a sport of the work of destruction!*

At length the shades of night overspread the horizon—the roaring of the cannon ceased, the *tocsin's* awful tones no longer vibrated on the ear: there were no more shouts—no more murders. The barricaded streets were deserted, and the silence of the grave had succeeded to the war-cry.

Pierre was not in a condition to avail himself of this favourable moment to repair to his mother's dwelling:—at dawn of day, he lay stretched upon the unpaved ground, in a state of complete intoxication. Suddenly a man shook him rudely—

" To arms, comrade, to arms!"

Pierre, thus violently aroused, started up, rubbed his eyes, and cast a heavy, stupid look around.

" Yes, yes, I understand; we must fight, eh!—very well, I am ready. What are we to fight for to-day?"

" For the same thing as yesterday—*Vive la Charte!*"

" And the Republic?"

" 'Tis the same thing."

" And the King of Rome?"

" The same—the same; you have been told so twenty times over."

" I can't, for the life of me, comprehend them," muttered Pierre; " what do they want?—*c'est égal*—let us fight away."

An individual, named Jacques, had followed Pierre closely during the whole of the preceding day. This man was the very personification of a firebrand, for he kept up the flame of rebellion wherever he passed. He was one of those stubby, brawny men, whose frames denote great bodily strength, whilst their hard features announce

doggedness of character. Jacques continued to excite his comrades, and Pierre admired his valour. The former now led the way to a large building, the abode of luxury and opulence.

"Let us go in here," said Jacques, in an under tone.

"What for?" demanded the astonished Pierre.

"To be paid for our day's work."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are a blockhead if you suppose that all this uproar is the effect of mere chance. This scene has been a long time in preparation. Do you imagine that I would be such an idiot as to help to overthrow Charles X. without gaining something by his ruin? I am paid for it, man, by two rich houses."

The struggle continued. Pierre (again dragged on by the force of example) was at the taking of the *Hôtel de Ville*; he afterwards entered the *Louvre* in triumph, and soon found himself in the *Tuileries*.

Having visited the cellars of the Royal Palace, he ascended to the grand apartments—traversed the splendid galleries (which a few minutes before had been the theatre of bloodshed), overturning, breaking, and destroying every thing that presented itself to his view. His brain was in a ferment from the effect of the wine he had drunk, and he was seconded in the work of devastation by a horde of armed ruffians. He stopped short in front of the throne;—*a dead body, covered with black crape, was placed upon it!*

"Have they, then, assassinated Charles the Tenth?"

"That is not the old king," replied one of his companions.

"Has there been a new one then; and have they killed him already?"

"Not at all,—what you see there *was* a young student."

"Why is the corpse placed on the throne?"

"He represents *a dead king.*"

"Is all this a farce then?"

"Far from it."

"Is the youth really dead?"

"Certainly; and well did the brave lad deserve to be seated where he is. He was a noble little fellow—a thorough Bonaparte. He stood fire for all the world like a *vieille moustache*, and died for the salvation of the Charter."

"And *have* we saved it?" cried Pierre.

"*Down with all kings,*" responded the crowd.

* * * * * * *

The work of destruction went on. Pierre, completely beside himself, played his part in these scenes of carnage and confusion with savage delight. He was foremost in every attack, and his intemperance was boundless. He was a bold combatant—a bloody enthusiast—in short, Pierre was a hero of July!!!

Having been slightly wounded in the leg, he sat down under a parapet of one of the quays. Whilst he was staunching the blood, Jacques ran up to him with an air of triumph.

"All's right—*Vive la revolte!*"

"*La revolte!*" cried Pierre, "and the Charter in the name of which we have conquered?"

Jacques burst into a fit of laughter.

"We have destroyed the old musty parchment," said he; "'tis only fit for wadding, and they are getting up a new one."

"But hundreds fell in defence of the other!"

"Very true, 'tis the same thing, they will be buried with military honours."

"And young Napoleon?"

"None of us ever thought of *him*."

"*Bah!* for whom then have I been fighting?"

"For *Louis-Philippe d'Orleans:—he* had possession of our hearts, though his name was never uttered by our lips."

"But we shouted—*Vive la Republique!*"

"Our thoughts," replied Jacques, "are better known to others than to ourselves:—the *people* are proclaimed sovereign."

"The *people!*—what becomes, then, of the sovreignty of the Duke of Orleans?"

"The *people* have decided in his favour."

"Already!—where?—when?—how?"—

"No matter:—*Vive la liberté!*"

"The more I hear, the less I understand," said Pierre.

"Comrade, thou art a fool," replied Jacques.

We ought to have mentioned that Pierre had a small bag of money concealed in the red woollen sash that encircled his loins; and that the contents of this bag—the product of the savings he had made in the south of France—were destined for his mother. It was to see that afflicted parent, and to lay his little offering at her feet, that he had undertaken the weary journey, the termination of which was marked by such unlooked-for and such *maddening* events.—Just as Jacques pronounced the word *fool*, Pierre discovered that his precious sash was gone!—He uttered a piercing cry—then, turning abruptly away, he bent his steps towards the dark, narrow street where his family formerly resided:—disappointment and self-reproach sat on his brow.

He knocked loudly at the door—it flew open, and the *portier* thrust his head out of the window of his lodge. He was an old man and nearly blind; he did not recognize Pierre, but put the usual question to him:—

"*Qui demandez vous?*"

"My mother!"

"Ah! Pierre," cried the *portier*, recollecting the young man's voice, "when did you return?"

"Yesterday; does my mother still live on the fifth floor?"

"No; she occupies the *entresol*."

"Impossible! she was so poor, I left her in the garret without resource!"

"Her misery became known to good people, who lodged and fed her, and a small pension was granted to your grandmother."

"By whom?"

"By Charles the Tenth."

"Charles the Tenth!" exclaimed Pierre, and the blood forsook his cheeks.

"Certainly, and your mother's rent was regularly paid by *Madame la Dauphine;* your brother (poor fellow!) was admitted into the *Garde Royale,* and your sisters were provided for by the Duchess of Berri."

Pierre staggered: the old *portier* seized his arm, and, dragging him accross the obscure *porte cochère,* brought him into a small yard which was tolerably light, though surrounded by high buildings.

"Ha! friend Pierre, you are armed," said the *portier;* "what! a sabre, a musket, and, by heavens, the tri-coloured cockade!"

Pierre struck his forehead violently; for a few seconds he remained motionless—then, rushing up the stairs, he soon reached the door of his mother's apartment—it was open. A most awful scene met his gaze.

His aged grandmother was reclining in a large arm-chair, counting, mechanically, with her lean and withered fingers, the worn beads of a rosary. She was evidently praying, yet her lips moved not; big tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks, but her brow was unclouded; the grief which was visible in her countenance appeared to arise from sympathy, or instinct—thought or reflection had no share therein.

The mother of the hero of July was upon her knees, dressing the wounds of a royal guardsman, who seemed to be at the point of death. Two young girls stood, pale and trembling, by the side of their afflicted parent, whose sobs almost suffocated her. Despair was stamped upon her features, and her eyes were constantly fixed upon the soldier, for whose last gasp she seemed to be wildly watching: all her faculties appeared to be concentrated in one immovable gaze! her eyelids were red and swollen.

"Give me your hand, my son—*your hand!* But, he no longer hears me! And he has been massacred by Frenchmen! the murderers are not far off; if they should enter our home perhaps they would tear my poor boy in pieces, even on the brink of the grave! Do not insult a mother's feelings, girls, by offering me consolation; I want none—leave me—leave me."

Pierre was still on the threshold, for he had not dared to enter this chamber of affliction and death; his hair stood on end—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—the musket fell from his hand!

Roused by the heavy ring of the gun, the wretched mother, turning her eyes towards the door, perceived her child,

"Pierre," she cried, in a tone of maternal joy, which even the horrible spectacle before her could not restrain, "my *own* Pierre!" and she was on the point of casting herself into his arms. But, a cry, very different from the former, now escaped her: *Pierre's clothing was stained with blood! his hands the same—a sword—a musket—the* COCKADE *had met her eye!*

"Oh! God," she exclaimed, in a hollow voice, "Pierre! no—no—I mistake—this ruffian cannot be my son! Nay, it is *not* he. I ask, are you Pierre? Speak—answer. Oh! my brain turns."

Pierre's head fell upon his breast—he could not reply—*he wept.*

At this juncture the old woman rose—the name of Pierre had fallen on her ear; it seemed to have awakened her torpid faculties.

She tottered towards him—a strange, unearthly smile played upon her thin and trembling lips.

"Pierre!" she cried; "somebody said Pierre, I believe—the dear boy I loved so well; *where is he?*"

She now recognized her grandson, and her shrivelled arms were extended towards him; but the Hero of July did not respond to the movement—he turned away his head—and shed bitter tears!

"My poor Pierre," said the old dame, "hast thou forgotten me? I am thy old grandmother—delighted to see thee! thou art come to protect us—yes, I knew thou wouldst be with us in the hour of danger!"

The mother of the royal guardsman led her aged parent back to her seat.

"Whether he be Pierre or not," she said, in a mysterious and agonized tone, "do not interrogate him—oh! let him be silent!—let him be silent!"

Then she thus addressed the *Conqueror of July*:—

"You understand me—and yet you remain in my presence!—Pierre, THE CURSE IS UPON MY LIPS—it has not yet escaped them; but, do not remain—this is no place for you—begone, Pierre—begone!"

A deep groan now proceeded from the further end of the room; the royal guardsman gave signs of life; he opened his eyes for an instant—they appeared to seek his brother.

"Look! your brother is dying," continued the distracted mother; "and from whom did he receive his death-wound? From *you*, perhaps; yes, you or your companions—the guilt is the same; the blood with which you are stained is *French* blood: *Cain*, thou hast *slain thy brother!*"

"Daughter! he weeps," said the old grandmother.

"Weeps!" rejoined the mother, "were he to shed tears all his life, they would never wash out the remembrance of his crime. O! most unnatural child! you have turned your arms against the benefactors of your family: I will *not* curse you, for self-condemnation is already depicted on your countenance; *my* malediction would be superfluous."

"Pardon! pity him! he repents," exclaimed the poor sisters, both at once.

"Repents!" replied the distracted mother, "to what purpose? Can he recal the past?"

The guardsman raised himself upon his elbow: "Forgive him, mother,—forgive him!" he said, in a voice of agony; "Pierre, my poor brother, God bless you!"

The Hero of July darted towards the soldier—caught him in his arms—looked on his face—*but met only the glazed stare of a corpse!* Weak was the living!—heavy the dead!—the brothers fell down upon the bed together!

EARLY LIFE OF MIRABEAU.

Among the innumerable compilations under the title of Memoirs which the Paris press has of late lavished with such profusion, our attention has been attracted by a volume, purporting to be Memoirs of Mirabeau, edited by his adopted son, M. de Montigny. Though unable to vouch for the relationship or competency of the editor, we fancied we perceived much in the work which might not be uninteresting to our readers.

Gabriel Honoré, Count de Mirabeau, was born at Bignon on the 9th of March, 1749. He was the fifth child of the Marquis de Mirabeau, and such was the extraordinary size *of all parts* of his body, but particularly of his head, that his mother almost lost her life in giving him birth. He was born with a club-foot, a defect which has given rise to a comparison with Byron, more distinguished for ingenuity than accuracy. In addition to this defect, his tongue, fastened by the frœnum, gave little promise of oratorical success. But the size and vigour of his limbs, and the circumstance of two molar teeth being already formed in his mouth, were sufficiently extraordinary. When he had reached his third year, his life was endangered by a very malignant attack of the small pox. Vaccination had made but little progress at that period. Impatient of the timid treatment of the physicians, his mother was induced to try the virtue of some family receipts on the swollen face of her son, and the result was that it remained deeply disfigured and scarred with the marks of that terrible disease. Hence the marquis his father observes, in a letter to his brother the Bailli, "Your nephew is as ugly as one of Satan's own." Indeed, the frequent recurrence of the marquis to this topic in his letters, seems to warrant the suspicion that he had conceived a kind of involuntary aversion to his disfigured son, especially as all his other children, thanks to vaccination, were remarkably handsome.

Mirabeau gave early indications of extraordinary faculties of mind. A quick apprehension, a retentive memory, an inquisitive disposition, were strengthened and developed by careful cultivation. The writers of the lives of men of genius have always pleased themselves with discovering and exhibiting the man in the boy, and this, even in cases where the comparison is but little countenanced by facts. But the instances of precocity recorded of Mirabeau, in his father's letters to the Bailli, surpass the usual measure of such examples, while they are of unquestionable authenticity. At a dinner given to celebrate the event of his confirmation, when he was seven years of age, he made the following singular distinction. They were explaining to him that God could not perform what was contradictory in itself; for instance, "a stick *with but one end.*"—"But is not a *miracle* a stick with but one end?" inquired Mirabeau with vivacity. The piety of his uncle was shocked, and his grandmother never forgave him for this sally.

In a letter from the marquis to the Countess of Rochefort, the following passage occurs: "A fête is this day given in honour of my mother (the dowager marchioness, widow of Jean Antoine de Mirabeau, then 72 years of age). It is the production of my son's tutor, (an indefatigable author and actor of such follies). You will see a little monster perform therein, whom they call my son; but who, were he the son of La Thorrillière, could not display a greater aptitude for buffoonery and *all sorts of devilment*. You will not meet another of your species, except the mother of the little savage, who has found favour in your eyes."—17th Jan., 1757. In another letter, dated 21st of September, 1758, he writes thus:—"My son, whose size, prattle, and ugliness are wonderfully on the increase, grows more exquisitely and peculiarly ugly from day to day, and, withal, a most indefatigable speechifier. His mother was yesterday making him some unfavourable declaration on the part of his future wife; he replied, that he hoped she would not judge him by his face. 'And by what would you have her judge you?' said his mother with an expression which made us all laugh. 'Oh,' retorted he, 'the under part will make up for the over part;' at which our laughter was redoubled, without our once perceiving that there is matter for reflection in this sally of a child."

At ten years old, Mirabeau suffered from a long and severe illness, which is thus noticed by his father:—"My eldest son is still a victim to the fever, which has continued, with slight interruptions, for two months; and the most alarming symptom is, that he is as sensible as if he was thirty, and that Poisson is quite satisfied with this unusual and suspicious circumstance."

A reply made to his mother when she reproached him with study of phrases, and making efforts to display his wit, appears to us worth noticing, as it tends to exhibit the workings of a sensitive mind; and its efforts, even at that early age, of rising against the pressure of repeated reproaches of personal deformity—"Mother, said he, I think it is with the mind as with the hand—whether it be handsome or ugly, it is made for use and not for show."

Further on we find an anecdote, which places his character in a strong light. "The other day (writes the Duc de Nivernois to the Bailli de Mirabeau) in a running match in my grounds, he gained the prize, which happened to be a hat. Turning to a boy who had only a cap, and placing on his head his own hat, which was still very good, '*Take this*,' said he, '*I have not two heads.*' At that moment that youth appeared to me the emperor of the world; his attitude suddenly assumed something of divine. I mused over it; I wept at it; and it proved an excellent lesson to me."

As we proceed in tracing the career of the young Gabriel, the scenes that develop themselves exactly correspond with our ideas of a highly-gifted being, made up of fierce and indomitable passions, immense energies of mind and body, continually flying off at a tangent from the direct path of duty in its struggle against the barriers that would curb them, or when urged by the irresistible impetuosity of its own workings. Deeming itself the victim of an unreasonable

and unaccountable persecution which magnified the errors of youth into crimes, and exaggerated his faults with persevering malignity.

The struggle between him and his father commences almost at his twelfth year. We trace the feelings of the latter in his letters, gradually proceeding from carelessness, or involuntary aversion, to deep and settled hatred; ending in the most unrelenting persecution. To what cause we are to attribute this unnatural exhibition of character in a man of confessedly superior powers of mind, as well as amiable and gentle disposition, it may be difficult to determine. M. Montigny labours hard to prove that it was the result of unnatural prejudices, and he gives a manuscript letter of Mirabeau in which he himself expresses a similar conviction. Without attempting to decide how far this may serve to clear up a circumstance, which may be very satisfactorily accounted for, by the consideration of the wild and reckless bent of a character so entirely opposed to that of his father, we shall proceed to notice the fluctuations of feeling and opinion in the marquis's own words, before matters had come to extremities.

At one time Gabriel is described as possessed "of abundance of talents and wit, but with a still greater allay of faults blended in his subsistence, and yet, perhaps, at bottom he has not the vices attributed to him, nor the inserted virtues which I could have wished to put in their place." A little farther on we find "this child promises to turn out a fine creature, and close to this, though he may be said to be only just born, extravasation has already set in. He is of a perverse disposition, fantastical, fiery, troublesome, with a propensity towards evil before he knows what it is, or is capable of committing it."

Again: "He has a noble heart beneath the jacket of a boy, possessing a strange instinct of pride, and of noble pride—the embryo of a disorderly bully, that would swallow the whole world before he is twelve." And farther on, "An intellect, a memory, a capacity, that seize, amaze, terrify;" and as a set off to this, "A nothing embellished with fooleries, who will throw dust in the eyes of soft ones, but who will never be more than the quarter of a man, if perchance he will be any thing." From this epoch the correspondence exhibits the aversion of his father and his consequent severity perpetually on the increase. The intrigues of an artful woman, named Madame de Pailly, and of an old servant, named Grevin, both of whom exercised great influence over the mind of the marquis, are actively employed in aggravating those feelings and deepening the enormity of the follies of the wild and reckless Gabriel. He was taken from the guidance of his old preceptor Poisson, and handed over to a Monsieur Segrais; but Segrais was fascinated by his new pupil, and this was not pleasing to the father. "You are acquainted," says he, "with the noble and almost romantic soul of Segrais—he is struck—he is fascinated—he lauds the memory that absorbs every thing without bearing in mind that the sand likewise receives all impressions and that it is not sufficient to receive, but that it is more important to retain and preserve; he vaunts his goodness of heart, which is nothing more than flashy rollicking good humour with the low people who flatter him, with whom an inbred lowness leads him to associate. He praises his quickness, resembling

that of a parrot; in fact, he is spoiling him, and I must take measures to prevent it."

The measures the marquis took were to separate his son from Segrais, with whom he lived on a perfectly good understanding, and who alone seemed to appreciate his great talents and to be capable of giving them a proper direction, and to place him at a military school or house of correction kept by the Abbé Choquart. Upon this he writes with great satisfaction:—"My untractable son is at length lodged as he deserves. The Abbé Choquart is a stern man, who enforces punishments when they are needed. I have told him not to spare them. If there is no amendment, as indeed I do not expect there will be, I shall expatriate him. I did not choose that a name clothed with some lustre should be dragged to the benches of a house of correction, so I had him enrolled under the name of Pierre Buffière. In vain he kicked against it, and wept and reasoned; I told him to deserve my name, and that I would not restore it to him without a clear scutcheon."

The gentle treatment of the Abbé Choquart was more effectual than his punishment, in keeping within bounds the ardent and ungovernable disposition of Mirabeau. He applied to his studies with ardour, and the rapidity and success with which he mastered every branch was unexampled. From this place of correction, Gabriel was transferred to the regiment of a severe disciplinarian, the Marquis de Lambert, a kind of rough rider, who had converted his regiment into a school for the reclamation of youth. In this new capacity Gabriel for some time gave more satisfaction and gave proofs of distinguished merit in a career to which he considered himself peculiarly adapted, so that the marquis replied, "the news are good, I intend getting him a commission," for as yet he was only a volunteer. But this satisfactory mood was of short duration. Want of money obliged Gabriel to contract debts, and a sum of forty louis lost at play served to rouse afresh the anger of his father; nor was this all. In the town of Saintes lived the fair daughter of an inhabitant, who attracted the admiration of the Marquis de Lambert. Gabriel of course was not insensible to her charms, and he succeeded in supplanting his colonel. This was a serious offence, and the colonel took care to make him smart for it. A caricature, the circulation of which he countenanced, filled the measure of the indignities offered to Gabriel; he eloped from the regiment and betook himself to the Marquis of Lambert at Paris. An explanation took place; Gabriel defended himself with eloquence, but he could not save himself from a prison. His father procured a *lettre de cachet* from Choiseul, and Mirabeau was confined in a fortress of the Isle of Rhé. He was taken from his confinement to accompany an expedition to Corsica, as his father thought it a good opportunity of getting rid of him.

[We must reserve the sequel for another article.]

"LA MORT DE LOUIS QUINZE."

"Give air!—give air!"—alas!—no breath
Of the world's winds can cope with death!
The lofty dome is all too low—
And the hush'd struggler soon must go
To narrower bounds—the spirit—where?—
Track not its flight—forbear! forbear!
One outlet hath mysterious fate
From pallet rude and bed of state.

Tarries no mandate of the grave
More for the monarch than the slave?—
The despot of that empire hears
Alike unmov'd the prayers and tears
Of beauty, and deformity,
Of the subtle tongue and radiant eye,—
Of those who weep when the good man dies
And those who loathe where the lazar lies

The courtier throng that press'd too nigh
The chair of state,—that death-bed fly—
His worshippers—their fire is dim—
Who of them all would change with him?—
Who of them all is zealous now
To clasp the hand and bathe the brow?—
Where glory!—are thy myriads gone?
Three faithful hearts are here alone.*

Aloof—afar—that myriad's eyes
Are watching where the monarch dies.—
In his sad chamber stands a light
High in the casement burning bright—
What sudden hand hath put it out?—
Why rends the air that deaf'ning shout?—
—They signal that *his* race is run—
Another's sovereignty begun!

Young Louis and fair Antoinette!
With violent dews your eyes are wet,
Ye tremble but as does the lake
On which the morning zephyrs wake,
And depths of gladness fresh and pure
Are whisp'ring you of skies secure,
A fair expanse, for which await
The glowing noon—the sunset late.

Ye hear not yet the coming hour,
And gath'ring of the tempest's pow'r,
Whose lasting furies shall be driv'n
Through those clear depths now mirroring heav'n;
But did ye know and could ye trace
The *deeper future* of your race,
Would you exchange your doom of dread,
Your scaffold—for your grandsire's bed?

* Louis Quinze died of small-pox; his last moments were deserted by all but his daughters and one valet.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

LEARNED ABSURDITIES.—THE leading feature of the last month has been the installation of his Grace of Wellington as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The duke is certainly a singularly fortunate personage, and had he not already obtained a very conspicuous niche in the temple of fame, the doings on the present occasion would have been sufficient to immortalize him. Malvolio speaks of people being born great, acquiring greatness, and having greatness thrust upon them; but here is a man great in every sense of the word—here is the proper Bottom of our time, who can play Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and every thing else, from a drummer to an LL.D., one who can slaughter spondees and dactyls with as much ease as he could rout the woolly-headed warriors of Seringapatam, and can bid defiance to all the rules of prosody with as much coolness as if he were ensconced behind the bullet-proof windows of Apsley-house during a reform shower of rotten apples and cabbage-stalks. The admirable Crichton was nothing to his Grace; the former, to be sure, was an adept at the subtleties of schoolmen, could indite an ode, gallant a mistress, chastise the insolence of a rival, and do almost any thing short of jumping down his own throat. But the Duke, not content with being the "foremost man in all the world," must needs excel himself; it was not sufficient to be accounted the greatest tormentor of his species, except Napoleon, since the days of Tamerlane, and such worthies—as a disturber of mankind he had no equal, and it is to be hoped never will; no man could play chess on a field with him, and as for ridding England of *superfluous poor*, why one of his demands on the disinterested cabinet, of which his brother was a leading member, did more in that respect than all the twaddle of Malthusians, emigration-speechifiers, preventitive-check prosers, and redundant population-mongers, that ever sent their readers or hearers asleep. Notwithstanding the multitudinous coruscations that flamed from his many-gemmed brow, still did this self-diffident personage thirst for some object worthy of being grappled by his Briarean-handed genius. His prototype in arms, "Philip's warlike son," had the consolation of imagining new worlds after exhausting the old; but unfortunately steamers and air-balloons have rendered El Dorados not very plentiful commodities in the Duke's days; and so, having intimated his entire dissent from the opinions of the present time, he has taken to Oxford and the ancients. Don Giovanni's arrival on the confines of the Erebus is reported to have considerably disturbed the equanimity of Pluto, and the subordinate demons; but the classical Arcadians who recline on the banks of the Isis, and imagine that every one dwelling beyond its waters is nobody, not only received that portentous personage, the Duke of Wellington, without any manifestations of fear, but have hailed his arrival as the advent of events redounding wondrously to the honour of Alma Mater. The big ones of the college distended into giants; the

A. M.s, in their own opinion, were more than half bishops already; the A. B.s had each ceased to be ASS; while the small fry erudition, the embryo fathers in God, succeeded in persuading themselves into the belief that they were at length somebodies. Certain difficulties would stare ordinary individuals in the face as to the propriety of all this exultation, considering that his Grace was not exactly a walking library, and did not carry a cyclopædia on his tongue's end. The Duke was never particularly remarkable for any extraordinary proficiency in the English language, from whence it might be reasonably inferred that he could not be quite at home in the pompous phraseology of Quintillian or Tully. But what of that? surely a man who could carry a French redoubt, or an Indian outpost, would not be impeded by the cheveux-de-frise of Latin rhetoricians and advocates. Nor was he. The Prince of Waterloo disdained to speak the Latin of old Rome, when it was far more convenient to speak the Latin of Apsley house. He evinced a very judicious taste in regarding with proper contempt the *quantity* of the blarney he had to utter; and being a straight-forward man he did not see the utility of having *short feet* and *long feet* in his discourse, when all the feet could be made of equal length. The undergraduates and the pedagogues were absolutely beside themselves, so charmed were they at the good sense of their erudite chancellor. They gave innumerable groans and countless hisses for such despicable creatures as dissenters and London University men, who are absurd enough to follow the old path in the attainment of the classics. What an overwhelming enthusiasm must all the actors in this glorious exhibition have experienced! There was the Duke of Wellington, whose name is associated indelibly with events that new modeled the destinies of millions, whose fame is as vast and indestructible as the ocean, the thunders of whose career will reverberate in the ears of succeeding generations till time shall cease; there was the conqueror of the conqueror of Europe, the ex-premier of England, a man whom kings have contended to honour; there was this personage (as if in very mockery of himself and his insane adulators), in the character of the chancellor of an university, who had to be prompted by the vice-chancellor in the reading of a school-boy's theme; there stood the victor of Napoleon, uttering a horrid jargon that neither he nor his auditors could make out whether it was a language or not; there was the hero whom the fire of a thousand battles could not move, intoxicated with the clamour of a few over-grown underlashed amateurs in literature, and the discordant yellings of a couple of dozen of shovel-hatted old women, in unmentionables and cauliflower wigs. The great captain of the age in believing that Oxford is England has outgeneralled himself. 'Tis true the brother of his sovereign, sundry magnates among the aristocracy, various potentials of the church, Sir Charles Wetheral, a gentleman equally distinguished by the length of his harangues and the brevity of his breeches; and many others took a portion of the ridicule of the exhibition on themselves, and in this respect may have contributed to induce a belief in the mind of the Duke, that popularity is synonymous with the vociferations of bigoted zealots and unshaven intolerants. The delusion is a splendid one, no doubt; but we opine

it is a matter of very little moment to a man, who finds himself in a quagmire, whether he has been led there by the light of a glowworm or the blaze of Nottingham castle.

ANTI-POETICS.—Sentiment, if we go on as we have lately been going, must very speedily be placed in the errata page of dictionaries. It must become absolutely unintelligible in a twelve month, and, in fact, it can hardly be said to mean any thing at present. Matter-of-fact rules predominant in our every action—even our very dreams have a business-like air about them. The race of bread-and-butter romances have become unique, as the remains of fossil elephants; and, as for a speculative or enthusiastic boarding-school girl, you might as well hope to find an antideluvian hippopotamus in St. James's Park. A couple of years ago, an exquisite of Waterloo House, who would inquire of his tape-cutting coadjutators "If any gentleman in this establishment had got another gentleman's scissors," would faint at the bare idea of his inamorata sneezing or eating cabbage. A tailor's apprentice then spouted heroics, if he only asked what o'clock it was, and made love to a Cheapside beauty from Manfred or Lalla Rookh. People have now become more refined; but it is wordly refinement, not the exquisite distillations of Minerva press novelists, or any thing of the kind; but a regular, and *business* sort of artificiality. Truly says James Montgomery, "when I am a man is the thought of the child; when I was a child is the thought of the man." What will men, in twenty years time, say about their childhood? Verily, it will be different from what men say now. Alas, it goes through us as a broadside from a three-decker would penetrate a cock-boat, to disturb the airy visionings of the sentimental dreamers of the perfectability of our species. But only think oh poetic reader! of that quintessence of all that's etherial, that day-dream embodied in humanity, that sylph, that creation of the most intellectual of fancied loveliness, that Rousseau-like conception of imaged woman, Taglioni—only think, we repeat, of this being, whom the *Spectator* designates "the poetry of motion" refusing to give a single spin on her fairy heel (even though the opera-house was filled by the *élite* of the land, including some of the royal family), without being first paid her night's salary. Only fancy such a creature casting a thought upon so contemptible a commodity as money. It's enough to make one forswear excursions to Chelsea, and the ruralities of Putney-bridge, for the remainder of the season. Then again, think of the lessee, poor Laporte's anti-romantic twichings in coming to the foot-lights, and informing ladies and gentlemen, that, for some very strange reason, Mademoiselle Taglioni could not be prevailed upon to dance that evening. To see this sprite come bounding on the stage, like a young antelope, disdaining almost the support of the air she breathed, fit to be one of the elves of Shakspeare, "that on the sands with printless foot, do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him when he comes back," to gaze on her, all life and loveliness and joy; and then to think of her ascending the *outside* of a Holyhead stage coach, on her way to Dublin, wrapped in a driver's box coat; think of that Master Brook, or more sentimental Mr. Tompkins. Is

there a pit-frequenting Taglioni—adoring Figgins, or a Muggins in existence, matter-of-fact enough to say, that she ought not to have committed herself to the guidance of some devoted dolphin, who would have been but too happy to have piloted her through the glassy bosom of the deep, to "the emerald gem of the western world." Byron must have had Taglioni in his eye when he said, "She walks the waters like a thing of life." But to the utter subversion of all that's poetic, she acted in every respect like a Bloomsbury lady's maid, travelled on the outside of a coach, eat beefsteaks on the road—and oh, hideous! washed them down her angelic æsophagus with half-and-half.

Provincial Profundity.—Some one somewhere truly remarks that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Metropolitans properly so called, to prevent misconception we had better say cockneys—have but faint notions of the difficulties by which their rustic brethren are beset on all sides. Crown-and-Anchor petitioners may delude themselves with the idea of sometimes having pretty considerable botheration in procuring signatures; but it is for Welshmen alone to talk of obstacles and impediments in the way of the completion of such enterprizes as the filling up of Tory memorials. The *Merthyr Guardian* published in the county of Brecon, in the principality of Wales, says that a petition relative to the maintenance of the connection of church and state, received a great many signatures in a short time, notwithstanding——what? Now, reader, there is a poser. We know what answer is on your lips. "Notwithstanding the unprecedented excitement of an unparalleled political commotion, incidental to an unequalled contest for this county." No such thing; don't suppose that such trivial matters would excite any astonishment in the mind of the editor of the *Merthyr Guardian*. Guess again. "Notwithstanding the deplorable mortality occasioned by the awful dispensation of Divine Providence in this county." Very far from the mark; the people of Merthyr are not to be disturbed by occurrences of this nature. Another trial. "Notwithstanding the multifarious avocations which the circumstances of the times render it imperative on the inhabitants of this county——" Stop, stop, wandering and most mistaken reader. The people of the aforesaid county of Brecon never find things too multifarious for their universal genius. What, then, can this astonishing difficulty be, that the *Merthyr Guardian* does not think it too contemptible to be mentioned? Notwithstanding what? why what ordinary mortals could never dream of.——"*Notwithstanding the mountainous state of the country!!*"

A Riddle Resolved.—A few weeks since, a report of a speech, said to have been delivered by his Majesty to certain canonical worthies, and very expressive of the determination of our sovereign lord to resist all interference with the honey-pots of the church, appeared in the *Standard*, and excited considerable attention. As the speech was a yarn of many fathoms, and spoken *only* in the presence of the bishops, serious fears were, we understand, entertained least

the fathers would supplant the "fourth estate;" in reporting in the upper house sundry disciples of Gurney, Mavor, Harding, and others, illustrious in stenographic glory, had occasional misgivings as to the stability of their engagements with the daily illuminators of the public; for his Majesty's speech was given with a fidelity and accuracy (evinced by inter-evidence), that none but consummate masters of the mystic art could hope to rival. Who was the ghostly reporter on the occasion none could decidedly say. Some hinted at the Bishop of London; but then the speech never alluded in the remotest degree to the Greek tragedies, and of course Dr. Bloomfield would not waste his time on English. Others intimated that his lordship of Exeter might have been the man; but then the unexampled charity and christian toleration of Dr. Philpotts at once repudiated the notion of that benignant prelate ever lending himself to the propagation of sentiments so sectarian as those contained in the royal harangue. However, waving all further speculation, it now appears that this goody effusion is a regular birth-day oration, spoken *verbatim et literatim* on all similar occasions for the last three years, and no doubt will be repeated as often as needs be for the future. It had become a household discourse at length, like the creed of Athanasius, or any other tolerant and Christian orison, for the general good of all God's creatures. It had become tedious as a "thrice-told-tale," and if the king could not recite it off-hand, the bishops could, so there ends the mystery.

Mems. for a Novelist.—Ups and downs are the order of the day; irregularity is the only thing regular, and it is upon uncertainty alone we can calculate with any degree of certainty. Quondam counts, expeers, and the like, are now to be seen as though it were nothing to have once been a gentleman; and we notice with the greatest indifference men wheeling coal-trucks who once were wheeled in landaus and four. On the 25th of last month, Joseph Garnett Hayne, Esq., was liberated from the Bench; and though his petition was filed in January, being unable to meet his attorney's bill, he was detained in durance vile until May. Who does not remember Hayne and his glories in 1824-5? Hayne the gallant, the wild, the wealthy, the prodigal—who rode more horses than Ducrow, gave better dinners than Sefton, made more love-letters than D'Orsay, and, in short, did every thing better than every body. Hayne, the occupant of a prison, because he could not discharge the miserable demands of a miserable attorney. Hayne, who presented Miss Foote with five thousand pounds' worth of jewellery and shawls—who was cast in damages to the amount of three thousand at the suit of the aforesaid lady, and paid one thousand for law expenses incidental to the aforesaid suit. Hayne, reduced to the beggarly allowance of a banker's clerk. *O terque! quaterque!* Oh, three times and four times calamitous conglomeration of catastrophes! In the name of the prophet, "Figs!" appears a very rodomontading hyperbole in the mouth of a circumcised vender of fruits: but surely Mahomet and the figs are not less distantly allied than poverty and Hayne. In 1823, he (not the vicegerant of Alla) attained his majority, and obtained one hundred and

sixty-two thousand pounds. One hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds—enough to buy up all the principos, milords, and magnificos, from the summit of the Albruzzi to the bottom of the Tiber, and one half the whiskered Yahoos of Magdeburg or Donkeyburg, or any other burg from the Elbe to the Vistula, into the bargain. Ah me! how changed from that Hayne who returned from race-courses and ball-rooms clad in pea-green, betting thousands that the name of Foote should no longer be a *standing* joke, as he would walk forthwith to the hymeneal altar, and thence take the fatal leap. Never were such materials for the exuberant imaginations of our fashionable novelists to run riot in. And the fair recipient of his elegant trinkets, too, turned into a countess, with the harmonious trisyllable of Harrington at the end of Maria! Hayne in a debtor's prison, and his lady-love in a peer's arms. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Proving a Negative.—Our claret-bibbing legislators of the lower house, are determined to make the poor peasantry and labourers of England the most moral population in the universe. The gentlemen who lounge away an evening at Bellamy's, until the moment of their being called to say yes or no, on a subject about which they know nothing, cannot by any possible contortion of ideas, conceive why it is that a man who toils from sunrise to sunset should be desirous of drinking a mug beer, while he can procure a mug of water from a ditch. When a certain French princess heard that her subjects were starving, she expressed her surprise that people should remain hungry when "such nice cakes might be had for a franc." Our law-makers, with the most unbounded regard for the morality of clodpoles, set their faces altogether against the consumption of beer in rural districts; but then the profound wisdom with which they frame enactments for that purpose, cannot but extort the admiration even of those who suffer most by this species of philanthropy. It would look tyrannical to prohibit the sale of the poor man's drink *in toto*, therefore beer shops are not absolutely prohibited; but then beer must not be drank in those premises with the landlord's consent. The application of this is marvellously edifying:—a man goes into one of those humble dispensaries of refreshment, and calls for a glass of the only beverage his means will allow him to procure. His host hands it to him, and it is immediately dispatched to irrigate the thirsty sinuosities of his expectant umbles. The landlord stands aghast—an outrage against the laws has been perpetrated on the premises—fines, and the abstraction of licence, stare the affrighted Boniface in all their appalling horrors. An emetic, or the stomach pump, is the only process by which to compel the droughty malefactor disgorge the henious draught, and this is alike impracticable and distasteful. Here then is an interesting case for the county shallows to exercise their unpaid sagacity upon. A law exists which declares the consumption of beer on the premises to be illegal, but then the landlord did not authorize, by his assent, such consumption. Can the landlord be punished for a crime he did not commit and could not prevent, or is the law to be violated with impunity, because land-

lords will not erect walls to knock their heads against? This is legislating after a fashion certainly! To hear beardless Solons and whiskered Dracos, night after night, descanting on the manifold evils of allowing the poor to drink beer, and moralizing with all the fervour of after-dinner devotion upon the unrighteousness of not driving our agricultural population headlong to heaven "nilly-willy," as the sapient squirearchy have it, one would imagine that, previous to the anti-monopoly act of the last administration, such a thing as crime in England was as rare as unicorns or sea-serpents. We never hear of such a thing as Game Laws having a demoralizing tendency; the rural magistracy are one and all enlightened, upright, disinterested, and humane, albeit they occasionally imprison children of eight years for crossing a hedge to pick up an errant straw-hat, or the like; and as for the policy of first denying people a market for their labour, and then forcing them to buy at the highest price the means of subsisting—why, it would be absurd to contend that such a measure is not pre-eminently sagacious. It would become Lord Althorp better, if he restricted his "gallant friends," the fribbles of the club-rooms, to such topics as billiards and kid gloves; for we can assure those chivalrous explorers of the Virginia waters, that an intimacy with Pall Mall and the Horse Guards is not the only requisite for the formation of statesmen.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT!—Paganini has been again delighting us with his unapproachable excellencies, but so easily are we surfeited with wonder that this Orpheus, whom two years ago all England was in a ferment to hear, played on this occasion, both in London and in the provinces, to almost empty benches. We heartily deplore this egregious revulsion in the public taste, and have puzzled ourselves to account for it in vain; sometimes we surmised that his bills of fare, being unrelieved by the presentation of novelty, might operate to his disadvantage, as few are musical enough to sit for hours in a theatre without being weary of fiddling, even though it were Paganini's. Again we thought that certain reminiscences of his illiberality in money matters grated somewhat sorely on the minds of our extra-moral loving public; and, in short, we had divers conflicting cogitations with which we do not purpose to acquaint our readers. Fortunately we stumbled upon a Liverpool journal, which, in the opinion of its worthy editor, supersedes all other publications in critical acumen, variety of information, and innumerable other qualifications, much too tedious to mention; and there were all our doubts and scepticism put to instantaneous rout, even as the ghost of Creusa vanished into the air. Paganini did not *draw*—not because he had ceased to be a novelty—not because he was less charitable than John Bull could wish him—not because he did not diversify his entertainments—not for any of these reasons, but because—(hear it, ye angels, and weep)—because "he played occasionally *out of tune!!*" Conceive this self-sufficient booby, this amphibious Zoilus, pronouncing upon a thing about which he evidently knows as much as he does of the topography of the dog-star. Paganini playing out of tune!—"To what base uses have we come at last, Horatio!"

King Log v. King Stork.—Lord Aberdeen's particular and very amiable friend Don Carlos, has conferred the honour of his dignified presence upon the good people of Portsmouth. It is somewhat singular that Sir F. Maitland should have been the individual who received Napoleon in the Basque Roads, after that dazzling luminary had run his fitful career, and should also have the questionable honour of now receiving the Spanish despot, under almost similar circumstances. The Spanish people, in throwing off the splendid despotism of Bonaparte, shackled themselves with the despicable thraldom of an embroiderer of petticoats, and thereby "gained a loss," as the Irishman remarked, when a coach run over his leg and did not break his neck. They have now got rid of Carlos, and it will be well if in putting away Log, they don't get Stork. Already has the queen regent indicated what her notions of liberty are, in fettering the publication of opinion by all manner of restrictions on the press; and this —one of the very first acts of the new government—certainly does not impress us with any very sanguine anticipations as to the clemency that will be afforded to the slightest deviation from legitimate subserviency and baseness. In Portugal the people had Stork for a King—him they have got rid of, and now have King Shark. Never surely were people so plagued as are those of the Peninsula—out of the frying-pan into the fire is their only alternative!

Peaceful Commotion.—The press is eternally harping on the idea of silencing O'Connell with a place under government. He has wealth, political power, gratified vanity, and present and posthumous fame: and yet it is contended that he would sacrifice all these, and render his person hateful to his supporters, for the empty distinction of being called *Sir Daniel*, and enjoying the emoluments of a judge! Ministers had the power to shake the hold of their dexterous opponent on the passions and prejudices of his countrymen, by removing the causes that have led the Irish to repose confidence in all who promise to redress their wrongs. But what have ministers done? they have disgusted their most time-serving tools by a barefaced and insolent avowal of their intention to renew the atrocious Coercion Act, and have provoked the laughter and indignant scorn of every man in his senses, by their criminally absurd demand for a commission to inquire *if* the Irish Church is not what it ought to be. Their conduct, in this respect, became nauseous even to themselves, so much so, that splittings and divisions have been the natural consequence. Ireland has been the bitter drop in the cup of successive administrations, and has been the ruin of this. Thus are the wrongs of that unfortunate scapegoat of doating and empirical statesmen, made the avengers of themselves. The Grey cabinet never can carry a motion for the renewal of the Coercion Bill, and certainly cannot hold office if that question be mooted at all. Success is out of the most sanguine hopes of their most degraded followers, and failure entails unavoidable resignation. In either case, the field for O'Connell is open, and must ever remain so while timidity, rashness, and irresolution, are the component parts of a British ministry.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

PHYSIOGNOMY FOUNDED ON PHYSIOLOGY. BY ALEXANDER WALKER. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

WE cannot convey our sense of the merits of this singular book to the reader in better language perhaps than that of Mr. Walker, in speaking of the pretensions of French writers. "First we find out that it does not contain quite as much as we expected, and next it would be difficult to say what precise addition we have made to our knowledge by reading it." This, it will be said, is very indefinite phraseology. And so we admit it to be; but in truth it is the most precise we can find. Astrology and physiognomy are looked upon with equal respect by very many in the scientific and literary world. And though phrenology may rank rather more adherents, we suspect that the whole three are regarded as very silly pursuits by nine out of every ten individuals who know what these *ologies* and *onomies* mean. However strong this prejudice may be, we promise the most inveterate railer against the science (if science he will deign to call it) of physiognomy, that Mr. Walker's book will amply repay the time expended in perusing it. It is in many respects a very strange composition. The author is not the least influenced by an enthusiasm for the doctrine of facial erudition; not all solicitous to enlist the feelings of the reader for or against such divination. He looks upon the subject with the most philosophical placidity, demonstrates (to our entire satisfaction) the absurdity of many of the leading dogmas of Gall—establishes principles, a deviation from which he does not account absolute heterodoxy, and modestly concludes with saying that these principles are to be taken merely as indications of inclination or likings, rather than undeniable rules by which to decide character. Physiognomy *per se*, does not occupy the greater portion of this volume. There is much new and recondite knowledge scattered through it, and the remarks of the author are at once the most charitable and poignant that we have read for many a day. He demolishes the theories of the craniologists with the most perfect mastery, and at the same time without the slightest indication of being at all disturbed in his work of destruction. Like the sword of Harmodius, covered with flowers, he compliments while he wounds; nor is he at all desirous of personal exaltation because of his enemy being prostrated. We might dispute Mr. Walker's facts as to the origin of the British population; but as our space would allow at most but a single tilt in the lists of historical disputation, we will e'en let our critical lance remain in its rest. An outline of an analysis of the English, Scotch, and Irish character, together with a few other papers on similar subjects, he tells us, he communicated to Blackwood's Magazine in 1829. In a population so extremely subdivided and mixed up as is that of these islands, we cannot recognize

those distinguishing traits of individuality upon which Mr. Walker so learnedly descants, though we by no means deny his premises or his inferences, which are supported with much ingenuity, not to say ability. But we contend that our author makes no allowance for the influence of circumstances in the formation of national character, which, in our opinion, is an oversight that considerably militates against the force of his arguments. There are two papers in this volume which would redound to the honour of any writer in the kingdom, however elevated: one on the character of the French, and the other a comparison of the Romans of the present day with the Romans of old. The first is a very searching scrutiny into the fashionable foibles of our sprightly neighbours, which our countrymen, and more particularly our countrywomen, are so absurdly ambitious of rivalling. The second is a truly powerful and philosophical disquisition upon the splendid villanies of the ancient Romans (who have ever been held up to the youth of the modern world as prodigies of virtue, albeit they were the most thorough-going scoundrels in the universe), and the despicable vices of the priest-ridden Italians. Comparisons are proverbially odious; but though we do not say it in an inviduous sense, Mr. Walker is one of the very few Scotch writers who are free from the "caw-me-caw-thee" mania of seeing nothing but heroism north of the Tweed. We have already recorded our dissent from his reasoning on the popular character of British subjects, but we must say that his observations on the virtues and vices of each county are characterized by the greatest fairnesss and impartiality. "Physiognomy" is a very elegantly got up volume—unique and appropriate—handsomely illustrated, and in every respect a singularly valuable book. The reading of it has afforded us much pleasure, and, as a set-off for the gratification, we heartily recommend it to the attentive perusal of our readers.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE. SMITH, ELDER & Co.

THE twelfth volume of this favourite series of fiction is entitled "The Jesuit," being a translation from the German of Spindle. The disciples of Loyola, at no time in particularly good odour with the people of any country, were about the beginning of the eighteenth century under more than ordinary disfavour in most parts of the Continent; and the volume under notice is an exposition of the subtleties of a portion of their order, located in a leading mercantile town of the empire, to keep alive the almost expiring embers of that spirit which those wilely doctors have never been slow to turn to their own aggrandisement. The story has the merit of being undisfigured by those prodigious demands on our credibility which German writers in this line are so prone to make. We have none of those irreconcilable blendings of earthly and unearthly agencies which this school of romancers make such a point of in the development of their plots; and although in "The Jesuit" there are sundry "singular coincidences," as the gentlemen of the newspapers say, we are not on that account induced to attribute to the author an excess of that description of narration bordering on the barely possible. Portions of the exhibition

of domestic disquietude in the family of the heroine of the tale, are to our minds a little overcharged, but so very minute an objection is submerged in the exceedingly graphic delineation of the old merchant, her father, and the passive but indomitable devotion of one of the aspirants to her favour. In the latter portion of the volume events are crowded like sheep in a pen-fold, and are consummated with such rapidity, as not to allow of any very minute dissertation as to the manner of their being effected. This to many who are impatient of digression, however trifling, will be a pleasing feature in the book; and on the whole we think it quite equal to any one of the preceding volumes of the series.

An Appeal to the Public on behalf of the Jews, with Considerations on the Policy of removing their Civil Disabilities. Effingham Wilson.

A very able and well-written pamphlet, evincing sound judgment, and considerable research. Every advocate, and every opponent of Jewish Emancipation, would do well to read it. They cannot have a more eligible opportunity of investing eighteen-pence than in the purchase of the fifty-nine pages before us.

Egypt and Mohammed Ali; or Travels in the Valley of the Nile. By James Augustus St. John. 2 Vols. Longman & Co.

Mr. St. John is well known in the literary world. His various works have earned for him a respectable reputation. He is favourably known, among his other works, as the author of a "Three Years' Residence in Normandy," which appeared in "Constable's Miscellany." The present volumes give ample proof that he is an intelligent traveller, and a pleasant writer. His great fault is, that he is too prone to advance hypothesis for every thing he sees in his journeyings, instead of confining himself, as he ought to do, to a description of those deserts. In general he displays considerable learning in the instances we refer to; whether his notions are as correct as they are ingenious, is another question; but whether they are or are not, startling paradoxes and original hypothesis are out of place in such a work as this. It contains, however, a great deal of valuable information respecting the present condition of Egypt, and the character of Mohammed Ali—a personage who is not only interesting inasmuch as he now occupies the throne on which the Pharaohs once sat, but also for the influence for good or ill which he can exert over the destinies of so many myriads of people. The following is the account he gives of himself:—

"I will tell you a story: I was born in a village in Albania, and my father had ten children, besides me, who are all dead; but, while living, not one of them ever contradicted me. Although I left my native mountains before I attained to manhood, the principal people in the place never took any step in the business of the commune, without previously inquiring what was my pleasure. I came to this country an obscure adventurer, and when I was yet but a *bimbashi* (captain), it happened one day that

the commissary had to give each of the bimbashis a tent. They were all my seniors, and naturally pretended to a preference over me; but the officer said,—'Stand you all by; this youth, Mohammed Ali shall be served first.' And I *was* served first; and I advanced step by step, as it pleased God to ordain; and now here I am—(rising a little on his seat, and looking out of the window which was at his elbow, and commanded a view of the Lake Mareotis)—and now here I am. I never had a master,—(glancing his eye at the roll containing the *imperial firman*)."

CONVERSATIONS ON THE TEETH. By H. HAYWARD. BOWDERY AND KIRBY.

MANY volumes, we believe hundreds, have been written upon the structure and diseases of the teeth, and upon the prevention and cure of that most agonizing pain the toothache; but most of the works that have fallen under our review have been rather addressed to, or, more properly speaking, written for surgeons and dentists, than for the benefit of the public at large. These "Conversations on the Teeth" have no such restrictive object; they appear to us to emanate from a liberal desire in the author to impart useful information to all, and to guard his readers from quackery and false assumption of scientific knowledge, of which there is pehaps as much in the dental as in any other profession.

The work is well written, the style is clear and intelligible, and entirely devoid of mystery. We are convinced that it may be read and the instructions it contains followed to much advantage. We hope our young friends in particular will avail themselves of the directions given in the care and management of the teeth.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

THIS stout little volume comprises two tales, each of which, if treated after the ordinary fashion, would make three goodly volumes, and yet be just as full of interest as the majority of the most lauded novels of the season. The first story is entitled "The Convict's Daughter." The early scenes remind us much of Mr. Galt's political novel, "The Member:"—it is replete with the dry humour and caustic observation which have made that gentleman's production so popular. Louisa Henderson, the heroine of the story, and daughter of a gentleman condemned to death on circumstantial evidence for the murder of a person to whom he was professionally opposed, is a very beautifully portrayed character of a devoted girl, to whom all considerations of self are foreign, and whose sole happiness is to minister to the wants of her mother, who is rendered an idiot through grief at the undeserved condemnation of her husband. The parting between Louisa and her father, previous to his trial, if inferior in high-wrought description, is certainly quite equal in all other respects to the celebrated scene of a similar kind in Eugene Aram. The second tale is called "The Convert's Daughter," being the narration of the persecution of Jane, daughter of Admiral Latimer, who has been converted to the absurd belief and practices of the sect called Ranters, and insists upon his child marrying the gloomy fanatic who had induced him to leave

the bosom of his peaceful church. We would willingly dwell upon the merits of this book, a pleasanter one than which we have not read since "Maxwell" disturbed our gravity. In both the stories we have mentioned, a dissenting preacher figures as one of the principal personages. The first of these gentlemen is very elaborately delineated, by no means caricatured, but certainly a most laughter-provoking worthy—laughable, not from any innate fun in his composition, but from his self-satisfaction and entire admiration of his own prowess. He rejoiced in the cognomen of Illingham, was one of those countless uniques who are born ready taught,—was so very wise that he knew not what ignorance meant except by report; he had the satisfaction of believing all regularly-educated men to be profound blockheads; never met with a difficulty or stumbled over an objection in the whole course of his life; had a great admiration for "*genius*" (every uproarious zany consoles himself with the notion that his braying is the harmonious breathings of "inspiration" and "genius"); and was so tremendously enlightened that he could discover the meaning of a proposition as soon as started, or before, for that matter. His intellect was of the *veni, vidi, vici* order, and no more need be said. This character, though apparently so very novel on paper, will be found to be but too easily recognized in the most ordinary life. In the second preacher we have one of those miserable compounds of atrocity and idiotcy who are also unfortunately but too numerous in many parts of England we could mention, and whose furious and impious devotion (if we can so speak) is more rapidly undermining the religious feelings of our peasantry than all other circumstances put together. The wild zeal and dolorous folly of those tumultuous batterers at heaven's gate—those assaulters of the Godhead—those insane clamourers and outrageous bellowers for salvation for one, and damnation for thousands—are rapidly propelling the minds of our agricultural poor into the opposite extreme; and who can say but such is a very natural sequence? We recommend such of our readers as are ignorant of those matters, to read "Trials and Triumphs." In addition to much sentiment, exquisitely conveyed, without any of its insufferable namby-pambyisms, this volume contains much sound and interesting information in the development of characters not very familiar to the book-reading public of the metropolis. The author indirectly lets us into a knowledge of his political opinions, which we recognise to be Toryist in his riducule of liberality. However, he is a very unobtrusive stickler for old abuses, and in his pleasantry and *naïveté* we forget his politics, and merely recommend him not to be too much given to the use of such jargon as "locust swarms of political economists."

Poems, Sacred, Dramatic, and Lyric. By Mary Ann Cursham, Authoress of "Norman Abbey," &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

If, passion, feeling, pathos, elegance, and grace are required to the conformation of a poet—then assuredly Miss Cursham may take a high place among her "Sister Muses"—she has taken nature for her

guide, and simplicity for her model. Need the reader, therefore, wonder that she has written verses like the following? She is addressing "A departed Spirit"—that fair spirit, we believe, which was a "light from Heaven" to BYRON—the "Mary" of his fondest dreams:

"Lov'd one! round thy sainted shrine
Wreaths of many colour'd hues,
Blossoms of the tuneful Nine,
Bath'd in love's regretful dews,
Sad I fling—from the dark bier
I summon thee—a sister muse,
Waking each slumbering thought divine—
Sweet spirit—hear!

"From that voice of dulcet tone
Linked numbers never fell,
Yet, around each note was thrown
Taste and feeling's vital spell!
Thee—the God of sacred fire
Never woo'd by stream or dell,
'Twas thy death-struck heart alone
Echo'd his lyre.

BROTHER TRAGEDIANS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

Miss Hill has certainly done more to place the character of an actor in an amiable and pleasing light than any author we know of. She has done much for "the profession" and they ought to be duly sensible of the obligation. She has blended together morality and romance in a very charming manner; and, like the author of "Rookwood"—who evidently has a design upon the aspiring spirits of the day, in pointing out to them the glories of high-tobyism—she ennobles the art she evidently admires, and paints it with such a captivating colouring that one is eager to leave the dull realities, and don the sock and buskin incontinently. It would be superfluous now to enter into a detailed account of the points of merit, which are scattered so abundantly throughout the work—in this we have been anticipated by many of our contemporaries; but, as a duty to Miss Hill, it is but just to say that we have rarely perused a work with more satisfaction than "Brother Tragedians," or one that we can more conscientiously recommend for the amusement of our readers.

MY DAUGHTER'S BOOK. LONDON: BALDWIN AND CRADOCK.

This truly elegant manual of feminine erudition and accomplishment has been already greeted with the almost unanimous approbation of our critical brethren; and we can safely affirm few books of the kind have been better entitled to so extended a celebrity. *My Daughter's Book* is the production of the Author of the *Young Gentleman's Book;* together they form an Encyclopædia of Elementary Knowledge, that in every well-educated family must facilitate the attainment of general information, and be alike acceptable to the teachers and the taught.

MUSIC.

SING HEY! FOR THE BOTTLE: THAT UNSURPASSED GEM! WORDS BY EDWARD LANCASTER. COMPOSED BY WM. KIRBY. GEORGE AND MANBY.

This is decidedly one of his the best bacchanalian songs we ever heard. The composer is evidently a first-rate musician, by his skilful arrangement of the subject. The air is wedded to the words as completely as if the same thought had breathed both; and the chorus has an expression of joyousness, irresistible to the "jolly companion." We subjoin a verse of the song:—

"I will tell you a tale, that was well-known of old—
But first let me see bumpers mounting,
For wine, to a tale, warms the bosom that's cold,
When mix'd with the heart's purple fountain!—
Once the Gods form'd a ring—'twas a talisman rare—
A bright crimson gem its cynosure,
Where Love lay concealed, ev'ry breast to ensnare,
And brilliants form'd the enclosure.—
Now hey! for the bottle: that unsurpassed gem!
Sing ho! for the wine's ruby blushes.
Hurrah! for the circle around it, and then—
Three cheers for rich wit's sparkling gushes!"

THE MUSIC BOOK OF BEAUTY. A SUMMER ANNUAL. SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, AND SMITH AND CO.

One of the most splendid productionswe have ever seen, even in the bright world of Music. It is positively dazzling, and casts the entire host of annuals into shade. The poetry is by Edmund Smith, a gentleman who has been successfully before the public as a lyric poet; and the music is by Barnett, Bishop, and the very best of our musicians—containing some of their happier efforts.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

IN addition to the hackneyed routine of La Gazza Ladra, Il Barbiere, Otello, with which, notwithstanding their beauties, the ear is almost wearied, Laporte produced for his benefit a new work of Rossini—L'Assedio di Corinto. When we say new, we do not mean it to be understood that the music has hitherto been unknown. It is, in fact, a "*rifacciamento*" of the month. The general character of the opera is, as the very title would import, military—a style particularly adapted to the genius of Rossini, and accordingly he has indulged himself in his *forte* for wind instruments, not forgetting trumpets and drums; but at the same time, though some parts may be considered sufficiently noisy, still, on the whole, the opera is well worthy of the high reputation of its author. The concerted pieces, in particular, are very effective, and were admirably given by Grisi,

Rubini, Ivanoff, and Tamburini. In the course of the performance the former introduced a scene written for her by Costa, a very spirited and brilliant composition, which was splendidly sang and rapturously applauded. The only other novelty has been the Rosina of Grisi. As a character it does not afford much scope for acting, but she contrived to infuse into it a piquancy and grace peculiarly her own. A more charming Rosina we have never seen. Her sudden transition from indignant sorrow to unaffected delight when she discovers the slanderous calumnies of Doctor Bartolo, and that Leodoro and Almavina are the same person, and the mingled expression of grateful affection checked by maidenly delicacy with which she gave herself to her lover, were exquisite points, both of feeling and acting. Strange that such soul could not inspire Rubini with the slightest particle of animation. We confess we were hardly satisfied with her Rodes' variations, though in common with the whole house we felt the unaffected good nature with which she complied with the wishes for its repetition. It is a style of singing which may be very well as an exercise for the voice, but which is unworthy of Grisi's powers. She is in every way far superior to the mere musical automaton, however perfect that may be. Tamburini was the Figaro, full of life and energy, perhaps approaching a little to buffoonery. But we are cold-blooded Englishmen, and therefore do not venture a positive opinion on the more mercurial natures of warmer climates.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Morris has opened his attractive summer theatre with a star from the north. Mr. Vandenhoff made his appearance some years ago—certainly under disadvantageous circumstances—and he did not meet with the support to which his talents entitled him. Mr. Morris, who is as good a judge of theatrical talent as any man in England, has given him another chance; and the result has been, that the manager's opinion has been quite right. Mr. Vandenhoff has met with a most gratifying reception. He has yet only played in the few standing characters; but in so finished a manner, that, excepting, of course, Macready, shews he has no rival to fear in originality but Elton. Mr. Morris has likewise brought forward a Miss Harrington, a very pretty girl; and if properly encouraged, will become a pleasant actress.

Vauxhall has commenced the season most prosperously, with galas and brilliant fetes of all kinds; besides a unique and pleasing exhibition of the situation of Captain Ross at the North Pole, conveying a better idea of the position of the gallant navigator, than all the books and prints to which the subject has given occasion.

Among the many exhibitions of merit which are worthy of notice, Mr. Burford's Panorama of New York stands out conspicuously. Nothing conveys so vivid an idea of a city as a panoramic view—where in addition to the pictorial delusion, the advantage of situation gives it an advantage over every other mode of representation. This is about one of the best of Mr. Burford's efforts, and he richly deserves all the patronage he enjoys.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE LATE AND PRESENT MINISTRY.

"On their own merits," says Panglos, "modest men are dumb;" and the doctor does not possess a sincerer subscriber to his eloquently humble aphorism than we of the "Monthly Magazine." He must be a very indifferent observer of the progress of public events, who is unable to perceive, that, no sooner does an astounding occurrence in state affairs take place, than the spirit of prophecy instantaneously descends upon those who have the means of making their voices heard. The accuracy with which our brethren of the daily and weekly press have predicted the downfall of the Grey administration, *after* the premier had dissolved the cabinet, is absolutely amazing. Accordingly we find self-gratulatory eulogiums after the following fashion:—as—"Things have occurred just as we expected,"—"We find that our silent, but anxious anticipations on this head have been realized to the letter,"—"No one can now be ignorant, that affairs must have turned out as they have;" and such like. Now, this sort of proceeding completely divests us of our constitutional apathy to egotism. How far we are amenable for falling into the error we denounce, may be gathered from a solitary fact. We beg to refer the reader to our last "Note of the Month," for July, entitled "Peaceful Commotion." Not to disturb him in his chair, we take the liberty of quoting it, or rather that portion immediately relative to the present question.

"Ireland has been the bitter drop in the cup of successive administrations, *and has been the ruin of this.* Thus are the wrongs of that unfortunate scape-goat of doating and empirical statesmen made the avengers of themselves. *The Grey cabinet never can carry a motion for the renewal of the Coercion Bill, and certainly cannot hold office if that question be mooted at all. Success is out of the most sanguine hope of their most degraded followers; and failure entails unavoidable resignation.*" The question of the Irish Coercion Bill *was* mooted; the parties so doing were ruined by it; and the consequences are before us. Whatever may have been the merits of the late administration, this is certain—that they who do not regard its overthrow with indifference, do with pleasure; and those two parties comprise the entire nation. The few, the very few, who regret its dissolution, are in numbers and talent any thing but respectable. The secret of its existing so long, is solely attributable to the fact that all but the Tories were aware of the difficulty, the almost impossibility, of its place being efficiently supplied. Nearly all were unanimous in loudly decrying its enactments, and its attempts at enactments. However loath to admit it, all felt that they were obliged to tolerate that which they could not improve; for it is not less humiliating than true, that talent was never a scarcer commodity among the aristocracy than at the present moment; and in the state in which society now is, it is the aristocracy to whom we must look for legislators, and for the formation of legislators. We feel not the

least hesitation in asserting, that, for a considerable time to come, this feeling of half-regret, half-mortification for Earl Grey's removal from office, will retain no small hold on the public mind. The very persons who may be influenced most by those political sensations, will, we suspect, be least anxious to admit the fact, even to themselves; for the class we speak of comprises those who are grateful for the Reform Bill, if its provisions were duly followed up by the parliament, without indulging in any anticipations of premature perfectability in government. The late administration was characterized by a series of legislative frolics, that had not even the wretched merit of being productive of a feeling higher than contempt; and, consequently, all that portion of the community (and it is not small) whom half-and-half measures would content, seceded. The late administration was also characterized by a series of legislative blunders, that were not ridiculous, only because they were not less serious in their effects; consequently, all that portion of the community, (and *it* is not small) whom half-and-half measures would *not* content, seceded. Thus was the Grey cabinet a thing apart from the nation; perfectly isolated; possessing the affections of none, the sympathy of none, and above all, the respect of none. Here were negative evils enough to scare any men less pertinacious of office, its emoluments, and power; and, when coupled with the systematic virulence of the Tories, and the more than questionable indifference of the court, the wonder is, not that *that* cabinet is now no more, but that it outlived the carrying of the Reform Bill.

This, we think, is an impartial and strictly correct view of the question. The difficulty experienced by his Majesty and advisers in the formation of the present ministry, such as it is, fully sustains our hypothesis respecting the long retention of power by Earl Grey and his colleagues. No body of men entrusted with the direction of public affairs, ever had the opportunities of endearing their names to the latest posterity possessed by the ex-ministers; none ever received one tithe of the support from the people, properly so called; and none ever set so assiduously to undermine the fabric of their own reputations. Could any one have foreseen that the men who in 1831-2 were the idols, not of the populace, not of the rabble, not of the swinish multitude, as the poor are politely designated, but of the nation at large, of the entire country, of all grades and all classes—the class once Tories has long merged into a faction—could any one, we repeat, have supposed that these men, in so short a time, would have witnessed the gradual decay, and at length, final extinction of their popularity? Sundry elections refute the notion that this revulsion of the public mind was sudden or instantaneous. The retrogression of the feeling towards ministers kept pace *non passibus æquis*, but exactly, though in an inverse ratio, with the retrogression of ministers from their original principles. Every declination from the basis on which they professed to stand, was attended by a corresponding abandonment of their quondam supporters; and it is the painful sense of the difficulty of supplying their places that prevented the resignation of the premier, and the presumed removal from power of his colleagues, being hailed with almost universal rejoicing.

In the downfall of Earl Grey, there is, however, one circumstance that cannot fail to be regarded with feelings of unmingled satisfaction: he was shipwrecked for the very cause he most deserved of all others to be shipwrecked; he went to pieces on the rock of his own formation, and was engulphed in the whirlpool his anile rashness had created. Ireland, in declaiming against whose wrongs he first challenged the attention of the British people; in upholding whose rights he secured a permanency in the good opinion of that people; but in oppressing whom, he forfeited the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens—Ireland has been the element of discord, that shattered, in the twelfth hour, his political reputation. What statesman in British history would rival the author of the Reform Bill, if he were not, at the same time, the author of the Coercion Bill? And what statesman would suffer by comparison with the oppressor of Ireland, if he were not the destroyer of rotten boroughs? A splendid celebrity was within his grasp, and he forfeited it, through the puerile ambition of retaining the premiership in his seventieth year. The consummation of his career as a legislator, was marked by an attempt at the renewal of an act which would have driven his predecessor from office, even in the climax of his popularity, attendant on the measure of Catholic Emancipation. And here the reader cannot fail to institute a comparison between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey, respecting the decline of the popularity of both. Had the victor of Napoleon been content to retire from the field of the last and most glorious of his fights, his fame would now be as green as the laurels of his triumphs. The people would have forgiven the Tory feelings and predilection in the soldier, they cannot and will not tolerate in the lawgiver. He might have indulged his anti-plebeian fancies, provided he did not attempt to restrict plebeian opinions. But, as if anxious to demonstrate the truth of the somewhat trite adage, that a very great hero may be a very little man, he ran headlong in the teeth of the wishes of the age, and illustrated the applicability of the equally trite simile of the viper and the file. His legislative would have not very distantly approached his military rivalry of his illustrious competitor, had he even been content to forego the trappings of authority, after carrying the Catholic Bill of Rights. But the insane laudations of his titled admirers, operating on a very simple mind, urged him to the ludicrous folly of becoming the most conspicuous land-mark of bye-gone times and opinions. His declaration of the inutility of any and all reform, was followed by a declaration on the part of the people, of the inutility of any and all utterers of such absurdity. Accordingly, we find him, with all dexterity of a proficient in legerdemain, abandoning the game of playing at statesmanship, and taking up the inane pastime of Babel-mongering with the bigotted and overgrown schoolboys of Oxford. Earl Grey, on the other hand, not content with being the most popular man in the kingdom, not content with exhibiting the might of the greatest people on record,—evinced in their simultaneous uprising on a question involving the enlargement of their political freedom—and not content with humbling the ostentatious vanity of a dominant oligarchy, seeking to oppress the people, was smitten with the

mania for humbling the people himself. Had he retired from the political arena when the Reform Bill was carried, the undivided praises of the empire would have accompanied him, and been more grateful, we apprehend, to him, than the spirit his rashness on the Irish Persecution Bill has conjured up to pursue him with lasting rancour.

The *Examiner*, with a felicity of thought and diction peculiar to that journal alone, says (but our extract, of course, loses its original brilliancy, as we only quote from memory), "Twenty, aye, even ten years ago, Earl Grey would have been a great statesman. But the age has outgrown him. A minister, to be effective, must march with the times. Like a traveller in a snow storm, if he stop he is smothered; and a disposition to sleep is the forerunner of death." The noble earl mistook existence for exertion, and failed to perceive that it was not sufficient to place the Reform Bill in the hands of the people, without being prepared to regulate his paces by the movement of the many. He had acquired, somehow or other, a reputation for dignity—justly we believe as most men—but, with singular perverseness, he essayed in his last speech, as a minister of the crown, to demolish that opinion; and, as far as a single effort could go in that respect, pretty well succeeded. His pretext for calling for the extraordinary powers of the coercion act was, that the past conduct of himself and colleagues was a sufficient guarantee against their abuse of those powers. Yet in leaving office, he calls upon the upper house to vest those very powers in the hands of *any* administration, regardless of the probability of their being abused or not. Now, this conduct, to say the least of it, was anything but dignified; more especially when we reflect that even his co-partners in office repudiated the principles of the bill he was so anxious to thrust upon their lordships' acceptance. Again, he attempted (and what an attempt!) to defend his notorious provisioning of his innumerable progeny and their relations, on the score of their being fitted to the offices to which he appointed them. With singular ill grace, he asked the right reverend proprietors of lawn sleeves, did they not think that Dr. Grey was very well fitted to the See of Hereford; or that Hereford was very well fitted for him? Cheers, as might be expected, were the response of the fathers in God. It was a weakness, amiable, no doubt, but still a weakness, on the part of the venerable premier, to see mountains of religious efficiency and political sagaciousness in his consanguineous Greys, where a more disinterested man would have been unable to detect mole-hills of the like virtues. But to call upon the public to recognise these very minute affairs, through the same distorting and magnifying medium, was rather a bold demand, even from Earl Grey, who hesitated not to demand a total disruption of the principles of the constitution, to suit his political bias. We could not but admire the extreme *naïveté* of his recapitulating the good deeds of his administration. The recital certainly was of brevity calculated to suit the *ennui* of the most fastidious; and the paucity of his materials defied the embellishments of rhetoric. "It is said," observed the noble premier, "that we have done nothing. Is the Reform Bill nothing? The renewal of the

Bank Charter nothing? And the extension of the India Trade nothing?" Why did he not proceed in his interrogations, and demand, Is the Coercion Bill nothing? The prosecution of the Press nothing? The advocacy of Flogging and Impressment of Seamen nothing? Is the transportation of old Dennis Collins, who damaged His Majesty's hat at Ascot races nothing? Is the Fast-day procession, and the Calthorpe-street victory nothing? Is the retention of the bread and almost every other tax nothing? And, call you the reduction of the duties on tiles, soda-water, cocoa-nuts, and sheep-dogs nothing? Now, if accounts were balanced in this fashion, we apprehend that the premier's credit side would not exhibit a very astonishing sum total in his favour. We have been far from minute in our enumeration; we have not dwelt on tithe-bills innumerable, malt-taxes (abolished and imposed again in a breath), pension lists unrevised, sinecures untouched, and a host of etceteras from John Key and Manners Sutton upwards. Septennial acts and newspaper duties, in *statu quo*, are subjects seductive of discussion; but we let them be, for the catalogue of accusations is not meagre already.

To sum up our opinion in a few words; we say, that notwithstanding all these changes, Earl Grey's retirement (effected as it was) does not afford matter for exultation. Putting him for the cabinet in general, it must be admitted, that if compared with his predecessors in office, for a very great number of years, he will not suffer by such trial. It is when compared with itself, at different stages of its duration, that his ministry fails at the public ordeal of opinion. It is downright cant to assert, that the difficulties of his situation obliged him to conform to circumstances. There were no circumstances that could possibly prevent the man who carried the Reform Bill from acting on the provisions of that bill. The worn-out threat of a Tory Ministry coming into power, was unworthy of its utterers; and, if any thing were wanted to corroborate this assertion, have not events immediately preceding the formation of the present cabinet fully afforded all necessary proof. The people enabled Lord Grey to bid defiance to difficulties that never could occur again; and would have done so, over and over, were it possible or necessary, had he not relied on his own strength, rather than on that of his indestructible supporters. Lord Brougham's talent, and his own elocutionary powers, gave him a decided ascendancy in debate in the upper house; and his influence, to the last hour, was paramount in the Commons. Where then was the unprecedented difficulty "of being in a minority in the Lords?" He was in a minority in the Lords when he first tested their powers on the reform question. What ensued? did they maintain their supremacy? No: they had prudence to yield assent to that necessity they found it fruitless to oppose; and that necessity would occur, as often as their obstinacy would lead them to oppose Lord Grey, when upheld by the nation. Let us then hear no more of those fallacious subterfuges, respecting the difficulties of Lord Grey's situation. There is much praise due to the noble Earl, on many grounds; and none are more willing to award it than ourselves. But there is also much censure; and it would be folly to be scrupulous in bestowing it. His radical error was in supposing that the people

would take the name for the substance of reform; this involved, of necessity, a reliance on himself, a belief that his opinion was the opinion of England; mistakes multiplied in rapid succession; the blunders of the head, of course, begot others of greater magnitude in the minor members of the cabinet; the confidence of the people was irrevocably forfeited; a squabble between a silly and a crafty man revealed how affairs stood; the derision of the country was provoked; and, for very shame, the jumble of incongruities, lately known by the name of the Grey administration, fell to pieces.

The colleagues of his lordship do not require to be spoken of at any great length by us. The Chancellor was one of the very few members of the late cabinet, who though they have not added to their reputation by their connexion with the government, have certainly not much impaired it. Though his station rendered him a prominent, his actions did not render him a conspicuous minister. With the exception of the discussions on the Reform Bill, he has had but few opportunities of evincing his unquestionable pre-eminence over all competitors in the upper house. Under the present arrangements, he will, we are apprehensive, have but too frequent occasions to put himself in a position that the new premier is totally incapable of maintaining among the "Corinthian capitals." Lord Brougham's talents must ever give him a distinguished elevation under any ministerial leader; but the present First Lord of the Treasury is, by his comparative incapacity as a statesman, and unimportance as an individual, merely fitted to afford additional proofs, by contrast, of the Chancellor's indisputable superiority. All the members of the late government, being members of that now in office, with the exception of Mr. Stanley, and Sir James Graham, it is, of course, unnecessary to dwell upon the circumstance of their connexion with Earl Grey. With regard to the late colonial secretary, however, we must be permitted to observe, that nothing so completely establishes our proposition, relative to the dearth of talent among public men, as the fact of Mr. Stanley's being so long mistaken for the possessor of legislative ability. What has he ever done to entitle him to be regarded as an enlightened statesman? What has he ever said to warrant the supposition of his having an enlarged or comprehensive mind? Nothing—literally nothing. Look at his miserable attempts at law-making for the pacification of Ireland—begun but to be abandoned; founded in rashness and ignorance, and forsaken with less dignity than absurd precipitancy. In what assembly, we should be glad to know, except in the present House of Commons, would the utterer of the rhodomontading philippics against O'Connell have been cheered at the termination of every violation of grace and logic, and not unfrequently, of common sense? The agitator was especially obnoxious to the member for Lancashire, and in no great odour in St. Stephen's; therefore personality imparted a zest to the Right Honourable gentleman's harangues, and the applauders of mediocre oratory lent him a confidence he could have done without, and an assurance of which he already possessed too much. Who ever thought, even among his warmest partizans, of recurring to Mr. Stanley's speeches, a month after their delivery, for the purpose of witnessing the recog-

nition of any broad and ennobling views of jurisprudence, the development of a wise system of tangible relief from the evils of bad laws, or for the utterance of a philosophic or statesmanlike maxim? No one. Mr. Stanley's speeches were the emanations of an every-day mind, essentially common place; and solely preserved from a hasty and deserved oblivion, by the simple fact of their being the siftings of the riddles of rubbish, that were nightly emptied from the treasury benches. He could rattle through a pretty extensive vocabulary of demi-refined slang, with marvellous volubility; his cut-and-dried bon-mots, or what he supposed to be such, were ever ready for distribution; of pet phrases, and sayings of questionable smartness, he had prodigious store; of historical knowledge, when occasion required, he could make sufficient parade to silence Mr. Croker, and amaze the country gentlemen; and, moreover, could throw his heels in the air, to evince his contempt for propriety and the Irish, and make the squires stare at the far-fetched elegance of the representative of the house of Derby. Now, all these, united to an intense admiration of them by himself, a swaggering air, and a dictatorial pomposity of manner, naturally begot a deferential sort of respect among the *servum pecus imitatorum*, who never fail to think well of a man who thinks well of himself, and despises them. There are a herd in the lower house, who invariably admire what they don't understand, and applaud it if they see any do so, whom they suppose would not express approbation without reason. Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham cried "hear, hear!" to every thing their colleague said; and this was the signal for those who are above the vulgarity of thinking for themselves on matters of law making. No one courted an encounter with the vituperative secretary, who accordingly grew wanton with uncontrolled success. Lord Althorp played foil, because he could do no better; and kept pace in dulness and inert amiability with the vivacious bitterness of his bustling coadjutor. Every man who attempted to dissent from the opinions of the ministry was set upon by Mr. Stanley, out-clamoured by his impetuous tongue, and overborne by the shouts of the abject set, who hoped to escape being victims, by applauding the termagant victimizer. No triumphant amazon of Billingsgate, victorious over contending fish-fags, ever strutted with more self-complacency through the piscatory scene of her achievements, than did the right honorable secretary sit down after the demolition of an adversary's arguments by torrents of abuse. His echoing compatriots in office tasted his venom, when it suited his purpose to bestow it on them, and no one ever made more ridiculous contortions, under the infliction of the same lash, than the noble financier of the Exchequer. Mr. Stanley's secession from Earl Grey has enabled people to look at the nine days' wonder with a little less dread than hitherto; and they are now beginning to find out, that he was great, for the same reason that Gulliver was a giant in Lilliput—by comparison with the very little people by whom he was surrounded.

Time will best exhibit the wisdom or the folly of regulating the machinery of public affairs by abstracting the main spring, stopping the wheels for a week or ten days, and then, without the slightest al-

teration further, propelling the mutilated thing into motion again. Few as were the claims of the late ministry to confidence or respect, they are now considerably less. The members are almost precisely the same, with the exception that Lord Grey has gone out, and Lord Duncannon (who was in the ministry, but not in the cabinet, before) has stepped into office. The late secretary for the Home Department takes the Premiership, and his vacated place is supplied by Lord Duncannon, who, in his turn, vacates the Woods and Forests for Sir John Cam Hobhouse, now created a cabinet minister. Now, what is to be thought of such arrangements? Have they the look of stability about them? or, is it to be supposed, that the people of England have suddenly thrown up the reins of their judgment, and are content to shut their eyes to the movements of men responsible for the direction of the energies and power of the empire? Still we are to have the blunders of Lord Althorp staring us in all the nudity of downright folly; and are to be told, that, though he is a wretched chancellor, he is very good-natured. A portly gentleman, who loves a prize ox and a show pig, and does not insult every one he meets, is privileged to tumble the revenue into chaos, if it so please him, and announce his errors with a smile. Who could find it in their hearts to object to a financier, who discovered that the resources of Great Britain would admit of a reduction of the duties on tobacco pipes and sheep dogs; and modestly asserting, all the while, that the fatigues of office would at length oblige him to resign the management of such portentous affairs. Business at the Admiralty and the Post-office is supposed to be capable of taking care of itself; and a couple of golden-headed canes are appointed to report progress. The very profound quietude of political matter in Spain, and in fact all over the Continent; the well known forbearance of Don Carlos; the pacification of things in Turkey, and the proverbial inertness of Metternich, the Czar, and his majesty of Prussia, sufficiently justify the continuance in power of that official walking-stick, Lord Palmerston. O'Connell and Irish tithes, with the wholesome agitation attendant thereon, are entrusted to the keeping of the discreet Mr. Littleton, to whom ministers are indebted for the upsetting of Earl Grey. A few cyphers are studded here and there, to save appearances. With the solitary exception of Sir John Hobhouse being added to the cabinet, what have the country gained?—Lord Duncannon's promotion to the Home-office! And this is by way of a set-off for the removal of Earl Grey. The War-office is well enough, perhaps, in Mr. Edward Ellice's hands; and the colonies certainly could not be better disposed of than by leaving them with Mr. Spring Rice, who is the only man of business and sense in the lot, and more he does not pretend to be.

Here, then, is a goodly crew with which to man the vessel of the state.

Where is the master mind to model these materials to any useful purpose? why, of all men's in christendom, Lord Melbourne's! And who is Lord Melbourne? When we have said that he is *not* nobody (no sin against Murray, by the way), we have said every thing. Martin, the madman, ceased to be an ordinary maniac, by the extra-

ordinary act of burning York Minster. The noble Viscount, now first Lord of the Treasury, ceased to be an every-day lord by an act of more than lordly folly. Lord Melbourne is the never-to-be-forgotten victim of the never-to-be-forgotten triumph of Coldbath Fields. He it was who charged the breechless soldiery of the rebel hosts, on the plains of Calthorpe; overcame the redoubtable legions of unarmed vagabonds; broke through the vanguard of old women and children; dispersed the light squadrons of shirtless boys and hoary-headed old men; and finally routed the main body of the deaf, the decrepid, the halt, and the blind. He it was who out-Hannibal'd the conqueror of Cannæ, in planning and executing the masterly stratagem of capturing the six atrocious conspirators, who were preparing to dethrone and behead the king, and seize the empire, and had all but effected their traitorous purpose, when Lord Melbourne caught the sanguinary wretches in the very act of —— playing at soldiers with wooden swords in a hay-loft. He it was who permitted the amiable Mr. Laing, of police-office renown, to exhibit his benignant mercies to the many villains guilty of being found too poor to indulge in feather beds. He it was who turned poor foolish Collins, the old man-of-war's-man, into a Bonaparte, and shipped him to Port Jackson for the safety of Great Britain: and to him are we indebted for preserving us from the horrors of revolution. But we have done! Surely we have enumerated more than enough to satisfy the most sceptical as to Lord Melbourne's claim to take the lead in public affairs; or, may it not be reasonably supposed, that the man who with a detachment of marines could effect half the glories that we have detailed, must, with the resources of the whole fleet at his back, do something of a magnitude corresponding with his already well-earned renown? Though we are far from presuming that our readers are ignorant of the fact, it may not be altogether out of place, to remind them, that *all* the peers in Earl Grey's cabinet (Lord Melbourne among the rest) were of decided opinion, that without the Coercion Bill, as it last passed Parliament, the tranquillity of his Majesty's dominions could not be preserved. But no sooner is the noble Viscount entrusted with the seals of office, than he runs down to the House of Lords, and declares that the three obnoxious clauses of the bill is to be forthwith rescinded—in fact, the whole bill given up, and an emasculated one, by way of excuse, to be introduced *first* into the lower house. So completely does this proceeding satisfy Mr. O'Connell and his Irish fraternity of M.P.s, that he declared, the very night the announcement was made in the Commons, that he was well pleased with the alterations. Here, then, is a complete empaling of principle upon the horns of a most untoward dilemma; here is a Scylla and Charybdis, a frying-pan-and-fire sort of alternative. The bill of last session could not be carried, that's certain; for the attempt ruined the old cabinet, with a much greater man than Lord Melbourne at its head. What then becomes of his Majesty's dominions?—shared, of course, among the agitators, or there is no truth in Lord Melbourne's assertions. We should be most happy to hear those paradoxes reconciled with common sense; but we suppose that the riddle is resolved by the application of the old motto of the optimists—whatever is, is best.

Men who are accustomed to look upon politics, not as a question of the party-squabbles of the day, but as a test of the state of the great thermometer of opinion, (and there are many such), will, perhaps, be inclined to regard the present aspect of affairs in the same light that it is looked upon by the self-willed but sagacious member for Oldham. When his prejudices do not interfere with his judgment, few men can pronounce with greater accuracy on matters offered than the honourable gentleman. He says that it is perfectly immaterial who is minister and who is not—who is in office and who is out; that the cause of the people is equally safe in the hands of one party as in those of the other, for that without concession to the demands of the people, no government can be carried on in England; and that Whig and Tory have become so diluted and amalgamated, that the distinction exists but nominally, and should not occupy the attention of the nation a single hour. We are disposed to admit the truth of all this; nay, we go further than Mr. Cobbett, and assert, that government is not capable of proceeding a single step without the concurrence of the people. But, though we admit this, and though we also admit the difficulty of choosing men calculated to the emergencies of the occasion, yet it surely cannot be contended, that all England cannot supply a Chancellor of the Exchequer less oafish that Lord Althorp; a Minister for Foreign Affairs less ignorant, frivolous, or unsteady than Palmerston; and, above all, a man suited to manage Ireland less parrot-prattling-headed than Mr. Littleton. If the places of these worthies cannot be suppled, then, we say, that a Wellington administration would have been just as acceptable to the nation at large. Blunders through downright incapacity, at least, would not be perpetually recurring under such a leader; and the country would have the satisfaction of knowing that the government understood itself. But, it will be said, that the Commons are desirous of retaining Lord Althorp as their principal in the lower house. Need we wonder. Any half-witted gentleman, who has got a crotchet in his head, no matter how absurd, may hold forth by the hour, and prose, and re-prose, and dogmatise, about nothing, or any thing, as the case may be, with the full concurrence of the good-natured member for Northamptonshire, who leaves the business of the county to get on as it may. Is not the public mind stuffed to surfeiting by the countless projects with which the time of the house is wasted in discussion?—Bills on omnibus-driving, ginger-beer drinking, pie baking, and duelling, and Heaven knows what beside, are the orders of the day; and if Lord Althorp be asked, why no *business* is done, he gets up and says, "Surely, honourable members will give me credit for good intentions;" and a volley of cheers rewards the sage declaimer. The more we reflect on these things, the more fully persuaded do we feel that the public have no reason to congratulate themselves on the slight change the cabinet has undergone in the removal of Earl Grey. The ministerial majorities in the lower house (in the upper there are none) exhibit a catalogue of the most unideal, unthinking, and frivolous personages that ever sat in St. Stephen's. It is true there are many names to be found in favour of government measures that would save even Lord Althorp from contempt; but the herd who scamper off

to the treasury side of the house the moment there is the least symptom of a division, no matter what may be the question in dispute, are the most pitiable, but, at the same time, most strenuous backers of the Exchequer man's fooleries. He repays their assiduity by allowing them to make themselves conspicuously silly whenever they have a notion that they have got something to say; and hence Lord Althorp is popular in the Commons.

Though the present position of affairs in high quarters is any thing but cheering, the public have attained the knowledge of a fraud which never can be attempted to be imposed again. Lord Grey had one note in the upper house, which he never failed to ring out as often as occasion (and it was not seldom) required. "A Tory government! a Tory government!" was his incessant exclamation whenever he suspected that his measures were not universally approved. In the other house Lord Althorp echoed his master; and between them they succeeded in creating an opinion, that the resignation of the reformers would be the signal for Sir Robert Peel and his quondam associates stepping into power. This cry of "wolf! wolf!" was kept up to the last; and the late premier shared the fate of the boy in the fable, though the country did not. Now, supposing the converse of this were to be tried on Lord Melbourne, we should like to know what effect it would produce. "A Radical government" sounds just as awful to a certain class as a Tory government did to another. Though we deem extreme opinions on either side unwise; if words will produce effects, we say, that there is much less improbability in the idea of the formation of an extremely liberal than of an extremely illiberal administration. No one will deny that, exclusive of the Tories, the opponents of ministers (generally speaking) in the lower house exhibit much more mind and intelligence of every description, and reflect the opinions of ten times a greater number of the people than the swarms who opposed a revision of the infamous Pension List, a repeal of the Septennial Act, of the corn laws, of the taxes on knowledge, and dozens of statutes disgraceful to a state pretending to be free. If, then, the cant of the Whigs be fully exposed (and few, we imagine, can doubt it) relative to the Tories coming into office, let them look to the other extreme, and make just and timely concession to the wants of the age, without waiting to be forced to surrender what they can make a grace of bestowing. This we can say, however, without much fear of witnessing its refutation, that, be the disposition of the government as liberal as it may, and be it never so willing to comply with the wishes of the times, its councils must be puling, its resolutions impotent, its conclusions despicable, and its measures ludicrous, contemptible, and absurd, as long as Lord Melbourne retains the premiership, and Lords Althorp and Palmerston, and Mr. Littleton, keep their present, or, indeed, any situation under him. It is folly to expect that Lords Brougham and Duncannon, Mr. Rice, and Sir John Hobhouse can do their own business and atone for the more than incapability of their colleagues. As for Lord John Russell, he has made some good speeches, and, with the exception of Sir Henry Parnell and Sir John Cam Hobhouse, was, perhaps, the most consistent person connected with Earl Grey's government;

but his office or his talents do not qualify him to be of any essential service under present circumstances. In the annals of monomania we find not unfrequently, by the mere fact of the patients being placed in peculiar situations or positions, that they fancy themselves teapots, genii, or Czars of Muscovy, as the case may be. Lord Auckland is accommodated with a large house and certain appurtenances in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, by which, reports say, he is induced to suppose that he is First Lord of the Admiralty. After this we shall not be surprised to hear of the woolsack being appointed Speaker of the House of Lords.

LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI.

THE ELEPHANT AND OTHER ANIMALS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

In those famed regions, where, in days now far gone,
The beasts could speak intelligible jargon;
The sapient elephant saw within the nation,
Follies and faults which called for reformation;
He, longing much the censor's lash to wield,
Convoked, with this intent, a great convention,
Bow'd with his huge trunk, à la Chesterfield,
And then in speech well studied, claim'd attention.
For nearly half an hour he stood declaiming,
A thousand vices and bad habits naming;
Amongst the rest he touch'd, in due gradation,
Upon disgraceful idleness, and then vi-
Tuperated foolish affectation—
And haughty ignorance—and malicious envy.
Some of the audience seem'd much edified,
List'ning with ears and mouth extended wide;
The faithful dove—and the ingenious bee—
The lamb—the pointer, famed for loyalty,—
The docile horse—the ant, of frugal care,—
The linnet, and the butterfly, were there:
But no small portion of his hearers then did
Feel with his strictures mortally offended.
The tiger and the cruel wolf growl'd on him,
And what abuse the serpent cast upon him!
The wasp, the gnat, the hornet, and the drone,
Murmur'd against him in a lower tone.
Th' ill-omen'd locust would no longer stay,
He with the caterpillar stalk'd away;
The weasel, framing an excuse, slunk after;
The fox remain'd to play the hypocrite;
The monkey on the censor tried his wit,
Mock'd him, and turn'd his preaching into laughter.
The elephant this shameful treatment viewed
With much *sang froid*, and thus did he conclude:—

" My friends, before ye I do here protest,
To all and yet to none my censures turn'd,
They wake resentment in a guilty breast,
But he who's blameless, hears them unconcern'd."
My fables, to the reader be it known,
Speak to the world, and not to Spain alone,
Nor of these times alone, since they pourtray
Defects that have been always, as to-day;
And since their lessons are addressed to all,
And not intended to be personal,
He who applies them to himself, I say,
Let him digest their moral as he may.

THE PARROT, THE JAY, AND THE MAGPIE.

A JAY who heard a parrot speaking,
Instead of man's instruction seeking
To learn the idiom, preferr'd
The lessons of the ill-taught bird:
And, after only one rehearsal,
Thinking her words and accents terse all,
Believ'd she had no more to learn,
And taught the magpie in her turn.
As for the magpie,—she, they say,
Acquir'd about as much as they
Who strive to gain their information
From a base copy or translation.

THE DRONES AND THE BEE.

THE drones one day were seen in swarms together,
With their united genius contriving
To raise their character,—debating whether
They might not hide their slothful way of living.

To wipe away this stain upon their race,
Which from all other animals did part 'em,
E'en the most worthless swore to mend apace,
And work at honey-combs, " secundum artem."

But then, hard labour was so disagreeable,
And, having no experience to rely on,
They soon discover'd they should never be able
Thus to obtain the end they had their eye on.

So they resolv'd to seek a ruin'd hive,
And taking up the dead bee's skeleton, (he
Had been much renown'd while yet alive
For manufacturing the best of honey,)—

To pay him funeral honours, and to sing
Above his grave this panegyric glorious—
That to make wax was meritorious,
And to make honey was a noble thing!

Priding themselves upon the thought, they hence
Raised such a buzzing, that at length a bee,
Piqued at their folly and impertinence,
Resolv'd to lecture them, and thus said he:—

"Is this the end of all your hurrying forth?—
Is this the utmost of your undertaking?—
Believe me—all your humming is not worth
One single drop of honey of my making."

How many think to pass for wits and sages,
By praising wits and sages dead and gone!—
And with what triumph they quote others' pages,
Who have no wit or wisdom of their own!

THE OX AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

The ox was ploughing,—when behind him said
A pert grasshoppor, chirping from the ground,
"Dear! what a crooked furrow you have made!"—
"Madam," he answered, gravely turning round,

"Could you have known I drew that furrow wrong,
If all the other ones had not been right?—
Then, for the future, hold your idle tongue,
Nor view my work with your contracted sight.—

"I serve my master faithfully and well,
And he forgives me if I sometimes err."
Thus the small critic's futile censure fell,
And thus the ox replied and silenced her.

Perhaps, this fable those "*savans*" corrects,
Who in great works discover slight defects.

THE PELLITORY AND THE THYME.

I've read, but where I cannot say,
That, in the herbal tongue one day,
The pellitory, thinking fit
Upon the thyme to try her wit,
Accosted him, and then began her
Speech in this malicious manner:—
"God help thee! Thyme,—it grieves my soul
That thou, the sweetest of the whole
Sweet-smelling tribe that bloom around,
Art scarce three inches from the ground!"
"Fair one," he answer'd, "I confess
I am but small, yet ne'ertheless
Remember that I grow alone
Without the help of any one;
While you, my dear, can't grow at all,
Unless you cling fast to a wall."
When on all sides I see up-springing
Men who, to other writers clinging,
Think themselves authors, when they've wrote
A prologue, preface, or a note,
I feel a mighty inclination
T'apply to them the thyme's oration.

R. A.

WIVES OF THE CÆSARS.—No. III.

" Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hac comite, atq. duæ pariter fugêre sorores."—Juv. Sat. 6.

The unbounded powers confided to Augustus were shared, and to a very great extent directed, by the empress, whose authority in Rome was obviously as strong and active as that of the " Imperial Cæsar." The city ratified the cession of its freedom by every extravagance of servile flattery; while the judicious prince, who had extinguished the vital spirit of the commonwealth, amused the people by retaining all the immaterial forms and name of the Republic. The provinces followed the example of the capital. They were exhausted by successive wars and the oppression of their irresponsible and rapacious governors; disheartened by the cold neglect or the connivance of the senate, they naturally looked for an alleviation of their sufferings in the new administration of affairs. Peace, on any terms, appeared desirable to countries invariably the victims of a war; and, accordingly, the suffrage of the provinces was clamorous in favour of the usurpation. The kings of foreign countries signified their pleasure at the elevation of Augustus, and rivalled one another in the adulation and priority of their congratulations. Among other demonstrations of their friendship and respect, they raised triumphal arches to his glory, founded cities in honour of his victories, and manifested by every possible evidence their respectful dependence on the amicable feelings of " the father of his country." In the mass of flattery which foreign potentates bestowed on Cæsar, there was that sameness of profession which generally characterizes the homage of temporizing subservience. But the submission of King Herod of Judea was a memorable exception to the general servility. He was accounted—wherefore it appears not—the ablest politician of his time, and had been the most zealous and faithful partisan of Antony. The ruin of that triumvir, it was expected, would be fatal to King Herod; for Augustus had expressed, and in some instances evinced, his resentment against the coadjutors of his fallen enemy. The monarch of the Jews, whose affairs were much embarrassed by his constancy to Antony, set sail for Rhodes, where he found the emperor, and addressed him in the following strain of magnanimity:—" I have assisted Mark Antony with money, troops, and counsel, and should willingly have rendered him my services in person, had I not been called elsewhere by the exigence of war. I did not abandon him, even after his defeat; my affection did not perish with his fortune; on the contrary, as I was indissolubly pledged to his concerns, I endeavoured to avert his fall, and gave him such advice as zeal and gratitude suggested—advice, which had he followed it, might perhaps have left him happy at the present hour. I strongly urged him to abandon Cleopatra; I endeavoured to impress on his conviction the fatal evils of that protracted intercourse; I pointed to him, as a sol-

dier, the remnant of his army, and bade him look to the recovery of power and fortune. If my attachment to Mark Antony, who honoured me with his esteem and friendship, who enriched me by his benefactions, be a crime—then, Cæsar, I am guilty. Yet, surely, every honest heart would have espoused the part I acted; for who but the basest of mankind could prove unfaithful to a generous patron in the hour of his affliction? I am sensible, thank the gods, to the duties of gratitude and friendship; and you, Augustus, may convince yourself of my sincerity, if you deign to occupy the place in my esteem vacated by the death of Antony. You will find in Herod the same attachment and good faith which he kept inviolately with your former foe." The generosity of this address propitiated Cæsar, who not only gave his confirmation to the royalty of Herod, but enlarged his kingdom by the appendage of several important cities. The monarch of Judæa, studious of his patron's favour, built Cæsarea to his fame, and adorned it with two sumptuous temples dedicated to his divinity. He moreover instituted games in honour of his "human god," and gave a splendid prize as the reward of the victorious competitor; while Livia, anxious to sustain and emulate his flattering munificence, despatched a present of 500 talents to be united with the bounty of the royal parasite.

Livia's reverend affection for Augustus was instantly reciprocated. He demolished the magnificent and spacious house of his opulent freedman, Pollio, on the sacred way, and built upon its site a portico commemorative of her virtues. But the real testimony of his admiration was more emphatically manifested in his total acquiescence in her wishes, in his unreserved adoption of her opinions, and, shortly, in the palpable participation of the imperial power, which Livia thenceforth more than shared with him to the last of his existence.

It was Livia's object, by perpetual fascination, to enslave the mind of Cæsar; and she was a consummate mistress of her art. Her personal attractions, it was true, had lost their novelty; yet still the ever-varying charm of mind and manner substituted more than an equivalent of influence on the passion of Augustus. Livia's nature, both physical and spiritual, was ardent in the extreme; yet policy had so induced, and art had so enabled her to wear the guise of moderation, that Augustus loved in her accomplished artifices the unpretending and submissive ministry of his capricious will. Nor until a much remoter period of his life did the accumulation of domestic sorrows awaken him from the enchantment, which had so despotically and fatally beguiled his unsuspicious satisfaction. Livia was implicitly informed of Cæsar's passion for Terentia,* the wife of the polite

* *The familiarity* of Augustus and Terentia is somewhat too intelligibly represented in the Cameo of Arellius (*Monumens de la Vie Privée des* 12 *Césars*), a rare and learned volume, which, notwithstanding, delicacy must exclude from all ACCESSIBLE collections. The author has observed, in speaking of Mecænas, "il eut toujours une passion très vive pour sa femme Térentia, qui, par son esprit et sa beauté, pouvait le disputer avec Livie: en effet, elle rendit Auguste amoureux, et parmi tant de maîtresses qui recherchaient les bonnes graces de l'empereur, Térentia fut une de celles qui régna le plus long-tems; Livie le voyait bien, et contente de dominer, elle fermait les yeux et favorisait

Mecœnas; from the bottom of her heart she execrated that superlative but faithless beauty; yet, notwithstanding, in their meetings at the court and elsewhere in the city, Livia's conduct towards her hated rival wore the aspect of serenity and friendship. It has indeed been said, in dereliction of the pride and policy of Livia, that her reproaches were uttered on Terentia, though qualified in such a manner as to shew that she respected in the person of her rival the passion of her husband. But it seems by no means to agree with Livia's artificial character for acquiescence, that she should bitterly arraign Terentia's virtue, and divulge to common notoriety a tolerated intercourse, at once disgraceful to the minister and guilty in the prince. At the same time it must be remembered that the wary Livia herself was not above the empire of lubricity, and that, in spite of her precautions in the public walk of life, some clandestine passages in her demeanour afforded fearful grounds for a provoked recrimination. Livia's comprehensive views were daily cherished, if not by the increasing, at least by the confirmed, devotion of Augustus; and far from hazarding the one aspiring purpose of her life, by coupling it with any object of a minor and more fretful passion, she skilfully facilitated Cæsar's private pleasures, affecting an impenetrable ignorance of their existence. While meditating the advancement of her sons, she looked with no inactive satisfaction on her accumulated powers. Her influence she regarded less as the consummation than the means of her ambition. Ever mindful of the prodigy which promised empire to her issue, her politic and indefatigable mind was unremittingly employed in compassing its glorious fulfilment. The most important offices, the highest honours, an immediate confidence, were bestowed on both her sons. Tiberius and Drusus, at the head of mighty armies, commanding all the legions, and the delegates of the imperial authority, were incessantly extolled by Livia's vigilant attention to their fame; and their merits and their favour with Augustus were thus familiarized to the community. Nor indeed was the capacity of Tiberius, in politics or war, unworthy of the eulogy which Livia's venality procured him. Drusus, too, possessing military talent in a similar degree, united every great and noble quality, and formed a splendid contrast with his monstrous brother, who, for the misfortune and indignity of human nature, was destined to survive him.

The young and popular Marcellus, at once the son-in-law and nephew of Augustus, was now the important obstacle to Livia's plans. He was regarded by the Romans generally as Cæsar's heir presumptive and elect; and Livia had incessantly beheld him with a sinister

même les goûts de son époux; Mécène ne fut pas toujours si indifférent; et Dion rapporte que la jalousie s'en mêla, et refroidit pour quelque tems l'amitié d'Auguste pour lui. Cependant Mécène était trop bon courtisan pour éclater; et un jour qu'Auguste, selon sa coutume, était chez lui, et prenait des libertés un peu trop familières, le bon Mécène, qui voyait tout, feignit de dormir: mais peu après s'appercevant qu'un autre des amis d'Auguste voulait aussi s'émanciper, et profiter de l'occasion, il se tourna aussitôt en disant; '*non omnibus dormio.*' Ce bon mot fut très célèbre à Rome."

and jealous eye. He perished, to the common consternation, in the flower of life; as some affirmed, by poison—or as others said, by the mistake of Musa* the physician, who fatally prescribed for his complaint the cold baths of Baiæ, which had proved so beneficial to his uncle. But the suspicions of the public fell on Livia. It is impossible to fix on her, by clear and simple proofs, the fact of his assassination; but the concurrent rumours of the day, the pertinent allusions of after writers to traditions which they palpably believed, and, more than all, the subsequent iniquities of Livia in cases of the same precise effect on her ambition, will leave upon the generality of minds an inference of her supposed† atrocity. The premature fate of his intended heir involved Augustus in sincere affliction; for the suspicions entertained, or rather stated, of his having joined with Livia in the crime imputed to her, are in every point of view destroyed by their absurdity. Marcellus was the living source of hope to Cæsar; to Livia's objects he opposed, while living, an insuperable impediment.—"Suspecti Marcelli vota" are but slender words on which to found the murderous motives of a relative and benefactor. And Cæsar, in the plenitude of power, could hardly have conceived the dark necessity of bloodshed in his family, to guard his popular and steady government from the impressions of a stripling, who, indeed might unadvisedly pronounce opinions of impracticable freedom, but of which the civil wars and subsequent administration of the reigning chief had disabused all classes of the people. And scarcely had Augustus paid the honours due to the memory of his beloved Marcellus, when his peace of mind was shaken by dark design so famously defeated by the wisdom or the magnanimity of Livia.‡

Pompey's grandson, Cinna, was the chief of a conspiracy revealed by treachery to Cæsar. The traitor who betrayed the secret made a full disclosure of all facts respecting time and place. Augustus was to perish at the altar in an act of sacrifice, and the depositions of the base informant were so ample and precise that Cinna's guilt was

* Antonius Musa was a freedman of Augustus, and brother of Euphorbus, physician to King Juba. He cured Augustus of a distemper by prescribing the cold bath; was rewarded with a considerable sum, an exemption from the public taxes, the freedom of Rome, and a statue which was placed next to that of Æsculapius. Medical practitioners were now first allowed the immunities of Roman citizens. But the same treatment which had cured Augustus proved, *as it was said*, fatal to Marcellus; and the healing art again relapsed into temporary dishonour.—See Sanadon's note on Horace Epist. i. 13.

† Propertius would affirm (l. 3. El. 18) that Marcellus was drowned at Baiæ—

> "His pressus Stygias vultum demisit in undas,
> Errat et en vestro spiritus ille lacu."

But Scaliger rejects the supposition that Propertius was ignorant of the fact, and states the real reason of his affectation—"qui, mortem Marcelli deflens, maluit mendax Liviæ adulari, quam verum dicendo sibi periculum creare." *In Not. Varior.*

‡ Livia super sexus muliebris conditionem prudentissima erat fæmina. * * * Livia uxor ejus (Cæsaris) proba et sapiens fæmina consilium ei dedit, ut inimicos beneficiis et liberalitate vinceret. Ei paruit Augustus * *. Orationem Liviæ quæ ponderibus est prægnantissima.—Vide *apud Dion. in Aug.* p. 17. *Theatr. Historic. Christian. Matthiæ. Oct. Cæs. Aug.*

incontestibly confirmed. The emperor resolved on justice and severity; and a council of his friends was summoned for the dawn of day. In the anxious interval he was perplexed and agitated by the hard necessity of further bloodshed—and of bloodshed, too, in Pompey's line. The night was almost past in agonizing doubt and perturbation; the troubled spirit of Augustus, distracted by conflicting purposes, was vented in recurring paroxysms of abrupt and contradictory determination. Livia had secretly beheld and overheard the scene of agitation. She seized the moment suited to her purpose, and approached Augustus, who gazed on her with a confused expression of surprise, perplexity, and anguish. They were silent till the emperor, incapable of utterance, implored her by a sign to speak. "I have heard, and seen, and felt the whole of your emotion," said Livia calmly, and soothed him with an air of grave but winning tenderness. "If you are willing to adopt a woman's counsel, listen to me; imitate those physicians, who failing of effect with their accustomed remedies, employ their opposites. Hitherto severity has not availed you. The punishment of one conspiracy has rapidly begot another. Salvidienus, Lepidus, Muræna, Cepio, and Egnatius paid the forfeit of their lives; and yet with all the peril of the enterprise, is Cinna at the head of a resolved conspiracy. Since, then, severity has failed, see what effect may be produced by clemency. Pardon Cinna; he is discovered, and consequently harmless; and the fame of your forgiveness will propitiate universal admiration and respect." Augustus, who himself was wavering between severity and mercy, was confirmed by Livia's admonition in the latter course. The council of his friends was countermanded; Cinna summoned suddenly, and Cæsar all alone received him. He surveyed him on his entrance with a significant and stedfast look. "Be seated," said Augustus, "and listen to me; when I have finished you may speak. I found you, Cinna, in the army of my enemy. Your situation was less the effect of option than of birth; the son of Pompey naturally was the foe of Cæsar. I granted you your life; I restored to you your patrimony. Your affluence at this very hour provokes the envy and entails on me the censure of the conquering party. You sought the priesthood, I conferred it on you to the disappointment of competitors, whose fathers fought my battles. I have covered you with honour, I have lavished favour on you; and how would you requite these benefactions?—By my death!" Cinna would have spoken and denied; but Cæsar laid his finger on his lip. He then detailed to him the preparations he had made; the name of his accomplices; the individual chosen to inflict the blow; the very altar where his blood was to be spilt. Augustus reasoned with him calmly on the absurdity of his design, and having purposely sustained his doubts and apprehensions by a severe but just remonstrance of two hours' duration, he paused before he came to the important point. Augustus seemed to labour with his purpose; and Cinna, who had passed amidst the guards, was on the brink of fate. "You were my enemy," resumed the former, "and I forgave you: to the character of enemy, you now have added that of parricide—of traitor—"

Cinna became pale and breathless—Augustus clasped his hand; "Cinna—I pardon you again!"*

Cæsar's conduct had the happiest effects, not only on its individual object, who was ever after faithful and devoted to his benefactor, whom he made his heir, but in its results upon the public feeling. The story was received in Rome with enthusiastic admiration, and so effectually was every heart possessed by Cæsar's generosity, that his reign was ever after free from plots against his person. Charmed with the effect of Livia's counsel, by which he had acquired security and fame, Augustus gratefully renewed to her the tokens of his confidence and love, and submitted both his future councils and his fortunes to the sovereign dominion of her will.

Tiberius, whose talents in the field were of the first distinction, had now subdued Illyria and the Germans, whom the recent fate of Varus† had inspired with confidence and resolution. The patriotism of the barbarians was still unbroken; they remembered with pride the exploits of Arminius, and their hopes were stimulated by the presence of the Roman captives in their country, a living monument of their success. The spell of terror was dissolved, and the Romans were compelled to act on the defensive, and eventually to vindicate their arrogant authority by an offensive war. Tiberius had conducted it with signal prudence, valour, and felicity. It was a vital, and indeed a natural part of Livia's policy, to render the merits of her sons conspicuous to the Roman people. Her influence with the emperor was absolute. Accordingly, no sooner had the laurelled letters‡ of Tiberius been communicated to the senate, than the victor, by the express direction of Augustus, was on his way to Rome to receive the solemn honour due to his achievements. A triumph was itself, in Livia's apprehension, conclusive of her son's succession to the throne: for since Agrippa's settlement of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, on which occasion he modestly declined the triumph decreed him by Augustus, that splendid recompence of military exploits was exclusively confined to the imperial personage. Livia, enveloped in the

* The story here advanced is after Dion Cassius, between whom and Seneca, who both relate the incident, but lay the scene of it in places widely different, the discrepancy was heretofore observed. Lipsius adverts to it in his commentary on the latter author. M. de Voltaire, in speaking of Augustus (Dict. Philosophique) with his accustomed quickness has remarked: "Je doute fort de sa prétendue clémence envers Cinna. Tacite ni Suetone ne disent rien de cette aventure. Suetone, qui parle de toutes les conspirations faites contre Auguste, n'aurait pas manqué de parler de la plus celébre. La singularité d'un consulat donné à Cinna pour prix de la plus noire perfidie n'aurait pas échappé à tous les historiens contemporains. Dion Cassius n'en parle qu'après Sénèque; et ce morceau de Sénèque ressemble plus à une declamation qu'à une vérité historique. De plus, Sénèque met la scène en Gaule, et Dion à Rome. Il y a là une contradiction qui achève d'ôter toute vraisemblance à cette aventure." But Lipsius imagines that their disagreement as to place does not affect the substance of the narrative:—"Itaque dissensus hic in loco et tempore, non tamen in re, notetur."—*Comm. in Clement.* l. 1.

† See the exquisite description of the field of slaughter in Tacitus: "Incedunt mæstos locos, visuque ac memoria deformes," *et seq.*—*Ann.* l. 1, cap. 61.

‡ Litteræ laureatæ.

glory of her son, was lavish of expense to give the utmost splendour to the approaching pageant of the conqueror. Since the memorable triumph of Emilius over Perseus, king of Macedon, nothing had approached the grandeur displayed on this occasion. The emissaries of the Palatine had roused the expectation of the people; and from the triumphal gate, by Pompey's theatre, by that of Balbus—in all the wider spaces on the line of the procession, the plebeains, dressed in holiday attire, presented a dense and living mass of eager spectators. The chiefs of the vanquished nations walked in chains; and the lieutenants of Tiberius, who bore, through his solicitation, the triumphal ornaments, accompanied his progress, and enhanced by their celebrity and splendour the pomp of the solemnity. The gorgeous chariot of Tiberius was drawn by four superb white steeds in rich caparison; he himself, arrayed in purple, magnificently wrought in gold with the symbolic palm,* and holding in his hand a laurel branch, was hailed with deafening acclamations. The person of the triumphant chief was eminently fitted to the splendid dignity of the procession; for though his physiognomy revealed to an acute beholder that commingled sarcasm and ferocity, which were the prevailing feelings of his gloomy nature, Tiberius could relieve the stern expression of his countenance with a smile of simulated affability. His figure was symmetrical, robust, and tall; his eyes particularly large and penetrating, and his complexion pale; his locks fell backwards half way down his neck, and the haughty bearing of his head, encircled with the laurel crown, united with his imperturbable and cold demeanour, gave an air of Stoical effect to the superb solemnity in honour of his wise and valorous achievements. The triumphal car was followed by the army of the victor—the companions of his peril, and associates in his glory, each with a branch of laurel in his hand, reciting in enthusiastic hymns the valour of their chief. Augustus, seated in the Tribune of Harangues, presided at the ceremony; and when Tiberius reached the forum, on his progress to the Capitol, he descended from his chariot, and kneeling, rendered homage for his honours to the father of the Roman people! The clamour of the multitude which accompanied the victor on his progress, and resounded through the hills of Rome from the Esqueline to the Janiculum, was instantaneously succeeded by an universal silence. The striking aspect of the moment, far as the eye could reach, the innumerable concourse of devoted citizens, united in a common sentiment of loyalty and reverence, and sharing the generous rapture of their prince—a scene of concord and consummate happiness upon the very site of former faction and ferocity—electrically touched the memory of Augustus; the vivid contrast flashed upon his senses, and an involuntary pang was whelmed in the involving peace and glory of the present hour. Augustus manifested a momentary but profound emotion, to which the ready sensibility of the surrounding multitude replied; Tiberius

* "Romanorum Imperatorum insigne fuit sella curulus, sicut etiam *palmata* toga dicitur, quam merebantur ii, qui dehostibus palmam reportassent."—*Servius*, ad vers. 332. l. 2. *Æneid.—Vide et Rosinum de Triumph*, p. 780, 781.

alone preserved a firm and cold composure. As soon as the triumphant victor had regained his car, the pageant solemnly proceeded up the Capitol; and when the public ceremonies of the day were over, Tiberius received the senators and knights at a banquet of extreme magnificence. A thousand tables were plenteously supplied at his expense, to feast the populace of Rome; while Livia, with the aid of Julia, entertained the females of the city with unprecedented luxury and splendour. Livia, in addition, to commemorate the conquests of Tiberius, built a temple in the Capitol to the Deity of Concord; it contained an altar to Augustus, and, among the splendid presents with which she ornamented and enriched her dedication to the goddess, was a piece of chrystal, weighing fifty pounds, and a root of cinnamon, possessed of properties at once miraculous and useless. Having thus far solemnized the glory of Tiberius, Livia was engaged in preparations of equal splendour and extent in honour of the virtuous Drusus; but during the extraordinary reign of vice which flourished with such signal vigour from the date of the imperial power, a sad and premature fatality attended every brilliant hope of piety and talent, that expanded in the vestibule of empire. The moral and religious qualities of Drusus, had destiny preserved him for the throne, ensured the happiness and grandeur of his people. But his victories had scarcely been reported in the Capitol, before the joy of the community was clouded by the tidings of his death. He had subdued the Catti and Sicambri; his successful progress was facilitated by the terror of his name; he had pushed his conquests to the Rhine, and purposed to extend them. But a beauteous vision (such is Dion Cassius's account) accosted him, and sternly fixed the limit of his earthly hopes. "Whither," said the apparition, "doth ambition urge thee? Prince, desist. Thou hast attained the period of thy conquests and thy life." Drusus died while on his journey to the Capitol. Livia's grief was so intense that she required the conversation of philosophers to moderate its violence;* and the senate, to assuage her anguish, by one of those ill-timed and senseless offices peculiar to condolence, conferred on her the privilege by law accorded to the mothers of three children; pretending by a vain illusion to deceive that verity of bitter sorrow, which indulgence only can relieve, and, united with the piety of hope, may gradually soften to the peace of sad but sacred resignation. If Drusus was designed by Cæsar as his heir, his death was, indeed, no trivial misfortune to the people; but their affliction is described as usual with manifest exaggeration. The excessive grief of nations on such events is a picture frequently employed by the beguiling fondness of historians, who contemplate the death of virtue with an honourable sympathy, and inconsiderately ascribe it, with ardour of their

* "Illa in primo fervore, cum maxime impatientes ferocesque sunt miseriæ, se consolandam Areo philosopho viri sui præbuit; et multum eam rem profuisse sibi confessa est; plus quàm populum Romanum, quem nolebat *tristem tristitiâ suâ facere*," &c. (Consol. ad Marciam.)—SENEC. Credulity might admit the efficacy of the philosopher; but Rome whelmed in sadness by the sorrow of Livia—this exceeds the very bounds of declamation.—Seneca, in all his flights, has rarely written with such marked extravagance.

fancy, to the indifferent and senseless multitude. If, by the constitution of society, the mass of human nature could derive from royal, or from less exalted dignity, the proximate result of virtue, the sensibility of millions might respond to the calamity of an immediate benefactor. But the virtues of the great are, generally speaking, so obstructed and detained before their blessing falls upon the people, that the charm of their immediacy—the only one with multitudes—is lost upon perceptions of a merely near and instantaneous character. And even if the vulgar nature of mankind were capable of more remote and patient scrutiny, how few are the instances in history that could pretend to such unanimous and deep regret? The worth of Drusus as a soldier was attested by the manly sorrow of the army he had last commanded: his social and domestic virtues by the cordial lamentation of Augustus, Livia, Antonia, and his private friends. These, indeed, are credible and glorious testimonies of desert; and the individual who commands the sorrow of a father, mother, wife; the grief of honourable friendship, and the posthumous applauses of an honest soldiery, may well dispense with flattering inventions and the cold hyperboles of rhetoric. Drusus died in Germany, whither Tiberius had been immediately despatched on the communication of his illness. He arrived in time to witness his decease. The funeral pomp was headed by Tiberius on foot, who led the sad procession from the Rhine. The civic functionaries of the different towns through which it passed, attended it throughout their districts. Augustus, in the depth of winter too, accompanied the corpse from Pavia to Rome. The public mourning was exhibited with suitable magnificence. Tiberius pronounced the funeral oration of his brother, in the Forum; while another was delivered by Augustus in the Flaminian Circus. It is almost needless to observe, the senate, more to mark its homage to Livia and Augustus, than its reverence of the memory of Drusus, was prodigal of fulsome praise and complimentary decrees. The corpse was carried to the Campus Martius by Roman knights and sons of senators; and when consumed, its ashes were collected in an urn and placed in the mausoleum of the Julian family. The epitaph of Drusus in verse, and the history of his life in prose, were written by Augustus; unfortunately, both of them are lost.

Livia's energies now were concentrated in favour of Tiberius. Augustus was advanced in years, and she perceived the positive necessity of giving indefeasible effect to her digested plans. She governed Cæsar so notoriously, that his authority in Rome was second to her own. Her emissaries were diffused throughout the empire; and the will of Livia was achieved with equal certainty on the confines of the farthest province, or in the heart of the metropolis. She had gradually, with a secret but unerring hand, subdued whatever obstacles arose to the succession of her son. Marcellus perished. The union of Agrippa with his widow, Julia, the daughter of Augustus, produced successive offspring; impediments again, which time as certainly removed. Livia spurned compunction. With the talent to corrupt and animate her creatures by the springs of interest, she united the decisive vigour of a mind that wielded fear with an inex-

orable spirit. Her operations were conducted with impenetrable secrecy; the greatest strokes of her iniquity were dealt in silence; and though suspicion might descend upon her crimes, to prove them baffled all the vigilance of curiosity and hatred. Caligula, when young, observed, "she was a new Ulysses* in disguise." But notwithstanding the precautions of the empress, the successive accidents which fatally removed the kindred of Augustus, and thereby opened the succession to Tiberius, awakened the accusing rumours of the city. The sudden deaths of Caius and Lucius Cæsar, the sons of Julia and Agrippa, and whom Augustus had adopted and distinguished by the highest honours of the state, were commonly considered the result of Livia's remorseless and ambitious policy. Not only consanguinity—the resplendent merits of these youths—appeared to justify the choice of Cæsar, and render his selection grateful to the Roman people. Lucius died when on his journey to the Spanish armies; Caius, when returning from Armenia, and suffering —though not severely—from a wound.†

Augustus saw the only male remaining member of his family in Posthumus, the son of Julia and Agrippa, and adopted him conjointly with Tiberius as heir to the imperial dignity. But Livia, far from being satisfied at this designed partition of the sovereignty, recurred to her devices. She resolved to vilify the character and conduct of the guiltless but ungainly Posthumus; her designs were rendered somewhat easy by the personal and mental nature of the prince, for he was coarse and ignorant; and such was the effect of her invective, and the strength of her ascendant on the reason or the will of Cæsar, that the object of her jealousy was sacrificed and sent into exile on the lonely island of Planasia. This measure of Augustus was flagrantly unpopular; the Romans saw in his despotic treatment of his family the acquiescence of a man, whose faculties were obviously enfeebled by old age, and whose imperial power was wielded by the daring genius of a cruel and ambitious female. Nor was the emperor himself insensible to that severity of fate, by which his numerous descendants were cut off from the imperial heritage; he secretly and bitterly complained of his bereavement to his private friends, and actuated by a deep emotion of returning nature, communed with himself upon the banishment of Posthumus Agrippa. He found with equal shame and sorrow, that the exile of that prince was utterly unmerited; he perceived, too, from the agency by which it had been artfully effected, the immoderate passion and aspiring object of his wife. He was touched with the penitent and affectionate resolution to repair the injury he had inflicted on Agrippa, and determined on a secret visit to the solitary isle, to which his credulous compliance had consigned him.

Augustus left the Palatine at dead of night, accompanied by Fa-

* Or it may be freely rendered "an Ulysses in petticoats." "Liviam Augustam proaviam *Ulyssem stolatum* identidem appellans."—*Sueton. in Calig.* "Stola apud Romanos pudicarum matronarum insigne."—*Sabell. in Sueton.*

† "L. Cæsarem, euntem ad Hispanienses exercitus, Caium, remeantem Armenia et vulnere invalidum, mors fato propera vel *novercæ Liviæ dolus abstulit.*"—*Tacit.* Ann. l. c. 3.

bius Maximus, a senator, to whom alone of all his friends he had imparted the intention of his journey. They went from Rome by the Prænestine gate, in order that their destination might be unsuspected, should their persons accidentally be recognized on their egress from the city. On the outside of the walls a *cisium* was in attendance for the emperor and his companion; and turning to the west the utmost expedition was employed by their conductors to place them in the neighbourhood of Centum-Cellæ. There the travellers alighted, and traversing the beautiful and famous verdures on the lower part of the acclivity,* they sought, by the appointed flourish of a cornet, and the appearance of a scout upon a rising ground, an unfrequented nook, in which a pinnace, by the Romans called a *celox*, was in readiness for their reception. The pilot of the vessel, watching the points and headlands of the coast, pursued his course for the Igilian straits. The weather was serene; the influence of the placid evening absorbed Augustus in a dream; his looks were rivetted on the Etrurian shore, the land of augury and omens; but the breeze, which freshened as the pinnace passed between the island and the main, recalled him to a painful sense of his condition. He was the master of the universe, and yet domestic influence had so enchained him, that he was driven secretly to execute the duties of a prince, and to indulge the affection of a near progenitor. The sun was rapidly declining; he looked with an admiring yet a wistful eye upon its golden orb, and as its descent behind the woody mountains of Igilium† gradually darkened the glowing beauties of the Tuscan coast, the bitterness of grandeur crossed his sinking spirit. The premature decease of Lucius, Caius, and Marcellus awakened all the tenderness of memory, and filled him with prophetic fears for Posthumus Agrippa. At the moment, a sweet but simple song of shepherds was wafted from the shore; Augustus listened, leaning towards the land, his eyes filled with tears, and he was heard by Maximus to utter, with a tremulous articulation, the verses of the lovely pastoral of Maro,—

> "Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuissem
> Aut custos gregis, aut maturæ vinitor uvæ!"

on which he hid his features in his *penula*, till twilight covered his emotion. The pilot now, relying on the stars, and studious of the winds, and casting the *molybdis* warily from time to time, stood straight for the offing of Port Telamon; and thence, under favour of the cool Etesian breeze, dropped gently down upon Planasia by the break of day. The island lies so low‡ that, unexpected as he was, the landing of Augustus was effected without the previous knowledge

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* "Evocatus in consilium à Cæsare nostro ad Centum Cellas (hoc loco nomen) longe maximam cepi voluntatem; * * *villa pulcherrima cingitur viridissimis agris*; imminet littori, cujus in sinu quam maximus portus, velut amphitheatrum."—*Plin.* L. 6. Epist. 31. See also, *Rutilius*, *delaudibus urbis*, *Etruriæ et Italiæ*, 1520, in 4to.

† "Eminus Igilii silvosa cacumina miror."
Rutilii, L. 1, v. 325.

‡ "Videtur eadem quæ Plinii *Planaria* (l. 3, c. 6) a specie dicta, *æqualis freto*, ideoque navigiis fallax."—*Cellar. Geogr. Antiq.* l. 2, c. 10.

of Agrippa, who was discovered lying by a cavern on the shore. The emperor beheld before him his only male descendant extant, the issue of his only child, the son of that intrepid warrior and faithful counsellor and friend, to whose ability in arms, and wisdom in advice, he owed his early triumphs and the eventual strength of his authority. He had been sacrificed by arts, too late detected; and Agrippa offered to his sight a reproachful instance of injustice and unnatural desertion. The feelings of Augustus were embittered by the affectionate reception of his grandson; the tears of the unconscious youth were shed upon the hand that dealt his injuries; their interview was short and poignant. Augustus had beheld enough, and formed his resolution: and taking an abrupt departure, with Agrippa ever present to his eyes, and overwhelmed with shame and sadness by a crowd of irrepressible reflections, the emperor regained the Palatine, as he imagined, after a concealed and unsuspected journey. He had, however, on his arrival, the mortification to find that Livia was mistress of his secret. Maximus, the only person who was privy to his journey, and to whom perhaps he had imparted its momentous objects, had disclosed the emperor's intentions to his wife; who had again revealed them to the vigilant and jealous empress. The indiscreet loquacity of Maximus, the error of a weak capacity, was possibly the cause of Cæsar's fate. The aged emperor, with sufficient feeling to deplore, and even to repair the wrongs of Posthumus Agrippa, if free from Livia's influence, needed but the time to bring him safely to the capital. When there, the equitable dispositions of his atonement, might possibly have triumphed over Livia's interference and devices; for the Roman people would have hailed the restoration of a youth combining the beloved remembrance of Augustus and Agrippa. But the unfortunate disclosure of Maximus proved fatal to whatever plan the justice or affection of the emperor had formed. Livia was equally indignant and alarmed when she discovered that Augustus had a secret project. Her apprehensive mind too readily perceived the nature of a plan, in which the exiled Posthumus was destined to sustain a part; her violent reproaches, mingled still with all the simulated suffering of wronged affection, effectually restrained the progress of Augustus in his scheme; and Livia, now mistrustful of the emperor's intentions, in the fullness of her power and the maturity of all her plans, was shortly placed by his decease beyond the influence of his suspected reformations. And here again the arts of Livia are by some supposed to have secured, by Cæsar's death, the object of her complicated crimes. The objection raised by an intelligent and elegant historian,* that Cæsar's

* "Cependant la santé d'Auguste dépérissait, et quelques uns soupçonnaient que le crime de sa femme y avait part; comme si un vieillard dans sa soixante et seizième année, d'une complexion naturellement très faible, avait besoin de poison pour mourir."—*Crevier Hist. des Empereurs. Aug.* l. 3. It must always be remembered that M. Crevier was liable to the charge of inconsistency. Who would have supposed that, after the enumeration of other excellence, he calls Augustus "bon et fidèle ami; père tendre, mais malheureux, bon frère, bon mari;" and that, in speaking of the peace of his last moments, he should add, "bonheur de peu de conséquence, puisqu'il devait finir, et être remplacé par *une eternité de supplices ! !*"—*Ibid.*

age was so advanced as to render useless the treacherous anticipation of his death, is but a feeble refutation of suspicions, founded on the motives of a first mistrust, on the impatience of ambition and the well-attested guilt of a cruel and remorseless nature. Livia had discovered, for the only time in her career, that Cæsar entertained a project to which she was a stranger. Posthumus Agrippa, hitherto neglected and disowned, had recently become the object of his anxious care; the splendid hope of her existence was abruptly darkened; and Cæsar's health began to languish visibly from the date of that discovery. Dion Cassius mentions the report, that Livia had impregnated some figs with poison while upon the tree; and that, in plucking and presenting them (his favourite fruit) to Cæsar, she ensured, with her accustomed subtlety, his gradual but certain dissolution. Augustus was attacked while on his route to Beneventum with Tiberius, and the symptoms of his illness favoured the suspicion of his wife's iniquity. In a state of weakness rapidly increasing, he moved by easy journies along the beautiful Campanian coast, and visited the islands in its neighbourhood. He sojourned four whole days in Capreæ, where he enjoyed an intermission of his sufferings. From Capreæ he passed to Naples, and eventually to Beneventum, where he parted with Tiberius, who was destined for Illyricum. At Nola, on his road to Rome, his malady assumed its fatal character, when Livia instantly despatched a courier to her son. Tiberius hastened to obey the summons; and, to shew the strong discrepancy in statements of events, the most momentous even, it may be observed, that Suetonius and Paterculus affirm the coming of Tiberius in sufficient time to hold a long and serious conversation with the emperor while on his death-bed; and Tacitus, upon the other hand remarks, it was uncertain whether Cæsar was alive on his arrival. Livia gave positive directions that all the roads to Nola should be strictly guarded; and access to the emperor was interdicted to all persons of whatever rank, unless supplied with the permission of the empress, who fed the popular anxiety, from time to time, with qualified intelligence, directing its dispersion in the neighbouring towns, and transmitting it to Rome by periodical despatches. Augustus on the last day of his life was sensible of his approaching end; his sufferings had subsided. To such friends as were permitted to behold his dissolution, he addressed the question, "had he well sustained the part allotted to him in the play of human life?" The apartment where he lay was that in which his father died; he surveyed it with serene remembrance, and having ordered every one but Livia to depart, he suddenly expired with the pathetic valediction, "Livia, conjugii, nostri memor, vive et vale!"

The death of Augustus was for some short time concealed by Livia's policy; and when the calamity (for such in truth it was) was published to the people, his will declared Tiberius his successor to the sovereignty. The memory of Cæsar was glorified with all imaginable pomp; Livia conferred on him the honours of apotheosis; and Atticus, the senator, affirmed that he had seen his soul ascend to the celestial realms. Temples, altars, and a priesthood were consecrated to the new divinity; Livia was herself among the number of

the last; and as Cæsar's testament adopted her into the Julian family, she was now the widow, daughter, and priestess of her "immortal husband." The earliest act of his successor was a faithful indication of his hypocritical and bloody character. With the praises of Augustus on his lips, at the moment of his solemn declaration that his future conduct should be strictly governed "by his father's" will, he despatched an order for the murder of Agrippa. The centurion charged with the commission, no sooner was discovered by his victim in Planasia, than Agrippa guessed his sanguinary object; and such was the vigour of the unarmed but desperate youth, that the murderer, with the advantage of weapons on his side, was barely able to achieve his purpose. When the officer returned to intimate the execution of Agrippa, Tiberius disclaimed the order for his death, and threatened the centurion with the judgment of the senate. But Sallust, who had signed the cruel mandate, and feared alike conviction on the one hand, and on the other, if absolved, the emperor's resentment, appealed to Livia in the double peril of his situation. He knew by what insiduous arguments to touch the pleasure of the empress. He sustained the irresponsible authority of Cæsar in acts of such extreme necessity; declared the danger of a precedent, which admitted the control of an inferior order in the state; and so effectually satisfied and flattered the despotic principles of Livia and her son, that rather than permit inquiries which might prejudice the minister or prince, it was determined to allege the orders of Augustus, and the murder of Agrippa was accordingly ascribed to his directions. And such was the incredible debasement of the Roman spirit, that the authors of the deepest crime that human wickedness can perpetrate, escaped the open accusation of a single tongue. Not even could the general conviction of their guilt subdue the clamour of their parasites, who outraged decency and reason with their mean and infamous applause. The greedy appetite for adulation had so disgraced all ranks of the community, that language and invention were exhausted to encumber Livia and Tiberius with new and honourable designations. But the latter soon discovered his impracticable temper; for the shrewd and sullen tyrant, observing that the servile spirit of the people advanced his mother's powers proportionately with his own, affected to discourage this inordinate subservience. Employing the expressions of a modest gratitude, he artfully rebuked the unsuspecting confidence which greeted his authority. At the same time he emphatically stated his objection to the increase of his mother's honours, whose privileges were already greater, he observed, than became the station of a female "in a commonwealth," and which he thenceforth signified his pleasure to curtail of their excess. The limitation of her power, ungracious as it might be in its emanation from Tiberius, was a measure of unquestionable prudence. Livia was not content with the extravagant concessions of the senate; she affected to postpone the very laws to her caprice; the keenest and most hazardous affront that tyranny can offer to servility itself. A striking instance of her insolence occurred in Urgulania's case. She* was the

* "Vocata in jus Urgulania, quam supra leges amicitia Augustæ (Liviæ) extulerat."—TACIT. *Annal.* l. 2. c. 34, *et al.*

favourite of Livia, and was cited by authority before a competent tribunal; but she was bold enough, relying on the empress's protection, to spurn the summons, and demand that her defensive depositions should be taken by a prætor, specially deputed for that purpose to her private dwelling. In these exorbitant pretensions the favourite was indecently maintained by Livia's effrontery. She was indignant and amazed that the authority of law contested her superiority; and interceded with Tiberius to espouse her arrogant assumption. She had, however, read but ill the rigid humour of her son, who silently condemned the contumacy of her dependant; and beheld with secret satisfaction an irrevocable judgment given in the case, by which the favourite was compelled to pay a weighty sum, which Livia lent her for that purpose. To her, who in the life-time of Augustus had exercised unlimited authority, and who had furthermore conferred the power by which her own was secretly curtailed, the humiliation was offensive to the last degree. Tiberius listened to her violent remonstrances with a cynical composure which embittered her disgust, and taught her to expect the subsequent restrictions of his morose and jealous policy. Yet, notwithstanding the ungracious conduct of her son, such was the ardour of her inveterate ambition, that her apprehensions were incessantly alive to every possibility by which the permanence of his authority might be endangered.

Germanicus,* the son of Drusus and Antonia, was equally distinguished by his talents and his virtues. His achievement in the German war had proved him a consummate captain; and the generous and loyal promptitude, with which he quelled the insubordination of his army, and repelled the offer of the empire, thrice repeated to him by the soldiery, deserved the confidence and gratitude of Tiberius. But the sinister suspicions of the mother and the son beheld in the affection of the legions—who adored Germanicus—the precarious tenure of their own detestable authority; and thenceforth viewed with envy and mistrust the popular ascendant of a military chief, whose virtues darkened by their contrast the palpable demerits of the reigning prince. Livia and Tiberius were little scrupulous of means, when consulting their ambition or security; and instruments of guilt were always ready at the court of Rome to purchase, by atrocity however deep, the grace and favour of the great. Germanicus was therefore to be sacrificed. Beyond the confirmation of her son's authority, Livia had a strong incentive to the act, in her hate of Agrippina, the worthy consort of so great and good a man. She was the presiding favourite in Rome; her illustrious descent endeared her to the people; her virtue was the theme of common approbation, at a season when

* "Juveni civile ingenium, mira comitas el diversa à Tiberii sermone, vultu, arrogantibus et obscuris. * * 'nobilitatem ducis, decorem' alius, plurimi, 'patientiam, comitatem, per seria, per jocos eundem animum' laudibas ferrent: * * neque multo post extinguitur, ingenti luctu provinciæ et circumjacentium populorum. Indoluere exteræ nationes, Regesque; tanta illi comitas insocios, mansuetudo in hostes; visuque et auditu juxta venerabilis, cum magnitudinem et gravitatem summæ fortunæ retineret, invidiam et arrogantiam effugerat." —*Tacit. Ann.* l. l. 1. 2. *in loc.*

immodesty and vice appeared elsewhere inseparable from the character of wealth and grandeur; her reputation was beyond the breath of censure, and was triumphantly compared by her admirers with the fame of Livia, which evidently suffered by the contrast. Agrippina, too, possessing an inherent pride, disdained to mingle with the crowd of Livia's parasites, who rendered homage little short of adoration to a woman of imperious temper and wielding a despotic power, acquired with infamy and bloodshed. Germanicus was now at Antioch: the very distance of the place from Rome was favourable to the tranquil execution of the plan by which he was to perish. The secret ministers of death were Piso and his wife Plancina. Their treacherous iniquity was discovered—but too late; and the unfortunate Germanicus, bewailing on his death-bed his untimely fate, besought his friends to publish and avenge his murder. When the intelligence was brought to Rome, Tiberius, to avert suspicion, affected an inconsolable grief; but his hypocrisy was unavailing, for his order to destroy Germanicus by poison had been seen in Syria in the hands of Piso. His guilt was placed beyond a doubt, when Agrippina seeking vengeance from the senate, was openly discountenanced by his indifference, while Livia, spurning the opinion of the people, publicly bestowed her favour on Plancina, and employed the strength of her authority to shield a known and infamous delinquent.

Germanicus being thus disposed of, the fears of Livia were dispelled; and as her jealousy had now no further sacrifice to seek, she confined herself entirely to the active exercise of power; for notwithstanding the repugnance of Tiberius to the increase of her influence, he knew that he could no where delegate authority more safely, or intrust it to more resolute or skilful hands. Besides, he counterpoised it by the presence of his minister, on whom again his mother was a vigilant and firm restraint. Tiberius despised the pageantry and forms as much as he affected the reality of power; and eagerly availed himself of such secure tranquillity at Rome, to wallow in the sensual obscenities of his retreat. A female paragon of crime, united with a pampered minion of authority, the instruments of an unnatural, a cruel, and an absent tyrant, dispensed a reckless despotism in the city of the Catos, the Gracchi, and the Scipios. The prostituted senate deified the persons and eulogized the guilt of a contemptuous oppression. Such was the condition of the Roman capital in the latter days of Livia Drusilla, by odious adulation termed "the mother of her country." The latest flattery of the unblushing senate assigned the female who was privy to, or directly instrumental in the murder of Marcellus, of Caius, Lucius—perhaps Augustus Cæsar —of Posthumus Agrippa, and the glorious Germanicus—a seat among the Vestals in the theatre. The audacity of Livia was equalled by her hypocrisy; she was lavish of magnificient donations to the temples of the gods; and Jerusalem was distinguished from all other cities by the superior splendour of her gifts. The remnant of her life was passed in the administration of affairs; her health and faculties were vigorous till the last. She attributed the long continuance of both to the habitual use of Pucine wine and a preserve, on which she latterly

subsisted.* In her eighty-sixth year Livia felt the approach of death. The tidings were conveyed to Capreæ; but Tiberius, sunk in his debaucheries, and possibly afraid to trust at Rome his hateful person, or ashamed to shew a body bearing the impressions of disease, excused himself from his attendance on his dying mother. She expired in evident disgust at his unnatural neglect. Caligula, her grandson, the future emperor of Rome, pronounced her funeral oration, and placed her ashes in the mausoleum of Augustus. The character of Livia can only be established by the facts related in her life. It is hardly requisite to controvert the flattering impertinence which founds her virtue on the necessary intervals of her iniquity. She never shrunk from crime when it ensured or even promised any object of extreme solicitude: her capacity was vast, her mind decisive, and her spirit bold; hypocrisy was her prevailing art, though utterly inadequate to choke the sins of her ambition, which were marked with persecution, cruelty, revenge, and bloodshed.

THE BIRTHDAY.

My trembling fingers touch the lyre once more,
Trembling with dread of all they must deplore;
For each sad echo works a sadder spell,
To draw reluctant *memory* from her cell.—
And my worn bosom, which with sighs must strive,
Both wails, and wonders, as again revive
Those strains so soft, so sweet, that mock our ear,
With all that flatters, and forsakes us—here.—
Hark—it is Hope, whose charming preludes ring,
And pleas'd, we play upon the treach'rous string!
Hark—it is Joy's full diapason float—
And how entranc'd, and eager, is the note!
Oh, spare me—spare me—be oblivion mine—
If I remember—shall I not repine?
Can the weak mortal stem the double care
Of all that time must banish—time must bear.

Our pearls lie melted in life's acid cup,
And—shall we *love it*—as we lift it up?
No! red ripe lips whose dimples long to laugh,
Change to a pensive paleness as they quaff;
And eyes, like suns, weep that their fervid noon
Has warm'd too little—and has past too soon!

L. P.

* 'Inula' (officinis 'Enula Compana') per se stomacho inimicissima; eadem dulcibus mixtis saluberrima. Pluribus modis austeritate victa gratiam invenit * * defectus præcipue stomachi excitat, illustrata maxime Juliæ Augustæ (Liviæ) quotidiano cibo."—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* l. 19, c. 29. Doctor Hooper says, "It was formerly in high estimation in dyspepsia, pulmonary affections, and uterine obstructions, but is now fallen into disuse."—*Med. Dic.* The wine alluded to was the produce of the grape planted along the Adriatic Sea, or Gulf of Venice, upon a stony and rugged hill, not far from the source of the Timavus, and was thought to have received some of its valuable qualities from the vapours of the sea.

SECRET MEMORANDUMS,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE BRADSHAW ELLWORTHY, A CONTRIBUTOR TO *ALL* THE MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINE reading is one of the private delights of social existence; but magazine writing is one of the most laborious tasks in nature. A few years of such occupation is almost too great a trial both for the powers and patience of humanity. To read "an excellent number" is to be in a *parterre* of paradise; but to "contribute" is to be in purgatory. To loiter in poetic mood through a beautiful garden, and pick and choose the most alluring peaches, grapes, nectarines, figs, plumbs or luscious pears (some people like a cold carrot to scrape and nibble at, or the long crispness of a squared cabbage-stalk); to pluck the violet and the lemon-plant, as we saunter carelessly along, or nuzzle the whole face into a bed of roses, is an exquisite enjoyment of existence: but compare this with the incessant toil of the experimentalizing horticulturist and florist; or more properly with that of any under-gardener who is required to have all the same knowledge —besides "all the fag," and the difference between reading magazines and *writing* for them is quite manifest. Yet no: it is not so very manifest either: it is only explicit to the understanding; for who can feel its full force save those who have "suffered in the cause?"

If I had my life to come over again, I would follow some lucrative trade, in order that I might retire at a future period upon one hundred and ten pounds per annum, having nothing else to do for the remainder of my earthly sojourn but read magazines: all the new ones that come out, and the Retrospective for my standing stock! But this "devout consummation" can never be realized. Let me for a moment forget my own sad lot: let me send howling into oblivion—would it could be a lasting one!—the memory of all my drudgery of racking brain and scrambling pen, as a contributor: let me fancy myself a man of independent property—a prince commanding a wide domain of leisure—one of the elect—a king of time—a creature born to infinite good luck;—a gentle reader!

We look forward to our favourites of the monthly batch, as the intellectual peers that are to enhance our knowledge, strengthen our understanding, and in the course of their pages amuse and tickle our fancies, even like a "motley-minded gentleman." The quarterly periodicals are more grave, sententious, and apart. They are too reverend, dictatorial, and stilted, to be approached lightly; and the true Magazine Reader accordingly gives preference to the less assumptive and more familiar births of the month, whose faces he sees oftener, and with whom he is consequently so much better acquainted. Anticipative of pleasure, instruction, and excitement, we await their arrival on the appointed day; counting the tardy hours and lagging pace of the stupid, wooden-legged, insensible old or young fool who is to bring them to us; thrumming the table with

our fingers, or parading the room with the paper-knife in our grasp, now feeling its edge, now tapping the teeth with it, now carving the unresisting air! But we feel that we are not indulging in vain hopes—that they will arrive at last! And then—whether in the snug little parlour; the pensive attic; the soft-shadowed drawing-room; the cigar divan; the green arbour in the country; or the fresh, breezy sands of the watering place; we know that we shall find a fund of delight in reading them, as we pick our way through the pages that contain so many "striking articles!" They are *written* under very different circumstances, and in most cases with very different feelings. I can indulge in these fond imaginations no longer! Alack the day! I am grown bald in driving the grey goose quill over unnumbered fields—white acres—of paper; not to pasture and grow fat upon them, but to add to their fertility. I am not "a gentle reader;" I am a mere contributor.

But, though I am now become old and enfeebled in my literary campaign, I am just where I was when I began! For me there is no reading retirement—no pension. I have not been able to save one guinea. Yet in speaking of my beginning, there are sundry explanations to be made; and a brief account of them may be amusing to many, and instructive "to those whom it may concern." When a young gentleman's hand, after very long practice, has got well broken in; and he has become competent, both from natural and acquired ability, to write a piquant critique; take up a topic of the day with skill, judgment and humour; or write a good original article; the difficulty of getting his gratuitous contributions inserted in one or other of the Magazines, is by no means great. The difficulty is in getting paid for them. This is what I mean by a beginning. And a very arduous one it is to effect; as almost every magazine writer has found. Be your article of what value it may (except some extraordinary fresh news, or other temporary excitement), only drop into the corner of your note to the editor, that "the usual terms" are expected, and back comes the paper you thought so excellent, as sure as a gun. Being unknown, you are nobody—you can do nothing; or if you can—keep it. The establishment is full already: your assistance is not wanted. The *regular* contributors would look upon you as an ogre!—here's a strange fellow, who wants to be paid!

Independent of the prejudice against, or the indifference to, an unknown pen, with the character of whose interloping scrawl, the Editorial Eye can have no acquaintance, nor his feelings any sympathy; the admission of an article to be paid for, from a new hand, calls for a profound calculation touching the funds of the periodical in question. The article in itself, it may be well worth while to purchase; but then they know at head-quarters, from long experience, that the acquaintance will not cease there. They cannot, for this time, give the tyro his bonus, and then there's an end of the matter; for having once tasted the sweets of magazine writing, they are sure to receive another article next month from the dancing author, accompanied by a note as characteristic for its nonchalance as the first was for its modest ice-breaking timidity. It is evident that the audacious individual is bent on becoming a Regular Contributor! He even goes

so far as to say so in his second note!—merely expecting "the same terms!" This does not at all suit their arrangements; but it is exceedingly difficult to get rid of him. Month after month he perseveres, until the tenour of his note to the editor, by melancholy gradations, returns to his pristine humility; and after this he gives it up. He is heard of no more; unless perhaps by an abortive last effort six months after, in the vain hope of his hand and style not being recognized. A man may easily meet with a rebuff by presuming too much upon his popularity; but when you are reduced to build upon your obscurity, it is generally a lost case indeed. It is not unlike those cunning folks who anticipate a large prize in the lottery, chiefly because they keep it a profound secret that they have bought a sixteenth.

But, besides all these difficulties attending the luckless being who wishes "to start" as a periodical writer, there is another most important one inherent in the individual nature of these luminaries of the month. It stares you in the face as a very simple fact—when you know it; but, whether other writers have been equally slow, or that Bradshaw Ellworthy was the stupidest of men, it is very certain that, having no advisers, he was a long time in making the discovery. And this is the self-evident truth which, directly I have uttered it, will probably subject me to the laughter of all writers—even of those who never knew it before. That article which is just the thing for a certain magazine, will be the last, for that very reason, which will suit any other! It is almost the same, even with newspapers. Now, all young gentlemen, you can understand, not only why your admirable article was declined by the periodical you first sent it to, but also why it ran the gauntlet through all the rest, and finally returned to you, ragged, dirty, and blotted with black and red ink—the natural wounds and disfigurements of so arduous a campaign!

The introduction of so much politics, as we at present find in most of the magazines, is a downright abomination. The progress of the social machine has induced it; but the mark has been over-shot, and hence, as I believe, the decrease in sale of many of these periodicals. After some forty thousand newspapers "crammed with politics" being inflicted upon us daily, the public want something very different at the end of the month. The heads of the family may have no great objection perhaps; but all the other branches who have a large and persevering influence, crave for general literature and amusement. And this was the opinion that was acted on when I first became a contributor. Woeful have been the consequences to the circulation of many, by their over-doing the degree of change that was requisite. Each magazine, however, has always had its peculiar tone of politics, and to make this pervade it directly or indirectly throughout, constitutes one of the chief cares of its conductor. To write an article, therefore, upon any subject which shall exactly chime in with all the principles and peculiarities of any given periodical, requires an eye like that of the editor himself. Nor is this the only difficulty; for every editor has his peculiar idiosyncrasy as well as his magazine. Each periodical has its own particular channel; and to know exactly what sort of cargo, amount of tonnage, and number of guns, will sail

down this with safety, satisfaction, and success, does not require much more consideration than whether the pilot will see the chart from the same point of view, and what good things he can appreciate, and what he cannot.

It may now be asked, by those who are anxious to shine in periodical literature, "and pray, Mr. Ellworthy, how in the world did you manage to become a contributor to *all* the magazines? You must have played your cards after some very extraordinary fashion?" The question is easily answered; though to act upon the reply will be found laborious enough, to say the least of it. I gained my footing—don't talk of shining—by inexhaustible perseverance; and I kept my position, and thence gradually edged my papers into the various magazines, journals, &c. by *tact*, the result of long practice, and the experience derived from innumerable failures. If then, oh, devoted youth! thou would'st aspire to become a contributor to the periodical literature of thy country, listen to a brief account of my early efforts towards the same end.

I shall begin, my dear deluded sir, by exhorting you very seriously to choose any other profession instead; nay, or any trade. My exhortation shall not be fatiguing to you, nor can you complain of its lengthiness, inasmuch as it is now concluded. Since no one yet that I ever knew, cared a straw about receiving advice, or profited by it when volunteered, so I confess that the above warning was merely introduced to ease my own conscience, and not with any vain moralizing notion that it would in the least deter you from following your inclination, and indulging in all the usual fallacies of sanguine humanity.

After the rejection of innumerable gratuitous articles of all kinds during several years, I at length got the knack of doing what was "wanted," and beheld myself in print! It was a day of exquisite exultation and triumph after so many failures. I could not eat my dinner, but walked about with a secret sense of dignity, like a great man *incog.*, wondering whether the folks I passed who were reading in the park, had any idea that I was a Contributor? I paraded in front of the Office continually in the course of the week, and purchased three numbers of the magazine, so that the editor might discover the circulation had increased in consequence of my article.

The summit of bliss is, however, an evanescent pinnacle; and all the time and indefatigable efforts employed to reach it cannot make it endure beyond a very brief period. Some half-a-dozen papers subsequently *appeared!*—and the charm of being in print was at an end. I now thought of being paid. Little did I think that this consummation was so far removed from the position I had then gained, and that the attempt was in fact the commencement of a fresh campaign. The transition from a gratuitous contributor to one who received his eight or ten guineas per sheet, seemed only in the natural course of things, just as one step follows another. I saw no wide gap yawning between, down which an author was liable to fall; no conflicting interests; no estimate of funds; no calculation of the extent of circulation; no establishment quite full. It never struck me there could be any difficulty in the matter. If an article was worth

inserting, surely it was worth paying for? But now, upon slipping into the bottom of my note to the editor that "the writer would be happy to receive the usual terms of emolument," paper after paper was politely declined, without my being able to conjecture what the devil was the occasion of it? I read and re-read the rejected articles, and sometimes I fancied I saw what was amiss in them, and very often I did not. I tried them elsewhere in their most corrected state: but no, it would not do; the result was always the same.

The important truth gradually broke upon me. The fault was not in my articles; nor was there, perhaps, any fault in the editor—it was the mutual misfortune of a want of money. An article might be a very good one to insert; but it might not at all suit the arrangements of the magazine to pay for it. Seeing things to be in this state, and having already wasted so much time in my efforts to become a contributor, I now made a staunch resolve to accomplish my end by acting practically upon an elaborate calculation of chances. In pursuance of this, I noted down the titles of nine periodicals, whose circulation was the most extensive, and whose funds were consequently in the best condition; and I then wrote nine articles on subjects as varied as possible, in my very best style. A scientific and patient use of these would put me in possession of eighty-one chances. So I got a little tally-book, and writing down the titles of the nine periodicals each on a separate page, with the titles of my nine articles under every one of them, I carefully crossed out the articles as they were successively rejected, and by these means avoided sending the same one a second time to the same periodical. After ringing the changes in this manner with the most exemplary fortitude during about a year and a half, (for I often had to wait some time before I had my papers returned, besides having to transcribe such as were worn out with service), one of my papers took root, and at the seventy-fourth chance I received five guineas for the insertion of half a sheet. The paper was entitled "The Man of many Sorrows." It was a story about an old bachelor in Germany, who dreamt every night that he was married to a couple of wives. It appeared in the New Twaddler, March 1st. * * *

Now was "the winter of my discontent made glorious summer!" I wrote other articles and handled them in the same persevering manner, till I gradually became a "regular paid contributor!" What ill luck could resist a man who entered the field with eighty-one chances? From that hour eighty-one became as the graven image of my destiny!—the number of my astrological house;—my seal held up on high;—my panacea against disaster;—my battering ram!—my armed host, before whose complex powers the difficulties that beset all life, especially a literary one, were compelled to succumb; penetrated on all sides, exhausted, worn out, and even glad to give in, rather than be at the incessant pains of knocking down a man who could get up again eighty-one times!

* * * * * * *

I understand your hint about posterity. It is a thought which has given me considerable pain at different periods of my life. That a man should devote so many years to literature, and yet never

transmit his name to future times, is in itself a sufficiently melancholy reflection; but when he considers that if he ever should be drawn out into the light from his anonymous obscurity, and his fragmentary members be put together, all the little posthumous fame he might acquire is liable to be damped by the charge of a want of principle being brought against him, it is a possible contingency of so grievous a nature to my feelings, that I would rather die away entirely and go out like a mutton luminary, whose last flicker in the save-all illumines the wise-teeth of eternal Oblivion.

As all the different parties in politics are represented in their respective magazines, it follows that a contributor to *all* the magazines must take up the cause of every party. To be of *no* party is not the same as to be of every party. It might be argued; but I fear there would be sophistry at bottom, as far as principle was concerned. I once had a long conversation with a great Scotch editor upon the subject, and stated to him my qualms on the score of conscience. "I'm muckle surprised at ye, Mr. Ellworthy," said he, "and vera much amused at yer simplecetee. Ye canna be in yer perfeck senses, laddie! What has princeeple to do wi' the matter, I should like to know? What has party speerit to do wi' the pocket—except as the best means of filling it? Naething—naething at all. The great circulation of the Enbrugh Brazenface is the proof of a' I am saying to ye. We fight unco strongly on our ain side o' the question, and we shall continue to do so, as long 's it pays. But as you are a writer in a' the magazines, you have just ane thing to do as a general rule: ye maun tak up the cause, whatever it be, just as an advocate taks up his brief, and so do yer best."

"Lawyers are considered a respectable class in society," thought I, "and barristers rank as men of some consequence;" and so I mixed this somewhat "flattering unction" with my ink, and wrote an article for the Tory Brazenface, which appeared the same month as one of my best in the High Scotch Republican!

But conscience varies excessively in the nature of its influence on different men. I found that mine did not possess the philosophic remorselessness of the editor of the Brazenface, nor had it the accommodating facility, ease, or flagrant dormancy, of the lawyers and advocates. My necessities were great—I may say, imperative (which is the best of all saving clauses); but I was nevertheless tormented by the qualms of that moral principle which was natural to me, and not to be quieted with any "hush-money." But the man who could succeed, despite the innumerable difficulties, in becoming a paid contributor to *all* the magazines, by a practical perseverance in the scientific simplicity of multiplying nine by itself, was not so poor in resources as not to be able to do something by way of reconciling all *parties*, even with so sensitive and kicking a thorough-bred as conscientious principle.

I will give an example of the method by which I effected this very difficult object, by quoting extracts from the various critiques I wrote on a poem, entitled the "Rise of Liberty," by William Fisher Wimble, which was making some noise at the time. As a whole, the production was not perhaps above mediocrity. It contained, however,

many very fine and very indifferent passages, so it just suited my many-coloured hand. My first notice appeared in the "Capital Commodore," and was thus couched:

THE RISE OF LIBERTY, a Poem. By W. F. Wimble, Esq.

"The author of the 'Rise of Liberty' is a poet whose appearance in the galaxy of our literature will be hailed by many with shouts of welcome. Many of his sentiments are noble and first-rate, and the images by which he illustrates them 'float by in gallant trim;' but we cannot say we always admire the under-current that is very visible to the eye of imagination. We dislike all that tends to violent innovation and consequent anarchy, as much as we scorn and deprecate the perpetuation of abuses. Strong imagination, fine moral thoughts, deepening at times into metaphysics, are not all that we find in Mr. Wimble's poem: it has also a thorough-going, uncompromising, and sometimes headlong political, as well as poetical, animus. On the subject of liberty, he is often fierce, rampant, fugacious, and *enflammé*. We are occasionally startled by bursts of eloquence, mingled with certain ebullient corruscations of wit, that would make us pronounce him to be an Irishman—only that his name is against it. His allusion to foreign scenery, manners, customs, &c., whether allied to, or, as is often the case, remote from, his subject, are vividly graphic and true to nature.

"We consider the following as one of his best stanzas:—

> "'The lark ambitious from his clover bed,
> Soon as the morning star hath waned away
> Before Aurora's cheek of lambent red,
> Towers to salute the fresh-created day;
> And strives to pierce the crystal dome afar,
> E'en to the altitude of that gone star!'

"We have only room for one more extract at present; but the poem contains many of a very superior order. He is still alluding to the lark.

> "'So doth the rising hope of Liberty
> Thrill in man's bosom, like that glorious bird's;
> Our souls take wing into the distant sky,
> High o'er the tyrants and their slavish herds;
> Our hearts are fixed upon its star sublime,
> Whose influence sheds fresh youth on aged Time.'

"If our readers feel the same sympathy that we have experienced with the above, let them turn to Mr. Wimble's little volume, and they will find themselves repaid. The book, like all other 'things human,' has its faults; but we wish the poet every success for the sake of its merits."

My next critique appeared in the Enbrugh Brazenface, and I sincerely hope I may not be d—d to all posterity for writing it.

"THE RISE OF LUBBERLY, a Poem!

"When a misbegotten, half-witted, unfledged dunghill cock—fancying the fiery-eyed, ruby-crested, spirit of the morning, Chanticleer, has strode off for a while across the sunny meads, accompanied by his feathered seraglio—comes with an impudent strut into the farm-yard,

and stretching back his ugly neck, utters with gaping bill his unmeaning, craw-cracked, Veluti-like squeal; all the stalwart men within hearing lay down their tools, and wonder at the strange dissonance of imbecility! But no sooner do they recover from their surprise, than a broad-shouldered fellow, with a pile of forehead, advances from among them; sets his heel upon the noisy impertinence, and with one good squelch, its body and soul are settled in a twinkling!

"With exactly the same feelings, and exactly the same purpose, do we now advance upon William Fisher Wimble, Esq., author of the prostrate volume of weak muck now spread out before us. Whether the fool-hardy, sweating scribbler, is a radical cobbler, a tinker, or the chief operative in some 'cheap and nasty' shaving-shop, were not so easy to determine; but that his proper post is in one or all of those important departments in Cockaigne, no one in his right senses can doubt for a single moment, &c. &c. &c.

"But let us carve out an extract. Here is one—Mr. Fish Wimble speak for yourself:

> "'The lark ambitious, from his clover bud,
> Soon as the morning star hath waned away
> Before Aurora's cheek of lambent red,
> Towers,' &c.

"Can any Christian critic make head or tail of this lark? An ambitious thing in feathers, towering from a clover bud as soon as Lucifer (the ambitious devil) has *waned away* before the goddess of morn, instead of advancing like a true gallant, to seize upon the red chops of Aurora! Mr. Thimble you have the soul of a tailor!

"What comes next?

> "'To salute the fresh-created day,
> And strive to piece the crystal dome afar,
> E'en to the altitude of that gone star!'

"Why, the man's daft; or else the most atrocious of blaspheming cockneys! Piece or patch the crystal dome;—he *must* be a tailor! Or could it be possible he meant to carry out the figure of 'salutation?' He deserves a strait-waistcoat in either case."

The rest of the critique was written in the same style, and I received a very complimentary note from the Editor, saying it was done "after his ain heart" and that he "could not ha' finished it off muckle better himsel'!"

After the above critique the reader will not wonder at my apprehensions respecting purgatory, or worse, hereafter. But I hastened to apply the antidote; and I think I shall not "howl." Just as I was sitting down to compose a counter-article for the "High Scotch Republican," I received this note from its editor:—

"Dear Sir,—You have no doubt seen the rascally abuse of Wimble's fine poem, in Brazenface. I want a proper notice of the 'Rise of Liberty' in my next mag., and it cannot be entrusted to better hands than yours," &c.

This, I modestly believe, was no more than the truth—it could not. Where could he find a man who knew his subject better? I had read it three times already, sitting down with a "fresh eye" for each perusal. But of course the editor did not know that the "ras-

cally abuse" was from my admirable hand. I thus commenced my notice:—

"The Rise of Liberty, by W. F. Wimble."

"In the fresh morning of our life, when the fields, and woods, and lofty heavens are the books we most delight in; when all nature seems unsullied around us, and we feel as though no change could ever o'ercome 'the spirit of our dream;' it is then we uplift our hearts with the purest adoration, filled with a sense of the majesty of nature, and that dignity of station which is man's birth-right upon earth. To know that we are mortal; subject to pain and disease ere our descent to the grave, though it be no humiliation, may call up the shade of Melancholy before our souls; but to know that we are free during our sojourn on this terrestrial sphere; that we can walk in the light of liberty, subject to no other tyrants than those which belong to our physical condition—this is enough to dispel the gloom of grief, care, and morbid apprehension, and illumine our path through time to eternity."

* * * *

"In reviewing the volume before us, we find ourselves called upon to perform a double duty. The 'Rise of Liberty,' like the rise of the sun, is often amidst clouds and storms; as that of the moon is not unfrequently accompanied by the baying of dogs and wolves. Mr. Wimble's poem has had its reviewers! It behoves us, therefore, to point out, to the best of our abilities, the many noble sentiments and images contained in the 'Rise of Liberty;' and also to expose the cowardly baseness and frauds manifested by the attack in Brazenface, which is from the well-known hoof of a consummate ass!"

* * * *

Soon after the appearance of the above critique, I received a very handsome letter of thanks from Mr. Wimble, with a pressing invitation to dinner. After some hesitation I sent a note excusing myself. I felt I did not altogether merit his friendship; that is to say, not to the extent he fancied himself indebted. Moreover, there was another cause for feeling uncomfortable in his presence. I was just then employed in altering the phraseology and epithets of scurrility in the article I had inserted in Brazenface, in order to send it to the London Brassrazor, which was, in fact, a sort of branch-bully from the former. And here I may be permitted to make an exception to a position previously laid down; because an article which would suit one of these might, in many cases, be very acceptable to the other, the relationship between them being the same as that of turkey-cock and son. My review in Brassrazor thus opened:—

"Fisher Wimble's 'Rise of Liberty.'

"William Fisher Wimble, the son of old Wimble the grocer of Shropshire, and nephew of an ill-savoured pettifogging lawyer in Wisbeach, was born in a back garret at Chelsea, and after living upon buns and pigeon's milk up to the age of five-and-twenty, has thought himself fully qualified, by birth and education, to compose a volume of poems. Tall of stature, thin, herring-gutted, k-legged, long-necked, of a dark complexion, with a bill-hook nose, and a hungry mouth, he may be continually seen striding with slow,

calliper paces, like a melancholy gowk, through Hyde-park; as delineated in our present sketch, which may be depended upon as a fac-simile. He has the *entré* of what he considers very good society, and is thought by his friends and relations (particularly Messrs. Molasses and Lattitat) to be possessed of a fiery genius, by which the ancient Thames is much endangered. But we seriously, and in the most friendly manner, recommend them, and him, to give up all such vain and preposterous anticipations; for he never will be able to produce anything that can possibly raise the Wimbles from their obscurity; as we think the present criticism has sufficiently proved."

I had scarcely completed my tirade for the Brassrazor, when I received the following note from the editor of the Dog and Gun Magazine:—

"My dear fellow:—What fresh game is this just started, about which the critics and other mongrels are making such a *yap yapping?* Who is this blade Wimble?—do you know any thing about him, or his book? If so, tip me a notice in a brace of shakes; if not, get the poem, or whatever it is, and knock off something or other for the Dog and Gun—nobody can handle the thing better, so look sharp. What the h—l do you do with yourself all day? I hav'n't seen your phiz these five weeks and more.—Yours, &c."

My notice in the Dog and Gun, commenced thus:—

"The Rise of Liberty, a Poem.

"Who would not rise with the lark to read Wimble's Rise of Liberty? It is not every man whose stomach is strong enough to read poetry in the raw of the morning, as the feather-bed creatures call it; but we are of more sterling materials, and with our gun or fishing-rod in one hand, and the 'Rise of Liberty' in the other, we could sally forth into the fresh air, and brush off the dew from its pages with the same glad feeling as the 'glorious bird' when rising from his sweet-scented clover bed. Mr. Wimble's Pegasus is a thorough-bred stallion; sometimes he flies like the 'high-mettled racer;' at others, bounds with all the daring energy of Bay-Bob the hunter. He is of course, at times, unequal in his speed and the height of his leaps; but it is only that he may renew his efforts with greater effect at the critical moment. He is always equal to what he undertakes; none of your poor, spavined, wind-galled, trussel-trotting roadsters is Wimble! Why, half our modern poets are touched in the bellows, and break down a dozen times when there's life and death, and even thousands at stake!" &c.

No sooner had I sent off the above to the Dog and Gun Office, than I sat down and wrote a review for the New Twaddler, who had not yet given any notice of the book.

"The Rise of Liberty, a Poem. By W. F. Wimble, Esq. 8vo. pp. 142. Wiggins.

"A volume of poems has been given to the world by William F. Wimble, Esq., which, if not a valuable acquisition to our literature, is at least an addition. There are many beautiful passages in the course of these hundred and forty-two pages, though not unfrequently deformed by inaccuracies of style, and an over-heaping of inappropriate imagery. It cannot always be called inappropriate, but some-

times it may; and if the similes are too much crowded in the course of several successive stanzas, there are others wherein a charming simplicity and propriety is carefully preserved. We cannot say that the stanzas about the lark, which our contemporaries have quoted, are much to our taste; but no doubt they will be admired by many readers. We must here declare, however, in the most unflinching manner, that greatly as we love freedom, and highly as we applaud all noble efforts in its cause, we nevertheless disapprove of the general tone and spirit in which Mr. Wimble has composed his poem. It savours too much of innovation and radical movement to be acceptable to the New Twaddler. It may, however, be relished by a numerous class of readers.

* * * *

"The above are selected from numerous instances of abominable stuff about liberty, the violence in purpose of which is only to be equalled by their weakness of meaning. The merits of the poem are a pleasanter task to discuss. We have seldom met with any thing finer than the following lines:—

"'Aye in the midway of that pleasant path
That runs between the torrent and the wall,
There would he stand with glee that was half ruth,
And idly pelt the pearly pebbles small.'

"Few readers of any sensibility or fancy, can fail to admire the charming *naïveté* of 'pelting pebbles.' It reminds us of our youth, and all its pearly thoughts. We have, however, a serious charge to make against Mr. Wimble on the score of plagiarism. Let our readers only compare the following verses from the 'Rise of Liberty,' with those that accompany them from Wat Tyler:

"'Where is the poor man's liberty,
Whose constant sweat scarce pays the constant tax?'
WIMBLE.

"'The parliament for ever cries *more money*,
The service of the state demands more money!
Just heavens! of what service is the state?'—SOUTHEY.

"We are glad Mr. Southey has seen the errors of his early productions; and it is insufferable to find these discarded rebellious opinions thus raked up, and given to us at second-hand. Again: mark the gross plagiarism from another more recondite quarter.

"'And in a chamber silent as a grave,
And as opaque, he sat with weary heart,
While sad thoughts heav'd, like dead flowers on the wave.'
WIMBLE.

"'A *chamber* deaf to noise, and blind to light,
A rosy garland, and a *weary* head.'
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Instances of plagiarism from the fine tragedies of Sheridan Knowles, and Miss Kemble's 'Francis the First,' are equally apparent. It is but justice to add that the volume is very tastily got up, and has a unique appearance."

While my hand was in, I dashed off a notice for a certain weekly paper, which shall be nameless. It amounted to nothing, and concluded characteristically. "We have no more space at present to

permit of further extracts; but there are many which we shall transfer to our columns at a future time." Whenever this is said, the reader may in most instances rest assured he will hear no more of the matter. It is an excellent method of pleasing the imagination of all parties—author, publisher, and public—and without having to read a line of the work.

Two or three months after all these articles had appeared, I received this note from the editor of the Old Squaretoes.

"Sir:—I have recently heard, from four or five Quarters, of a Book, of Poetical Character, called the 'Rise of Liberty.' Having mislaid my own Copy, and not knowing where in the World to look for It, I have applied to you, to Pen me a short notice Thereof, firmly believing you are fully competent to do it Justice. I shall therefore Repose with Confidence in your experienced Hand, as you are well conversant with the general Tone, and undeviating Routine, of our Magazine.—Yours, Sir, &c."

I according wrote to the Old Squaretoes in an epistolary form:

"Mr. Urbanity:—I have to call your attention (apologizing for thus trespassing on your valuable time and pages) to a poem, published some months since, bearing the title of the 'Rise of Liberty.' It is the composition of an author whose name has never before transpired—Mr. William Fisher Wimble; and as he evinces a respectable degree of talent, I cannot doubt but you will permit some mention to be made of his production in your long-established magazine. The poem contains many very clever ideas, which are well expressed and not always deficient in spirit. Although the images are too copious, we cannot say but they are frequently very apposite to his theme; and his versification, though by no means formed upon the fine old established models of the great Pope, of Gray, and others, is not altogether without harmony, even when he is harsh in sentiment. His feelings, however intemperate at times, are of a high order, as we conjecture; but we are persuaded that very many of his speculations on the subject of laws, property, moral rights, and political justice, will not be at all acceptable to the generality of independent gentlemen, &c. "I have the honour to remain,

"Mr. Urbanity, yours, &c."

I had almost forgotten to mention, that as a further "set off" to the article in the Brassrazor, as well as to neutralize the other attacks upon Mr. Wimble, I had also sent an elaborate critique to the Independent Depository. On referring to it, however, I found that the editorial axe had chopped it down to the bare truth.

"'The Rise of Liberty,' a poem, by W. F. Wimble. This poem is full of beauties, interspersed with great faults, which do not obscure the former. This is a proof of their high merit. The faults are such as will disappear with time and practice; the beauties are intrinsic, and therefore lasting."

And here ended, for the present, my labours in the cause of Liberty.

* * * * * * * *

A press of literary business prevented me from making an estimate, according to "my usual custom of an afternoon," of the remu-

neration I had received from the different periodicals for "the deeds I had done," until some time after. I eventually found a spare minute, and the account was booked.

To Reviews, Notices, &c. of the "Rise of Liberty," varying from nine inches to a foot and a half:

	£.	s.	d.	
From the Capital Commodore - - -	1	1	0	paid.
Ditto, the Brazen Face - - - - -	0	14	0	paid.
Ditto, the High Scotch Republican - -	0	15	0	paid.
Ditto, the New Twaddler - - - - -	0	12	6	
Ditto, (a long shot) the Dog and Gun -	1	4	2	paid.
Ditto, the Old Square - - - - - -	0	10	6	a bill.
Ditto, the Independent Depositary - -	0	14	0	paid.
Ditto, the London Brassrazor - - -	0	15	0	paid.

I had proceeded thus far, when I was startled by a postman's knock! Another order for critiques, no doubt! I tore open the note. It was from Mr. Wimble, who, by some most extraordinary coincidence, or absolute treachery in the editor, had discovered that I was the writer of the article in Brazenface! The contents of his letter I must leave to be conjectured. I cannot bring myself to transcribe it.

* * * * * * * *

It was a great satisfaction to me, in laying my head upon my pillow, that I was not so bad as Mr. Wimble thought. He little knew of my method of neutralization—of the habitual wound-and-balsam system I had adopted as a salvo to my conscience; and I could not let him into my secret. But I had, in fact, only embodied myself in the general routine. Had I not written those critiques, the very same sort of things would have been done collectively. I had merely acted the part of a successful dramatist, according to my profession of a literary Advocate, &c.

* * * * * *

I am now in the decline of life, and a bachelor of course. I could never afford to get married. No contributor, who lived by it, ever could. I have seen very hard service in my time, and am beginning to be exceedingly sick of my profession. All the various grades of magazine-writer have I arduously worked through—excepting only the lowest of all; which, strange at it may appear, contains the fewest in number: I allude to those gentlemen who *pay* to have their communications inserted. This, in most cases, is really no more than just, as their papers are generally a great detriment to the magazine. It would be invidious to give examples; but I will merely observe that those who are "dabs" in the art of "shooting flying," are not always the best qualified to add to the circulation of a good periodical.

As for me, I am well nigh sick of my life. I have as much business as I can do; but I no longer take any interest in doing it, beyond the means of getting bread and cheese and a glass of wine on Sunday. At the age of fifty-two, man is no longer "brisk as a

bee." He is far more disposed to play the drone. He does not like to rack his poor brains incessantly to find fresh excitement for others —young men and women, with quick pulses and prancing hopes— after all excitement is worn out of himself. He rather craves a fat-cushioned arm-chair and foot-stool, wherein he may recline and *read;* taking no thought for the morrow. But I am compelled to write. O, hateful heart-breaking sight of green-baize coverlid! soon as the breakfast things are removed, whereon the murky ink-stand, detested blank paper—that must be crammed ere noon—and d—d pen, are placed in array before me. Monotony and disgust, ye are identified! All that I now do, and it is considered passable and Ellworthy, I believe I could do just as well were I deaf, dumb, and blind. I have written under so many signatures, that my individuality seems lost to me, and I have moreover gone through almost all the combinations of the alphabet. Original articles, critiques, letters —and receipts—bear ye witness to my Protæan impersonations! But I feel that this cannot last much longer. The corporeal medium, even now almost reduced to a Shade, of a paid-contributor to *all* the magazines, must soon pay its own debt to the largest of Magazines— and contribute to the dust! My errors have been venial, for I found it impossible to live without eating; and I trust the present article may tend to prove at a future time that I was not actuated by malice, avarice, or wantonness. Whenever or wheresoever it appears, it ought to be copied out (by paying the proprietor) into every periodical throughout the United Kingdom!

Oh, public! thou many-headed patron, to whose continual amusement I have so long contributed; your anonymous or innumerable-named friend bids you a lasting farewell! Oh, editors!—who will scarcely know what to do without me—especially "upon a pinch"— receive my thanks!—and oh, Wimble!—much praised, much abused, though not altogether injured, man—forgive me!

The foregoing papers were found at the bottom of his trunk some time after the death of Mr. Ellworthy. He had left directions that whatever magazine first inserted them, the editor should receive his best remembrances; and he had ingeniously written an eloquent *éloge* which would fit any one of them. This, however, the individual into whose hands the papers were recently placed, has thought it more consistent with decorum not to forward. He particularly requested also that his departure should be formally announced in the Obituary of the Old Squaretoes; in return for an article on "Hair-powder," for which he again insisted—if it were the last words he should ever write—that he never *had* been paid. We are afraid that a little testy irritation has been induced by this misunderstanding, as the required announcement has not yet appeared.

R. H. H.

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

The dark pine waves on Tiber's classic steep,
From rock to rock the headlong waters leap,
Tossing their foam on high, till leaf and flower
Glitter like emeralds in the sparkling shower—
Lovely, but lovelier from the charms that glow
Where Latium spreads her purple vales below;
The olive, smiling on the sunny hill,
The golden orchard, and the ductile rill,
The spring, clear bubbling in its rocky font,
The moss-grown cave, the Naiads' fabled haunt;
And far as eye can strain, yon shadowy dome,
The glory of the earth—eternal Rome.

This, this was Vesta's seat—sublime, alone
The mountain crag uprear'd her virgin throne,
In all the majesty of goddess might,
Fann'd by pure gales, and bathed in cloudless light.
Her's was the dash of Anio's sacred tide,
The flame from Heav'n's ethereal fount supplied,
And the young forms that trod the marble shrine,
For earth too fair, for mortal too divine.

And lo, where still ten circling columns rise,
High o'er the arching spray's prismatic dyes,
Touch'd but not marr'd—as Time had paused to spare
The wreaths that bloom in lingering beauty there.
E'en where each prostrate wreck might seem to mourn
Her rifted shaft, her loved Acanthus torn,
Nature's wild flowers in silent sorrow wave
Their votive sweets o'er Art's neglected grave.

But ye, who sleep the calm and dreamless sleep,
Where joy forgets to smile, and woe to weep,
For you, blest maids, a long and last repose
Has still'd each pulse that throbs, each vein that glows.
For oft, too oft, the white and spotless vest
Conceal'd a bleeding heart, an aching breast,
Hope, that with cold despair held feeble strife,
And Love, that parted but with parting life.
Still would the cheek with human passion burn,
Still would the heart to fond remembrance turn,
Vow all itself to Heav'n, but vow in vain,
Sigh for its thoughts, yet sigh to think again.

And thou, immortal bard! whose sweetest lays
Were hymn'd in rapture to thy Tiber's praise,
What tho' no more the listening vales prolong
The playful echoes of thy Sabine song,
Weep not her olive grove's deserted shade,
Her princely halls, in silent ruin laid,
Her altars, mouldering on a nameless hill—
There all is beauty, all is glory still.
Flowers—yet more bright than Roman maiden wreathed,
Pray'rs—yet more pure than virgin priestess breathed,
A fane—more noble than the vestal trod—
The Christan's temple, to the Christian's God.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—Third Yarn.

On the morning after I had heard the commencement of Will Gibbon's yarn, it was my fore-noon watch on deck. The sails were loosed to dry, the boats lowered, and the hands had been turned up from their breakfast, the half-hour that is allowed for this meal having expired. We had been in the habit of daily sending to the dock-yard a number of men to perform the numerous trifling duties that are always necessary in harbour—the rope-makers, swab-makers, carpenters, sail-makers, and a number of other parties; and, as it was tedious to call them all by name, the first-lieutenant had that morning ordered me to call them away in a body, under the title of "Away, there, artificers, away." I proceeded to the gangway to execute my orders, summoned the boatswain's-mate, and directed him to call the artificers away. Instead of his usual prompt answer of "Aye, aye, Sir," he appeared to hesitate—taking off his hat, and squirting his quid of tobacco into it, he began to scratch his head and look quite puzzled. I observed this, but not knowing the cause, I called to him, to inquire if he had heard me.—"Aye, aye, Sir," but in such a slow, hesitating tone, that I was inclined to think him drunk, and was about to call him on deck, to interrogate him; but at the moment he put his pipe to his mouth, gave a shrill note, and sung out, "Away, there, artificialers, away."—I smiled, but it was too late to contradict, so I applied myself to the duty of preparing the boats for these "artificialers." After waiting some time, I was somewhat astonished that none of these gentry were forthcoming. Our ship was in such good order, and the men did their duty so well, that it seldom happened that they were behind hand. I turned by the gangway to make inquiries why they did not appear, and overheard the following conversation between our old friends, Will Gibbon and Jack Murray.

"I say, Jack, what the b—y h—l was that yarn the boatswain's mate pitched us just now—hartificialers! I'll be d—d if that arn't a five-decker."

"You may say that, when you write home," returned Jack Murray. "Let's ask the bosen's (boatswain's) mate. I say, Bill, what the h—l was that ere five-decker as you launched just now."

"I'll be d—d if I know," replied the boatswain's-mate, "any more nor one o' the reefers ordered me to pipe the artificialers away. I'm sure that was the word he said, but I never 'heerd' of such a word afore; you'd better go and ask Mr. Martyr—he was the midshipman as give me the orders."

During this conversation I was standing at the break of the hatch-way; when I heard the result of their conference, I walked aft, expecting them to follow, and aft they came. The boatswain's mate, Will Gibbon, and Jack Murray, having transferred their quids of tobacco from the mouth to the hat, and stroked down their hair (a ceremony that Jack never neglects when coming aft on the quarter-deck), they made up to me—"Please, Sir," says Jack Murray, "does I belong to that party as was piped away just now?"—"I am

sure," said I, "I do not know; you ought to know best what party you belong to."—"So I do, Sir; but I'm no hartificialer, I'm in the swab-making party."—"Oh! well, well, artificers include all the parties; so get your men up, and into the boat."—"Aye, aye, Sir," and away he went. The boatswain's mate and Will Gibbon made their way forward, looking at each other as if in doubt whether I was not humbugging them. I could not stand it any longer, but burst out laughing, and the first-lieutenant coming up at the moment, caught me (as he thought) skylarking, instead of attending to my duty, and, of course, reprimanded me rather severely; at the same time pointing to the mast-head, by way of hinting that there was such a place of elevation. I told him what had excited my risible faculties, and he appeared as much amused as myself; and while we were talking about it the sail-maker came aft to inquire of the "hofficer" of the watch whether he was to go to the dock-yard as usual. The first-lieutenant heard him, and asked him if he had not heard himself called away. "No, Sir," said the sail-maker, "I've been a waiting on the gangway ever since the hands were turned up, and no parties have been piped away whatsomever."—"Then pray," says the first-lieutenant, "what did the boatswain's-mate pipe away just now?"—"Nothing, Sir, I assure you, but the hartificialers."—"Well, and what is that?"—"I don't know, Sir; but I don't belong to no such party."—"Well, well," said the first-lieutenant, "go, then, and tell the boatswain's-mate to pipe the sail-makers away." We now piped all the parties away by name, and they soon shoved off from the ship. For the future we always gave them all their proper names; but it remained a good joke for the men a long time after. They were constantly heard to say to each other, "Don't speak to me, you're a hartificialer." Indeed, on their return to the ship (having, I suppose, managed to smuggle a little too much liquor on board), just as they came alongside, they all, with one accord, sung, "hurrah,there, my lads, three cheers for the hartificialers." This was contrary to all discipline, and would have been a matter of black list; but the captain not being on board, the first-lieutenant good-naturedly looked over it, in consideration of the general good conduct and alacrity of the ship's company, who were, certainly, in better order than that of any ship on the station. And the men, themselves, as happy as could possibly be, they liked their captain and trusted him; knowing him to be a thorough sailor, they were confident that if they were in danger he would extricate them from it, if human means could avail. The officers were treated like gentlemen, and made as comfortable as the nature of the service would permit, did their duty cheerfully, and, not being ill-treated themselves, felt no inclination to ill-treat any one else. I think it may be safely said, that never was there a ship in commission in which every body on board was so thoroughly contented, or so determined to do their duty and obey their orders, in spite of every obstacle, as the——. It now drew near the evening—the different working parties had returned on board—the sails furled—top-gallant yards were down—boats up—it was four bells (six o'clock), the commencement of the last dog-watch—I had looked anxiously forward to the time when I should hear the sequel

of the yarn that had excited my curiosity, and it was not with our usual willingness that I proceeded to relieve the deck, it being my watch again, as we were in three watches, and the men in two, though the men's watch in harbour is merely nominal, as we never keep them on deck, unless the weather is very unfavourable, and then only a few hands that we call quarter or anchor watch.—But I am digressing; let us return to Will Gibbon.

The shrill whistle of the boatswain gave notice that Jack was about to imbibe his pint of bohea, and remembering what was to come, I was anxious to take up my old position, but as it happened to be my watch on deck, and the articles of war threaten with death all those who shall desert their post, I knew not well how to manage; but, feeling some interest to hear the end of the yarn, so abruptly left unfinished the previous evening, I sent down to one of my messmates, to request he would look out for me, while I smoked my cigar; and Ballantyne, being a chummie of mine, instantly made his appearance. After having given up charge of the deck in due form, I proceeded to the galley, and found old Will Gibbon giving a most important hem, to clear his throat, previous to the resumption of his (I have no doubt) twice-told tale.

"Well, my bo's, I was just going for to say, when old Pipes clapped a stopper before all that, the old carpenter, you know, seeing as how the skipper was all unrigged and stowed away, not under hatches, but under what's a d—d sight more comfortable, sheets and blankets, he went and turned in, and waited till the next morning. The wind remained in the same quarter, so we couldn't move; the captain went on shore very early, and the carpenter couldn't speak to him till he came off, at four bells, in the afternoon watch; he then walked aft to his cabin, and told the sentry he had something very particular to say to the captain, and I thinks he must have told him what it was, or the sentry would not have let him go in. When he got into the after-cabin, he found the captain reading at a table, with a brace of loaded pistols before him; the moment he saw the carpenter, he thought something was the matter, and caught up one of his pistols, cocked it, and said 'You d—d rascal! what do you mean by entering my cabin without being introduced by the first-leaftenant?'—'I have come, Sir,' says the carpenter, 'to save your life, not with any bad intentions;' and he held up both his hands, to shew that he had got no fire-arms. 'Well,' said the captain, 'what have you to say? Sit down, and let's hear your story, for I believe you to be an honest feller.'—'Thankee, Sir,' says the carpenter, and sat down. 'The reason, Sir,' says he, 'I com'd here without saying any thing to the first-leaftenant, was cause I thought you would like to know what I have heard before any body else.'—'You were very right,' says the captain; 'what is it? I have long suspected something would happen with these new men we've got on board, and the way the boatswain behaved last night made me more suspicious; but I think I can depend upon the officers, and most of the men. What say you, old man?'—'As long as my old arm can wield a sword I'll stand by you, Sir,' says the carpenter, for it was the skipper as got him his warrant.—'But let us hear what you have to say, my good friend.

— Sentry,' says the captain, 'draw your bayonet, and don't allow any body but the first-leaftenant to enter.' Well, after he had given this order, the carpenter began:—'As I was a setting in my cabin yesterday, in the afternoon watch, I heard several people talking in the boatswain's cabin, which is next to mine. I wasn't, Sir, a listening to what they were a saying of; but after a bit I hears the boatswain raise his voice as if in a passion, and say 'I tell you he must die!' When I heard this here, I thought I had a right to listen; so I did, and soon after the boatswain says again, 'I tell you the captain must be the first man, Bill, and then we shall easily manage the rest.' Some voices that spake so low I couldn't hear them, appeared to agree to it at last, for shortly after the boatswain said, 'Well, my lads, then that's agreed; to-morrow evening, at down hammocks, it shall be done.' I heard no more nor this, Sir,' said the carpenter, 'and I thought it my duty to tell you of it. I came aft last night to do so, but you was turned in.'—'Well, my good friend,' said the captain, 'I wish you had told me last night, for I have given a great many of the officers leave to go on shore; but never mind, we must do the best we can; go you down below, but be sure to be near me when we pipe the hammocks down; and tell the first-leaftenant I want to speak to him directly.' Down went the first-leaftenant, and remained with the skipper about an hour; when he came up again, it was, 'send for the serjeant of marines.' Up he came. 'Serjeant,' says the first luff, 'bring the boatswain up here.'—'Aye! aye! Sir,' says the serjeant; so away he goes, and soon returns with the boatswain. 'Now, serjeant,' says the first-leaftenant, 'discharge your prisoner. And you, Sir,' turning to the boatswain, 'will return to your duty, and take care what you are about.' Directly the first-leaftenant had left the cabin, the sentry comes to me and says 'Gibbon,' says he, 'the captain wants you in his cabin.' So away I went right into the after-cabin, and found the captain standing over a little barrel. When he sees me, he says 'Go and get a hammer and a chisel;' so away I went, and soon returned again with them in my hand. When I came in, the skipper looked at me and said 'Gibbon, you have been my coxswain now for nine years, and I think I can trust you.'—'I hope so, Sir,' says I; but I was obliged to look down, for he had fixed his eyes upon me, and he had such an eye, it seemed for all the world as if it was a looking into your very inside. Then he told me all what the carpenter had told him, and said, 'Now open that breaker.' I did, and what do you think was in it? why, it was choke-a-block with cartridges. 'Now, Gibbon,' says he, 'just before I pipes the hammocks down, you'll come into my cabin, and be ready to lend the serjeant of marines and master of arms a hand to carry these cartridges on deck, if they are wanted? Now go away,' he said, 'and don't you say nothing about it to no one.'—'No, Sir,' says I, 'you may depend upon me; and I beg your honour's pardon,' says I, 'but I'll answer for it that you may depend on all your gig's crew.' So away I went, and waited till nearly one bell in the last dog-watch ('cause we always in that ship piped the hammocks down exactly at one bell), when down I goes to the captain's cabin, and met him just going on deck. 'Remember what I

told you,' says he. 'Aye! aye! Sir,' says I, and up he went. One bell struck. 'Call the boatswain,' says the captain. Up he comes. 'Stand by hammocks,' says the captain. No answer. 'Do you hear what I say?' Still no answer. At last, aft comes a fauksleman, one of the new batch, and up he goes to the captain, without touching his hat, or saying 'Sir!' and asks to go on shore. 'No!' says the captain. 'I will go,' said the man, and attempted to go over the side. The sentry told him he must not pass; he said he did not care a d—n for all the sentries in the world, and began to force his way. 'Stop that man!' roared out the captain in a voice that made everybody start; he made another attempt, and fell down dead—the sentry had run him through with his bayonet!

"There was immediately a cry among the men that a marine had killed a sailor; then the captain sung out 'He has not killed a sailor, but a d—d rascal.' About a dozen men immediately came aft towards the captain, who drew a pistol from his pocket, and said, 'I have been fifteen years in his Majesty's service, and never had a mutiny on board my ship before; if you want to take my life, you may if you can. My life is my king's, and I am ready to part with it whenever his service requires such a sacrifice; but, depend upon it, my men, that while I live, I will command. The first man that advances one step shall die.' They all hesitated now, and stood looking at the captain, who still kept his finger on the trigger; after a bit, he says, 'My men, I know all about this business. I know the ringleaders, and I know those who have been led away. The ringleaders I will have punished: the others I'll forgive if they immediately return to their duty. So all you that have been led into this mutiny go over to the larboard side of the deck, and the others remain on the starboard.' This, perhaps, seems to you a foolish order; but it wasn't, for very few men could hear the captain's voice and see his fiery eye without trembling. Well, so away they all sheered over the larboard side; but the captain sings out, 'Where are you all going, you blackguards, do you think I don't know you? you had better not attempt to deceive me;' and I'll be hanged, lads, if the boatswain and five men didn't stand stock still; there they were, regularly nabbed. 'Master-at-arms, put all those men in irons.' The next day we got into Malta, and the admiral comed in soon after; they were all tried by a court-martial. The boatswain and three men were hung, and the other two got off some how or other. And before they were going to be triced up, they were asked if they had anything to say. The boatswain said he had. Silence was ordered, and he began—'My lads, if ever you mutiny again, take care to cut the throats of the captain and all the officers as soon as you can; if I had done so I should not be hung to-day, and that d—d rascal,' pointing to the captain, 'would have been overboard long ago;' and that's the way he died. The whole ship's company returned to their duty, and there was not a smarter ship on the station, nor one whose captain was better liked, than the Comus."

"I like that feller for a skipper; he was the man to take you into action; he'd have fought, wouldn't he, Will?" says Tom.

"Aye, that he would, lad."

"I say, Tom," said a young top-man, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, but who ardently wished for an opportunity of blowing somebody's brains out, or else having his own, which was as perfectly indifferent to him as it was to Roger Wildrake—"do you think, if we were to go to war with the Mounseers again, we should give them such a drubbing as we did last war?"

"Certainly we should," said Tom; "why not? I never heard of a Frenchman licking an Englishman when they were equal in force, but once, and then it wasn't our faults."

"Yours? why were you in her, Tom?"

"Aye, that I was, worse luck, for I was clapped up in a French prison for six months."

"Oh, tell us all about it."

"Aye, do, Tom," said Will Gibbon, "it's your turn now. I and Jack Murray cry spell O!"

"There's not much to tell, except as how we was taken. It was in the——" But, though Jack always mentions names, it is not, perhaps, prudent that I should; so we'll call it the Raven. "It was in the Raven, commanded by Captain Thomas. She was an eighteen-gun brig, and sailed like a witch, but the captain was such a bullying feller none on us had no peace by day nor night; we was always exercising reefing and furling, shifting masts and yards, and all that 'ere sort o' work; and then there was lots o' your black list men's work, copper belaying-pins and brass caps to the carronades, scrubbing the sides once a-week, holystoning every morning; we had to knock the nails into the upper-deck three times in two years; he thought he never could give us enough to do. There was a flogging-match every day, and while he was a-flogging the poor fellers, he used to laugh and joke at them if they sung out; he never forgave a man but once, and that was an Irishman, a d—d wild, devil-may-care sort of feller, as was always a skylarking; his hide was as tough as leather; he cared no more for a flogging nor he did for taking his grog; and one day he asked leave to go on shore at Portsmouth, while we was fitting out, and the first-lieutenant refused him, 'cause he'd broke his leaf the day afore; so, when he was refused, he makes no more ado but just goes for'ard in the head, and lowers himself down in the water, and away he swims on shore; the next day, off he comes, as if nothing had happened. The master-at-arms reported him to the first-leaftenant, and he was put in the report. The next day the hands was turned up for punishment; up he comes with a soger behind him, looking as modest as a parson at the christening of his own bastard. 'Strip, Sir,' says the captain; and just as he was seized up, he turns his head round to the captain and says, 'Plase your honour, will you allow me just to spake to your honour?'—'Speak away, you d—d rascal,' says the skipper. So he says, as coolly as possible, 'Sure and I am much obliged to your honour's honour, God bless you, for putting this here grating to my belly, and if your honour will just put another to my back, you may flog away with all your might.' When he said this the captain burst out laughing, and so you know he could not well flog him after laughing; so he said, 'Cast the blackguard off, and I'll

give him double next time.' Well, lads, soon after this we got our orders to go and cruise in the Channel; so hands up anchor—away we went. After knocking about in a gale of wind for three days, looking out for the Mounseers, our masthead-man saw something right a-head looming like Beachy Head in a fog. 'Turn the hands up—make sail'—we had been going before the wind under easy sail. 'Topmen aloft, shake out all reefs—man the top-gallant and royal haulyards—trice your staysails up—lower topmast and top-gallant stunsails' (studding sails). Every stitch of canvas was clapt on her before you could say Jack Robinson, 'cause we had a smart ship's company, I can tell you that, lads. In about an hour we overhauled her like the devil, and could see her hull; she was a French 18; directly she saw us, she hauled her wind to get the weather-gage of us, but we warn't to be done that way; so we in with our staysails, stunsails, and royals, and came to the wind well; then we was to windward of her, o' course, and we kept running along, looking at each other that way for some time, while we were getting ready, and then up comes the skipper, and tells the first-leaftenant to bear away two points, to close with her, and just as he had piped sail-trimmers aft to trim sails, the captain, looking at the hammocks, as he often did, says—'Oh! oh! I see lots of slack lashings—I'll have a nice flogging match when I've taken that brig;' so he goes round, and whenever he found a lashing that was slack enough for him to get his fingers in, he made a midshipman take down the numbers, and when he had got about twenty of them, he said, 'Now, my lads, I'll just take that brig, and then I'll give each of these here fellers five dozen.' Well, you know, this was quite disheartening, and it lasted so long the men were reglarly pauled. The serjeant of marines had been bully'd by the skipper, and he had been heard to swear he would be revenged. Just as we was all ready, and getting very close alongside o' her, the skipper sings out 'Why don't you hand the cartridges up?'—'Can't find the key of the magazine.'—'Send the serjeant here.'—Whiz—whiz—came shot after shot, and cut away our foretopsail haulyards; down came the topsails, and we had no cartridges on deck. When the serjeant came up, the skipper asks him 'where the key of the magazine was?'—'I've thrown it overboard, Sir,' says he, 'and I hope you will be taken, and rot in a French prison.'—'Break open the door immediately—put that blackguard in irons!' By this time the door was broken open, and we began to load, but not afore our jib and foretopmast staysail haulyards was cut through, and the ship having no head-sail, luffed right up in the wind, and the Frenchman raked us fore and aft. There was the captain, swearing like a devil that he'd never give in, and at last we managed, somehow or another, to lash their jib-boom to our mizen-mast. The serjeant was still standing on deck; nobody had time to pay any attention to him, when the captain turned round, and happened to see him: 'Put that blackguard in irons,' says the captain. 'Hadn't you better wait till the action's over, Sir,' says the first-leaftenant. 'No, no—down with him!' so up comes a couple of marines to take him below, when whiz came a shot, and sent all his brains over the skipper and first-leaftenant. Well, all this time

we were hard at it, muzzle to muzzle; we couldn't have stood it much longer, we was so shattered, and had twenty men killed already, and ten wounded. Well, the captain see'd that, and so he sings out 'Follow me, lads!' and jumps on the starboard quarter-deck hammock nettings. 'All hands to board!' sings out the first-leaftenant, springing up after the captain. 'Hurrah, lads!' says half-a-dozen midshipmen, waving their swords and rushing forward; we all followed like devils, and in five minutes we were in possession of her faulksail (forecastle): we cut away the breechings of one of the guns for'ard, slewed it on board, fired it right aft, and rushed upon them in the smoke. They fought well, and drove us back; the captain rallied us, and led us again upon them, swearing he would not leave her deck alive; three times we were driven back, and three times the captain rallied us in the face of the hottest fire I ever see'd. He fought like a devil, cutting every body down that came near him, running about into the thickest of the fire; the fourth time as we was driven back, the captain and first leaftenant fell dead as a door-nail! Well, still we wouldn't give in; we hadn't above thirty men who were not wounded; with these we made one more charge, headed by the second-leaftenant—when we were quite overcome, had six men killed and five more wounded; we were driven right back to our own ship again, and found we had only men enough to work two guns; so the second-leaftenant hauled his colours down, and the French took possession. We were clapt under hatches, allowed to come up now and then to get fresh air; we all looked out anxiously for an English vessel, that we might be retaken; but it was no go—we arrived at Toolang (Toulon), and were clapt in prison, where I remained for six months, when I was exchanged with a batch; and I'll be d—d if we'd have got a licking that time, if it hadn't been for the serjeant of marines throwing the key of the magazine overboard, and the captain making us that speech before we went into action; but you know it quite dis-heartens a feller that sort o' thing. — And now, lads, I can tell you it's sling clean hammocks to-morrow morning; so I shall be off to get mine under weigh."

Away they went to their hammocks, and I to the deck, where I found Ballantyne wondering what had kept me so long; but he was a good-natured fellow, and, when I told him how I had been detained, said the only punishment he would inflict on me for having kept him so long, was that I should spin him the yarn when he relieved me in the first watch; and I was soon busily engaged getting ready for scrubbing hammocks in the morning.

ANDALUSIAN SKETCHES

No. IV.—The Boca de Leone.

At the termination of the "Cork Wood" (as the forest of Almoraima is usually called at Gibraltar) towards Ximena, and at a short distance from the right of the broad road leading to that town, is a small rocky glen, the entrance to which is by a narrow stony pass. It is known by the name of the *Boca de Leone* (Lion's Mouth.) A mountain-stream winds its course through the bottom, and on its left bank stands a cottage, inhabited by an old man and his family. They support themselves by cultivating, as garden-ground, a small portion of land in the glen, vending the produce, and the fruit from some remarkably fine orange trees, in the neighbouring towns of Ximena and San Roque. The spot is so secluded, that although in the habit of sporting in the very vicinity, it was a considerable length of time ere I discovered it. Having once by chance done so, I seldom afterwards found myself in that direction without paying a visit to old Francisco at The Boca. He was a splendid specimen of an old Spanish peasant; Wilkie should have visited him and given us his portrait. The cheerful hospitality with which he welcomed me, produced in time a more intimate acquaintance, and this was soon shared by a few of my brother officers who were sportsmen. The situation being most excellent as a position from whence a day's shooting could be advantageously commenced, it occurred to us to add, at our own expense, some accommodation to the cottage, which only contained two apartments—the outer, a kitchen—the inner, a sleeping place for the family, consisting of the old man, his wife, and their daughter Juana. The consent of Francisco was soon obtained, and we immediately set about carrying our plan into effect. In this we were munificently aided by the lieutenant-governor of our garrison, the late General Sir George Don. The general was himself a keen sportsman, and continued able to enjoy the diversion of shooting almost to the very last hour of his long life. A room capable of accommodating four or five of us was soon added to the cottage; a chimney built—a very necessary comfort in Spain, where the smoke is generally allowed to escape as it can; a canteen and other requisite furniture provided; and a stock of tea, wine, and spirits laid in. Here, then, we were frequently in the habit of passing many days together, enjoying in the highest degree the very capital sport, of which we were thus within immediate reach.

On one of these occasions, in the early part of the year 1830, four of us, B——, S——, E—— (who was lately carried off by cholera in Dublin), and myself, formed the party. After a highly satisfactory day's sport, and the termination of our meal, old Francisco with his wife and daughter joined, as they often did, our *tertulia* (evening assembly); and a right merry one it never failed to be. Juana (the daughter), a bright black-eyed, olive-complexioned Andalusian beauty, had all the *gracia*—the natural quickness, of the generality of

the females of her country. She possessed their usual accomplishments —danced with grace, sang in a pleasing voice their romantic national songs, and touched the guitar with tolerable skill. On the evening I allude to she was dancing the *cachucha*, accompanying herself with the lively castanets, old Francisco singing in a peculiar manner an interminable ballad to the air of the dance, and the mother thrumming a *zambomba*.* We looked on with amusement, and even assisted the music by loudly beating time in clapping our hands. In the very height of our enjoyment, at a moment when the dance was becoming most interesting, and we were in admiration at the really graceful postures of Juana, the door suddenly opened, and a Spanish soldier, in a dirty, dusty uniform, followed by a large dog of singular appearance, entered the apartment. "*Hijo de mi vida!*" (my beloved son), shrieked both the old people, as they threw themselves on the neck of the stranger. "*Hermanito mio!*" (my dear brother), exclaimed Juana, as she struggled for a share in the embrace. No one could have beheld unmoved the unbounded joy and affection with which the new-comer was received. Tears of delight ran down old Francisco's manly furrowed cheeks. Maria, the mother, wept and laughed, and danced alternately. All amusement, of course, was at an end, and we could scarcely obtain from them the information that the stranger was their only son Alonzo, whom they had not seen since he first joined the army many years past; that, indeed, he had been mourned for as dead, a report to that effect having reached them. We soon parted from the happy family, who withdrew to their own division of the cottage.

The following morning we were off early towards Castellar, and had an excellent day's sport. In the evening, after our meal, the family joined us. Alonzo had brushed up his regimentals, and had evidently had recourse to his father's wardrobe, one of the old man's fine snow-white linen shirts being displayed with studied care by throwing open his single-breasted uniform jacket. They had only began to sober down and control their excited feelings, and had not been able to listen to any of the repeated attempts Alonzo told us he had made to give some details of his adventures. We joined in a request that he would now do so. He at once complied, and we attended with the greatest interest to his narrative, notwithstanding that many of the particulars he related were well known to us:—

"You will doubtless remember, my revered parents," said he, "that it was at the commencement of the year 1819, soon after my eighteenth birthday, that I was obliged to leave the Boca for San Roque to attend the muster of those upon whom the *quinta* (conscription) had fallen. *Five* was the number of soldiers to be furnished by our neighbourhood, but *nine* had been drawn and ordered to appear, so that *four* of us would return to our homes. Your grief, my dear father, I shall not easily forget, when the *corregidor* chose me as

* *Zambomba*—an earthen pot, the mouth covered with parchment drawn tightly over, in the centre of which is a small hole with a stick inserted; this, drawn slowly to and fro, produces a noise evidently most agreeable to Spanish ears, though discordant enough to ours.

one of the five to serve, and we were immediately marched off. I was a thoughtless, idle youth, and felt little disposition to pass my time in my native glen, labouring in the garden. I am ashamed to confess that my sorrow, so loudly expressed when I received your parting embrace, quickly gave way to other feelings, and it was with a light heart that I put on the uniform which was ready for us, and began my new course of life. The number of men for the district having been completed and assembled at Algeciras, we proceeded to Cadiz, and were drafted into the different regiments of the line in garrison there. I was posted to the *Regimento de las Asturias,* and immediately applied myself to acquire a knowledge of my duty. My attention was soon rewarded by promotion to *cabo* (corporal), and which perhaps I owed not a little to my proficiency in reading and writing: I shall ever feel grateful to my kind tutors, the worthy friars of the Almoraima Convent. In this gay city of Cadiz we led a most agreeable life until about the beginning of June, when our glee was changed into consternation by the receipt of orders for my regiment, as well as the others in garrison, to embark forthwith for *las Indias* (the Indies). Nothing was heard but loud murmurs, from the very colonel himself to the smallest drum-boy. I did not then know what I afterwards learned, that for some time previous the seeds of rebellion had been extensively sown amongst the officers of the Spanish army, and that a party of intriguing politicians in the cities of Madrid and Cadiz were laying plans to bring about a change of government. They had gained over to their purposes a large number of the field-officers and captains. The generality of the subalterns or the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, knew nothing of these schemes. Their antipathy to a long voyage in the scarcely sea-worthy ships which had been provided for the expedition, and a general dislike to the proposed object of it (an attempt to reconquer the revolted states of Spanish South America), were the real causes of our mutiny, for into open rebellion the garrison soon declared itself. It was put down by the courage and presence of mind of our general, Don Henrique O'Donel, Conde De Abisbal. Four battalions were on parade in the *Plaza San Antonio,* obedient to our regimental officers, but in rebellion against the governor. He stepped fearlessly into the centre, dressed in his full uniform, and wearing the splendid decorations of the various orders of knighthood which had been conferred upon him. Uncovering his head and waving his plumed hat, he exclaimed in a loud tone of voice, "*Soldados, en el nombre del Rey, digo que no se embarcaran*" (Soldiers, in the name of the King, I promise that you shall not embark). Shouts, and loud cries of *Viva el Rey,* were our answer. The four battalions returned to their allegiance; the remainder of the garrison were intimidated, and the revolt for that time was at an end. You will easily believe that there could not be much confidence placed in us, either by Abisbal, or any of the several generals who rapidly relieved each other in the command of Cadiz. The regiments were distributed in the neighbouring towns, and my corps went to Las Cabezas de San Juan. The revolutionary party, although foiled by this occurrence, did not abandon their plans. The non-commissioned officers and soldiers were gradually

brought over; and at length, on the 1st of January, 1820, the army proclaimed 'the Constitution.' The afterwards celebrated Riego was at that time the captain of my company; but he held the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was in temporary command of the battalion. On the morning of the 2nd of January we marched to Arcos, surprising and making prisoner the general commanding the district (the Conde De Calderon) and his staff. The garrison there then joined us, and we continued our march to Bornos, where we found the regiment of Aragon, which at once ranged itself on our side. Reinforced also by the troops from Xerez and Puerto Santa Maria, the army, which was now called the 'National Army,' advanced to the Isla de Leon, and joined another body of troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Quiroga, who assumed the general command, although a junior officer to Riego. The taking of Cadiz was said to be our first object. On the night of the 12th we obtained possession of the Caraccas. The following day an attempt was made on the Cortadura, but it was so obstinately defended by the militia regiment within it (and which could not be prevailed upon to espouse 'the cause') that we were defeated with considerable loss. Our spirits began to flag, but confidence was somewhat restored by an order from Quiroga directing 1,500 men under Riego to march to Granada, there to proclaim 'the Constitution.' It was added that we should be joined by the whole country in our road. On the 1st of February we entered Algeciras, singing a song which had just then been composed, but soon became well known as Riego's Hymn. The people of the town received us with shouts and cheers. They were, however, very chary of the necessary supplies. Food was furnished but scantily, and that was almost obtained by force. Not a man joined us. It was then given out that we were to return to the Isla, but I believe this was found to be impracticable; for General José O'Donel (Abisbal's brother), a staunch royalist, was moving upon us in that direction with a strong body of cavalry known to be well affected to the king's government. We, therefore, evacuated Algeciras, and were scarcely outside the town before the advanced guard of the horse appeared. After crossing the ford at the Guadaranque, we inclined to the right, and in the evening halted at the foot of the Sierra Carbonera (known to the English by the name of the Queen of Spain's Chair), close to the lines in front of Gibraltar. O'Donel's force also halted, and posted themselves still nearer to the English fortress. The following morning I was our general's orderly. No movement was made on either side, but great confusion and apprehension appeared to prevail amongst our officers. Riego himself was evidently disturbed. He was moving to and fro in a quick pace, conversing with two of the colonels, when a loud shout from our men and a cry of *Viva los Ingleses!* (Live the English), drew attention to an officer in the English scarlet uniform, who was galloping towards us. He advanced to the general, who was pointed out to him, and dismounted. I stepped forward and held his horse, so that I was close by, and heard all that passed. He spoke Spanish fluently, and said that he had been sent by the governor of Gibraltar to express a hope that no hostilities would take place between the two armies in their present

position, which, being on neutral ground, or at all events within range of the guns of the garrison, could not be permitted to become a field of battle. He added that he had already communicated with General O'Donel, who assured him that he should not make any attack on the constitutional party until they moved from their bivouac, when he should certainly follow and destroy them. Riego seemed much agitated at the latter part of this statement. After a pause, he desired the Englishman to acquaint his general that no breach of neutrality would occur on our side; that both parties were Spaniards. '*Somos hermanos*' (we are brothers), said our chief, and concluded with declaring that in the course of the day the two hosts would embrace and make common cause for *la libertad* (liberty). The English officer looked methought somewhat incredulous, and took his departure, cheered as before by the men. Notwithstanding Riego's boast, no symptom appeared of such a desirable termination of our dilemma. On the contrary, towards midnight, we, as silently as possible, got under arms, and recommenced our march, keeping close under the hills, and gaining the *camino de Malaga*. This road was fortunately so much broken, that we were enabled to distance the cavalry, which could not attack us. On the 18th we entered Malaga. Here we discovered, to our great dismay, that the garrison, instead of joining us, as we had been led to expect would be the case, had withdrawn from the town on our approach; nor did the inhabitants shew any disposition to favour us. The following morning, O'Donel's cavalry made an attempt to dislodge us, which was successfully repelled; nevertheless we withdrew at night, and took the road to the mountains. For three weeks we moved about the Sierra in various directions, closely and hotly pressed by the pursuing force. Our sufferings were dreadful, and our men deserted in large numbers. I was more than once on the point of following their example, and endeavouring to reach the Boca. But I did not abandon my colours. At length, on the 8th March (you see I refer to my small worn-out pocket-book for dates—they are all entered here), we were at the foot of the Ronda mountains, near Moron;—the remains of our 1,500 men could scarcely, on that morning, have amounted to 300. Riego addressed us in a short speech, which concluded with an order to disperse,—each man to seek his individual safety, and endeavour to rejoin the main army under Quiroga. I had become our general's permanent orderly, and in this moment of danger and difficulty I would not abandon him. One officer only and myself remained with him. We made our way by the goat-paths in the mountains, suffering indescribable misery and privation. We, however, escaped O'Donel's scouring parties, and reached the Isla. There joyful news awaited us. 'The Constitution' had been proclaimed in Madrid, and sworn to by the king. Quiroga and Riego were made field-marshals. The former proceeded to court, and the latter assumed the command of the army in the Cadiz district. I saw no more of him at that period, but he rewarded my services by appointing me *sargento* (serjeant). I was attached to the 10th regiment, which marched forthwith for Madrid. There we remained until the following summer (1821), when we were ordered to Saragossa, where

I once more found myself under the command of Riego. But he was no longer the popular chief. Suspicions appeared to be very generally entertained of his integrity, and his altered and overbearing manner had alienated from him the good-will of the soldiers. In August it was announced that he was removed from his command; and General Moredo succeeded him. Some disturbances occurred, and a few lives were lost; but order was shortly restored. In the spring of 1822, my battalion removed to Valencia. General Elio was at that time a prisoner in the citadel, under sentence of death, for his political conduct in 1814; but it was understood that government were afraid to take his life on that plea. I was on duty there, and saw Elio frequently. He was a kind and amiable man, and I became greatly attached to him. I formed part of the citadel guard, which was relieved monthly, although I remained for two successive months. It was my place, as the serjeant-major of the detachment, to see the prisoner constantly. The dignified manner in which he bore his melancholy reverse of fortune created in me feelings of deep commiseration. I confess to you, that if it had appeared at all practicable to accomplish his deliverance from captivity, I would have aided his escape. But it was absolutely impossible, and I must say that he never attempted to shake my fidelity. On the 1st of May we were relieved from the citadel by a guard of the artillery; and on the 30th of that month I was slightly wounded in retaking it from those madmen (eighty in number), they having hoisted the flag of rebellion, and proclaimed Elio governor—certainly, I believe, without any concurrence on his part. As the presumed instigator, however, of this absurd revolt, he was again tried and condemned. On the 4th of September I witnessed, with the rest of the garrison, the execution of this brave officer. He was subjected to the infamous punishment of the *garrote*. In vain he solicited to die the death of a soldier. I stood close to the platform upon which he was executed. He was as calm and collected as I now am. His last words were expressive of forgiveness of his enemies, blessings on the king, a prayer for the royal cause, and a prophecy of its ultimate triumph. My indignation at this murder was so great, that I imprudently gave vent to it in words. My previous intercourse with Elio when on duty at his prison was well known, and, coupled with my unguarded expressions at and after his execution, caused me to become an object of suspicion to my officers. A few days afterwards a brother serjeant gave me warning that I should be arrested the next morning on parade, tried by a drum-head court-martial, and made an immediate example to the disaffected, of whom there were now a large number in the army. Not a moment was to be lost. By the assistance of an acquaintance in the city, I exchanged my uniform for a countryman's dress, and made good my escape from the town, driving a *borico* as if on my return from vending vegetables. We had all heard of *El Exercito del Fé* (the Army of the Faith), which was then attempting the overthrow of the tyrannical Cortes, and the restoration of the legitimate government. I determined, therefore, to direct my steps into Catalonia, of which province this army was said to have nearly entire possession. I reached one of its detachments, was gladly received, and appointed to a

regiment with my rank of serjeant confirmed. 'The good cause,' however, did not appear to thrive, and we suffered numerous defeats. Towards the end of the year I was in garrison at Seo D'Urgel, under the command of that brave man Romagosa. It is a singularly strong fortress. General Mina, who was in the field against us, attempted on the 10th of December to take it by storm; but he was repulsed with tremendous loss, whilst on our side there were scarcely twenty casualties. We continued to defend our post until the end of January, when famine obliged us to abandon it, which we did during the night, unobserved by the enemy. Retiring to the mountains, we dispersed into small parties, each shifting for itself. That with which I was, after wandering during the entire month of February, succeeded in joining a division of the royalists under General Ulman. We soon mustered 5,000 men, and obtained possession of the fortress of Murviedro. Here we remained until the commencement of May (1823), when the welcome news of the entrance into Spain of the French under the Duc D'Angoulême reached us. The city of Valencia at once declared for the king, and a large part of our force removed there, so that I was again in garrison at that delightful place. By the end of the year the government of the Deputies of the Cortes was entirely done away. The army was purified and reorganized. It was formed again into regular regiments, and the one I belonged to removed in the spring of 1824 to Tarragona. During that and the following year we were moving about in various parts of Catalonia. We formed part of the force which, in 1825, under the command of the Conde D'Espana, overtook and defeated the Carlist general, Bessieres, who had taken up arms against the legitimate government. He and seven of his officers were taken prisoners in the action, and shot on the morning following near the *Molino de Aragon*. In the beginning of 1826 I was stationed in Biscay, at Bilboa. Here I was selected as one of a party of 20 men, which was embarked as an escort on board a schooner, destined to convey into banishment General Capape. We put into St. Sebastian, received on board the prisoner, and then set sail for Porto Rico in the Indies. Our voyage was tediously long, and our sufferings great, owing to the stock of water and provisions proving very scanty. We at length reached the island and disembarked. We had, of course, expected to return to Spain in the vessel, but this the governor would not permit; the garrison had not received reinforcements for many years, and my party, small as it was, proved most acceptable. We were accordingly incorporated into the regiment there. I cannot say that I complained much of this arrangement; the island is a paradise; I understood it to be about thirty-five leagues long and twelve broad; the climate is as delicious as that of our own Andalusia, perhaps somewhat hotter, but not in any great degree; the living is superb; the woods abound with wild pigeons and various sorts of fowl; fruit of every variety is in plenty—in fact, you may indulge in luxuries of all kinds. I could almost have been well satisfied to pass the remainder of my days there; but a yearning towards my relatives and my native land induced me to avail myself of an offer made by my colonel, to grant me a discharge from the service, and a passage in a vessel returning to

Old Spain. I landed at Cadiz only a few days since. Once more I am under my paternal roof; and I hope to prove a comfort to you, my parents, in your old age. I ought to have been rich, and able to relieve you from the necessity of further toil. It was no uncommon occurrence in Porto Rico to find gold-dust in the sands of the rivers, and I was as active and quick-sighted as most persons; but I regret to say, I led an improvident life, and I have brought little else with me than that faithful dog Palomo, who you may observe never leaves me; I found him, when only a few days old, in a wood near the seashore at Porto Rico. He is of the race of those dogs which our forefathers carried over to *Las Americas,* when they discovered and conquered the country. It is said that those animals assisted in no small degree, by their fierceness and the dexterity with which they hunted down the savage natives. They tell me the breed has totally disappeared from the continent of the New World. It is therefore strange that the race still continues at Porto Rico. They are, however, in a wild state, keeping to the woods, and subsisting upon the land-crabs which burrow in the earth there. Palomo is well tamed; but he would be a formidable enemy to an intruder at unseasonable hours. He will be a capital sentinel here."

Such is the purport of Alonzo's story. The intense delight with which Old Francisco and the females listened to it was most interesting to witness. They made no remark, asked no elucidating question, and only indulged in occasional exclamations of *oyga!* (hear him!) when any wonderful circumstance was told, or *Bendito sea Dios!* (God be praised!)—*Que Dios sea servido!* (serve God!) when any escape from peril was narrated.

Alonzo is now his father's right-hand, and labours in the garden at the Boca de Leone, as though he had never led any other life. Juana is married to a worthy man at Ximena, a lover of long-tried attachment. She had for years resisted his entreaties, for she would not quit her aged parents. The brother's return enabled her to do so, and we celebrated her wedding by a grand feast at the cottage. Our shooting quarters there are still carefully kept in repair, and continue to be the resort of a select few of the sportsmen of the garrison of Gibraltar. J. W.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.—No. II.*

"WELL," said little Mrs. Tibbs to herself, as she sat in the front parlour of the Coram-street mansion one morning, mending the piece of stair-carpet off the first landing;—"well! things have not turned out so badly either, and if I only get a favourable answer to the advertisement, we shall be full again."

Mrs. Tibbs resumed her occupation of making worsted lattice-work in the carpet, anxiously listening to the twopenny postman, who was hammering his way down the street at the rate of a penny a knock. The house was as quiet as possible. There was only one low sound to be heard—it was the unhappy Tibbs cleaning the gentlemen's boots in the back kitchen, and accompanying himself with a buzzing noise, in wretched mockery of humming a tune.

The postman drew near the house. He paused—so did Mrs. Tibbs—a knock—a bustle—a letter—post-paid.

"T. I. presents compt. to I. T. and T. I. begs To say that i see the advertisement And she will Do Herself the pleasure of calling On you at 12 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"T. I. has To apoligise to I. T. for the shortness Of the notice But i hope it will not unconvenience you.

"I remain

"yours Truly

"Wednesday evening."

Little Mrs. Tibbs perused the document over and over again; and the more she read it, the more was she confused by the mixture of the first and third person; the substitution of the "I" for the "T. I," and the transition from the "I. T." to the "you." The writing looked like a skein of thread in a tangle, and the note was ingeniously folded into a perfect square, with the direction squeezed up into the right-hand corner, as if it were ashamed of itself. The back of the epistle was pleasingly ornamented with a large red wafer, which, with the addition of divers ink-stains, bore a marvellous resemblance to a black-beetle trod upon. One thing, however, was perfectly clear to the perplexed Mrs. Tibbs. Somebody was to call at twelve. The drawing-room was forthwith dusted for the third time that morning; three or four chairs were pulled out of their places, and a corresponding number of books carefully upset, in order that there might be a due absence of formality. Down went the piece of stair-carpet before noticed, and up ran Mrs. Tibbs "to make herself tidy."

The clock of New Saint Pancras Church struck twelve, and the Foundling, with laudable politeness, did the same ten minutes afterwards. Saint something else struck the quarter, and then there arrived a single lady with a double knock, in a pelisse the colour of the interior of a damson pie; a bonnet of the same, with a regular con-

* No. I. appeared in the April number.

servatory of artificial flowers; a white veil, and a green parasol, with a cobweb border.

The visitor (who was very fat and red-faced) was shewn into the drawing-room; Mrs. Tibbs presented herself, and the negociation commenced.

"I called in consequence of an advertizement," said the stranger, in a voice like a man who had been playing a set of Pan's pipes for a fortnight without leaving off.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Tibbs, rubbing her hands very slowly, and looking the applicant full in the face—two things she always did on such occasions.

"Money isn't no object whatever to me," said the *lady*, "so much as living in a state of retirement and obtrusion."

Mrs. Tibbs, as a matter of course, acquiesced in such an exceedingly natural desire.

"I am constantly attended by a medical man," resumed the pelisse wearer; "have been a shocking unitarian for some time—have had very little peace since the death of Mr. Bloss."

Mrs. Tibbs looked at the relict of the departed Bloss, and thought he must have had very little peace in his time. Of course she could not say so; so she looked very sympathising.

"I shall be a good deal of trouble to you," said Mrs. Bloss; "but for that trouble I am willing to pay. I am going through a course of treatment which renders attention necessary. I have one mutton chop in bed at half-past eight, and another at ten, every morning."

Mrs. Tibbs, as in duty bound, expressed the pity she felt for any body placed in such a distressing situation; and the carnivorous Mrs. Bloss proceeded to arrange the various preliminaries with wonderful dispatch. "Now mind," said that lady, after terms were arranged; "I am to have the second-floor front for my bedroom?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you'll find room for my little servant Agnes?"

"Oh! certainly."

"And I can have one of the cellars in the area for my bottled porter."

"With the greatest pleasure;—James shall get it ready for you by Saturday."

"And I'll join the company at the breakfast-table on Sunday morning," said Mrs. Bloss; "I shall get up on purpose."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Tibbs, in her most amiable tone; for satisfactory references had been "given and required," and it was quite certain that the new comer had plenty of money. "It's rather singular," continued Mrs. Tibbs, with what was meant for a most bewitching smile, "that we have a gentleman now with us, who is in a very delicate state of health—a Mr. Gobler.—His apartment is the back drawing-room."

"The next room?" inquired Mrs. Bloss.

"The next room," repeated the hostess.

"How very promiscuous!" ejaculated the widow.

"He hardly ever gets up," said Mrs. Tibbs, in a whisper.

"Lor!" cried Mrs. Bloss, in an equally low tone.

"And when he is up," said Mrs. Tibbs, "we never can persuade him to go to bed again."

"Dear me!" said the astonished Mrs. Bloss, drawing her chair nearer Mrs. Tibbs. "What is his complaint?"

"Why, the fact is," replied Mrs. Tibbs, with a most communicative air, "he has no stomach whatever."

"No what?" inquired Mrs. Bloss, with a look of the most indescribable alarm.

"No stomach," repeated Mrs. Tibbs, with a shake of the head.

"Lord bless us! what an extraordinary case!" gasped Mrs. Bloss, as if she understood the communication in its literal sense, and was astonished at a gentleman without a stomach finding it necessary to board anywhere.

"When I say he has no stomach," explained the chatty little Mrs. Tibbs, "I mean that his digestion is so much impaired, and his interior so deranged, that his stomach is not of the least use to him;—in fact, it's rather an inconvenience than otherwise."

"Never heard such a case in my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloss. "Why, he's worse than I am."

"Oh, yes!" replied Mrs. Tibbs;—"certainly." She said this with great confidence, for the set of the damson pelisse satisfactorily proved that Mrs. Bloss, at all events, was not suffering under Mr. Gobler's complaint.

"You have quite incited my curiosity," said Mrs. Bloss, as she rose to depart. "How I long to see him!"

"He generally comes down once a week," replied Mrs. Tibbs; "I dare say you'll see him on Sunday." And with this consolatory promise Mrs. Bloss was obliged to be contented. She accordingly walked slowly down the stairs, detailing her complaints all the way; and Mrs. Tibbs followed her, uttering an exclamation of compassion at every step. James (who looked very gritty, for he was cleaning the knives) fell up the kitchen-stairs, and opened the street-door; and, after mutual farewells, Mrs. Bloss slowly departed down the shady side of the street.

It is almost superfluous to say, that the lady whom we have just shown out at the street-door (and whom the two female servants are now inspecting from the second-floor windows) was exceedingly vulgar, ignorant, and selfish. Her deceased better-half had been an eminent cork-cutter, in which capacity he had amassed a decent fortune. He had no relative but his nephew, and no friend but his cook. The former had the insolence one morning to ask for the loan of fifteen pounds, and by way of retaliation he married the latter next day; he made a will immediately afterwards, containing a burst of honest indignation against his nephew (who supported himself and two sisters on 100*l.* a year), and a bequest of his whole property to his wife. He felt ill after breakfast, and died after dinner. There is a mantelpiece-looking tablet in a civic parish church, setting forth his virtues, and deploring his loss. He never dishonoured a bill, or gave away a halfpenny!

The relict and sole executrix of this noble-minded man was an odd mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, liberality and meanness. Bred

up as she had been, she knew no mode of living so agreeable as a boarding-house; and having nothing to do, and nothing to wish for, she naturally imagined she must be very ill—an impression which was most assiduously promoted by her medical attendant, Dr. Wosky, and her handmaid, Agnes, both of whom, doubtless for excellent reasons, encouraged all her extravagant notions.

Since the catastrophe recorded in our last, Mrs. Tibbs had been very shy of young lady boarders. Her present inmates were all lords of the creation, and she availed herself of the opportunity of their assemblage at the dinner table, to announce the expected arrival of Mrs. Bloss. The gentlemen received the communication with stoical indifference, and Mrs. Tibbs devoted all her energies to prepare for the reception of the valetudinarian. The second-floor front was scrubbed, and washed, and flannelled, till the wet went through to the drawing-room ceiling. Clean white counterpanes, and curtains, and napkins; water-bottles as clear as crystal, blue jugs, and mahogany furniture, added to the splendour and increased the comfort of the apartment. The warming-pan was in constant requisition, and a fire lighted in the room every day. The chattels of Mrs. Bloss were forwarded by instalments. First there came a large hamper of Guinness's stout and an umbrella; then a train of trunks; then a pair of clogs and a bandbox; then an easy chair with an air cushion; then a variety of suspicious-looking packages; and—"though last not least"—Mrs. Bloss and Agnes, the latter in a cherry-coloured merino dress, open-work stockings, and shoes with sandals; looking like a disguised Columbine.

The installation of the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, was nothing in point of bustle and turmoil to the installation of Mrs. Bloss in her new quarters. True, there was no bright doctor of civil law to deliver a classical address on the occasion; but there were several other old women present, who spoke quite as much to the purpose, and understood themselves equally well. The chop-eater was so fatigued with the process of removal that she declined leaving her room until the following morning; so a mutton-chop, pickle, a two-grain calomel pill, a pint-bottle of stout, and other medicines, were carried up stairs for her consumption.

"Why, what *do* you think, ma'am?" inquired the inquisitive Agnes of her mistress, after they had been in the house some three hours; "what *do* you think, ma'am? the lady of the house is married."

"Married!" said Mrs. Bloss, taking the pill and a draught of Guinness,—"married! Unpossible!"

"She is indeed, ma'am," returned the Columbine; "and her husband, ma'am, lives—he—he—he—lives in the kitchen, ma'am."

"In the kitchen!"

"Yes, ma'am; and he—he—he—the housemaid says, he never goes into the parlour except on Sundays; and that Mrs. Tibbs makes him clean the gentlemen's boots; and that he cleans the windows, too, sometimes; and that one morning early, when he was on the front balcony cleaning the drawing-room windows, he called out to a gentleman on the opposite side of the way, who used to live here—'Ah! Mr. Calton, Sir, how are you?'" Here the attendant laughed

till Mrs. Bloss was in serious apprehension of her chuckling herself into a fit.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Bloss.

"Yes, and please, ma'am, the servants give him gin-and-water sometimes; and then he cries, and says he hates his wife and the boarders, and wants to tickle them."

"Tickle the boarders!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloss, seriously alarmed.

"No, ma'am, not the boarders, the servants."

"Oh, is that all!" said Mrs. Bloss, quite satisfied.

"He wanted to kiss me as I came up the kitchen stairs, just now," said Agnes, indignantly; "but I gave it him—a little wretch!"

This intelligence was but too true. A long course of snubbing and neglect; his days spent in the kitchen, and his nights in the turn-up bedstead; had completely broken the little spirit that the unfortunate volunteer had ever possessed. He had no one to whom he could detail his injuries but the servants, and they were almost of necessity his chosen confidants. It is no less strange than true, however, that the little weaknesses which he had incurred, most probably, during his military career, seemed to increase as his comforts diminished. He was actually a sort of journeyman Giovanni in the basement story.

The next morning, being Sunday, breakfast was laid in the front parlour at ten o'clock. Nine was the usual time, but the family always breakfasted an hour later on Sabbath. Tibbs enrobed himself in his Sunday costume—a black coat, and exceedingly short thin trowsers, with a very large white waistcoat, white stockings and cravat, and Blucher boots—and mounted to the parlour aforesaid. Nobody had come down, and he amused himself by drinking the contents of the milk-pot with a tea-spoon.

A pair of slippers were heard descending the stairs; Tibbs flew to a chair, and a stern-looking man of about fifty, with very little hair on his head, and "*The Examiner*" in his hand, entered the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Evenson," said Tibbs, very humbly, with something between a nod and a bow.

"How do you, Mr. Tibbs?" replied he of the slippers, as he sat himself down, and began to read his paper without saying another word.

"Is Mr. Wisbottle in town to-day do you know, Sir?" inquired Tibbs, just for the sake of saying something.

"I should think he was," replied the stern gentleman. "He was whistling 'The Light Guitar,' in the next room to mine, at five o'clock this morning."

"He's very fond of whistling," said Tibbs, with a slight smirk.

"Yes—I an't," was the laconic reply.

Mr. John Evenson was in the receipt of an independent income, arising chiefly from various houses he owned in the different suburbs. He was very morose and discontented. He was a thorough radical, and used to attend a great variety of public meetings for the express purpose of finding fault with everything that was proposed. Mr. Wisbottle, on the other hand, was a high Tory. He was a clerk in the Woods and Forests office, which he considered rather an aristo-

cratic employment; he knew the peerage by heart, and could tell you off-hand where any illustrious personage lived. He had a good set of teeth, and a capital tailor. Mr. Evenson looked on all these qualifications with profound contempt; and the consequence was that the two were always disputing, much to the edification of the rest of the house. It should be added, that, in addition to his partiality for whistling, Mr. Wisbottle had a great idea of his singing powers. There were two other boarders besides the gentleman in the back drawing-room—Mr. Alfred Tomkins, and Mr. Frederick O'Bleary. Mr. Tomkins was a clerk in a wine house; he was a connoisseur in paintings, and had a wonderful eye for the picturesque. Mr. O'Bleary was an Irishman, recently imported; he was in a perfectly wild state, and had come over to England to be an apothecary, a clerk in a government office, an actor, a reporter, or anything else that turned up—he was not particular. He was on familiar terms with two small Irish members, and got franks for everybody in the house. Like all Irishmen when they first come to England, he felt convinced that his intrinsic merits must procure him a high destiny. He wore shepherds'-plaid inexpressibles, and used to look under all the ladies' bonnets as he walked along the streets. His manners and appearance always forcibly reminded one of Orson.

"Here comes Mr. Wisbottle," said Tibbs; and Mr. Wisbottle forthwith appeared in blue slippers, and a shawl dressing-gown, whistling "*Di piacer.*"

"Good morning, Sir," said Tibbs again. It was about the only thing he ever said to any body.

"How are you, Tibbs?" condescendingly replied the amateur; and he walked to the window, and whistled louder than ever.

"Pretty air that!" said Evenson with a snarl, and without taking his eyes off the paper.

"Glad you like it," replied Wisbottle, highly gratified.

"Don't you think it would sound better, if you whistled it a little louder?" inquired the mastiff.

"No; I don't think it would," rejoined the unconscious Wisbottle.

"I'll tell you what, Wisbottle," said Evenson, who had been bottling up his anger for some hours, "the next time you feel disposed to whistle, 'The Light Guitar,' at five o'clock in the morning, I'll trouble you to whistle it with your head out o' window. If you don't, I'll learn the triangle—I will by ——."

The entrance of Mrs. Tibbs (with the keys in a little basket) interrupted the threat, and prevented its conclusion.

Mrs. Tibbs apologized for being down rather late; the bell was rung; James brought up the urn, and received an unlimited order for dry toast and bacon. Tibbs sat himself down at the bottom of the table and began eating water-cresses like a second Nebuchadnezzar. Mr. O'Bleary appeared and Mr. Alfred Tomkins. The compliments of the morning were exchanged, and the tea was made.

"God bless me," exclaimed Tomkins, who had been looking out at window. "Here—Wisbottle—pray come here; make haste."

Mr. Wisbottle started from table, and every one looked up.

"Do you see," said the connoisseur, placing Wisbottle in the right position—"a little more this way: there—do you see how splendidly the light falls upon the left side of that broken chimney-pot at No. 48?"

"Dear me—I see," replied Wisbottle in a tone of admiration.

"Never saw an object stand out so beautifully against the clear sky in my life," ejaculated Alfred. Every body (except John Evenson) echoed the sentiment, for Mr. Tomkins had a great character for finding out beauties which no one else could discover—he certainly deserved it.

"I have frequently observed a chimney-pot in College-street, Dublin, which has a much better effect," said the patriotic O'Bleary, who never allowed Ireland to be outdone on any point.

The assertion was received with obvious incredulity, for Mr. Tomkins declared that no other chimney-pot in the United Kingdom, broken or unbroken, could be so beautiful as the one at No. 48.

The room door was suddenly thrown open, and Agnes appeared leading in Mrs. Bloss, who was dressed in a geranium-coloured muslin gown, and displayed a gold watch of the dimensions of a breakfast-cup; a chain like a gilt street-door chain, and a splendid assortment of rings, with stones about the size of half-crowns. A general rush was made for a chair, and a regular introduction took place. Mr. John Evenson made a slight inclination of the head: Mr. Frederick O'Bleary, Mr. Alfred Tomkins, and Mr. Wisbottle bowed like the mandarins in a grocer's shop; and Tibbs rubbed his hands, and went round in circles. He was observed to close one eye, and to assume a clock-work sort of expression with the other; this has been considered as a wink, and it has been reported that Agnes was its object. We repel the calumny, and challenge contradiction.

Mrs. Tibbs inquired after Mrs. Bloss's health in a low tone. Mrs. Bloss, with a supreme contempt for the memory of Lindley Murray, answered the various questions in a most satisfactory manner; and a pause ensued, during which the eatables disappeared with awful rapidity.

"You must have been very much pleased with the appearance of the ladies going to the drawing-room the other day, Mr. O'Bleary?" said Mrs. Tibbs, hoping to start a topic.

"Yes;" replied Orson, with a mouthful of toast.

"Never saw any thing like it before, I suppose?" suggested Wisbottle.

"No—except the Lord Lieutenant's levees," replied O'Bleary.

"Are they at all equal to our drawing-rooms?"

"Oh, infinitely superior."

"'Gad I don't know," said the aristocratic Wisbottle, "the Dowager Marchioness of Publiccash was most magnificently dressed, and so was the Baron Slapenbachenhausen."

"What was he presented on?" inquired Evenson.

"On his arrival in England."

"I thought so," growled the radical; "you never hear of these fellows being presented on their going away again. They know better than that."

"Unless somebody pervades them with an apintment," said Mrs. Bloss, joining in the conversation in a faint voice.

"Well," said Wisbottle, evading the point, "it's a splendid sight."

"And did it never occur to you," inquired the radical, who never would be quiet,—"did it never occur to you, that you pay for these precious ornaments of society."

"It certainly *has* occurred to me," said Wisbottle, who thought this answer was a poser; "it *has* occurred to me, and I am willing to pay for them."

"Well, and it has occurred to me too," replied John Evenson, "and I an't willing to pay for 'em. Then why should I?—I say, why should I?" continued the politician, laying down the paper, and knocking his knuckles on the table. "There are two great principles—demand—"

"A cup of tea if you please, dear," interrupted Tibbs.

"And supply—"

"May I trouble you to hand this tea to Mr. Tibbs?" said Mrs. Tibbs, interrupting the argument, and unconsciously illustrating it.

The thread of the orator's discourse was broken. He drank his tea and resumed the paper.

"If it's very fine," said Mr. Alfred Tomkins, addressing the company in general, "I shall ride down to Richmond to-day, and come back by the steamer. There are some splendid effects of light and shade on the Thames; the contrast between the blueness of the sky and the yellow water is frequently exceedingly beautiful." Mr. Wisbottle hummed, "Flow on, thy shining river."

"We have some splendid steam-vessels in Ireland," said O'Bleary.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Bloss, delighted to find a subject broached in which she could take part.

"The accommodations are extraordinary," said O'Bleary.

"Extraordinary indeed," returned Mrs. Bloss. "When Mr. Bloss was alive he was promiscuously obligated to go to Ireland on business. I went with him, and raly the manner in which the ladies and gentlemen were accommodated with births, is not creditable."

Tibbs, who had been listening to the dialogue, looked very aghast, and evinced a strong inclination to ask a question, but was checked by a look from his wife. Mr. Wisbottle laughed, and said Tomkins had made a pun; and Tomkins laughed too, and said he hadn't."

The remainder of the meal passed off as beakfasts usually do. Conversation flagged, and people played with their tea-spoons. The gentlemen looked out at the window; walked about the room, and when they got near the door, dropped off one by one. Tibbs retired to the back parlour by his wife's orders, to check the green-grocer's weekly account; and ultimately Mrs. Tibbs and Mrs. Bloss were left alone together.

"Oh dear," said the latter, "I feel alarmingly faint; it's very

singular." (It certainly was, for she had eaten four pounds of solids that morning.) "By-the-by," said Mrs. Bloss, "I have not seen Mr. what's-his-name yet."

"Mr. Gobler?" suggested Mrs. Tibbs.

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Tibbs, "he is a most mysterious person. He has his meals regularly sent up stairs, and sometimes don't leave his room for weeks together."

"I haven't seen or heard nothing of him," repeated Mrs. Bloss.

"I dare say you'll hear him to-night," replied Mrs. Tibbs; "he generally groans a good deal on Sunday evenings."

"I never felt such an interest in any one in my life," ejaculated Mrs. Bloss. A finicking double-knock interrupted the conversation; Doctor Wosky was announced, and duly shown in. He was a little man with a red face, dressed of course in black, with a stiff white neckerchief. He had a very good practice, and plenty of money, which he had amassed by invariably humouring the worst fancies of all the females of all the families he had ever been introduced into. Mrs. Tibbs offered to retire, but was entreated to stay.

"Well, my dear ma'am, and how are we?" inquired Wosky in a soothing tone.

"Very ill, doctor—very ill," said Mrs. Bloss in a whisper.

"Ah! we must take care of ourselves;—we must, indeed," said the obsequous Wosky, as he felt the pulse of his interesting patient. "How is our appetite?"

Mrs. Bloss shook her head.

"Our friend requires great care," said Wosky, appealing to Mrs. Tibbs, who of course assented. "I hope, however, with the blessing of Providence," continued the Doctor, "that we shall be enabled to make her quite stout again." Mrs. Tibbs wondered in her own mind what the patient would be when she had got quite stout; for she looked like a pincushion on castors already.

"We must take stimulants," said the cunning Wosky—"plenty of nourishment, and above all, we must keep our nerves quiet; we positively must not give way to our sensibilities. We must take all we can get," concluded the Doctor as he pocketed his fee, "and we must keep quiet."

"Dear man!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloss, as the Doctor stepped into his carriage.

"Charming creature, indeed—quite a lady's man," said Mrs. Tibbs; and Dr. Wosky rattled away to make fresh gulls of delicate females, and pocket fresh fees.

As we had occasion in a former paper to describe a dinner at Mrs. Tibbs', and as one meal went off very like another on all ordinary occasions, we will not fatigue our readers by entering into any other detailed account of the domestic economy of the establishment. We will, therefore, proceed to events, merely premising that the mysterious tenant of the back drawing-room was a lazy, selfish, hypochondriac; always complaining and never ill. As his character in many respects closely assimilated to that of Mrs. Bloss, a very warm friendship soon sprung up between them. He was tall, thin, and pale; he

always fancied he had got a severe pain somewhere or other, and his face invariably wore a pinched, screwed-up expression; he looked like a man who had got his feet in a tub of exceedingly hot water against his will.

For two or three months after Mrs. Bloss's first appearance in Coram-street, John Evenson was observed to become every day more sarcastic and more ill-natured, and there was a degree of additional importance in his manner, which clearly showed that he fancied he had discovered something, which he only wanted a proper opportunity of divulging. He found it at last.

One evening, the different inmates of the house were assembled in the drawing-room engaged in their ordinary occupations. Mr. Gobler and Mrs. Bloss were sitting at a small card-table near the centre window, playing cribbage; Mr. Wisbottle was describing semi-circles on the music stool, turning over the leaves of a book on the piano, and humming most melodiously; Alfred Tomkins was sitting at the round table with his elbows duly squared, making a pencil sketch of a head considerably larger than his own; O'Bleary was reading Horace, and trying to look as if he understood it; and John Evenson had drawn his chair close to Mrs. Tibbs' work-table, and was talking to her very earnestly in a low tone.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Tibbs," said the radical, laying his fore-finger on the muslin she was at work on; "I can assure you, Mrs. Tibbs, that nothing but the interest I take in your welfare would induce me to make this communication. I repeat that I fear Wisbottle is endeavouring to gain the affections of that young woman Agnes, and that he is in the habit of meeting her in the store-room on the first floor, over the leads. From my bed-room I distinctly heard voices there last night. I opened my door immediately and crept very softly on to the landing; there I saw Mr. Tibbs, who, it seems, had been disturbed also.—Bless me, Mrs. Tibbs, you change colour."

"No, no,—it's nothing," returned Mrs. T. in a hurried manner; "it's only the heat of the room."

"A flush!" ejaculated Mrs. Bloss from the card-table; "that's good for four."

"If I thought it was Mr. Wisbottle," said Mrs. Tibbs, after a pause, "he should leave this house instantly."

"Go!" said Mrs. Bloss again.

"And if I thought," continued the hostess with a most threatening air, "if I thought he was assisted by Mr. Tibbs"—

"One for his nob!" said Gobler.

"Oh," said Evenson, in a most soothing tone;—he always liked to make mischief—"I should hope Mr. Tibbs was not in any way implicated. He has always appeared to me very harmless."

"I have generally found him so," sobbed poor little Mrs. Tibbs; crying like a watering pot in full play.

"Hush! hush! pray—Mrs. Tibbs,—consider;—we shall be observed—pray, don't!" said John Evenson, fearing his whole plan would be interrupted. "We will set the matter at rest with the utmost care, and I shall be most happy to assist you in doing so."

Mrs. Tibbs murmured her thanks.

"When you think every one has retired to rest to-night," said Evenson very pompously, "if you'll meet me without a light, just outside my bed-room door, by the staircase window, I think we can ascertain who the parties really are, and you will afterwards be enabled to proceed as you think proper."

Mrs. Tibbs was easily persuaded; her curiosity was excited, her jealousy was roused, and the arrangement was forthwith made. She resumed her work, and John Evenson walked up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, looking as if nothing had happened. The game of cribbage was over, and conversation began again.

"Well, Mr. O'Bleary," said the humming-top, turning round on his pivot, and facing the company, "what did you think of Vauxhall the other night?"

"Oh, it's very fair," replied Orson, who had been euthusiastically lelighted with the whole exhibition.

"Never saw any thing like that Captain Ross's set-out—eh?

"No," returned the patriot with his usual reservation—"except in Dublin."

"I saw the Count de Canky and Captain Fitzthompson in the Gardens," said Wisbottle; "they appeared much delighted."

"Then it must be beautiful!" snarled Evenson.

"I think the white bears is partickerlerly well done, suggested Mrs. Bloss. "In their shaggy white coats they look just like Polar bears—don't you think they do, Mr. Evenson?"

"I think they look a great deal more like omnibus cads on all fours," replied the discontented one.

"Upon the whole, I should have liked our evening very well," gasped Gobler; "only I caught a desperate cold which increased my pain dreadfully; I was obliged to have several shower baths, before I could leave my room."

"Capital things those shower-baths!" ejaculated Wisbottle.

"Excellent!" said Tomkins.

"Delightful!" chimed in O'Bleary. (He had seen one once, outside a tinman's.)

"Disgusting machines!" rejoined Evenson, who extended his dislike to almost every created object, masculine, feminine, or neuter.

"Disgusting, Mr. Evenson!" said Gobler in a tone of strong indignation.—"Disgusting! Look at their utility—consider how many lives they've saved by promoting perspiration."

"Promoting perspiration, indeed," growled John Evenson, stopping short in his walk across the large squares in the pattern of the carpet—"I was ass enough to be persuaded some time ago to have one in my bedroom 'Gad, I was in it once, and it effectually cured *me* certainly, for the mere sight of it threw me into a profuse perspiration for six months afterwards."

A general titter followed this announcement, and before it had subsided, James brought up "the tray," containing the remains of a leg of lamb which had made its *début* at dinner; bread, cheese; an atom of butter in a forest of parsley, one pickled walnut and the third of another, and so forth. The boy disappeared, and returned

again with another tray, containing glasses and jugs of hot and cold water. The gentlemen brought in their spirit bottles; the housemaid placed divers brass bedroom candlesticks under the card-table, and the servants retired for the night.

Chairs were drawn round the table, and the conversation proceeded in the customary manner. John Evenson, who never eat supper, lolled on the sofa, and amused himself by contradicting everybody. O'Bleary eat as much as he could conveniently carry, and Mrs Tibbs felt a due degree of indignation thereat; Mr. Gobler and Mrs. Bloss conversed most affectionately on the subject of pill-taking and other innocent amusements; and Tomkins and Wisbottle "got into an argument;" that is to say, they both talked very loudly and vehemently, each flattering himself that he had got some advantage about something, and neither of them having more than a very indistinct idea of what they were talking about. An hour or two passed away; and the boarders and the brass candlesticks retired in pairs to their respective bed-rooms. John Evenson pulled off his boots, locked his door, and determined to sit up until Mr. Gobler had retired. He always sat in the drawing-room about an hour after everybody else had left it, taking medicine, and groaning.

Great Coram-street was hushed into a state of the most profound repose; it was nearly two o'clock. A hackney coach now and then rumbled slowly by; and occasionally some stray lawyer's clerk on his way home to Somers Town struck his iron-heel on the top of the coal-cellar with a noise resembling the click of a smoke-jack. A low, monotonous, gushing sound was heard which added considerably to the romantic dreariness of the scene. It was the water "coming in" at No. 11.

"He must be asleep by this time," said John Evenson to himself, after waiting with exemplary patience for nearly an hour after Mr. Gobler had left the drawing-room. He listened for a few moments; the house was perfectly quiet; he extinguished his rushlight, and opened his bed-room door. The staircase was so dark that it was impossible to see anything.

"S—s—fit!" whispered the mischief-maker, making a noise like the first indication a catherine-wheel gives of the probability of its going off.

"Hush!" whispered somebody else.

"Is that you, Mrs. Tibbs?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where?"

"Here;" and the misty outline of Mrs. Tibbs appeared at the staircase-window, like the ghost of Queen Anne in the tent-scene in Richard.

"This way, Mrs. Tibbs;" whispered the delighted busybody: "give me your hand—there. Whoever these people are, they are in the store-room now, for I have been looking down from my window, and I could see that they accidently upset their candlestick, and are now in darkness. You have no shoes on, have you?"

"No," said little Mrs. Tibbs, who could hardly speak for trembling.

"Well; I have taken my boots off, so we can go down close to the store-room door and listen over the bannisters," continued Evenson; and down stairs they both crept accordingly, every board creaking like a patent mangle on a Saturday afternoon.

"It's Wisbottle and somebody I'll swear," exclaimed the radical in an energetic whisper, when they had listened for a few moments.

"Hush—pray let's hear what they say," exclaimed Mrs. Tibbs, the gratification of whose curiosity was now paramount to every other consideration.

"Ah! if I could but believe you," said a female voice coquettishly, "I'd be bound to settle my missis for life."

"What does she say?" inquired Mr. Evenson, who was not quite so well situated as his companion.

"She says she'll settle her missis's life," replied Mrs. Tibbs. "The wretch! they're plotting murder."

"I know you want money," continued the voice, which belonged to Agnes; "and if you'd secure me the five hundred pounds, I warrant she should take fire soon enough."

"What's that?" inquired Evenson again. He could just hear enough to want to hear more.

"I think she says she'll set the house on fire," replied the affrighted Mrs. Tibbs. "Thank God I'm insured in the Phœnix!"

"The moment I have secured your mistress, my dear," said a man's voice in a strong Irish brogue, "you may depend on having the money."

"Bless my soul, it's Mr. O'Bleary!" exclaimed Mrs. Tibbs in a parenthesis.

"The villain!" said the indignant Mr. Evenson.

"The first thing to be done," continued the Hibernian, "is to poison Mr. Gobler's mind."

"Oh, certainly!" returned Agnes, with the utmost coolness.

"What's that?" inquired Evenson again, in an agony of curiosity and a whisper.

"He says she's to mind and poison Mr. Gobler," replied Mrs. Tibbs, perfectly aghast at this awful sacrifice of human life.

"And in regard to Mrs. Tibbs," continued O'Bleary.—Mrs. Tibbs shuddered.

"Hush!" exclaimed Agnes, in a tone of the greatest alarm, just as Mrs. Tibbs was on the extreme verge of a fainting fit. "Hush!"

"Hush!" exclaimed Evenson, at the same moment to Mrs. Tibbs.

"There's somebody coming *up* stairs," said Agnes to O'Bleary.

"There's somebody coming *down* stairs," whispered Evenson to Mrs. Tibbs.

"Go into the parlour, Sir," said Agnes to her companion. "You'll get there before whoever it is gets to the top of the kitchen stairs."

"The drawing-room, Mrs. Tibbs!" whispered the astonished Evenson to his equally astonished companion; and for the drawing-room they both made, plainly hearing the rustling of two persons coming down stairs, and one coming up.

"What can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Tibbs. "It's like a dream. I wouldn't be found in this situation for the world.

"Nor I," returned Evenson, who could never bear a joke at his own expense. "Hush! here they are at the door."

"What fun!" whispered one of the new comers.—It was Wisbottle.

"Glorious!" replied his companion, in an equally low tone. This was Alfred Tomkins. "Who would have thought it?"

"I told you so," said Wisbottle, in a most knowing whisper. "Lord bless you, he has paid her most extraordinary attention for the last two months. I saw 'em when I was sitting at the piano to-night."

"Well, do you know I didn't notice it?" interrupted Tomkins.

"Not notice it!" continued Wisbottle. "Bless you; I saw him whispering to her, and she crying; and then I'll swear I heard him say something about to-night when we were all in bed."

"They're talking of *us*," exclaimed the agonized Mrs. Tibbs, as the painful suspicion, and a sense of their situation, flashed upon her mind.

"I know it—I know it," replied Evenson, with a melancholy consciousness that there was no mode of escape.

"What's to be done—we cannot both stop here," ejaculated Mrs. Tibbs in a state of partial derangement.

"I'll get up the chimney," replied Evenson, who really meant what he said.

"You can't," said Mrs. Tibbs in despair. "You can't—it's a register stove."

"Hush!" repeated John Evenson.

"Hush—hush!" cried somebody down stairs.

"What a d—d hushing!" said Alfred Tomkins, who began to get rather bewildered.

"There they are!" exclaimed the sapient Wisbottle, as a rustling noise was heard in the store-room.

"Hark!" whispered both the young men.

"Hark!" repeated Mrs. Tibbs and Evenson.

"Let me alone, Sir," said a female voice in the store-room.

"Oh, Hagnes!" cried another voice, which clearly belonged to Tibbs, for nobody else ever owned one like it. "Oh, Hagnes—lovely creature!"

"Be quiet, Sir," (a bounce.)

"Hag—"

"Be quiet, Sir,—I am ashamed of you. Think of your wife, Mr. Tibbs.—Be quiet, Sir."

"My wife!" exclaimed the valorous Tibbs, who was clearly under the influence of gin-and-water, and a misplaced attachment; "I ate her! Oh, Hagnes! when I was in the volunteer corps, in eighteen hundred and—"

"I declare I'll scream.—Be quiet, Sir, will you?" (Another bounce, and a scuffle.)

"What's that?" exclaimed Tibbs with a start.

"What's what?" said Agnes, stopping short.

"Why, that!"

"Ah! you have done it nicely now, Sir," sobbed the frightened Agnes, as a tapping was heard at Mrs. Tibbs' bed-room door, which would have beat any twelve woodpeckers hollow.

"Mrs. Tibbs! Mrs. Tibbs!" called out Mrs. Bloss. "Mrs. Tibbs, pray get up." (Here the imitation of a woodpecker was resumed with tenfold violence.)

"O dear—dear!" exclaimed the wretched partner of the depraved Tibbs. "She's knocking at my door. We must be discovered. What will they think?"

"Mrs. Tibbs! Mrs. Tibbs!" screamed the woodpecker again.

"What's the matter?" shouted Gobler, bursting out of the back drawing-room, like the dragon at Astley's—only without the portable gas in his countenance.

"Oh, Mr. Gobler!" cried Mrs. Bloss, with a proper approximation to hysterics; "I think the house is on fire, or else there's thieves in it. I have heard the most dreadful noises."

"The devil you have!" shouted Gobler again, bouncing back into his den, in happy imitation of the aforesaid dragon, and returning immediately with a lighted candle. "Why, what's this? Wisbottle! Tomkins! O'Bleary! Agnes! What the deuce, all up and dressed?"

"Astonishing!" said Mrs. Bloss, who had run down stairs, and taken Mr. Gobler's arm.

"Call Mrs. Tibbs directly, somebody," said Gobler, turning into the front drawing-room. "What! Mrs. Tibbs and Mr. Evenson!!"

"Mrs. Tibbs and Mr. Evenson!" repeated every body, as that unhappy pair were discovered, Mrs. Tibbs seated in an arm-chair by the fire-place, and Mr. Evenson standing by her side.

We must leave the scene that ensued to the reader's imagination. We could tell how Mrs. Tibbs forthwith fainted away, and how it required the united strength of Mr. Wisbottle and Mr. Alfred Tomkins to hold her in her chair; how Mr. Evenson explained, and how his explanation was evidently disbelieved it;—how Agnes repelled the accusations of Mrs. Tibbs, by proving that she was negociating with Mr. O'Bleary to influence her mistress's affections in his behalf; and how Mr. Gobler threw a damp counterpane on the hopes of Mr. O'Bleary by avowing that he (Gobler) had already proposed to, and been accepted by, Mrs. Bloss;—how Agnes was discharged from that lady's service; how Mr. O'Bleary discharged himself from Mrs. Tibbs' house, without going through the form of previously discharging his bill; and how that disappointed young gentleman rails against England and the English, and vows there is no virtue or fine feeling extant, "except in Ireland." We repeat that we *could* tell all this, but we love to exercise our self-denial, and we therefore prefer leaving it to be imagined.

The lady whom we have hitherto described as Mrs. Bloss, is no more. Mrs. Gobler exists: Mrs. Bloss has left us for ever. In a secluded retreat in Newington Butts, far—far removed from the noisy strife of that great boarding-house the world, the enviable

Gobler, and his pleasing wife, revel in retirement; happy in their complaints, their table, and their medicine; wafted through life by the grateful prayers of all the purveyors of animal food within three miles round.

We would willingly stop here, but we have a painful duty imposed upon us, which we must discharge. Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs have separated by mutual consent, Mrs. Tibbs receiving one moiety of the 43*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* which we before stated to be the amount of her husband's annual income, and Mr. Tibbs the other. He is spending the evening of his days in retirement, and he is spending also annually that small but honourable independence. He resides among the original settlers at Walworth, and it has been stated, on unquestionable authority, that the conclusion of the volunteer story has been heard in a small tavern in that respectable neighbourhood.

The unfortunate Mrs. Tibbs has determined to dispose of the whole of her furniture by public auction, and to retire from a residence in which she has suffered so much. Mr. Robins has been applied to, to conduct the sale, and the transcendent abilities of the literary gentleman connected with his establishment, are now devoted to the task of drawing up the preliminary advertisement. It is to contain, among a variety of brilliant matter, seventy-eight words in large capitals, and six *original* quotations in inverted commas.

We fear Mrs. Tibb's determination is irrevocable. Should she, however, be induced to rescind it, we may become once again her faithful biographer. Boz.

LIFE: A SKETCH.

I stood upon the beach—a rustic train
Had gather'd round a body, which the surge
Had dash'd upon the strand—the boisterous main
Lash'd the wild rocks with never-ceasing scourge;
Above the sea-bird scream'd his funeral dirge,
And darted thro' the scud, which, like the mane
Of the wild war-horse, danced before the gale.
Far off, with straining mast and flickering sail,
A little bark was bending to its home—
Now hanging on the verge of some vast wave
Precipitous—now plunging in the foam,
Where the abyss yawn'd wide as for its grave.
Anon the gusty ravings of the storm

Would howl along the yeasty deep, and fling
The spray into the air, and then subside
Into a low and sullen muttering.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

There was a humble cottage on the cliff,
And that had been his home—the very crag
'Neath which he lay, wrapp'd in a tatter'd flag,
Had been a sea-mark to his little skiff
Across the perilous sea.
But one hour past, and thro' the shadows dark
His heart had hail'd its tall and jagged side;
There was a resting-place for his frail bark
From the rude buffets of the stormy tide,
And there, too, would his boy and his young bride
Receive the wanderer to his home, and weep
For joy. Then came the loud and pitiless blast,
And the boat heel'd, and the big wave did sweep
Fierce o'er her crazy sides. It could not last,
But in the greedy bosom of the deep,
Hope, joy, life—all was whelm'd!

Upon a rock
His son above his father's body leant;
His eye was tearless, for the mighty shock
Of sudden woe, that desolates the heart
And numbs the soul, wants tears. But once he woke
From his cold torpor, on his father bent
His eye, and his breast heaved, and a deep sigh
Told the rack'd bosom's speechless agony.
But there were tears on many an iron cheek,
The tributary sympathy of rude
Yet kindly hearts; and in low sounds they spake,
As fearful that a louder voice might break
The stripling mourner's sacred solitude.

* * * * *

He heard the trampling of a steed—it bore
One who made certainty more certain—one
(So wills the law) to search out death.

* * * * *

* * * * A brief inquiry past—
"But there were three," he said, "and where are they?"
His foot was in the stirrup as the last
Words roused again the mourner.—"In the bay,
And the next tide will land them as it may."

He turned his horse—a hand upon his rein
Was laid; the other pointed to a speck
That, toss'd upon the billow, seem'd to gain
The shore by slow degrees—it was the wreck
Of a once noble creature; as again
It reach'd the land, unconscious now of pain—
A moment, and his mate was at its side,
Brothers in danger, brothers too in death;
And as they perish'd in the tempest's wrath,
A pang more bitter than the whelming wave
Was for the friend each loved, but could not save.

And they now lay upon the sands; the tide
Gleaming beneath the faint and watery ray,
That breaks the clouds of winter's cheerless day,
In cruel mockery burst upon them; there
Lay quieted in death the dauntless breast.
I gazed upon the dripping matted hair,
The pallid cheek, the cold blue lips; the chest
Broad, muscular, and sinewy, was bare;
And there was blood upon the livid brow;
While the sunk eye, the bloodless hand and arm,
Form'd a sad contrast, that as by a charm
Fix'd the spectator, tho' his blood ran slow,
And curdled in his veins. * * * *
And this is life.

CONVERSATION WITH A SPANISH LIBERAL.

Zumalacarreguy—Rodil—and the Cura Merino.

" J'ai vu les mœurs de mon temps, et j'ai publié ces lettres."

The present position of affairs in the Peninsula is replete with interest. Notwithstanding the formidable quadruple alliance, there is still a party in Spain ready to dispute the Queen's succession—a party not only formidable in numbers, but commanded by men who have succeeded in inspiring their followers with the most unbounded confidence in their measures, and now it seems further strengthened by the presence of their acknowledged sovereign. One is curious to know something more than mere rumour of men who occupy so distinguished a place in the fortunes of Spain. What is reported of them is so coloured by the medium through which it passes, that it is difficult to arrive at a correct estimate. I was, however, fortunate enough to encounter a Spaniard of my acquaintance, who from potential reasons has for some years past been more familiar with the sombre magnificence of Hyde Park than the more piquant beauties of the Prado de Toledo, who has been formerly mixed up with most of the Spanish leaders, and is well acquainted with all. The following conversation passed between us.

" And pray who is this doughty countrymen of yours who figures so conspicuously? who is this Juan Zumalacarreguy, who has *remis en question*, the Spanish succession,—who sports with the famous quadruple treaty as Willem Van Nassau does with our protocols, and at whose (outlandish) name, Rothschild and our English bondholders turn pale, and exclaim, 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick?'"

" *Ora quien es?* Who is he indeed? *Es un traidor y ladron.* In plain English,—he is a traitor and a thief," replied my Spanish friend, in an angry tone.

" Two points, in which, Amigo," I rejoined, " you must allow that he is not singular. The intestine troubles of your country have displayed a lamentable incongruity of political character in almost all your public men, who with a Protean flexibility have adapted their principles to all the varying phases that for some years past have marked the political horizon of Spain, and have enlisted themselves as readily under the banner of absolutism as under that of the Constitution. But a truce to these reflections; *donnez moi des renseignmens* upon this Spanish Vendean."

" Juan Zumalacarreguy," said my companion, after admitting the justice of my observation, " is one of those men whom revolutions drag from a state of insignificance to enact a splendid part in the great drama of human life. In the year 1820 he was only a captain of infantry, and well known for his ardent attachment to the Constitution. During the short struggle in 1823 which followed the unhallowed intervention of the French Bourbons, Zumalacarreguy, who was escorting a convoy of prisoners to Pampelona, was suddenly surprised by a party of guerillas of the Army of Faith, and after a

feeble resistance, made prisoner and conducted to Irati. From this place he made his escape, but on reaching Pampelona he was immediately arrested, and brought to a court-martial on a charge of treachery. On the day previous to receiving his sentence, which, throughout the garrison of that place, it was notorious would be a passport to the next world, Zumalacarreguy again succeeded in effecting his escape, and reached the head-quarters of the Army of Faith in safety, in whose ranks he immediately obtained the grade of colonel. From that period till the year 1831 he continued in active service, and in high favour with Ferdinand; but on the disgrace of the royalist volunteers he retired to his native province, Navarre, to the viceroy of which he was acting as military secretary on the demise of his benefactor Ferdinand. That Zumalacarreguy would have espoused the cause of his royal patron's daughter there can be no doubt, had he not received from the court an affront which sunk deeply into a mind like his—he was left out in the list of promotions so prodigally made by the Queen-Regent on assuming the reins of government; thence his adherence to the cause of Don Carlos."

"And which makes good," said I, laughing, "your old Spanish proverb, '*Es el occassion que hace el ladron.*' And yet from his actions, I must presume him to be a man of superior abilities, and peculiarly fitted for the part he has to play."

"There you are right. His greatest enemies do not deny him the possession of extraordinary skill and energy of character. It must not be forgotten that the bravery of El Pastor, the activity of Lorenzo, and the veteran experience of Quesada, have all in their turn been baffled by his skill and the mountain bravery of the bands he commands. With these he has recently executed a successful march upon Biscay to cover the disembarkation of arms and ammunition sent out from this country; and on his return, he turned the machinations of his foes against themselves, and defeated them with great slaughter."

"And how much longer," said I, interrupting him, "will this singular state of society endure in Spain, which appears to loathe all improvement, and cling with religious fanaticism to an order of things incompatible with that philosophical spirit of reform, which almost in every other part of Europe is removing, stone by stone, the mouldering fragments of the mighty edifice reared by feudal barbarism and monkish superstition."

"The view you have taken of my country," said the Spaniard, "is not quite correct, though I am aware the one generally taken in England. You must not suppose that the inhabitants of insurgent provinces are so much under the influence of the priesthood as it is generally represented; this is a popular error, which in this country causes the real position of Spain to be viewed through a false medium. These people are actually in arms for the defence of their *fueros* (communities), which are more extensive than those enjoyed by any other population in Europe; they consist in the power of choosing their own magistrates—of furnishing their own contingent to the army, and of importing foreign goods free of duty; these Don Carlos has promised to maintain, and hence their attachment to his

cause; so they are literally fighting you see, *pro aris et focis*, for such an order of things as is incompatible with a system of good government, that would place upon the same footing the privileges of every province of Spain."

"From what you have just told me, then, it is evident that the celebrated Rodil will have some harder work cut out for him than he met with in his late military promenade in Portugal."

"José Ramon Rodil," continued my Spanish friend, "is, as you say, indeed an extraordinary man, the *ultimum Romanorum*, the last of a species which Spain alone has produced; and who, in the closing scene of her dominion in South America, displayed the terrible energy, unshaken firmness of character, and atrocious cold-blooded cruelty, that so peculiarly distinguished the warriors of the Cortez and Pizarro schools.

"The close of the general war saw Rodil a lieutenant-colonel; and without hopes of promotion at home, he went out to South America. Long will the dark-eyed maiden of the valleys of Peru continue to grow pale at the name of Rodil. Humanity shudders at the recital of his atrocities; he hunted down the unfortunate patriots as if they had belonged to a distinct species. '*Con que amigo,*' said the general, with freezing irony, one day, to a patriot officer who had just been brought in prisonner; '*Con que estas patrioto?* So you are a patriot?—one of those, too, whose *devise* is independence or death.' The patriot officer, with folded arms, directed a look of withering scorn at his country's oppressor, but made no reply. 'Well,' continued Rodil, in the same tone of bitter raillery, 'as independence is a thing perfectly out of the question, you can have no objection to my countersigning your passport for the next world, or in other words, to my qualifying you for the latter condition of your national motto.' And then, turning to an orderly officer, he said, with the most perfect nonchalance, '*Matta-le.*' The unfortunate officer was immediately led out, and in a few minutes the fire of a platoon convinced the general that his victim had, by means of his passport, passed the barrier of eternity.

"It is to be regretted," continued my narrator, "that Rodil should have tarnished his bright military fame by acts of atrocious cruelty, such as I have narrated to you, for he is really a brave and experienced soldier; and his heroic defence of the castles of Callao will occupy a distinguished place in the annals of sieges. After the battle of Ayacucho he refused to ratify that article of the capitulation entered into by Generals Canterac and Sucre, to deliver up the fortress of Callao, of which he was at the time governor; and made preparations for a vigorous defence: and such indeed it proved; he held out this fortress for upwards of eighteen months, exposed to almost constant bombardment from the batteries of the patriots, to famine, and the dreadful effects of a contagious fever, that proved even more fatal than the fire of the enemy. The miseries and privations of the unfortunate inhabitants and garrison during this siege almost baffle description. Suffice it to say, that out of 4,000 persons, many of them belonging to the first families in Lima, who had adhered to the royalist cause, not a tithe escaped. More than once the troops un-

der his command broke out into open mutiny, which was quelled by his *sang froid* and presence of mind. His conduct on one of these occasions will afford you a tolerable insight into the character of this extraordinary man.

"Towards the close of the siege, when almost every atom of provision had been consumed, even to the very rats (that at its commencement were so numerous, and on which they had latterly subsisted), and all hope of succour from the mother country had vanished, Rodil, who had mined the fortress in every direction, with the intention of blowing it up, rather than surrender it to the abhorred patriots, learned that two regiments of Buenos Ayrean infantry, who formed part of the garrison, were plotting to deliver up the castle. Unable by his emissaries to discover the ringleaders of the plot, Rodil at last accomplished it by one of the most cold-blooded stratagems of which the annals of war furnish an example. He assembled the two regiments in question, and after, in very explicit terms, telling them that, despairing of relief, he had determined to bury himself and his faithful Spaniards beneath the ruins of the fortress, he finished by adding that as they were Americans, forced against their will and inclination into the Spanish ranks, that such as wished to leave the garrison and abandon the royal cause were free to do so. 'Such of you, therefore,' said the general, with that winning tone he can so well assume, 'who wish to take advantage of my offer, advance out of the ranks, and form twenty paces in front of the regiment.' Overjoyed at the prospect of escaping from their impending fate, the commanding officer, several captains and subalterns, and some 60 or 70 file, quitted the ranks, and formed as they were commanded, in advance of the line. At this moment, Rodil, who was smoking, removed the cigar from his mouth, and coolly gave the word to their comrades in the rear—*fuego!* It proved the knell of the conspirators: in an instant they were weltering in their gore! while the remainder of the garrison, struck with this display of terrible energy and cool determination, returned to their obedience.

"Rodil at last, convinced that all chance of relief was hopeless, and that the cause of Spain in America was irretrievably lost, signed an honourable capitulation under the guarantee of Sir Murray Maxwell, of His Majesty's ship Briton. When every obstacle had been removed, the Briton was moored close under the wall of the castle, and its indomitable governor, on signing the capitulation, immediately found himself under the protection of the British flag.*

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* Bolivar was so enraged at the obstinate defence made by Rodil, and likewise for not ratifying the article of capitulation at Ayacucho, relative to the surrender of Callao, that he threatened to hang him if he fell into his hands. Rodil was, however, justified in the line of conduct he adopted, as the command of Callao was always derived direct from the king himself, and was independent of the viceroy of Peru.

The writer of the foregoing pages met General Rodil at the Rio de Janeiro, on his way to Europe, after his celebrated defence. His manners were as polished and bland as his exterior was stern and forbidding. The anecdotes given here of the general were current at the time in South America.

"On his return to Europe, Rodil was received with open arms by Ferdinand; in whose favour he held a distinguished place to the very hour of his death."

"From the sketch you have given me," I observed, "it appears that Rodil is, after all, a liberal rather *par ton* than *par sentiment*."

"Most unquestionably," was the reply I received, "the school in which he was educated was inimical to the growth of liberal opinions. And with some few exceptions this observation will apply to all the leading political characters in Spain.

"The re-appearance of Don Carlos in the insurgent provinces will singularly complicate the aspect of affairs. The extravagance and levity of the queen, and her shutting herself up at this moment with her cortejo, Munoz, at La Granja, in whom the people see a second Manuel Godoy, has exasperated and disgusted her partisans. Again the Estatuto Real for the convocation of the Cortes has disappointed the liberal party. By this document, that body will become a mere automaton, to be moved at the will of the court; a piece of lumber, like the old parliaments of France, having only the power of registering the decrees of the Court.

"Under these circumstances, there is no knowing what may be the effect should Don Carlos appear, and hoist his standard in the Basque provinces. Liberal as I am, I cannot conceal from myself that he has '*beau jeu en main*;' and if he but plays a bold and skilful game, I will not yet answer for the result. His re-appearance, too, in Spain may again introduce on the theatre of events a man whose extraordinary influence over the population of the Two Castiles is equivalent to an army,—I allude to the celebrated Cura Merino, whose life has been a romance, and a sketch of whose singular career I will put you in possession of, if your patience is not already exhausted—nay, disgusted, by the events I have just narrated to you."

After expressing myself highly amused and instructed by the information he had afforded me, my Spanish friend proceeded as follows:

"Geromino Merino, better known in Old Castile by the name of 'El Cura de Villaviado,' is sprung from an obscure family. At an early age his parents sent him to learn Latin in the college at Lerma; but he had scarcely commenced his fourth class, before they recalled him home to tend a flock of goats which belonged to them.

"In the exercise of this pastoral occupation, which, by its tranquillity and monotonous uniformity, forms so striking a contrast with the chequered fate and fiery wroth of his subsequent career, Geromino continued until the death of the Cura de Villaviado. As there was at the time no one to fill the place of that priest, Merino was advised to lay aside the crook, and, as we say in England, to read for the church, which he accordingly did; and, at the end of six months, was admitted into holy orders. However, as the revenues of his living were extremely slender, and being by nature rather formed for a mountain life than the service of the church, he resumed his former occupation of a shepherd, and only quitted it on Sundays to say mass to his parishioners.

"A crook, a fowling-piece, a pair of pistols, and a long knife, with a large slouched hat, and a short cloak; such was the costume of the shepherd priest. He was usually accompanied by a child whom he passed off as his nephew, but who was, in fact, his natural son, and now a lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish army. This wandering life soon developed all the fiery passions of his soul.

"In the year 1808, a detachment of French Voltigeurs quartered at Lerma, received orders to move on Vallaviado. Merino was at the time leading the tranquil life we have described; but it so happened that, on the very day the French troops marched out of Villaviado, he took the same route with his flock.

"For some time both parties held on their way very quietly, till some stragglers of the French party, either to divert themselves with that levity so natural to French soldiers, or with a view of vexing the Spaniard, took it into their heads to make Merino carry all their baggage. Accordingly, laying hands upon him, they loaded him with five or six firelocks, and seven or eight knapsacks; and with this heavy load they obliged him to march upwards of three leagues. A tithe of such treatment would have been sufficient to exasperate a man of Merino's stamp. No sooner, therefore, was he released, than borrowing a firelock from the Ventero of Quintanilla, he placed himself in ambush at the entrance of a wood, and, before nightfall, had already slain a French courier, and seized his horse.

"Merino had two brothers, and a sister of extraordinary beauty. All the members of his family suffered more or less from his cruel treatment. His aged mother, whom he more than once threatened to shoot, died broken-hearted. His elder brother, nicknamed, *El Majo*, a smuggler by profession, joined him in 1810, on the very day that he had a bloody affair with the French at Almanza. Merino, fearing lest his brother, for the extraordinary courage he had displayed, should be chosen leader of his band, caused him to be assassinated on the bridge, only two hours after he had warmly embraced him, and expressed how delighted he was to see him, after an absence of six years. His younger brother, also a smuggler by trade, continued to follow his brother's fortunes in the field for about three months; but having one day reproached Merino with his cruelty, the latter, assembling his band in the square at Lerma, made his unfortunate brother run the gauntlet, in consequence of which he expired a few days after. There now only remained his sister; she saved herself by flight; and well was it for her that she did so, as sooner or later she would have fallen a victim to his ferocious cruelty.

"These facts will enable you to form some idea of the wretch who is now exercising so marked an influence upon the political destinies of Spain.

"Merino is fifty-eight years of age, short, and slender, but gifted with a stentorian power of voice. His features are broadly marked; large and deeply sunk eyes, with temples so hollow that he is frequently compared in consequence to an old horse. His face is meagre, but his aspect bold and resolute; and, however fragile he may appear to the eye, he possesses, nevertheless, an iron constitution of frame. Never did man support bitter and longer privation and

fatigue, than he. Unlike the generality of his countrymen, he never smokes, drinks no wine, eats but moderately, and in the course of twenty-four hours he seldom takes more than fifteen minutes' sleep; and that, when in campaign, on horseback. But none of those under his command have ever seen Merino pass a night with them. At the decline of day he halts his band, chooses the place of encampment, and then, accompanied by a single domestic, will strike into a neighbouring forest, three or four leagues off, and re-appear at the morning dawn. When in the field, the garb and aspect of Merino is as wild and savage as the darkest empersonation of Murillo or Salvator's pencil. But even more terrible is the disposition of the inward man—a soul of fire; a heart of flint; a breast, so fierce and unrelenting, that before its stern decrees

" 'Hope withering flies, and mercy sighs farewell!'

"I am almost afraid to trace the history of his enormities. Suffice it to say, that, during the war of independence, and subsequently in that which he waged against the Constitution, more than forty-eight alcades were shot in his presence, and by his orders. Never has he been known to give quarter to his prisoners. All the officers who fell into his hands, were first tortured with the most refined cruelty that human ingenuity could invent, and then shot. In 1810 he burnt alive eighty-six prisoners, in spite of the urgent entreaties of the priesthood and nobility of Villahoz, who wished to save them.

"On the termination of the war of independence, Merino was appointed governor of Burgos, which he lost only a few months after, owing to the gross immorality of his conduct. At a subsequent period, he was appointed prebendary of the cathedral of Valencia; but his wild and extraordinary figure highly displeased his brethren, who testified in the world loudly their indignation at being associated with so ferocious a character. This came to the ears of Merino, who, presenting himself one day in the sacristy when they were assembled on business, he loaded them with invectives, and, drawing forth a pistol from his bosom, he pointed it at the terrified canons, and actually obliged them to pass before him, who esteemed themselves but too happy to come off so cheaply, and to be *quittes pour la peur*.

"Ferdinand VII, on being informed of this outrage, dispensed this intractable canon from the duties of his sacred office; although his salary was still continued to him. Merino then returned to his own province, and fixed his residence at Tordueles, a small village near Villoriado; there he passed his time in the chase, and in superintending the building of an elegant house, which he still possesses.

"In 1820 the Constitutional system was proclaimed. During the first year of the Constitution, Merino remained quietly at home; and since the war of independence, such was his horror of the monks and friars, that, if he had reigned for only forty-eight hours, I am certain that his first decree would have been to order the massacre of them all. I will tell you the reason that he is so opposed to the Constitution:—

"The prefect of ——— received a letter, informing him of Merino's intention to raise the standard of revolt against the Constitution.

Upon this vague charge, the prefect, without assigning any reason, immediately ordered Merino to appear before him. Merino on his arrival was very unceremoniously received; for, without explaining to him why and wherefore he had been called to appear, he was threatened with a dungeon, and even a gibbet, if he dared revolt against the authority of the Cortes. What a superficial knowledge did this conduct betray of Merino's character!—Deeply wounded in his pride, and terrible in his cold-blooded revenge, he only answered his interrogator by one of those freezing looks, which in him conveys so much meaning. From that moment he vowed revenge against the government of the Cortes—from that moment may be dated all the injury he has done the constitutional cause, and which he is still doing in Old Castile, of which he is the king, the god burning with indignation. Merino quitted the prefecture, and, returning to his hotel, mounted his horse, and galloping to Cogollos, about a league off, he raised his well-known war-cry, of 'To arms!' Before night, he was already on the road to Lerma, at the head of 400 peasants, who, at his voice, had quitted their habitations, their fields, their ploughs, their wives and children—all, in fact, to follow a being whose apparition produced on them a species of fascination. The next day, his force amounted to 1,400 men, armed with knives, scythes, and arquebuses; and, with this undisciplined but devoted band, he captured thirty soldiers of the regiment of Seville, who were immediately shot at Fontesso.

"By the different accounts from Spain, it appears that the Cura has been often defeated. But what has been gained by this?—Nothing. He may be beaten again and again; but what will be the result?—Nothing, we repeat; absolutely nothing. His bands spring up, hydra-like, on every side; while, like him of old, he appears to be gifted with the power of changing stones into men. The immortal Empecinado, Espinosa, Valdes, Amor, Oberon, have all been sent in pursuit of him, have beaten, destroyed, pulverised his soldiers—but all in vain; the next day Merino re-appears at the head of a larger force and is more formidable than ever.

"The space of forty leagues, which separates Burgos from Madrid, is for him a region of safety. He will proceed from town to town, from village to village, with only three or four followers, without the slightest apprehension for his personal safety, otherwise than from the troops sent in pursuit of him.

"Merino's favourite system *de guerre* is to ravage every thing with fire and sword that belongs to the government against which he is in arms. When the fancy takes him, he no more spares the couriers of foreign cabinets than those of his own government. But should any of his followers plunder the house of any one not actually in arms, whatever may be his political opinions, they are sure to expiate their crime with their lives. None are all evil; even Merino's character is redeemed by some noble traits. Robbery and plunder are strictly forbidden in his bands, while he himself is perhaps at once the least selfish and most unambitious man in the world. During the wars of independence at Quentanapilla, he become the master of an immense treasure belonging to the French, for he had captured a convoy the

bearer of several millions. The whole of this immense treasure was distributed by this singular being among his guerillas, who were fairly gorged with gold, while for his share he only reserved a few dozen pairs of silk stockings.

"Merino's personal courage has by many been called in question; yet if a reckless exposure in the hour of danger be any proof of courage, Merino certainly possesses this quality in an eminent degree. In 1808, at the head of his soldiers, he carried by assault the town of Roa. In the actions of the Venta del Angel, in that of Pampliega, where he captured the whole French garrison, his fearless intrepidity elicited even the admiration of his enemies. His *sang froid*, too, is on a level with his bravery. Wishing to penetrate the designs of his enemies, he introduced himself several times into Burgos disguised as a peasant, and leading an ass laden with red paper. On these occasions he gained information by which he subsequently profited. In 1823, accompanied by only four followers, Merino arrived at Ontarea. It was about half-past eight at night, and taking up his quarters in the only house in this granja, he sat down to supper, while his followers chatted with the people of the house. He had not been there more than an hour before the place was surrounded by sixty soldiers and thirty national guards. The situation of the house greatly favoured his enemies. On its south side there was a wall thirty feet high; on the west no outlet; on the east the door guarded by a strong detachment, and on the north, at the distance of sixty paces, a narrow bridge, upon which were posted two sentinels:—it was only this last point that offered any chance of escape. Accordingly, rising from table, he ordered the horses to be saddled, and spurring toward the door, traverses a shower of balls, and arrives by a miracle at the foot of the bridge. Here his horse fell; but recovering him in an instant, he dashes forward, and receives the fire of the two sentinels—kills one and wounds the other, and reaches in safety the other extremity of the bridge, where he turned round, and vented a volley of bitter imprecations on the heads of his enemies.

"These anecdotes are sufficient to prove his personal bravery; in fact, this quality is as broadly developed in him as the barbarism of his manners and the ferocity of his character. Still, it must be confessed that his good fortune is extraordinary; for if not impossible to capture him, it appears to be almost next to it. He is always accompanied by two of the finest and best trained horses in Castile; however rapid his pace, these two animals are trained to gallop side by side. When Merino perceives that the one on which he is mounted is fatigued, without diminishing his speed he vaults upon the other. It was thus that he escaped after his defeat at Paleuzuela, by General Amor, in 1823.

"The question that will now naturally suggest itself is, what is the real object of Merino's opposition to the Queen's government, and what are his views?—a question at this moment of some interest.

"We have seen that at the period of the war of independence, Merino took up arms to avenge the outrages that had been heaped upon him. In 1821, he again took the field for a similar motive. But in

the present instance, it will be urged, as there exists no similar provocation, it can only be therefore for the interest of religion, of the priests, or of Don Carlos, that Merino has raised the standard of revolt. Such are the most general conclusions; but they are absurd, and betray the grossest ignorance of the man. Religion he has none. In action his cry is never 'God and the church!' but 'to arms!' After victory, never does he think of returning thanks to Heaven for the advantage he has obtained. Religion has, therefore, no part in his conduct, and the cause of the priests still less, for he cordially abhors the whole race. In 1822, Merino was attacked by a fever, and took refuge in the convent of Santa Clara. In this quiet retreat he passed nearly a year; and it proved for him the best asylum against the active pursuit of which he was then the object. During the day he assumed the habit of a nun, in order to walk with the sisterhood in the garden; and at night he slept in the church in a small recess behind the statue of Santa Clara. Yet so much care and attention he repaid by a series of gross insults and the blackest ingratitude. On one occasion, in the refectory, the lady abbess having called him to order, he actually seized a plate and broke it over her head. Since, then, neither religion or its apostles have roused Merino to action, it must be urged as the cause of Don Carlos. If ever this prince ascends the throne of his brother, there can be no doubt that Merino will have been powerfully instrumental to it; but, nevertheless, it is not for Don Carlos that this extraordinary man has taken up arms, for he has already shewn that he has no sympathy for him. In 1827, when the whole of Catalonia declared for that prince, and invited several times Merino to declare for the same cause, his answer to the whole was as follows:—'I am residing quietly at home, perfectly indifferent by whom the throne is filled, provided I am left quiet. Be gone, and beware how you again appear before me!' What, then, are Merino's real objects? If we attentively examine his whole life, and seek the secret of his atrocities, we shall find that he has made a cause of his own, and that it is to this cause that he has devoted his arm. He well knows that he has committed too many crimes for any government to allow him to escape with impunity; it is, therefore, this instinct of self-preservation that governs and directs every act of his life. If a republican government were established in Spain to-morrow, and promised Merino a complete oblivion of the past, and were able to inspire him with confidence in their promises, Merino would lay down his arms—nay, even lend to the reformers of monkish absolutism his powerful co-operation. Merino is no party man; he is only terrible to those whom he fears, or those who have injured him. Who these are we shall presently shew. But that he is not hostile to those who remain neutral, whatever may be their political opinions, the following anecdote will show. Merino's sister, whom we have mentioned fled from his persecution and cruelty, married a farmer at Villadoz. In the year 1823, when the army of the Duke d'Angouleme was master of Spain, the husband of Merino's sister, Antonio Santuyo, accompanied by Don Santiago Beltran, the only two royalists of Villahoz, assassinated

the Alcade de Mateo Calvarez, a violent Constitutionalist, and personal enemy of Merino's. The royal court of Valladolid, having taken cognizance of this murder, despatched a troop of lancers and a commissary, arrested the assassins, and conveyed them to the prison of that city, at the request of the unfortunate widow of the deceased. At this period, Merino was at Madrid, high in favour with the royal Ferdinand. His sister repaired immediately to the capital, to intreat him to use his influence to save her husband. 'The alcade,' she added, 'was your enemy, and it was to avenge you that my husband killed him.' Merino replied to his sister's request by a look of withering contempt, and was on the point of driving her from his presence, when, suddenly, his manner altered, and he made her sit down, while he penned and folded a letter, which he handed to her, saying, 'Return immediately to Valladolid, and deliver this letter yourself.' It was for Don Ignacio Romero, judge of the Sala del Cremin. His sister obeyed, and returned immediately to Valladolid, not doubting but that she was the bearer of an order for her husband's release. The letter was delivered, and the judge on breaking the seal read as follows:—

"'Sir,—This letter will be delivered to you by my sister. I charge you to find her a second husband, and to hang the first, as a punishment for the assassination of the Alcade of Villahoz. It was not for him to constitute himself the judge of men's opinions.'

"The royal court, however, did not fulfil the wishes of Merino to their full extent—the delinquents were *only* condemned to the galleys for ten years.—And now one more anecdote to paint the extraordinary influence of Merino over the Castilians.

"The judge of the the town of Corrio, Don Pedro Martinez de Velasco, a true Constitutionalist, came to Villahoz to see his family a few days after the murder of the alcade. The town was at the time full of royalists, who had assembled in order to revenge the arrest of Merino's brother-in-law. They had already commenced operations by committing to prison all the rich liberals in the place; and having heard that Martinez de Velasco had returned home, they proceeded to his residence with the intention of arresting him. On their arrival the patriot produced his passport; it was written in Merino's own hand, and signified that the bearer, Don Pedro Martinez de Velasco, might traverse without fear the Two Castiles. The commandant of the board had no sooner read at the top of the passport,—"In the name of Geronimo Merino,' than the crowd uncovered themselves, and listening in profound silence, retired immediately. The officer kissed the passport before returning it, and placed a guard of honour before the house of him he came to arrest."

And now we shall attempt to develop the real cause of the present insurrection of this extraordinary man—for numerous are the projects and ideas imputed to him by the daily press, which have never for a moment had a place in his imagination. Of this we are convinced, and should the priests and the Carlists derive any advantages from the super-human influence of the man, they will owe him no gratitude—it is not for them that he sacrifices his repose. The men

whom Merino looks upon as his real enemies are the Josephines or French party. Never will he suffer them to come into power—he hates them with all the concentrated malignity of a demon.

When, in 1828, he was sent for by the government to Madrid, he soon perceived the influence which Mignano, Hermosilla, Burgos, and several other Josephines possessed at court. He saw, also, that the only journal that was published at Madrid, was under the exclusive direction of Carnero; this exasperated him to the last degree. "How," he exclaimed in a fury, "are we still governed by the men who have so persecuted me. Never will I submit to these associates of the usurper—they have more than once sought my head, and now I will embrue my hands in the blood that shall flow from theirs."

Has this period then arrived for Merino? Are these the motives which have driven him to arms? There is, after all, nothing so improbable in the supposition when it is recollected that, in 1823, at the entry of the Duke d'Angouleme into Spain, Merino refused to acknowledge the Regency of Urgel, and that he loudly deprecated the intervention of France in favour of Ferdinand; and reduced to the alternative either of opposing the army of the duke, or making his submission to the Regency, he preferred to remain neuter, to abandon the Two Castiles, and to pass into Estramadura, where he remained in a state of inaction; in fact, no sooner had the French crossed the Pyrenees than he ceased all hostility against the liberal party.

Various have been the means devised by the Spanish government to get rid of Merino, but in vain. They once hired a band of assassins to dispatch him, but he discovered the plot. When brought before him, and expecting instant death; he sternly bade them begone and tell their employers how nearly they had become his victims.—Such is Merino!

SONNET: TO THE WEED.

Inviting herb, whose fragrant influence sheds
A soothing balm o'er many a restless hour,
Whether thy perfumed breath upcurling spreads
Over unquiet brains with magic power,
Omnipotent o'er trouble which consumes;
Or thou dost cheer the student's lonely nights,
And heaven to him revealest through thy fumes;—
Or with mild grace thy envied presence lights
A ray of joy and hope in humbler homes,
Strewing life's flinty path with soft delights;
Accept the tribute which thy votary pays,
A tribute all unequal to thy claim;
Thou art the phœnix of our modern days—
Expiring, thou dost triumph most in flame.

A CITIZEN'S CAMPAIGN.

On the 3d of August, of the memorable 1830, Monsieur B—— received a commission, or rather authorization, to act, from the Provisional Government in Paris, bearing the signature of the venerable and lamented Lafayette, with instructions to use every effort to raise and arm the country and villages around Rambouillet, where the royal troops had taken a position, and still threatened the capital. He left Paris in the forenoon, by the *Barrière d'Enfer*, accompanied by a young friend and a veteran sergeant of the Imperial Guard, who had served fifteen campaigns under Napoleon, including those of Russia and Egypt, and had followed him to Elba, where he received from the emperor's own hand the cross of the Legion of Honour; and still the old man appeared as vigorous as ever. Each of them carried a heavy musket and bayonet, every pocket was crammed with ball cartridges, while a large bundle of proclamations, made fast to the shoulders and hanging behind like a knapsack, completed their equipment.

M. B—— had a small country-house and some land at the village of Aunay, not far from Rambouillet, and about twelve leagues from Paris; to this spot our little party directed their steps. The mass of the Parisians left Paris by the *Barrière de Neuilly*, pursuing the course of the Seine; and M. B—— calculated upon joining them the next morning by a cross country road, after visiting Aunay; where, being best known, he would possess most influence with the country people.

After marching six leagues, M. B—— began to betray symptoms of weariness; but Huguenin (the sergeant) would not hear of their stopping until three more leagues had been accomplished. He did not know what fatigue meant; and, taking M. B——'s musket, the fine old man threw it over his left shoulder by the side of his own, gave him his right arm, mainly supporting him during another league they traversed in this manner; but when seven leagues from Paris, M. B—— and his young friend could go no further, and about eight o'clock they halted, completely worn out by the fatigue of their march and the heat of the weather.

A barn standing a few paces on the left side of the road served for their lodging, and M. B—— and his friend were but too happy to stretch themselves upon some litter, and rest their weary frames. Huguenin volunteered to be sentinel first, and took up his position in front of the "grange," directly opposite to which, on the right side of the road, a rather narrow lane led up a gentle slope in the direction of St. Arnoued.

The night was calm and fine, though somewhat cloudy, and all remained very quiet until nearly midnight. The sergeant was still on guard: he was puffing away at a short pipe, and lounging against the corner of the barn—the others were wrapt in sleep—when the trampling of horse broke upon the ear of the sentinel. He listened

again; his practised ear could not mistake; and, hastily awakening his companions, it was not long ere they perceived through the gloom the leading files of a party of horse, enveloped in the *manteaux blancs** of the redoubted "*garde du corps,*" coming slowly down the lane immediately opposite to their post. When the foremost troopers were within fifty yards, Huguenin boldly challenged with the usual "*Qui vive,*" then promptly advancing one step, the clicking of the lock of his musket was distinctly audible upon the still night air, as he threw it forward ready for instant action, and again hailed them.

"*Halte-là, ou je tire.*" The approaching party instantly halted, one amongst them answering—

"*Des amis—Qui êtes-vous?*"

"*Sentinelle de l'avant garde de l'armée nationale; que l'officier en commandement s'avance seul, parler au capitaine.*"

This order, after a minute or two's deliberation, was obeyed; an officer covered with a large cloak dismounting, advanced alone to the barn where M. B—— stood ready to receive him.

"*Qui êtes-vous?*" demanded M. B——

"*Nous sommes des officiers qui vont à Paris.*"

"*D'où venez-vous?*"

"*Nous venons de quitter l'armée royale.*"

"*Combien vous y en a-t-il?*"

"*Cinq.*"

"*Rendez vos armes et vos chevaux—vous êtes tous prisonniers.*"

During this short dialogue the moon shone forth with brilliancy, and M. B—— now observed with some surprise that his adversary was very considerably advanced in years, as a few locks of white hair escaping from beneath his *chapeau militaire* sufficiently proved. This colloquy contained nothing very re-assuring to the aged officer, and an air of consternation was visibly depicted on his countenance; for a few seconds he was evidently much embarrassed, when raising his hand rather suddenly to his head, his cloak was for an instant thrown open, enabling M. B—— to catch a glimpse of a most splendid uniform and several stars and orders, convincing him that the stranger was of very high rank in the army. After a little further conversation with M. B——, whose calm, temperate, yet energetic manner and remarks, inspired him with confidence; and having looked at the commission signed by Lafayette, which M. B—— hastened to exhibit, he decided upon surrendering himself and escort; the belief that a considerably body of the armed Parisians was not far distant no doubt materially assisting him to that conclusion. Slowly unsheathing his sword, he turned towards M. B——, and presenting it to him, said with dignity—

"*Monsieur, je me fie à votre honneur; le général Bordesoule† vous rend son épée.*"

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* The cloaks of the troopers of the royal guard were made of white woollen cloth.

† Bordesoule, general of division under Napoleon, held with honour several very important commands during his reign. At the Restoration, the Bourbons continued to employ him; and when Spain was occupied by their armies, General Bordesoule held no mean rank in them.

Respectfully bowing to this distinguished officer, M. B—— declined receiving the offered weapon, desiring him to keep it, and believe on the word of a man of honour, that he should be treated with all the respect and attention due to his rank and situation, assuring him that the good faith which should be kept with him would leave no cause to regret his having acted as he had done.

The General then ordered his party, consisting of two *aides-de-camp* in brilliant uniforms and two troopers of the guard, to approach, dismount, and surrender their arms, which was accordingly done; and our adventurers now learned that the general had straggled from a body of the royal horse the preceding evening, and after marching several hours with the hope of rejoining their friends, found they had taken a contrary direction, and had in fact completely lost their way. When day broke they were in the midst of a hostile and insurgent population; throughout the entire day they had wandered from place to place, sometimes directed aright by the few persons they encountered, but oftener misled by the unfriendly peasantry. Without money—for both general and officers had expended their last *centime* in their march from Paris—harassed, fatigued to death, and fainting for want of sustenance, the easiness of their surrender is little to be wondered at; though, when somewhat refreshed by sleep and the few eatables our party possessed, they certainly felt and expressed some mortification to find how mean a force had captured them: fortunately they did not learn this fact till daybreak; and though they might even then, perhaps, have succeeded in disarming their captors and setting themselves at liberty, the intelligence of the total flight of the royal army, which they received at a very early hour from a farmer, convinced them at once of its inutility; besides, the interest excited by the general's situation and rank on the one side, and the frankness, attention, and temperate behaviour of M. B—— on the other, soon led to a sort of intimacy and good understanding between them, that the general would not have willingly interrupted by violence.

About seven o'clock M. B—— set off with his five prisoners to return to Paris; previous to starting, the general insisted upon M. B——'s mounting his own beautiful and richly caparisoned horse, taking for himself that of one of the troopers, our youngest adventurer mounting the other, Huguenin and the two dismounted troopers following on foot, as no consideration would have induced the veteran to lay aside the prejudices of an old grenadier and ride on horseback, a feat he declared he had not attempted for twenty-five years.

After an hour's marching the little cortège stopped at a village to breakfast, the aides-de-camp and troopers eating ravenously; for this meal they were indebted to the kindness of M. B——, for, as I before observed, they had not a *sous*, and M. B—— was paymaster for all; here also the general insisted upon purchasing a peasant's *blouze* and a common hat, both of which he instantly put on, eagerly relinquishing his own splendid dress, and concealing all his decorations most carefully; besides this precaution, M. B—— and his companions gave up their tri-coloured cockades to their prisoners,

which they quickly mounted, and that, too, on the most prominent part of their hats.

On the road, General Bordesoule's conversation continually betrayed his fears; and, at length, he anxiously demanded of M. B—— if he could answer for his life in conducting him to Paris, where, should he be recognized, he felt assured he should be massacred. Nor is this excessive fear at all surprising when we bring to mind the horrors of the French revolution; of which the general had, doubtless, the liveliest recollection, and consider that he could then know nothing of the conduct of the people after this of July.

M. B—— endeavoured by every means to re-assure him, painting the heroism and clemency of the Parisians in the most glowing terms, and finished by declaring he would be responsible with his own life for any danger the general might incur.

A further march of five hours brought them to the Barrière d'Enfer, where they were stopped and eagerly questioned by the patriots, who held the post, as to what had taken place in the country. M. B—— was soon recognized and received with the loudest acclamations; and, as they desired to know who the five persons were whom he escorted, he informed them, "that they were brave soldiers who had quitted the army of *Charles Dix* to join the camp of the people." Tremendous shouts of "Vive la liberté!" "Vive la charte!" followed this judicious announcement, proving how well it had been received; nor did Bordesoule and his companions fail to re-echo the patriotic cries.

On entering the city, the general looked very pale and anxious, for every street was unpaved and partially barricaded, and every citizen was under arms; he observed to M. B—— that he still doubted whether he was not being conducted to a scaffold. M. B—— used every effort to allay his fears, and proceeded direct to the Hotel de Ville, where the Provisional Government was then sitting. A receipt was given him for the persons of the general, his party, and their five horses; and thus terminated M. B——'s celebrated campaign, by the capture of five armed horsemen, the leader a man of high rank, by three tired adventurers.

In the course of the month of August the aides-de-camp invited M. B—— and his two companions to a very handsome dinner, and one of them has since greatly distinguished himself at Algiers. From General Bordesoule, M. B—— has never since the 3rd of August received any communication; but it may be added, that he is now a peer of France, and that the people, whom he would have destroyed with lead and steel, to whom he was subsequently so humble, and of whom he was so fearful, he now governs, *judges*, and makes laws for!

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

NUTS FOR THE SENTIMENTALISTS.—One of the most prevailing cants of the day is the notion that the progress of correct knowledge has almost completely effected the ruin of feeling and enthusiasm, so utterly subversive of all that is poetic. Let any one take even a very cursory retrospect of the last month, and then say whether the dog-days are favourable for the development of the milk of human kindness. On the first day of the late festival at Westminster Abbey, no sooner did the sons of harmony in the orchestra make note of dreadful preparation for the performance of certain harmonious polyglots, than (as a morning journal tells us) the more *sensible* portion of the audience swooned, fainted, and wept. Such was the effect of the concussion between horse-hair and catgut, that the nerves of the dillitanti, by some mysterious sympathy we don't pretend to comprehend, responded in truly edifying unison, and a general defluxion of tears forthwith ensued; our defunct friends in the Poet's Corner were all but rising. On the same occasion the prima-donna of the Opera House, Mademoiselle Grisi, was "so overcome by her feelings" that she could scarcely execute a note; as if "scared at the sounds herself had made," and fled from amongst her sister vocalists the moment the music she had ineffectually attempted to accompany ceased. While his Majesty was delivering the church and state oration (upon which we commented last month), his ghostly auditors say the royal speaker was "visibly affected." The resignation scene in the House of Lords was accompanied by a similar effusion of the sentimental; the feelings of Earl Grey so wrought upon the noble Speaker, as to render him totally incapable of saying any thing, and it was only by repeated cheers that he at last found words. As for the affair of her Majesty's embarkation for Germany the other day, it was, in all conscience, enough to melt the hearts of half the civic dignitaries, from St. Paul's to the Minories. What with wading through the mud of the Tower Hamlets, and the effects of a July sun, to say nothing of their intensely calorific loyalty, the livers of sundry turtle-eaters must have been in a state of incipient liquifaction. So deeply impressed was the queen by a compassionate consideration of their manifold and chivalric sufferings, that she rained a perfect torrent of grief. Now, in the name of Lord Eldon, and all that is lachrymose, who will contend, in the face of these facts, that we are a race of stern utilitarians, or that all that's romantic in nature has evaporated? Let things but go on at this rate, and the most sceptical as to the justness of our claims to the "most thinking people," will have little hesitation in awarding us the title of the "most lackadasical," beyond all dispute.

THE ADMIRATION AND ENVY OF SURROUNDING NATIONS.—The *Exeter Flying Post* gives an account of an unfortunate circumstance that occurred lately in Devonshire. A young man and his paramour

found the path of life so thickly strewed with briars, that the occasional roses they met with afforded a very inadequate balm for the wounds occasioned by the former. Resolving to rid themselves of an existence they could not enjoy, they shook off their "mortal coil" by swallowing a pint of laudanum. An inquest, of course, sat upon the bodies; and one of those Solons, of which England is so plethoric, ycleped coroners, directed a verdict of self-murder to be returned. The poverty of the deceased was manifest. The unfortunate beings, who had sought a refuge from misery in death, were of no consequence either in themselves, or through relatives, however distantly allied; therefore, was the religious ire of the "twelve good men and true" aroused. Examples must be made to the whole county of Devonshire—and who so fit as paupers? And then ensued the interesting and highly edifying ceremony of terrifying the male and female old women and little children of the surrounding villages by a burial at midnight. Lanterns, processions, the ding-donging of muffled bells, and all the other rawhead-and-bloodybones absurdities, customary at these detestable exhibitions, were put in requisition. The poor half-bewildered peasantry looked on amazed, during what the *Exeter Flying Post* calls an imposing ceremony. Imposing it certainly was; and if the impostors who got up the affair were pitched into the pit they had dug, and left there till morning, it might have cured them of their love of the marvellous. Can any thing more monstrous be conceived than the breaking in upon the quiet habits of a rural population, by the intrusion of those barbarous remains of superstition and brutality? As for the effect such sights are likely to produce, we apprehend, that it would puzzle the heads of wiser men than Devonshire coroners to define all the good they ever knew result from them. An unhappy clodpole, unable to escape the persecutions of tithe and tax, drowns himself in a ditch; and the coroner of the district and his satellites pronounce—*felo-de-se*. A neighbouring squire, in a drunking brawl, over a wine-table or a dice-box, blows his brains out; and the self same coroner, and the self same myrmidons, return a verdict of—temporary insanity;—the feelings of relations must be respected. The first decision consigns the poor peasant to a midnight interment, accompanied by all the usual would-be-horrors; while the wealthy man, by the latter decision, is pompously borne, amid his sleek and gloved attendants, with every honour to the family vault. We question if an instance could be adduced of a man of five hundred a year being pronounced a suicide; but no one need be at a loss for examples in a country where poverty is punishable as a crime. These are the arbitrations that contribute to make us the envy and admiration of surrounding nations.

Bashful Refulgence.—We never heard that Winchester was particularly conspicuous for giving the tone to provincials, in ball-room elegancies; but a circumstance connected with that town has lately occurred that must speedily raise it to deserved celebrity. At one of the recent race assemblies the floor of the apartment, appropriated to dancing, instead of being chalked, as is customary on such occasions, was covered with fine *pink coloured cambric*, tightly strained, bearing the *arms* of the steward, T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq.,

emblazoned in the centre. Was there ever so unassuming an artifice hit upon for concealing the donor? How can we sufficiently eulogize the retiring modesty of T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq.! Not a pirouetting miss, agile as a young fawn and slender as an Arabian javeline, could turn without encountering the shining T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq. on all sides. Not a bulky Winchester alderman, with a greater amplitude of broadcloth than breath, could escort a panting widow up and down the ball-room without her blushes being out-crimsoned by the tightly-strained pink cambric of T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq. How the ladies summoned resolution enough to reveal their ancles to the griffins and hobgoblins of T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq., betokens a hardihood worthy of the ancient heroines. We can hardly conceive any thing more picturesque than a room full of Celadons and Amelias galloping over T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq., to the music of half-a-dozen screaming fiddles. If there be such a thing as a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Winchester, we think they should look to this. Rampant lions and dancing mermaids, maimed and obliterated by the ruthless, sporting gentry of the Winchester ball-room, is evidently a matter of no small magnitude.

Progress of the Very Genteel.—Vulgarism is evidently below par at present, and has long been at a discount, from Greenwich to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. It is no unusual thing now for a lady's maid to object to certain situations, because "Missus speaks such orrid gremmar." Even the police stations, so long proverbial for grossness, have caught the spirit of the times, and are now conspicuous for attempts at refinement. A few days since, a lady whose profession was indicated by green Adelaides, and a brevity of petticoats, was brought before a magistrate for obtruding, rather clamorously, upon two gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Bryanston Square. Her accuser was a policeman, who delivered a prosaic rigmarole, touching the lady's powers of loquacity, and certain other matters not exactly calculated to beget a favourable opinion in the minds of the auditors as to the vestal propriety of the fair defendant. The magistrates having heard one side of the case, requested to be favoured with the nymph's version of the story. She stated that the preserver of the peace had long been ambitious of taking wine in her company, which honour she had firmly declined, although he offered to doff his cerulean insignia of office, and attend her in the disguise of a gentleman. Now the reader may suppose that the wielder of the civic truncheon might reply to this accusation in the following fashion.—"I'm blow'd if that ere 'ent a bouncer; it's nought o' the kind:" or by saying, "S'elp me God, your vorship, it's a lie." No such thing. The dignitary respected himself far too highly to descend to any such common-place phraseology. He simply contented himself by meeting the assertion of the votary of the Paphian Venus by declaring, "upon his honour and sacred oath it was a fabrication!" Who could resist placing the most implicit credence in so elegantly termed an asseveration?

Mems. for Jacks of All Trades.—However serious may be

the inroads reform has made upon the legislative enactments of the age, we still retain the old English fashion of gorging those we are desirous of honouring with immoderate quantities of beef and oratory at public dinners, and such like occasions. Poor Mina was treated a few weeks ago with one of those gormandizing shows at the Freemason's; and to help his digestion of our puddings and porter, no sooner was the cloth removed than he was assailed by a torrent of eloquence, not one syllable of which could he comprehend. He, in his turn, deputed some one to read a speech of thanks from him, in a language, of all knowledge of which at least four-fifths of his auditory were totally guiltless. The other day, the friends of Admiral Napier gave one of those "feeds" at Portsmouth, in honour of the gallant sailor. In the course of his speech he declared his intention of starting for the representation of Portsmouth, in case of a vacancy for a candidate, either by the removal of either of the present members, or by a dissolution of parliament. Now, as this was said after dinner, we trust that a sober consideration of the affair will induce the admiral to form a more accurate estimate of his own abilities. Waterloo and Trafalgar pretty well gleaned Europe of superfluous heroes. People, in these dull times, are greatly prone to regard mice as elephants, and a much less personage than Admiral Napier would engross a pretty considerable share of public notice just now. We are by no means desirous of detracting from the well-earned reputation of the admiral; but it strikes us that an intimacy with double-headed shot and yard-arms is not the precise requisite for a successful career in St. Stephen's. Decidedly the greatest nuisance in the present parliament is the multitude of adventurers, who, upon the bare recommendation of being, from a variety of causes, dubbed with a military or nautical title, rush into the councils of the State, and pronounce upon the most intricate questions in legislation with as much flippancy as if the subjects were the manning of a boat, or the whipping of a dragoon. Though not one in a dozen of these redoubtable Paladins can give an intelligible reason, we invariably find the majority of them opposed to the removal of abuses, no matter where or how existing. No motion for retrenchment of any kind, for the removal of pensions and sinecures the most undeserved, or for the abolition of state vices however glaring, ever meets their approbation. Having nothing to lose, they are ever found on the side of the most powerful; for, together with such policy being in accordance with the arbitrary principles in which they are nurtured, it has the chances in its favour of, one time or other, being turned to their advantage. As to the notion of military men being essential in parliament in the discussion of foreign diplomacy and warfare, whatever shadow of argument it once had in its support, it does not possess a fraction of common sense now. Full five-sixths of the gloved and essenced warriors in the Commons are under forty, and, of course, can have seen no service beyond their own shore. Though scented enough to perfume a forest of brown bears, they never smelt powder but at a review, or in bogtrotting after jack-snipe and water-hens. An inspection of the pair of griffin-and-crocodile pieces of ordnance at the

back of the Horse Guards, constitute their knowledge of gunnery; and the manœuvering of forces they learn from Almack's and Hyde Park. But supposing them to be Wellingtons in their way, no men are more unfitted for law-makers, even on matters of fighting, for they are totally incapable of viewing a rupture between England and any of the Continental powers in any other light than a mere appeal to arms. In the present unstable state of public affairs there is no saying how soon the people may be called upon to exercise their right of voting. Whenever the time does come, we hope electors will be a little less precipitate than hitherto in bestowing their "most sweet voices" on "whiskered panders and fierce hussars."

March of Nonsense.—No people in the world are more keenly alive to a sense of the ridiculous than the English, and yet we are for ever perpetrating most quizzical outrages on common sense. Lady Morgan, in her "France," furnishes us with many a disquisition upon the superior *politesse* of the lower orders in that country. She tells us it is no uncommon thing for a vender of cabbages, or a retailer of cauliflowers, to be found reading Molière or Racine; and that a Parisian fish woman will expatiate upon the goodness of her piscatory commodities, with witticisms from Voltaire, and sentimentalisms from Rousseau. But for a proper touch of the true bathos we may conscientiously defy competition. At the late musical festival, a gentleman named Harris, a chorus master, shouted with peculiar energy. The members of the choral orchestra called this great ability (genius we submit would be more appropriate), and forthwith conspired to make him a present, in some degree proportioned to his extraordinary desert. Now, what was this mark of homage to vocal superiority? Was it some gentle dulcimer, that the winds of heaven had but to sigh upon to produce such sounds as would take the "imprisoned senses and lap them in Elysium?" Was it an antique Cremona, potent, like the lyre of Orpheus, to "shake the strong-based promontory, and by the spurs pluck up the pine and cedar?" Or was it some fairy finger-organ, like the singing tree in the Arabian legend, vocal with a thousand throats, and replete with all the soft witchery of "dulcet and harmonious breath?" No; it was nothing of this. The Westminster choristers, with a taste so exquisitely refined, that we conceive it must have been intuitive, presented J. H. Harris, Esq. with a huge silver *quart tankard*. As if for the renovation of his thorax, after the expenditure of an infinity of breath, he receives a *quart mug*, from which to quaff his "heavy" beverage—a porter pot, by way of tribute to his abilities. If any of the innumerable patronisers of talent, with which this vast city abounds, should entertain the notion of dispensing a portion of their favours on the Prussian Polyphemus, who consumed a round of beef, two legs of mutton, a barrel of beer, and sundries to match, we beg respectfully to suggest that "a Treatise on Astronomy" would be a very befitting mark of approbation.

The Perfection of Reason.—Another of those monstrous

anomalies in law which so often render the administration of justice in our legal courts a very lugubrious affair, has just occurred. Mr. Gee, whose extraordinary abduction and subsequent ill-treatment made such an uproar in the papers lately, sought reparation against his cagers by a criminal prosecution. He failed, though the guilt of the defendants was as palpable as a metropolitan fog. Mr. Gee was compelled to sign a paper, which (the merest casualty prevented it being converted into money) went to deprive him of 800*l.* This the judges held, and no doubt it was good law, to be no robbery, inasmuch as Mr. Gee had not the money in his possession, and therefore could not be deprived of what he did not possess. All objections to this decision on the part of Mr. Gee's counsel were overruled by the Bench. The indictment then went on to state that threats were used, *with a view* to extort legal securities from Mr. Gee, to the amount upwards of a thousand pounds; but here again the genius of technicality stepped in, and set aside the matter of fact, as it appeared that the plunderers actually *did* procure possession of the securities in question. Many other circumstances, equally at variance with common sense, added to the solemnity of this farce, and demonstrated, beyond all question, that law and justice are any thing but synonymous. And yet there are not wanting those who say that English legislation is the perfection of reason. How to account for it is not our duty, but it is certainly very singular that we never hear of convictions for *political* offences failing through informalities of indictments.

Look at Home!—An edict has lately been passed in one of the minor German states, making it a capital felony to cause the destruction of a nightingale. This promulgation of the Fatherlanders would make every peasant in Sussex or Devonshire grin with contempt upon the boors that could submit to receive such a mandate with equanimity. But did it never strike our self-complaisant countrymen, who chaunt "Britons never shall be slaves," and starve at the plough tail for sixpence a day, that, if there be an injustice in sentencing men to death for killing a bird, the sweetness of whose song beguiles the poor man's lassitude, that there is something worse in the laws that consign an individual to banishment for knocking a hare on the head. The English gentry and nobility incessantly exalt themselves and their virtues by deploring the rudeness and uncouth barbarism of the peasantry, without ever taking into consideration how far instrumental their own acts have been in producing the antithesis of civilization. "What remains," says Dr. Knox, in his Moral Essays, "among us of savageness and brutality is chiefly preserved by the mean and selfish greediness of those who possess a thousand peculiar advantages, and who yet meanly contend for an exclusive right to destroy the game, that usufructuary property of which the Creator intended to be possessed by the first occupant, like the air, light, and water." But as if those iniquitous enactments were insufficient to monopolize all enjoyment for the wealthy, at the sacrifice of the poor in this respect, the same system is pursued in every other, from the Sabbath bills of the Agnews and Poulters, and

anti-theatrical fulminations of the Bishop of London, to the white mice and monkey crusades of the new police. The latter species of persecution has lately been carried to an amazing extent, and in this respect the appetite would seem to grow upon what it feeds. Not an organ or a hurdy-gurdy squeaks an inharmonious note, from Rotherhithe to Kew, but the blue-coated critics of Bow Street pounce upon the unhappy malefactors. The poor artisans of the metropolis laugh at the antics of the tawny children of the sunny south, the unwieldy gambols of their bears, and the drolleries of ancient monkeys clad in spangles and tattered tinsel; this is a crime heinous in the eyes of the executive, and the police reports shew how magistrates deal with the perpetrators of such enormities. In England *humanity* is the main spring of every act. Humanity prompts the bigot to consign the disbelievers of his doctrine to the potentate of darkness; humanity prompts the landed gentry to tax the food of a whole population; and humanity prompts the magistrates to incarcerate Italian melody-grinders and French dancing-dog proprietors lest they should become a prey to the rapacity of their masters. Bargains between individuals of every grade may be very safely left to the management of the parties immediately interested. The interference of self-constituted umpires is seldom attended with good to payers or paid, and is invariably prolific of inconvenience to the public.

Taking it Cool.—Accounts from South America, received a few days since in London, detail the particulars of an earthquake, by which an extensive city, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Andes, but the name of which we are unable to recollect, was destroyed. Among the strange circumstances to which such occurrences naturally give rise, there is one related, which, though we have a pretty considerable capacity for the marvellous, rather impairs the equilibrium of our credulity. It appears that the first shock, in this case the most violent, is reported to have continued *nearly three quarters of a minute!* Fancy a gentleman with a stop-watch in his hand, his optics on the dial-plate of his duplex chronometer, his ears distended to catch the minutest reverberation of the subterranean rumblings, his body bent forwards towards the earth, and the whole machinery of his nerves, muscles, and tendons wound up to the highest pitch; fancy, we repeat, a gentleman in this position while walls, and battlements, and chimney-tops, brickbats, church-steeples, and stucco-work unpronouncable were tumbling around with maddening fury, and braying horrible discord, as if the last trumpet had announced the crack of doom;—and say, can we sufficiently admire the coolness which enabled him to note with algebraical minuteness that the refreshing shower bath of masonry and mortar lasted thirty-nine seconds, minus some thirds! We know of but one instance of self-possession at all comparable to this. A man was employed in the New Town of Edinburgh in repairing the top of one of the houses, which, as all the world knows, are an incalculable number of stories high, in the modern Athens. From some casualty or other he lost his balance, and, of course, sped downwards from the giddy

height, through the mid air, with appalling rapidity. Not at all disconcerted by the celerity of his descent, he pursued the "even tenor of his way" until he arrived at the ninth window from the ground, where he observed an acquaintance, to whom he remarked, *en passant*,—"Law! Saundy, sic a fa' as I shall ha!"

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing.—In addition to the claims of Lord Melbourne to the favour of the public which we have enumerated in our first article, another has since come to our knowledge, which all friends of that excellent nobleman must be happy to learn. Every one must remember the vindictive fervour with which the prosecutors of Mr. Cohen, editor of the *Brighton Guardian*, pursued that gentleman for the publication of a paragraph respecting incendiarism, which the subtleties of the law converted into a libel. The worthies concerned in that precious affair met a few days since to pass a vote of thanks to one Mabbott, who was particularly busy in raking up the odds and ends of power and chicanery to procure a conviction. A fact transpired at the meeting which requires but to be known to cover all who took part in so infamous a proceeding with the contempt of every thinking person in the kingdom. The government and magistracy of Sussex conspired to ruin Mr. Cohen—the county dispensers of justice hunted their victim down, and the creatures at the Home Office paid the expenses of the chase. Did this odious fact rest upon any authority less certain than that of the principal performers in the enterprise, we know not how we should credit it. It was not enough that the Sussex Shallows combined to crush an individual guilty of the atrocity of not regarding them as demi-gods, but Lord Melbourne should tender them the resources of the Treasury to stimulate their charitable indignation, and keep their benignant ire from flagging through a regard of costs in the event of a failure. The great unpaid could not entertain the notion of seeking redress for their supposed wrongs without being sustained by the pecuniary liberality of a ministry whose quondam watchword to catch the acclamations of a confiding public was "an unshackled press." Lord Althorp's indignation knew no bounds when it was proposed to curtail the unearned pensions of backstair scycophants and accommodating court dames. While these gentry are to be paid and editors to be prosecuted, need we ask why the taxes of the country are maintained at the same rate as if the world were in arms against us. Every thing that Lord Melbourne has done, or attempted to do since he first entered office, has been characterised by the antithesis of wisdom, or in common parlance by downright folly. If the government thought fit to prosecute Mr. Cohen, why not instruct the Attorney-general to proceed in the regular fashion, without dragging him through the tortuous process the Sussex magistracy were pleased to pursue? The feelings of the public were but too manifestly hostile to the unjustifiable and malignant spirit apparent in the persecution of the press. The government had but little popularity to part with in the affair of the *Brighton Guardian*, and thought fit to bring about a conviction through the under-hand and despicable means of secretly coalescing with the enemies of that journal to ruin

its conductor. A case so flagrantly subversive of all the previously expressed opinions of the members of the Grey cabinet has not yet come to light. Lord Melbourne through his station at the Home Office must, of course, have been at the head of this dignified crusade. Doubtless it will be remembered, should he take the opinion of the country in a general election, that not only did he outrage the feelings of the people by the suppression of the publication of opinion, but that he perfected that outrage through the instrumentality of the public money.

Important to Cocknies.—It has been intimated to us from various quarters that the elevation of the statue of his late Royal Highness of York at Carlton Terrace has been unattended by any of those critical effusions with which the metropolitan public were half Grecianized in the time of George the Fourth. We sincerely deplore this. The consequences of a total obliteration of a just approval of architectural excellencies on the part of nurserymaids and out-of-place footboys cannot be contemplated without apprehension. Let any one contrast the prevalence of knowledge in this respect now with that of half a dozen years ago. Why, one could not proceed from Regent Circus to Charing Cross without being informed of the disposition of every hundred weight of Parian marble in the Temple of Theseus, the Acropolis, and the Parthenon by some erudite pot-boy. On all sides the names of Pericles and George the Fourth, Philo of Athens, and Mr. Nash resounded; while every parish pensioner that chose to take water from the Cripplegate pumps looked at the cast-iron lions on the spouts, and talked of bassi-relievi and the ancient Persipolis. There was no end to this sort of jargon while antique turrets three months old, ready made moss-grown battlements, and antideluvian fortresses aged six weeks, continued to spring up on every side. However, when the queen's business and that sort of thing, as Mathews says, set the people to think of something else, those gentry who saw nothing but Ionian grace, Spartan simplicity, and Corinthian gorgeousness in the Windsor works, suddenly looked upon all these with jaundiced eyes. Mr. Moore, with his Fudge Family and Brighton Chinese, and others, calling Neptune and his trident and the dome of Pimlico palace "a French cook and plum pudding," completed the demolition of the rage for the superb. But the York statue having been mounted without any extraordinary fuss, we may fairly presume that the climax of our Vandalism has arrived, and that taste will again re-assert its genial influence over the kingdom of Cockaigne. Indeed, this may be confidently predicted from the fact of the St. James's Palace being all but finished, and from the journals, hebdomodal and diurnal, giving note of preparation for the hoisting of an equestrian statue of his late majesty on a pedestal in the court-yard of the palace. Let the trumpet of connoisseurship then ring loud and long. Come forth, ye critics of farthest Clapham, and rejoice that the days of entablatures and architraves are again at hand. Approach from Wapping of remotest east, ye to whom the sounds of shafts, capitals and friezes, are dear as the strains of the mermaid—at whose song "the rude sea grew civil." What a fund

of learning may we not expect from the cognoscenti of Blackwall, who talk of their "Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff;" and how many an academic syllabus will grow vociferous in large type touching the erudition of Smiths and Jacksons, profound in the mysteries of Tuscan and Composite. All hail to the manes of the "best wigged prince in Christendom!" Have we not reason to hope, like the people of Swift, that our geese may be all swans?

Scraps for the Philosophic.—A few days since a female child, three years old, died of the bite of a mad dog, with all the agonies and sufferings attendant on the worst cases of hydrophobia. On the inquest it appeared that the parents of the little sufferer, in compliance with the suggestions of some friends, had the dog destroyed a short time after he had bitten the girl, and administered to her a portion of *the roasted entrails* of the rabid animal. The jury, of course, expressed their wonderment at the monstrous folly of such an act. Every person who heard of it uttered an ejaculation of surprise, and there ended the affair. Had this happened some half dozen score leagues to the west of St. George's Channel, how all England would have rung with indignant denunciations of the barbarous superstition of the barbarous Irish. How Scotland, from the Cheviot Hills to Pentland Firth, would have exalted herself, the generosity, superiority, and magnanimity of her people, over all the world in general, and the unhappy Patlanders in particulars. Not a sanctified donkey at Exeter Hall would bray on any other subject for the next twelve-month's appeal to the pockets and the piety of the Londoners. A universal rush would ensue to the rescue of the benighted catholics; but when it happens in England, in the very metropolis, it is merely mentioned and forgotten. The rich wonder why the poor are not as civilized as themselves, and ridicule the influence of education. If people will eat the roasted livers and lights of a mad dog as a cure for hydrophobia, where is the wonder that barns and stack-yards are destroyed by fire as a preventive against distress? If the landed interest place food beyond the reach of the poor, where is the wonder if the poor become more rabid than mad dogs? The corn tax is the hydrophobia of England, and the landed interest will one day discover it.

Secrets worth knowing.—When Lord Melbourne's was Lord Grey's cabinet it enjoyed (as some people say of bad health) almost universal odium on the score of the Coercion bill. Now it possesses none whatever on the same score. This is a secret worth knowing in the attainment of popularity. Let a ministry pass or attempt to pass a measure of the first-rate repugnance to all classes, and he is at once below zero with the country. Let the same minister when public feeling is strongest against him revoke the offensive edict, and *presto*, he is up again at temperate, at least. This has been the game with the present premier. Now, if Lord Melbourne desire to stand well with the country by doing a great thing in a small way, we will tell him how. Let him forthwith fall on all the corrupt constituencies and disfranchise them instanter. If he wish to shew the Reform Bill

working in accordance with the spirit in which the people were told it was framed, let him sweep away those blotches with unsparing hand, and he may draw six months in advance on the confidence of the country. There is not a single objection can be taken to this proceeding which should delay its being instantly adopted. None are more eager for its completion than the parties particularly interested in it—the people of the respective boroughs, with the exception, perhaps, of Stafford. There is hardly a measure of the same magnitude which would be received with more gladness by the whole community, and certainly not one more necessary. Nothing can be more repugnant to all correctly thinking men than that the most flagrant political baseness and venality should be carried on in a few towns to the scandal of the whole country, as if the removal of the evils of rotten boroughs, and the thousand-and-one nuisances attending them cost nothing for their removal. Liverpool is eager for the extinction of the mercenary crew known by the name of the old freemen, who are the most subservient tools in the hands of Whig, Tory, or Radical, as the price of opinions may sell. As for Stafford, we can safely say that there cannot be found in the whole annals of bribery and turpitude an instance of a single town so dead to all sense of decency, honour, principle, and every thing approximating to an ennobling feeling. The place is too miserably insignificant in every sense, except in its unprecedented profligacy to attract the attention of any but such as are obliged to be acquainted with whatever appertains to the public; and hence the general indifference as to its fate. Not so with Liverpool: its station, wealth, importance, give it an interest in the public mind inseparably connected with the mention of its name. A total disfranchisement of the second town in the empire could not be thought of; because, in the first place, the vast majority of electors, independent of the old freemen, are untinctured with the mania of trading in votes; and secondly, its population, increasing in intelligence and power, should not be sacrificed for the backslidings of a few. Moreover, one of its representatives, Mr. Ewart, is a good and useful legislator, to whom society at large is indebted for the introduction of much that is desirable in our statutes. His intelligence and activity more than counterbalance the *maiserie* of poor Lord Sandon, whom nature seems to have expressly fashioned for an exhibition of the folly of those who elected him We should not have mentioned the two towns together, but that the partisans of the small one cry out for a like fate being awarded to both. Not a single reason applied to the case of Liverpool is applicable to Stafford. The latter is, in all possible shape of the word, despicable in its baseness, its impudence, and its representatives. Stafford was once dignified by the circumstance of Sheridan being returned for it; and by way of affording a contrast, in the most ludicrous extreme, to the wit, brilliancy, and powers of the author of the "School for Scandal," it is now most befittingly represented by Captains Chetwynd and Gronow, who, if they have such a thing as brains, take especial precaution to keep so very interesting a fact in their exclusive possession. Conceive the propriety of a community of shoemakers being presented to the gentlemen of Westminster in the persons of a pair of

sprigs of semi-ton, small wits of the minor clubs—a brace of ambiguous bipeds of the family of *Simia*. These soldier legislators may be very appropriate persons to devour a given number of messes at the Guards—echo the small talk of bright-coated brethren—and be very great men in their own eyes east of Pall-mall; we make no complaint on that score. All we say is, that these gallant captains know no more of legislation than they do of the march of an army; and that will be quite sufficient, in their case, to ensure the public against the pensioning of another Marlborough. They belong to those suspiciously juvenile sages who dress smartly, punch their companions in the ribs, and tumultuously exclaim "*We* young fellows!" and are more ticklish on the score of their incipient senility than on that of political reputation. Let Lord Melbourne put the extinguisher on so fœtid a snuff as Stafford; and, as we said before, he may draw six months in advance upon the confidence of the country. As for Warwick, he must also take up its case afresh, for the Lords are merely making a play-toy of it, and putting the country to additional expense for witnesses to prove what is self-evident, and for printing intelligence already known.

Parliamentary Amusements.—M.P.s indulged themselves with a game of *hunt the slipper* on Saturday, July 20. The sapient Mr. Poulter was principal performer in the amusement, and introduced with much gravity his measure, which his holy impudence has called "Lord's Day, No. 2, Bill." The third reading was met by an amendment for its being brought in again in six months, but this was lost by a majority of 33. There was a triumph for the saints, who expect to drive every one headlong to heaven by making this world a hell. However, the exaltation of the godly was somewhat abated by a clause, by way of rider, being carried to the effect, that all games in open air, not played during hours of Divine Service, should be legal. But the third reading being gained compensated for so trifling a drawback as legalizing games in open air. Nothing more was wanted; the work of piety might be commenced forthwith, and soul-saving as regularly registered, as the tonnage of ships at Lloyd's. A mere form remained to be gone through, which, when the bill had been read a third time, was a very superfluous exhibition of ceremony. It was moved "that this bill do now pass." The devout were prepared to receive the announcement of success to their darling scheme with, we can't say, how many rounds of applause. But, woe's the day! "that this bill do now pass" was *negatived* by a majority of four! Thus has the country once more escaped the fangs of canting Pharasees, fanatic imbeciles, and raving enthusiasts. We have also to congratulate our readers that the proposal (the Upton Tithe Bill) to increase the already princely revenue of a church dignitary has been indignantly thrown out.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

NEW POEMS.

If, as many say, the time for poetry is past, what must become of all those poems which are weekly poured forth? Surely, they cannot *all* be allowed to slumber peaceably upon the publisher's shelves, resting in obscurity—unsold, unread; although we fail to discover another Childe Harolde amongst them, yet they are not all trash. This may justly be called a printing age.—Book follows book in quick succession; as bubble follows bubble down the stream, they are pointed at in their rapid passage as things great, wonderful, and superior; and scarcely has the eye rested upon them, before they are gone, and others are seen in their places—"another and another still succeeds!" Surely, our descendants will pick up something out of the multitudinous works which the present enlightened age has been pleased to cast aside. Some Milton, "mute and inglorious," in this age may find immortality in the next. Heraud and Satan Montgomery may have their turn. But why interrogate the crowd?—Why do poets write, knowing that the world will no longer read? We will let one of the authors,* whose works we are about introducing, answer that question in his own beautiful language:—

> "Why doth the fairy swallow play
> Unwearied on his wings all day,
> To chase along the balmy air
> The bright and golden insects rare,
> And not descend the worms to gather,
> Like birds of earthly feather?—
> Because that Being, who guides the flight
> Of comets on their voyage of night,
> Unto that bird the wing hath given
> That never tires of heaven!"

True it is, that poetry is undergoing a great change. The giants of genius have but just strode from the stage, and the descending curtain will soon hide the forms of the yet "mighty living." Byron, Scott, Crabbe, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, are no more; and Wordsworth, Wilson, Hogg, Moore, and Cunningham are fast falling into the "yellow leaf." Who will fill their places?

We have been pleased with a perusal of "The Ocean Bride;" it is a poem well worth reading—there is about it an interest, not common in the present day. Some of the descriptive passages will stand comparing with those of our first-rate poets; and there is also an air of originality in its plan. Long poems cannot be well described unless copious extracts are made, and the narrative is followed up by subjoining remarks. This we are sorry our limits will not allow. We shall, however, present our readers with an extract,

* "The Ocean Bride." By S. M. Milton. Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshal, London.

which we hesitate not in pronouncing as poetry that would not discredit "The Lady of the Lake:"—

"How sadly alter'd, now, the times,
Fallen upon Old England's climes!
Her monarch-forests past away,
Her castles crumbled to decay;
The desecrated abbey pile
Roofless along its fretted aisle;
The may-pole on the village-green
A curious relic seen.

"Oh! past away the pleasant grove,
Where Una with her lamb would rove!
And gone the days of sweet romance,
The errant-knight, the shield, the lance,—
The faded ensign's ragged gloom,
Rotting above some warrior's tomb,—
The tattered banner, in the gleam
Of old Westminster's sculptur'd dream,—
The oak, that in the roofless halls,
Waves o'er the tottering ivied walls,—
Memorials of a fallen age.

"Monarch-forests, crumbling castles, roofless abbies, fretted aisles, and the *ragged gloom* of faded ensigns," are all in keeping with the melancholy retrospect our author takes of by-gone days. Sincerely do we recommend this poem to the lovers of *true* poetry.

The next is "Trifles in Verse,"* a pretty little unassuming volume, which may be carried about with ease in the same compass as a snuff-box. No one can peruse this little work without entertaining a high opinion of the author. It is full of sensibility, love, and piety; the real overflowings of a pure mind inspired by the hallowing muse of religion.

We would have our readers glance at the following stanzas—then form their own opinions of the author's talents. The last stanza will bear reading more than once:—

ON THE LATE MRS. HOWARD.

"Sleep, lovely consort, sleep!—Death watch'd the hour
When thy young form its richest bloom displayed,
And set his seal upon the blushing flower,
That mortal eye might never see it fade.

"Sleep, happy matron, sleep!—'tis said the blest
On angel's bosoms are conveyed above;
Thy babe upon an angel-mother's breast
Attained at once a heaven of bliss and love.

Here we have a poem† where the darker passions are pourtrayed. We cannot say that we are over partial to these Lara-like-looking

* "Trifles in Verse."—By the Rev. W. Routledge, M. A. Orr and Smith, Paternoster Row.

† "The Rival Sisters, and other Poems." Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

poems. Poetry, we think, is shewn more to advantage in calm than in tempest; its very constituents, when dealing with love, should be peace. We are, nevertheless, ready to confess the weight of the thunder-storm. There is much power displayed in this poem, and the wild workings of an excited passion are well delineated. We augur great things from some of these passages, and trust that the author will ere long shew his talent in the still scenes of domestic happiness. Whoever takes up this book to read, will not be long in discovering that it has emanated from a mind richly stored with the visions of poetic beauty. There are a great many passages which we could justly censure, but we are happy to say there are more well deserving of the highest praise. We will forget the small spots that here and there disfigure the bud, since they are no where visible in the full-blown flower.

Millhouse* has plodded through the rugged narrow path of want and difficulty, and put the finishing hand to his greatest work. He has long been known to the readers of poetry, and many times has that praise been awarded to him, which indeed is but too often the only reward of persevering genius.

Millhouse is an uneducated poet, who has towered high above his contemporaries. Even the daring design of his last work cannot fail to point out the lofty tone of his thoughts. But it is poor consolation to think that when he has passed through the ordeal of criticism, suffered poverty and privation, been deprived of every thing calculated to smooth the pilgrimage of human life, that a limited fame will be his sole reward. We have not space to enter fully upon his merits as a poet; they have, however, been often acknowledged. Every time he takes up his pen shews still clearer to what perfection he has nurtured his mind. We present our readers with this short extract:—

"England! for thee I ask a boon of heaven;
Oh! may I not the blessing crave in vain!
To gild our freedom, be contentment given,
And manly hearts to vindicate thy reign:
Let justice guard each tract of thy domain;
And may thy sons their patriot ardour keep;
May golden harvest recompense the swain;
And ever may thy dauntless navies sweep
With unobstructed sway, their empire of the deep.

"Land of philosophy and deathless song!
Abode of beauty in her peerless grace!
Still to thy blooming daughters, may belong
Simplicity, as lovely as their face:
Land! whose renown no ages can erase!
Thy blood streamed up to Washington, who gave,
Where woods and wilds the western world embrace,
That just, and equal freedom to the brave,
Which spreads new hopes for man, far o'er the Atlantic wave."

No one can peruse these stanzas without being conscious of the author's power as a poet far beyond the common order.

* "Second Part of the Destinies of Man." By Robert Millhouse. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: JERSEY, GUERNSEY, ALDERNEY, &c. (THE RESULT OF A TWO YEAR'S RESIDENCE). BY HENRY D. INGLIS. 2 VOLS. WHITTAKER AND CO.

MR. INGLIS is a traveller after our own heart. He is not one of those soul-less tourists who can journey from Dan to Beersheba, and then exclaim, "'Tis all barren!" He has his eyes about him, and a taste for the beauties of nature, as well as for the legendary lore of the countries through which he passes. Hence in all his volumes of travels he agreeably blends the most vivid and picturesque delineations of nature, with the most agreeable legends, which are even now among the peasantry. The present volumes are at once entertaining and instructive. We defy any man to read any of Mr. Inglis' works without being pleased with his manner; and if he be not a living encyclopedia on the subject of the Channel Islands, he must derive a great deal of useful information respecting these islands from the work before us. The Channel Islands were before comparatively unknown; as much so, indeed, though so near the British shores, as some of the islands in the South Seas. In the volumes before us, Mr. Inglis furnishes us with a complete account of those islands, of their statutes, their resources, their physical condition, and the manners and habits of their inhabitants. But there is no part of his work with which we are more delighted than with his description of scenery. We have seldom seen any thing more graphic, or more charming. We give the following specimen, not certainly from any idea that it is the best, for there are many much better, but because it is most suited, from its brevity, to our limited space. It relates to the general scenery of Jersey:—

"Jersey is everywhere undulating, broken into hollows and acclivities, and intersected by numerous valleys, generally running north and south; most of them watered by a rivulet, and as rife in beauty, as wood, pasturage, orchard, a tinkling stream, and glimpses of the sea can make them. There is one picturesque feature, which enters into every view in Jersey: it is, that the trunks of the trees are, I may say without exception, entirely covered with ivy; which not only adds to the beauty of the scenery when the trees are in leaf, but which greatly softens the sterility of a winter prospect, and gives a certain greenness to the landscape throughout the year. Nor is the luxuriant growth of the ivy in Jersey confined to the trees; it covers the banks by the wayside, creeps over the walls, and even climbs upon the rocks by the sea-shore. About two miles to the east of St. Helier's, there are several elevated rocks, the bases of which are washed at high water, and which, higher up, are entirely overgrown with ivy; and, from the natural outline of these rocks, and their green covering, they have all the appearance of ruins. * * *

"Although in walking, or riding, up some of the Jersey valleys, the scenery of these individual valleys is laid open, it is difficult, by walking or driving across the island, to obtain any view of it. The roads are, in many places, over-arched with trees; and, even if they were not, as they invariably are, skirted with trees, the high banks, covered with underwood and ivy, generally shut out the prospect. Stand up in your vehicle, or on your stirrups, or climb up one of the banks, and the matter is not much mended; a thick orchard is sure to be on the other side; and, though an open grass-field, or a corn-field, occasionally seems to hold out expectations of a more open prospect, these are probably bounded on the other side by orchards, so that the view is still circumscribed."

POEMS. BY THE REV. W. H. CHARLTON, A. M., CURATE OF ST. MARY'S, BRYANSTONE SQUARE. 1 VOL. 8VO. RIVINGTON.

THAT the author of this unpretending volume lacks not friends, the list of subscribers printed at the commencement of it proves; but even without their assistance he might have rested his hopes of success on the good taste and poetic feeling which pervade his book. We believe that the publication of these poems is mainly attributable to the cause he so delicately and unassumingly glances at in his brief preface. A considerable portion of this book is devoted to sacred poems—not declamatory spoutings "yclept blank verse," burlesquing Milton, and out-heroding Herod; but pleasing, easy, flowing verse, which, unlike the productions of the inspired eleven-book-men, is agreeable, instructive, and natural. There are also some miscellaneous poems on various subjects, many of which possess considerable merit, and a few translations of some of the odes of Horace, which are neatly and elegantly done. Of the latter, we would particularly instance the version of the ode, "Ad Licinium Murenam:"—

"Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urguendo."

The book is evidently the production of a well cultivated mind; it breathes throughout the kindest and best spirit; and we are happy to have this opportunity of wishing Mr. Charlton all the success he deserves.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

IT is curious to remark how a dramatic incident will travel unappropriated over the world before it ultimately assumes the form of a play. The opera of "*La Sonnambula*" affords a remarkable instance of this. The occurrence upon which it is founded took place early in the present century in Scotland, and was related many years ago during a promiscuous after-dinner conversation, by a gentleman who has since vindicated the promise which he then gave of superior talents, and is now well known as the Ettrick Shepherd. "The lassie," said Mr. Hogg, "whose nocturnal propensity to ramble had brought her into so serious a scrape, was the daughter of a Scotch baillie, who carried on a considerable traffic with a mercantile house in the west of England, through the medium of a travelling clerk, with whom he was periodically accustomed to settle his accounts. The day of reckoning came, and with it the bagman, and the settlement was so satisfactory to the baillie that he insisted on the bagman's staying all night, as the weather threatened. To accommodate the guest, the young daughter, a girl of eighteen, was sent to sleep in a small chamber which was seldom occupied, and her room was given to the young clerk. Some time after the family had retired to rest, he was sitting in a loose wrapper, again inspecting his accounts and assuring himself of their correctness; when the bed-room door opened and the girl walked in; and, going up to the table at which he was seated, put her candlestick down, placed the extinguisher

upon the light, and got into bed. The astonishment of the bagman was only quelled by observing that the fair intruder was fast asleep, and with a sense of honour and of gentlemanly feeling which reflected the highest credit upon him, he instantly retired, made his way into the parlour, where he slept on a settee till the morning, leaving his chamber in the occupation of his host's daughter. Fortunately the first person he saw the next morning was the baillie himself, and he explained the cause of his appearance by relating the facts; at the same time, from a sense of delicacy towards the young woman, he desired to be allowed to depart without recalling to her mind by his presence the awkward situation in which she had been placed. The baillie would not suffer it; and not only insisted on his remaining to breakfast, but that Jeanie should make her appearance also. Jeanie on waking in the morning soon found where she was, and a very few words set her right as to the dilemma in which she was placed. She was a fine, wholesome-minded young woman; and although she felt acutely the difficulty of her situation, she made no opposition to her father's wish that she should come down to breakfast. The moment she entered the room she walked up to the young traveller, who was as much confused as herself; she put her hand with ingenuous frankness into his, and said, 'You must come again soon and fetch me home, for now I'll marry none but you.' The clerk looked first at the blushing girl and then at the baillie, who, though taken by surprise, played his part in this little drama with true poetic justice, for the marriage took place within a fortnight of that day."

The dramatist of the opera has not unskilfully availed himself of the materials at his disposal; but at the same time he has departed from the strict simplicity of the story, in order to heighten the dramatic effect.

The prevailing character of the opera of *La Sonnambula*, is tenderness and expression, which Madlle. Grisi has succeeded admirably in conveying to the audience. Comparisons have been made between this accomplished artist and Madame Malibran, improperly we think, for they are so totally distinct in their quality of voice and style of performance, that it is impossible to award the palm to either. The former is a pure model of the old Italian school, which the latter has become celebrated for some original conceptions of her own. They have each their admirers, but superiority between them must be a matter of taste.

Mrs. E. Sequin by her subsequent efforts fully maintains the promise she gave on her *début*, and we are happy to say that Mr. E. Sequin at the late musical festival proved himself to be the finest bass in this country.—We are delighted to see Taglioni succeed to the Elslers, who, whatever favour they might have found with a portion of the audience, seemed to us only fit for a booth at Bartholomew fair.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

SUNDAY LEGISLATION AND ITS OBSERVANCES.

Interference of Parliament in religious Matters.—Sufficiency of the present Laws.—Instance of Domitian consulting the Senate on Cookery.—Attempts to Judaize the Nation.—Review of Sunday Legislation from the earliest Time.—Laws of Constantine.—Council of Orleans.—Laws of Ina, Alfred, Athelstan, Edgar, Canute.—Neglect of Observances under the Norman Line.—Divine Manifestation to Henry II.—Fulc the French Prophet.—Richard II.—Enlargement of the Sabbath; Miracles to enforce Observance.—Anecdote of the Jew at Tewkesbury.—Customs of France and England.—Edict of a Bishop restraining Barbers and others.—Elizabeth.—King James's Book of Sports.—Puritans.—Charles I.—Fanatics in the Civil Wars.—Charles II.—Effect of Sunday Observances at Nantes.

SEVERAL of the topics on which parliament was occupied during the last session, were not of a nature greatly to increase the respect of the country for that assembly, and others were such as ought never to engage the attention of any legislature. Nothing but mischief to the very cause which was intended to be advanced has ever been produced by the interference of parliament in matters of religion. The manner and times in which people think they ought to perform their religious duties is an affair between themselves and their Creator; and any intermeddling for the purpose of enforcing stricter observances than their consciences deem necessary, is certain to excite disgust, and, it may be also, to cause entire neglect. The observance of Sunday in England, in the provinces particularly, is marked by a solemn decorum, which gives direct contradiction to the petitions presented to parliament for further restrictions. On this ground there is not the slightest pretext for any new measures of coercion; it cannot be, nor is it attempted to be, denied that the laws against Sabbath-breaking are sometimes violated, but they contain their own remedy. What law was ever so perfect as to remain inviolate? The infraction of a law does not prove it to be insufficient; if it did, every new case of burglary or arson would call for a new enactment. Severity of punishment defeats its object; and in the case of religious observances, additional penalties would have the effect of immediately rendering the law a dead letter. The statutes now in existence* are sufficient to curb the most wanton spirit of licentiousness. They have only to be called into operation. While that is the case, it is a loss of time to hold deliberations on a subject for which ample provision has been made; and men are justly exasperated who consider the legislature of a nation to be appointed for important purposes. The conduct of parliament in this respect has not been of more consequence to the public, or more dignified than the debate in the senate, convoked by Domitian, on the momentous question of the disposal of his turbot, whether it should be cooked entire or in pieces.† It is a most provoking cir-

* See Mr. Chitty's note to Blackstone's Comm. IV. 64.

† Reported in full, Juven. Sat. X. v. 28—149.

cumstance that national affairs should be interrupted and suspended by such barren and effete propositions as the Sunday bills; yet, rejected as they have been, and treated with no small share of contempt within and without doors, there is not the smallest doubt that the next session will be ushered in by other and more vigorous efforts on the part of the *saints*, God wot! to judaize the nation. In the mean time, perhaps, a brief and rapid sketch of Sunday legislation and its observance may not be uninteresting to the general reader.

"This day," says Mr. Fosbrooke, under the head SUNDAY, "has always been subject to the extremes of observation or neglect. We find it most religiously observed, and no business to be done upon it. (xv. Script. 380; x. Script. 830, 834.) On the contrary we also find markets held (with, indeed, a limitation, except for provisions), and trading and working upon this day. (Dec. Script. 1079. Script. p. Bed. 467. M. Paris, 169, 523.) Battles, &c. were often suspended because it was Sunday. (Hawk. Mus. ii. 120; iii. 264, 506.) Dressing well on this day is ancient. Bear and bull-baiting, and all kinds of games were not unusual after church. In the 17th century, the people in almost every house passed the Sunday evening in singing psalms and reading the Book of Martyrs. (Id. ii. 432; iii. 71.")*

The first compulsory observance of Sunday appears to have been in 321, under Constantine the Great, a recent convert to Christianity, who artfully balanced the hopes and fears of his subjects by publishing in the same year two edicts; the first of which enjoined the solemn observance of Sunday, and the second directed the regular consultation of Aruspices. In order not to offend the ears of the pagan part of the empire, he styles the Lord's day *Dies Solis*;† and he permits agricultural labour to be performed on this day, perhaps in conformity to an ancient opinion that those necessary operations should not be suspended on festival days:—

> "Quippe etiam festis quœdam exercere diebus
> Fas et jura sinunt: rivos deducere nulla
> Religio vetuit, segeti prætendere sepem,
> Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,
> Balantûmque gregem fluvio mersare salubri."‡

The Council of Orleans, in 538, prohibited this species of labour; but, because there were, at that time, many Jews in Gaul, and the people had fallen into many superstitious uses in the celebration of the new sabbath, by imitating or adopting those of the Jews on the old sabbath, the Council declares, that, to hold it unlawful to travel with horses, cattle, and carriages, to prepare food, or to do anything necessary to the cleanliness and decency of houses and persons, savours more of Judaism than Christianity.

In England, by the laws of Ina, about 688, if a slave work on a

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* Encyclop. Antiquit. Vol. II. p. 698.

† Gibbon, Decl. and Fall, Vol. III ch. 20. p. 241. He cites for the first Cod. Theodos. L. ii. Tit. viii. Leg. 1. Cod. Justinian. L. iii. Tit. xii. Leg. 3, and observes that Baronius censures Constantine's profane conduct with truth and asperity note 9.

‡ Virg. Georg. I. 268.

Sunday, by his lord's command, he shall be free, and his lord forfeit 30s.; if he work, without his lord's testimony, he shall lose his hide.* If a freeman work on the Lord's day, he shall lose his freedom.† King Alfred, about 872, enacts, that if any person presume to transact business on this day, he shall lose his chattels [*captale*], and incur a double penalty to the Danes and English.‡ The laws of Athelstan, 929, prohibit business and forensic pleadings, under a similar penalty.§ Sunday, by the laws of Edgar, 959, commenced at the ninth hour of Saturday (our three o'clock, P. M.), and continued till day-light on Monday.‖ Canute, 1017, prohibits public markets, conventicles of pleaders, sales, and other secular transactions, except upon urgent necessity.**

The Norman Conqueror enacted some laws for the observance of particular festivals, but Sunday is not specifically named in them.†† The people seem to have neglected it under the princes of this line: we find the monkish historians relating visions, which have for their object the enforcing of its solemn observance, as the especial command of heaven. On Low-Sunday, 1154, says Knyghton, a tall, thin, yellow man, with round tonsure, bare-footed, and clothed in white, addressed Henry II., in the Teutonic language, as the "Gode olde kyng," and told him that Christ and his pious mother, St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, sent him their respects ("*te salutat*") firmly commanding him to prohibit markets and servile labour on Sundays, and assuring him of success in all his undertakings, accordingly as he obeyed this mandate.‡‡

At the latter end of the reign of Richard II., Fulc, a prophet in France, busied himself in correcting religious abuses, and in 1197, sent Eustace, abbot of Flay, into England, for the purpose of suppressing the traffic, in which the people were engaged on Sundays.§§ What he did in this particular respect is not recorded; we are only informed, that on his arrival, he betook himself to the working of miracles,‖‖ not one of which appears to have had any reference to the object of his mission. If he did not fail entirely, his success was of very short duration; for having returned to France, we find him, in 1201, under the necessity of again visiting England for the same purpose.*** On this occasion he pretended to have received a commission immediately from heaven, and itinerated from city to city, York among others, preaching up the strict observance of the day of our

* Corium perdat; *i. e.* be severely whipped.
† Lel. iii. Sax. 3. *apud* Johan. Bromton. Chron. 761.
‡ Lel. x. Sax. 7. Bromt. 830.
§ Lel. xxxi. Sax. 23. Bromt. 844.
‖ Lel. vi. Sax. 5. Bromt. 871.
** Nisi pro magna necessitate, Lel. xvii. Sax. 14. Bromt. 920.
†† Cap. xi. *de temporibus et diebus pacis domini regis.* Sunday, however, is included in the following prolongation of Saturday to Monday: "Item omnibus sabbatis ab hora nona usque ad diem Lunæ." Roger de Hoveden, p. 601.
‡‡ Henr. de Knyghton, Lib. ii. col. 2395.
§§ Bromton, col. 1274.
‖‖ Roger de Hoveden, p. 804.
*** Id. p. 820.

Lord's resurrection, which in the middle ages, denoted not only Easter day, but every Sunday throughout the year.* In the copy of this celestial diploma, which is preserved entire by Roger de Hoveden, the Lord is made to define the Sunday to be between the ninth hour of Saturday, and sunrise on Monday; and to swear by his right hand that he will send the Pagans upon the people to slay them, unless they keep the Sunday, and the festivities of the saints.†

As the commencement of Sunday on three o'clock of the preceding afternoon was a considerable enlargement of the holy day, and an equal infringement on the time which should be devoted to business, there seems to have been some difficulty in procuring a strict observance of the supernumerary hours. What could not be effected by persuasion or law, was attempted by intimidation, and the people were alarmed by prodigies. A carpenter, driving a nail, on Saturday afternoon, was struck with a palsy: a man baked a loaf on Saturday afternoon, and when he broke it on Sunday, blood issued forth; and a miller, who was grinding corn on Saturday afternoon, suddenly beheld the machinery stand still, and a torrent of blood flow from the mill instead of flour. Notwithstanding these and many other visible manifestations of divine displeasure, the people, says the accurate chronicler, fearing more the loss of earthly than of heavenly profit, continued to transact their venal affairs on the Sunday as usual.‡ The Saturday afternoon is still considered as a sort of holiday in many country places in the north of England, and no doubt it is in consequence of this early connection of it with Sunday.

Bad examples were set in high places, and tended greatly to nullify the efforts of the monks. On the Continent we find Queen Maria conveying an estate on the second Sunday of the year 1205;§ and at home, in 1209, King John does not hesitate to receive a number of palfreys in liquidation of a fine, even on a Palm Sunday.‖ Transfers of property among the higher orders of the nobility, on Sunday, are innumerable in this reign. In that of his successor, Henry III., a circumstance is said to have occurred at Tewkesbury, which has undergone several versions, and which is consequently well known. It is briefly related in the Latin Chronicle of Evesham, which Leland supposes to have been written in this reign; and the anecdote may so far be considered to be authentic. "In the year 1260, a Jew at Tewkesbyri fell into a privy on the Sabbath, and from reverence of that day would not suffer himself to be drawn out. Richard, Earl of Gloucester, would not allow him to be extricated on Sunday, and

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* Du Cange, Suppl. tom. iii. col. 599. Art de Verifier les Dates, tom. i. tit. *Glossaire*, &c.

† Juro vobis per dextram meam, &c. This composition is unworthy of its pretended origin. It seems to have been much easier to work a miracle than to write elegant, or even correct Latin, the appearance of which would itself have been almost miraculous.

‡ Roger de Hoveden, p. 822.

§ Dacherii Spicileg. aliquot, Script. Veter. tom. viii. p. 221.

‖ Rotul. Literar. Clausarum, p. 114.

so he died."* In 1273 Humphrey de Bohun executed the conveyance of a tract of land on Sunday, in the feast of the circumcision.†

It was a frequent practice of our ancient parliaments to assemble on Sunday, and to hold their sittings without intermission. In 23 Edward I., a parliament was summoned to meet at Westminster on Sunday next after the feast of St. Martin. The parliament in 28 Edward I., which confirmed Magna Charta, and made the celebrated *Articuli super Cartas*, was appointed to assemble on the second Sunday in Lent. In the 35th of the same reign, a parliament was summoned to meet at Carlisle on January 20, where the king expected the presence of Cardinal Sabines; but the latter not arriving, the king prorogued the parliament to the Sunday next after Mid Lent, and on Palm Sunday the session terminated, having continued fourteen days, of which three were Sundays.‡ The parliaments of 17, 21, and 43 Edward III. were each held on a Sunday, the last being Trinity Sunday.§ It is probable that many other instances might be found by any person who will undertake the trouble of transmuting the ancient chronological computations into modern terms.‖

Meanwhile our neighbours in France appear to have scandalised the Puritans of this age, by their neglect of Sunday and certain other festivals, suffering the wind and water to turn mills, shaving their beards, and even bleeding veins, without regard to the ordinances of the church in general, and the synodal statutes of Anjou in particular. In 1292, William le Maire (Guillelmus Major), bishop of that province, convoked his third synod, when a statute was passed, which so closely resembles the puritanical enactments of this country, that we might almost suspect it to have served for their model. From the first section, or preamble of the act, we learn that the bishop's predecessor had issued some injunctions on the subject to the rectors and chaplains of the diocese; the second is to the following effect:—

"Whereas on the festival days, which are interdicted in reverence of God and his saints, and especially on Sundays, which are consecrated to the honour of the Highest Majesty, the faithful of Christ are to abstain from all servile labour, we command and enjoin all and singular our rectors and chaplains, in virtue of their obedience, to inhibit their parishioners, on manifestation of divine judgment, and pain of excommunication, from employing themselves in any servile work on the said festivals, and especially on Sundays; and particularly inhibiting barbers from shaving beards, or otherwise exer-

* Lel. Collect. tom. i. p. 283. Camden preserves an old epigram, or rather versification of this story, Remains, p. 442; and Barrington relates it from Howel's Londinopolis, with the addition—"By this cruel joke the Jew was suffocated." The perpetration of the joke is attributed to a bishop of Magdeburg, where the scene is also laid, by the author of the article SABBATH, in the Encyclop. Britan.

† Dugd. Monast. Anglic. tom. iii. p. 84. Edit. Veter. There are many other instances, but one is sufficient to show the existence of the practice.

‡ Prynne's Enlargem. 4 Inst.

§ Cotton's Abridgm. Records by Prynne, pp. 36, 51, 108.

‖ The parliament of 2 Richard II., at Westminster, was opened on the Quindena of Easter, which was Sunday, April 24; but Sir Robert Cotton calls it the 25th of April, which fell on Monday in that year. Abridgm. p. 167.

cising the office of barber on the said Sundays; and also from blood-letting, except when there is imminent peril of death or infirmity. Inhibiting their parishioners,* under the pain aforesaid, from shaving themselves on Sundays, or suffering others to shave them, or receiving any barber-like service (*vel barbitonsoris officium*) on peril of their souls. Inhibiting also all millers whomsoever, under the interminations aforesaid, and the owners of mills (*molendinorum dominis*) from causing or suffering their mills to grind on the said Sundays, especially from vespers on Saturday to vespers on Sunday, notwithstanding the abuse of a long time, which should not be deemed a use or custom, but truly a corruption; since the heavier the sins, the longer they detain the unhappy soul in bonds, and no prescription can avail against the precepts of the Decalogue."†

Notwithstanding this severe and minute enactment against shaving, we find that the Sunday, denominated *misericordia domini*, had, long anterior to the Bishop of Anjou, been one of the days set apart for shaving the brethren in the austere monastery of Cluny, which had probably adopted the more liberal construction of the council of Orleans. Udalric has a chapter expressly on the days appointed for this cleanly operation.‡

Returning to England, by stat. 27 Henry VI, cap. 5., no fair or market shall be held on the principal festivals, Good Friday, or any Sunday (except the four Sundays in harvest) on pain of forfeiting the goods exposed for sale. So much for the law! but clergymen in this reign made contracts and disposed of landed property on the Sunday.§ In 1579, Henry, Earl of Derby, Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, William, Bishop of Chester, and others her Majesty's high commissioners (2 Elizabeth) being assembled at Manchester, gave forth good orders and injunctions against "pipers and minstrels playing, making, and frequenting ales, beare bayting, or bull bayting on the Sabbath dayes, or uppon any other dayes in time of devine service," &c.‖ These orders and injunctions seem to have created the gloomy and melancholy disposition among the people, which struck the attention of King James, when on a visit in 1617-18 at Hoghton Tower, in Lancashire; where he concocted his celebrated proclamation, called the Book of Sports. This, it is well known, allowed of nearly all the sports which the high commissioners had discouraged; and, says Hume, by his authority, "he endeavoured to give sanction to a practice, which his subjects regarded as the utmost instance of profaneness and impiety.¶ A modern writer, Professor Vaughan, in his

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* *Subditis suis;* perhaps their subordinate officers.

† Dacherii Spicil. Script. Vet. tom i. p. 734. edit. fol.; tom. xi. p. 201. edit. 4to.

‡ Antiquior. Consuet. Monast. Cluniac. Lib. III. cap. 16. *De Rasura Fratrum*, apud eund. tom. I. p. 695, edit. fol.

§ Harl. MS. 2,042, fol. 330 b. The practice of dating charters and conveyances on Sunday seems to have been pretty general in Germany in this and the preceding century.—D. Eberh. Baringii Clav. Diplomet. pp. 533, 541, 543, &c.

‖ Mancuniensis, fol. 20.—A manuscript history of the town of Manchester, by Richard Hollinworth, a celebrated Puritanical preacher in the time of the civil wars.—(*Vide* Nicholson's Engl. Historical Libr. p. 17.)

¶ Vol. VI. ch. 47, p. 92.

History of the Stuarts, goes to the length of asserting, "that the effect of the Book of Sports was not only to diminish the little popularity which the mistaken policy of the king had left to him, but to contribute greatly toward the fatal convulsions of the next reign." Admitting this observation to be just, and allowing the view to be correct, which was taken during the debate on Mr. Cayley's Amendment to the Sunday Bill, "that the Book of Sports expelled one member of the family of Stuart from the throne, and conducted another to the scaffold," what are we to think of the religion of those who plunge a nation into a civil war, and, in this view of the matter, commit a foul murder, for the purpose of putting down harmless recreations? In a few years afterwards, in 8 James I., a Bill was introduced into parliament by the Puritans, for the more melancholy observance of the Sunday, which they affected to call by the Jewish name of Sabbath. The Christians of the middle ages had employed the word *Sabbatum*, to denote the whole week, but did not venture on this absurdity.* On the present occasion, Mr. Shepherd, a member, was expelled the House of Commons, for his opposition to the Bill, declaring the appellation of Sabbath to be Puritanical, and for defending the exercise of dancing by the example of David. The House of Lords opposed so far this Puritanical spirit of the Commons, that they proposed, that the appellation of Sabbath should be changed into that of the Lord's day.—(*Journ.* 15, 16 *Feb.* 1620; 28*th May*, 1621.) In Shepherd's sentence, his offence is said by the House to be "great, exorbitant, and unparalleled."† The different appellations of this festival were at that time known symbols of the different parties.‡ By the statute of 1 Charles I. cap 1. no persons shall assemble out of their own parishes for any sport whatsoever upon this day; nor in their parishes shall use any bull or bear baiting, interludes, plays, or other unlawful exercises or pastimes. The act does not prohibit, but rather impliedly allows any innocent recreation or amusement within their respective parishes, even on the Lord's day, after divine service.

Many of the austerities and absurdities committed by the fanatics with respect to religious festivals and customs, in the time of the civil wars, are collected by Hume, and therefore need not be repeated;§ some are melancholy, others ludicrous, and all of such a nature as to fully authorize a belief that the anecdote in drunken Barnaby's Itinerary is no fiction.

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* It is extremely disgusting to find a man like Sir Henry Spelman condescending to use the language of cant. None knew better than he that the word Sabbath was applicable only to the Jewish commemoration of the seventh day of the creation, yet he employs it in an unwarrantable manner. He explains *Dominica, Sitientes venite* to be "Sabbatum ante Dominicam Passionam."—Glossar. p. 181. This, without the elucidation of the introit, can be taken for nothing else than Saturday preceding Passion Sunday, instead of the Sunday before that festival, making the difference of a week. *Sabbatum*, in the Mediæval writers, is invariably Saturday, the seventh day of the week, except when used for the week itself, and then Saturday was termed *Septima feria Sabbati*.

† Hume, Vol. VI. ch. 47, p. 92.

‡ Ibid. p. 211.

§ Vol. VII. ch. 57, p. 32, note.

Among other festivals extinguished by the sectaries was that of Friday, which, as commemorating the passion of the founder of Christianity, was ever held in great reverence by the church. Robert of Brunne, the poetical translator of Langtoft, tells us that in the penance laid upon William Rufus by the bishop, "Sir Ode of Wynchestere," the monarch is particularly enjoined,

> "That neuer on Friday to wod thou go to chace;
> The riuer salle thou forsake on Friday elka dele;
> That penance, I the take, Sir Kyng, thou kepe it wele."
>
> *Chron.* p. 94.

Their suppression of the Friday-fast created a re-action, and Charles II. issued a proclamation for its revival, equal in bigotry to any of the puritanical acts, prohibiting victuallers from dressing suppers, and butchers from killing and selling meat on this day;* and by statute of the 29th of this reign no person is allowed to work on the Lord's day, or use any boat or barge, or expose any goods to sale, except meat at public-houses, milk at certain hours, and works of necessity or charity, under forfeiture of five shillings; nor shall any drover, carrier, or the like, travel on that day on pain of twenty shillings. This statute is unrepealed, and a moderate man might think it sufficient to satisfy a very inordinate appetite for pains and penalties upon trivial occasions. Probably when the people of England are reduced to such an observance of Sunday as is related in *Le Breton*, a Nantes paper of 30th July last, the rage for legislating on this subject may cease. It appears that two men were buried alive in the shaft of a coal-mine, 430 feet deep, at Martelais, and that their companions, instead of working without the pause of a moment to relieve them from their horrible and dangerous situation, discontinued their labour from Sunday morning till Monday morning! "Sunday interrupted their labour, which they recommenced on Monday morning at 8 o'clock." One man, strange to say, was saved, but the other perished! So much for Sunday legislation. There has been no lack of law givers in all ages,—are we better or wiser? or are the saintly Solons of the present day to effect that which the "wisdom of our ancestors" failed to accomplish?

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* Fosbr. Encyc. Antiq. Vol. II. p. 541.

THE TWO LIONS, THE WOLF, AND THE SHEEP.

A FABLE FOR THE LORDS.

An Irish wolf had long been used to reap,
A pretty decent harvest from a sheep;
Had claimed a tenth of pasture, turnips, food
Of every kind the sheep accounted good;
And emulous to seem a wolf of peace,
Borrowed for Sunday wear the other's fleece.
Long time the sheep had grudg'd the monstrous ration,
And set his face against this decimation;
Futile his bleatings—vainly did he writhe,—
The wolf looked black, and carried off the tithe.

At length, the wretched sheep's assiduous cry,
Roused a young lion, who by chance was nigh:
"What riot's this, and why that rueful face?"
The sheep takes heart, and plainly states his case;
The wolf deplores poor Mutton's want of grace.

"Faith," quoth the lion to the wolf, "my friend,
Methinks 'tis time this state of things should end;
The sheep, you see, is on resistance bent,—
Take of your claim three-fifths, and be content."
With secret grief the wolf his loss deplores,
But wolves are silent when the lion roars.
"But come," resum'd the umpire, "let's abide
By what this ancient lion shall decide;
Old, to be sure, he is, and lacks his teeth,—
Nothing but upper-jaw, and jaw beneath;
But age should be respected whilst it lives,
And rank, hereditary wisdom gives."
The wolf beholds his friend with wondrous glee,
As the old lion hobbles to the three.

And now the case is argued o'er again,
The aged lion wisely shakes his mane.
"What! take three-fifths, good wolf, and hope to thrive,
When you so long have laid your paw on five?
For shame—be resolute, or you're undone,
Stick to your point:—you shall have all or none."

The wolf looks foolish—fumbles with his paw—
"There'll be none *here*"—"Pooh! pooh! the law—the law"—
"The law won't help me," urged the wolf, "I fear,
Look at the sheep and this young lion here."
"Nonsense!" cried lion senior, somewhat sore,
And cleared his throat, and vainly tried to roar.
The sheep, meanwhile, had wish'd the wolf good-day;—
The wolf look'd sheepish as he slunk away,—
He nought to get, the other nought to pay.

The aged lion waddled off content,
While lion junior chuckled as he went.
The former of his friendship vastly proud,
Who claim'd the pound of flesh by law allow'd;
The latter speaking in an under tone,
Of half a loaf which better is than none. O.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A SPANISH LIBERAL.—No. II.

ROMERO ALPUENTE—TORRENO—PALAFOX—MUNOZ—AND THE QUEEN CHRISTINA.

"By Santiago the Moor Killer," I exclaimed, on meeting my Spanish friend at the club, and whom I found endeavouring to reconcile the conflicting statements of *La Gazette de France*, and the official organ of the French government, *La Journal des Debats*—"by the patron of Compostella, while I have been killing grouse on the Yorkshire hills, the affairs of Spain have been marching *à reculons* with a vengeance. Scarce a month has elapsed since our last conversation, and Europe has beheld her capital a prey to anarchy and confusion. I heard the walls of her Cortes ringing with the declaration of a national bankruptcy."

"The internal state of Spain," rejoined my companion, "is, I grant you, far from being so flattering as the patriotism of every well wisher of his country could desire. But, *nil desperandum*."

"*Sub auspice* Rodil, or *sub auspice* Torreno, I suppose you would add," said I, interrupting him. "The former, I candidly confess to you, has greatly disappointed my expectations. In Zumalacarreguy he has not a Peruvian Gamarra or a La Mar to deal with. The conduct of your doughty general has set at defiance all the calculations '*de la saine tactique*.' Why, when it was so obviously his policy to have confined the insurrection to Navarre, he should have allowed the Carlists to have made the Basque provinces the theatre of operations, the territorial configuration of which is not only so favourable for an obstinate guerilla warfare, but, moreover, by its extensive line of coast, will afford them the opportunity of receiving supplies both from this country and Holland, has surprised every one."

"In spite of all your tactical acumen, Amigo," said the Spaniard, "Don Carlos has not even the shadow of chance in his favour—thanks to the difficult nature of the seat of war, he may yet for some time elude the pursuits of the Queen's forces; but he wants that *prestige* which enabled Napoleon to advance from Frejus to Paris—*sans coup férir*—to clear the road to Madrid. The arrival of Mina, too, on the soil of his country, will prove a death-blow to what slender hopes he may yet entertain of success. Rodil will not fail to profit by the consummate skill and the personal influence of this old guerilla chief. No one in the world is better acquainted than Mina with the narrow tracts of country to which the operations of the contending parties are now confined; there is not a nook or corner of Navarre, or of the Basque provinces, which he did not turn into an ambuscade during the French occupation. Again, familiar with the tactics of the guerillas, he will defeat their plans almost as soon as they are conceived; add to this, the notoriety of his name, and the *prestige* of his well-earned fame upon the population of the insurgent provinces, and depend upon it that Mina's arrival will modify their opinions, and be followed up by the most important results. I

wish," continued my friend, with an expression of sadness, "that the other points of the political horizon of my unfortunate country looked equally bright."

"You allude, I suppose, to the late attack on the convents, instigated, as it is said, by the machinations of the *communeros*, and which led to the arrests of Romero Alpuente, Van Hallen, Palafox, and others?"

"I do; and with deep forebodings do I observe the rocks, on which was wrecked before our constitutional bark, still rearing their rugged heads amid the strife of our political elements. You are doubtless aware of the conflicting views of the three great parties which divided the Spanish Constitutionalists. The first were the Freemasons, headed by the celebrated Arguelles—their object was to establish a kind of statocracy. The second were the *anilleros*, who wished to gradually modify the constitution by the introduction of a second chamber, numbering in its ranks our present premier Martinez de la Roza, Florida *Blanca*, the Duke de San Fernando, and many others of distinguished rank and talents. The third and last were the *communeros*, who based their operations upon the third article of the Constitution, viz. the sovereignty of the people, and whose object it was to organize a popular confederation throughout the Peninsula. The life and soul of this party was and is Romero Alpuente: one whose motto has always been—"*Malo pereculosam libertatem quam quietam servitutem.*"

"Before you proceed any further," said I, again interrupting him, "give me first a rapid sketch of this *exaltado* Romero."

"Romero Alpuente, now verging on his eightieth year, was for upwards of twenty years president of the Royal Court of Grenada. He is a man cast in the old mould of Spanish firmness, and possesses talents of the highest order; but which, unfortunately for the welfare of his country, have been all along devoted to the attainment of a political chimera. During the last days of the Constitutional *régime* in 1823, he became president of the celebrated Landabarru Club, modelled on the Jacobin clubs of France. How closely they wished to follow in the steps of their French prototypes, you will gather by the following extract of one of Romero's speeches, and which at the same time will paint to the life the character of the man.

"'During the war of independence,' said he, addressing the assembly of Terrorists, 'we had in our favour the hosts of friars who feared they should lose their revenues; but these are now our greatest enemies. We had also in our favour the aristocrats, who equally feared for their privileges and their vast estates; they are likewise our enemies. Up to this time men of science and literature rivalled each other in supporting the cause of independence; but, now the truth must be openly confessed, for some reason or other, one and all of them are our enemies. What then is our remedy? Do you ask? *We must annihilate them. We must do with them as was done in France, where in one night* 1,400 *were executed.* Then we shall be ourselves again patriots all.'

"Such is Romero Alpuente, and such are the political doctrines of his party."

"Among whom," I rejoined, "I am rather surprised to find the celebrated Palafox, the hero of Saragoça.

"The *prestige* of his name, rather that his personal co-operation, is, I believe," answered my companion, "all that the *communeros* wanted; for he is as contemptible a politician as he was formerly formidable as a warrior. But to return to my former review of the great parties in the constitution. The *communeros*, you perceive, in spite of the sword, the scaffold, exile, and the dungeon, like the infatuated Bourbons, *n'ont rien appris ni rien oublié*. They still shew a front—still cling with blind fondness and obstinate pertinacity to that constitution, which, however beautiful in theory, was, in its practical application, found so ill adapted to the prejudices and the spirit of the Spanish people, that, like a tender exotic transplanted from its native clime, it soon sickened and died.

"This party, however weak it may be, will, nevertheless, singularly embarrass the Queen's government; for to attain its ends it will not scruple, like the republicans of France, to coalesce for a time with the Carlists. To steer the vessel of state through the shoals that surround her course, will require the arm of a political Hercules. Of the critical position in which the Ministry find themselves placed, you may form some idea by the late measure submitted to the Cortes, by the Finance Minister, Torreno, and which has spread ruin and consternation through almost every *Bourse* in Europe."

"Consternation indeed!" I replied. "This measure of Torreno has been in the financial, what the Russian campaign was in the military world, '*une vraie debacle*;' ruin and suicide have been the order of the day; and, egad! if report lies not, that royal stockjobber Louis Philippe, and your Minister Torreno, have between them carried off an immense booty."

"*Si non e vero e ben trovato*," rejoined the Spaniard, with a smile, "*Mais revenons à nos moutons*. This financial measure of Torreno's, which has been assailed with such universal obloquy and vituperation by men who vainly dreamt that the destinies of a great nation were to be sacrificed to the interests of a few stockjobbers and gambling speculators, has proved its author to be at once a great statesman and a clever financier. I see you smile," said the Spaniard, "but fortunate will it be for the foreign creditor, if the measure in its present form passes the Cortes. My own opinion is, and it is based upon a knowledge of the men who form the committee of finance, that it will be thought to go too far, and, instead of recognizing one-half the debt as an active stock, they will stop short at a quarter."

"So that," I replied, "the Cortes, from whose wisdom the regeneration of Spain was so anxiously looked for, will be the grave of her honour and good faith."

"Heaven forfend the thought! But you are, I perceive, deceived by the fallacious arguments of the disappointed bondholders, who, of course, view this question rather as stockjobbers than as political philosophers, who maintain the impossibility of our developing our resourses otherwise than by the aid of foreign loans, which, by our violation of national faith, will be henceforward as

impracticable as the re-conquest of the American mines, and who loudly clamour, as in Portugal, for the confiscation of the church property, to satisfy their demands. Now a nation sunk so low in the scale of political degradation as Spain, you will allow, it is utterly impracticable to regenerate otherwise than by the operation of slow and gradual means (if always *they* will attain a result, of which the page of history offers no example); but, if the process be forced, it will inevitably lead to anarchy and bloodshed; and an attempt to confiscate the church property at this moment, when Spain resembles a smothered volcano, would to a certainty produce that result. Recollect, for an instant, that it was their intemperate zeal, their fierce crusade against the property of the church, which proved so fatal to the Constitution of 1820. On the suppression of the convents, no purchasers were to be found, so that those very resources, which the Cortes imagined would be the most ready at hand, became an actual incumbrance. But the experience of the past, it is to be hoped, will enlighten the future; and measures only will be now attempted, warranted by the necessity of the times. Thus, the suppression of the conventual, then the property of the military commanderies, &c., will take place gradually, as the present incumbents die off; the state receiving a portion of their revenues, as their numbers diminish, till, at length, they are finally extinguished, and the whole revolves to the state. Thus will be achieved this salutary measure, by the operation of a slow but sure process.*

"In fact it is only by the exercise of consummate skill, and of patient endurance, that Spain can be regenerated. Look at her, degraded as she is, by ages of political misrule and monkish superstition; her people in that diversified state of society, arising from their long political discentralization, to which it is so difficult to adopt any general system of new legislation and mode of government; and frankly tell me if the obloquy with which this measure of Torreno has been assailed, is merited. He has acknowledged one-half the debt in the shape of an active stock (more, by-the-by, than ever reached the Spanish coffers of the loan), the remainder is constituted a deferred stock. The payment of which will, of course, depend upon the development of those resources which have so long slumbered beneath the shade of Spanish misrule, and the consolidation upon a firm basis of the constitutional system."

"But, without the aid of foreign loans, how," said I, "are the great works of internal improvement to be effected?"

"By dint of the strictest economy, and an improved system of fiscalization. To develop our resources but by the aid of foreign loans, would be to develop them to the sole profit of the foreign money-lender. Not, should loans be necessary, that there will be the difficulty you suppose in raising them, unless it can be proved that the destinies of nations in the 19th century depend upon the

* The value of the church property in Spain has been estimated at 51,000,000 dollars per annum. By a report made by Arguelles, the Minister of Finance, to the Cortes, in 1821, the annual revenues of the church were estimated at one-third more than those of the state domains.

fiat of a few wealthy stock jobbers. But the argument is perfectly absurd, and betrays the most lamentable ignorance of human nature, for such is the allurement of that master-spring of the mind, gain, that hold out but favourable terms, do but dazzle the cupidity of the money-lender, and, in spite of the experience of the past, he will eagerly take the golden bait.

"No, my friend, Spanish honour will not be violated; the demands of her creditors will be faithfully discharged, but she must have time to allay that political fever of the blood which still distracts her system—to consolidate the great work of political regeneration, and to develop her immense resources. Upon this every thing depends; at the same time the obstacles to be overcome, if not insuperable, I must reluctantly admit are immense."

"But a truce to politics, Mi Caro," I here exclaimed, "let us now season our colloquy with something more piquant; read me a chapter of *La Chronique Scandaleuse* of Madrid, and sans circumlocution; tell me who is this Munoz, who has so filled the mouth of public report by the extraordinary influence he has acquired over '*La Reina gobernadora*.'"

"All that I can say to satisfy your curiosity on that point is, that Munoz, like his prototype Godoy, was a subaltern in the royal guard. *Un grand blond*, as the French say, *beau comme l'amour*, of that style of beauty which is as irresistible to the dark-eyed beauties of the south as those Salvatorean banditti faces which, on the shoulders of a Greek count, an Italian prince, or a French marquis, have since the peace made such havoc in the ranks of your rich English heiresses. Thus you will perceive this royal cortejo owes his elevation purely to the advantages of a fine figure—*à son physique*; and so great is the ascendancy which he has acquired over the mind of Christina that he is consulted on every occasion. So much so, that the minister of Prussia is said to have termed the present administration 'the ministry of Therezita and Munoz'—in allusion to the all powerful influence of these two favourites; for you, of course, know that La Senorita Therezita has been recalled months ago and reinstated, notwithstanding the very general opinion that this *aventurière* has been all along playing a double game."

"Strange," said I, "that neither the evils entailed on Spain by her late consort's mother's passion for Godoy, nor the more recent *scandale* of her sister the Duchess de Berri, should both be lost upon Christina."

"It only proves," continued my friend, "the profound observation of Napoleon, '*Que les femmes font de mauvaises politiques, se laissant toujours gouverner par le cœur.*' Heedless of every consequence, she has not only publicly appeared in the Prado with Munoz by her side, but she has openly insulted the nobility in the person of the Duke St. Ildefonso, who on that occasion actually rode behind them *en chasseur*. The nation have beheld with indignation her treasures lavished in the purchase of houses and equipages for the happy favourite, who, to crown the whole, has been appointed chamberlain to the queen, an office which gives him the *entrée* to her chamber at all hours."

"Well, after all, this is but the repetition of the past," said I; "a

queen-mother without a cortejo would be quite a novelty in the Spanish annals. The mother of Phillip IV. had her *Valenzuela*, the mother of Ferdinand her Godoy. Christina, the mother of Isabella, is not singular, therefore, in this respect. But do you really think there is any truth in the *on dits* in circulation—such, for example, as a splendid box sent lately from Paris bearing the initials of the queen and those of her favourite entwined? But, unfortunately, the breath of slander does not stop here; it has even been reported that——"

"I know what you would say," said the Spaniard, interrupting me. "But can you wonder at the *écarts* of the imagination, when in these matters you must know *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute*."

THE TWO THRUSHES.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

A SAGE old Thrush was once discipling
His grandson Thrush (a hair-brain'd stripling)
In the purveying art. He knew,
He said, where vines in plenty grew,
Whose fruit delicious when he'd come
He might attack *ad libitum*.
"Ha!" said the young one, "where's this vine—
Let's see the fruit you think so fine."
"Come then, my child, your fortune's great, you
Can't conceive what feasts await you!"
He said, and gliding through the air
They reached a vine, and halted there.
Soon as the grapes the youngster spied,
"Is this the fruit you praise?" he cried:
"Why, an old bird, Sir, as you are,
Should judge, I think, more wisely far
Than to admire, or hold as good,
Such half-grown, small, and worthless food.
Come, see a fruit which I possess
In yonder garden; you'll confess,
When you behold it, that it is
Bigger and better far than this."
"I'll go," he said, "but, ere I see
This fruit of your's, whate'er it be,
I'm sure it is not worth a stone,
Or grape-skin from my vines alone."
They reached the spot the thruslet named,
And he triumphantly exclaimed—
"Shew me the fruit to equal mine!
A size so great—a shape so fine;
What luxury, however rare,—
Can e'en your grapes, with *this* compare?"
The old bird stared, as well he might,
For lo! a *pumpkin* met his sight!
Now, that a Thrush should take this fancy,
Without much marvelling I can see;—
But it is truly monstrous, when
Men, who are held as learned men,
All books, whate'er they be, despise,
Unless of largest bulk and size.
A book is great, if good at all,—
If bad—it cannot be too small.

VINES AND VINEYARDS.*

There is no English work on the subject of wines from which any practical information can be gathered. Dr. Henderson and Mr. Cyrus Redding are among the more modern authors who have offered their speculations to the public on this very interesting topic; but although their works have been introduced with cost and care, we question much whether, in point of actual utility, Mr. Busby's little work is not more entitled to our attention than all that has been said or written on the subject for many years. It is true there are no ingenious theories respecting the vineyards and wines of the ancients, but there is that which concerns us more closely—a very interesting and minute account of the culture of the grapes, and the fabrication of the wines of Spain and France, which we have more to do with at present than with the ancient glories of the Falernian. Future ages may possibly be indebted to the ingenious speculations of their Henderson or Redding as to the "whereabout" of the vineyard whence we of the present day draw our Gordon sherries, or the precise hill of Hermitage may be fruitful of controversy; but, thank heaven, they are not yet so mystified but that a plain straight-forward man like Mr. Busby can give us all the information we desire to know, at very little cost and small exertion of intellect.

Our author is from New South Wales, and is stimulated to this undertaking by the very laudable desire to improve the resources of his country. With a climate and soil inferior to none, Mr. Busby thinks with reason that vines may be cultivated at New South Wales with such success as to form a feature in the commerce of the country; and with this object he has travelled through the principal wine countries of Spain and France, visited the best cultivated vineyards, obtained cuttings from almost every variety of vine, and embodied the vast fund of information he has acquired as to the culture of the vine and the manufacture of wine in a small work, which must be invaluable to those more particularly interested, and full of agreeable and useful information for the general reader.

Mr. Busby, avoiding the prolixity of travellers regarding their period of departure, and utterly eschewing all detail not immediately bearing upon his grand object, skips over from London to Cadiz in two lines, thus:—

"Having embarked at London on the 6th of the present month I this day landed at Cadiz.—*Monday, Sept. 26th,* 1831."

He then enters at once into the object of his travels, and having met with a Dr. Wilson, to whom he has a letter of introduction, he proceeds with him to visit Xeres, the celebrated sherry wine country. On the road they taste the *vin du pays,* called *Manzinilla,* which is a light, pleasant wine, having mellowness of flavour. They enter the

* Journal of a recent Visit to the principal Vineyards of Spain and France. By James Busby, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

wine district at the equivocal hour of twilight, and the first object that strikes Mr. Busby is a man with a gun,—a most opportune hint at the commencement of his career, and one that was doubtless not lost upon our author in the course of his scientific rambling.

"*Friday, 30th September.*—A violent storm of wind and rain made it impossible to quit the house yesterday, and though the rain continued to fall at intervals to-day, I managed to visit, in company with Dr. Wilson, the cellars of the house of James Gordon and Company. The extent of these cellars is quite immense—the extreme length of the largest being 110 Spanish *varas*, about 306 English feet, and the breadth 222 feet; the roof is supported by rows of massive square columns of mason work, and although the whole cellar is not of the above length or breadth, the principal division of the building being only 200 by 150 feet, yet, with its various adjuncts, the whole extent of the cellar is equal to the dimensions first stated. Messrs. Gordon and Company have also another very extensive cellar, though not equal to this in dimensions. Their ordinary stock of wine is said to be 4000 butts: this is kept in casks of various sizes, containing from one to four butts. These casks are ranged in regular rows; in some parts of the cellar, to the height of four tiers. They are called *soleras*, and are always retained in the cellars. They contain wines of various qualities and ages—from one to fifty years. The wine merchants of *Xeres* never exhaust their stock of finest and oldest wine. According to the price at which the wine expedited to the market is intended to be sold, it contains a larger or smaller proportion of old wine. But it is only in wines of a very high price, that even a small portion of their finest wines is mixed. What is withdrawn from the oldest and finest casks, is made up from the casks which approach them nearest in age and quality, and these are again replenished from the next in age and quality to them. Thus a cask of wine, said to be fifty years old, may contain a portion of the vintages of thirty or forty seasons."

So, this is the way you do it, Messrs. Gordon! The Germans boast of some immense tub of Hock being 100 years old much upon the same principle; the vat having been made about that time, and the successive vintages being regularly emptied into it, and we suspect with equal regularity drawn off. The poor Germans are not the only liars in the trade when the age of their wine is talked of.

"The higher qualities of sherry are made up of wine the bulk of which is from three to five years old, and this is also mixed in various proportions with older wines. Thus, from the gradual mixture of wines of various ages, no wine can be farther from what may be called a *natural wine* than sherry. But, besides giving the wines, as they are prepared for the market, mellowness and richness, by the addition of older wines, there is a very dry kind of sherry called *Amontillado* or *Montillado*, which abounds in the peculiar nutty flavour that distinguishes sherries, and which is frequently added when that is deficient. Being very light in colour, it is also used to reduce the colour of sherries which are too high; and when, on the other hand, colour is required, the deficiency is made good by the mixture of *boiled wine*, or rather of *boiled must*."

Thus we have a mess of the different vintages made up into a sort of *stock-pot*, as the cooks call it; then *prepared for the market* by adding mellowness and richness; and, as a crowning care, that *nutty flavour* is added, in the discovery of which we have so often heard connoisseurs smack their lips so triumphantly. Little does the simple

consumer fancy that he is chuckling to the praise of Messrs. Gordon's doctoring. Then, to suit all customers with genuine sherry, we are favoured with the following:—

"The lowest priced sherries are in general the growth of Port St. Mary's or San Lucar, two districts within ten miles of Xeres; or they are brought round from Malaga to Port St. Mary's, and thence transhipped for England under the name of sherry, perhaps after having been landed and mixed with other wines to give them the qualities in which they are deficient. All these low-priced wines are largely mixed with brandy, being intended for the consumption of a class of people who are unable to judge of any quality in wine but its strength. But brandy is added in very small proportions to the good wines—never in greater quantities than four or five per cent. while they remain in the cellar, and frequently not at all, unless the wine should become *scuddy* or *mothery;* and thus the finest wines are frequently entirely free from it; but, on their shipment, a small dose of brandy is considered absolutely necessary, even to fine wines, to make them bear the voyage, as it is said; but, in reality, because strength is one of the first qualities looked for by the consumers."

What with the original genius of the grower in putting these Xeres wines together, the talent of amplification displayed by the importer by the introduction of those of Port St. Mary and San Lucar in addition, and the mysterious processes to which they are subjected in the cellars of the London merchants, we suspect that the people of England know as little about the true flavour of sherry wine as a Mongol Tartar does of Dublin stout. The detestable practice, likewise, of mixing such quantities of that truly poisonous stuff they call brandy, is reprehensible, and is, moreover, a great mistake. However strength might have recommended wines some years since, certainly quality is now more appreciated; and as the wine-merchants know this, and do not stop the practice, it would seem that such deleterious mixture must be profitable to the trader. If such be the case, we must continue to drink our fiery wines, since the health and enjoyment of the consumer will weigh but little against the tradesman's profit.

Mr. James Gordon then takes our author and his friend to visit a neighbouring estate belonging to Don Jacobo Gordon, who from his bastard name would seem to be a sort of Spanish Scotchman. Among remarks by the road-side, he tells us that it is not lawful in Andalusia to enclose any corn-field; but, that immediately the corn is off the land, they become common property, and "every one who chooses may send cattle and sheep upon them," a truly primitive way in the disposition of property; but one, in which, we fear, the prejudices of English landlords would interpose materially in its introduction on our own soil. The travellers find Don Jacobo's workmen just assembled at dinner, "which consisted of a kind of cold soup, made from water, with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and salads, scraped down, or cut small,"—rather small feeding this; but, as they are paid well, it is merely an affair of taste, and no business of ours. Mr. Busby tastes here some of the boiled *must* used for *colouring wine*. "It is as thick as treacle, and resembled it in flavour; but with a strong burned taste." He visits many other plantations; but the system is very much alike. Then at the vineyards of Don Pedro Domecq:—

"On entering his cellar, or rather pressing-room, we found the labourers at their dinner. Bread seemed here, as elsewhere, the chief article of their diet. There was also abundance of prickly pears and grapes. We passed to the cellar where the new-made wine was stored, and tasted it in its various states. The wine of a fortnight old was still very sweet, although the fermentation was now barely sensible. We also tasted the sweet wine of the same age, made from the *Pedro Ximenes* grape, and we conceived it to be barely possible for any thing to be more luscious, although we were informed that in a dry season it is much richer. He said he had about 200 butts of the sweet wine, and wished it were all of that quality, it was so useful in mixing with his purchased wine for exportation."

Roguery is in full force go where he will. Here follows a description of the press-work:—

"On returning from the cellar to the pressing-room we found the presses at work. There were eight troughs, similar in shape and dimensions to those formerly described, each with its wooden screw in the centre. A large quantity of grapes being heaped up in one part of the trough, they commence by strewing upon them as much powdered gypsum, or sulphate of lime, as a man can take up with both hands. A portion of the grapes are then spread over the bottom of the remainder of the trough, upon which the men jump with great violence, having wooden shoes, with nails to prevent their slipping. After the greater part of the grapes are pretty well broken, they are piled up round the screw, and a flat band, made of a kind of grass, is wound round the pile, commencing at the bottom, the broken grapes being heaped and pressed in as the band is wrapped higher and higher, till they are all compressed into it. They then commence working the screw, and the *must* flows with great rapidity."

Here the author takes leave of his friends at Xeres, and proceeds by the steam-boat to Seville, and thence to Malaga. It may here be as well to observe, that the whole extent of the Xeres vineyards does not exceed 7,000 acres, consequently, the greater quantity of the wines known in England as sherry wines, are fraudulent concoctions, made up in the laboratory of the London wine-merchant, and impudently foisted upon the public as wine. The whole quantity of sherry annually exported for Xeres does not exceed 25,000 butts, and *in no case do even the exporters themselves send a genuine natural wine!* Let the sherry drinkers hug themselves on that fact; and, moreover when they rejoice over the true *nutty* flavour, let them not be niggardly in the praise of Don Jacobo Gordon, Don Pedro Domecq, and other enlightened men, to whom the glory of the invention is justly due.

The wine of Malaga is not much in vogue at the present day; the trade of the place is principally confined to raisins aud almonds. The method of preserving and packing fruit is given; likewise the description of a sugar plantation; from which he appears that sugar has been cultivated with success in Spain, for upwards of 100 years, and the quality is so good that the produce of the estate visited by Mr. Busby, brought that year a higher price by 10 per cent. than imported sugar. The produce of the vineyards round Malaga, which is not converted into raisins, is a sort of inferior sherry chiefly taken by the Americans, with whom it has been much in demand since the establishment of Temperance Societies. Very little of the old mountain or Malaga wine is made.

Before Mr. Busby leaves Malaga, he visits the cellars of a Don Juan Langan, a sort of Spanish Irishman, who is in the habit of sending choice wines to English noblemen and men of wealth; but, here again the old system prevails. Speaking of his wines,—

"Some of them, he says, are twenty years old and upwards. Some of his wines of seven or eight years old resembled a good sherry, and he agreed with me in thinking that his sweet wine of that age was equal to those three times as old. He further agreed with me, that the great age of those wines did by no means add proportionably to their quality: and he evidently understands the art of giving the qualities generally attributed to age, by mixing, and other management. He himself hinted at the success with which he had conducted this branch of trade, and he has the reputation of having acquired great wealth."

It is quite as well that the "noblemen and men of wealth," whose cellars are supplied with such *old and choice wines* should be made acquainted with the genius of Don Juan Langan.

After many valuable remarks respecting Spanish vineyards, and the wines of Catalonia, Mr. Busby proceeds to Perpignan, where he introduces himself to Messrs. Durand, who are great cultivators, through the pleasant medium of the notes of Messrs. Herries and Farquhar and Co.; to whom Messrs. Durand are agents. Both the brothers politely accompany him to their vineyards, a few miles from Perpignan.

"After a drive of about an hour and a quarter, we arrived at the first of Messrs. Durand's establishments. This is an immense square inclosure, with high walls and buildings. It formerly belonged to the Knights Templars. The church is converted to a wine-cellar, and the houses of the Templars to the residences of Messrs. Durand's peasants. Several other buildings are also erected within the walls, forming altogether a most complete and extensive homestead. After talking chocolate we proceeded to the vineyards. Mr. Durand only cultivates three varieties of vines, the Grenache, which gives sweetness, the Carignan, which gives colour, and the Mataro, which gives quantity. His vines are in general planted either on the plain, or on a gently inclined slope; but when there is a slope the exposure is always to the south. The soil is loose and stony, the stones *quartz*, of various colours and shades."

The wine made here is that known by the name of Rousillon. Our traveller gives an account of a large farm belonging to Messrs. Durand, who are agriculturalists as well as wine growers. The farm consists of 562 acres, which can all be laid under water, when irrigation is required. The working oxen are exceedingly fine animals, of which a pair is worked with each plough, and managed by the ploughman alone. The cows are never milked, but the calves are allowed to suck them. There is no such thing known as a dairy farm. Butter is never used; oil being the universal substitute. The prejudice which our English people have against oil as an article of food is perfectly absurd. Oil is a pure, sweet vegetable production, and is as far superior to butter as a wholesome and delicate extract from vegetable matter can be to any description of animal fat. And yet, people will soak their muffins in the stale produce of Irish dairies, firkined and salted, and enjoy with the greatest possible *gusto* their foul feedings; while pies and pastry of every kind are made with this filthy

grease, and lauded by those who affect a most delicate disgust to olive oil, the use of which would make pastry more beautiful to the eye, and much less pernicious as food. It only shews that habit will reconcile the taste to anything; but, it seems rather absurd, that the people who indulge in such dainties as salted butter and melted swines' fat, should laugh at the barbarous Russian, who licks his lips over rusks and train-oil; or the more interesting savage of Esquimaux, who gloats with true unctuous delight over his feast of entrails and blubber.

Mr. Busby then visits Rivesaltes, famous for its production of the sweet wine called Muscat; he then returns to Perpignan, and inspects the depôt of horses belonging to the French government, bought for the purpose of improving the breed of France; likewise a flock of merino sheep and some goats of Cashmere.

We must pass over many interesting accounts of the Botanic Gardens, Montpelier, the nursery at Tarascon, the dried fruits of Provence, observing by the way that

"The quantity of figs which the inhabitants dried formerly was their principal produce, but now each proprietor only gathers about 40 quintals, (4,000 pounds), not more than enough for the consumption of his own family!!"

We now proceed to the Hermitage and Burgundy wines. Mr. Busby has an introduction to Messrs. Richard, wine merchants and bankers, at Tournon, from whom he has all the information he requires. Here he finds the old game still carried on:—

"The finest Clarets of Bourdeaux are mixed with a portion of the finest red wine of Hermitage, and four-fifths of the quantity of the latter which is produced are thus employed. The wines are racked off the lees in spring, and sulphured. A very small piece of sulphured match is burnt in the casks intended for the white wine; the red wine requires a greater portion. These matches are purchased from persons who make a business in preparing them. They are slips of paper, about one inch and a half broad, and when coated on both sides with sulphur, are about the thickness of a sixpence. A piece of one inch and a half square is sufficient for a cask of white wine containing 50 gallons."

Then follows a description of the celebrated Hermitage vineyards:—

"The hill of Hermitage is so called from an ancient hermitage, the ruins of which are still in existence near its top. It was inhabited by hermits till within the last 100 years. The hill, though of considerable height, is not of great extent; the whole front which looks to the south may contain 300 acres, but of this, though the whole is under vines, the lower part is too rich to yield those of the best quality, and a part near the top is too cold to bring its produce to perfect maturity. Even of the middle region the whole extent does not produce the finest wines. M. Machon, the gentleman whose property we were traversing, pointed out to me the direction in which a belt of calcareous soil crossed the ordinary granitic soil of the mountain, and he said it requires the grapes of these different soils to be mixed, in order to produce the finest quality of Hermitage. I took home a portion of the soil which he pointed out as calcareous, and the degree of effervescence which took place on my pouring vinegar upon it, indicated the presence of a considerable portion of lime. It is probably to this peculiarity that the wine of Hermitage owes its superiority, for to all appear-

ance many of the neighbouring hills on both sides of the Rhone present situations equally favourable, although the wine produced even upon the best of them never rises to above half the value of the former, and in general not to the fourth of their value. A good deal may also be attributable to the selection of plants. The best red wines of Hermitage are made exclusively from one variety, and the white wines from two varieties; but in the district generally a much greater number of varieties are cultivated. The Red Grape is named the Ciras. The white varieties are the *Roussette Marsan*. The former yields by itself a dry and spirituous wine, which easily affects the head—the plant produces indifferently—the latter yields a sweeter wine—they are mixed together to produce the best white Hermitage."

Before taking leave of his host, M. Richard, our author acknowledges the attention he had every where received from the French proprietors, which was the more gratifying, he having been led to expect considerable jealousy. M. Richard expressed a hope that if he published an account of his journey, honourable mention would be made of this fact. After quitting the vineyards of Hermitage, the author proceeds to those of Burgundy, and visits Chambertin and Clos Vougeot.

"After quitting the vineyard of Chambertin, I rejoined the cabriolet, and after recovering the main road, proceeded to Clos Vougeot. This vineyard formerly belonged to a convent, and the buildings are therefore rather extensive. What was the old vineyard is enclosed by a high stone wall, but M. Ouvrard, the present proprietor, has also acquired a considerable portion of the land without the wall, and the present extent of the Clos Vougeot is therefore 48 hectares, 112½ English acres.

"I mentioned to the steward of M. Ouvrard my disappointment regarding my letters of introduction, and my having resolved in consequence to trust to the good nature of the proprietor of Clos Vougeot for a friendly reception. He replied, very heartily, that I had done well. He conducted me over the cellars where the wines are made, and subsequently over those where they are kept, explaining the whole process pursued in making the wine, and answering all my questions with great exactness."

Then follows an account of the method of fermentation; after which he says—

"They commence selling it when three and four years old; but the wine of very favourable seasons is retained by the proprietor till it is ten or a dozen years old, when it is bottled, and sold at the rate of six francs a bottle. The price of the wine of ordinary vintages, from three to four old, is from 500 to 600 francs the hogshead, but seasons occasionally occur when the wine is not better than the *Vin Ordinaire* of the country. The wine of 1824 was given to the labourers as their ordinary drink, that of 1825 is now ripening in the large vats, and will be worth, in three or four years more, six francs a bottle. The wine has been found by experience to be of better quality, and to preserve its perfume better, in these large vats than in casks."

The last-mentioned are the wines of Champagne, the method of preparing which is curious. Messrs. Herries' notes are again a passport to the wine-cellar:—

"The very eminent wine house of Messrs. Ruinart and Son, of Rheims, are agents for Herries, Farquhar, and Co.'s notes. Having called upon them to cash one of these, M. Ruinart, junior, conducted me over their

wine cellars, which are very extensive, and all subterranean, consisting of three under-ground stores, one beneath another, all mined out of the lime-stone rock. The wine, which has received the last attentions which it requires, and is ready for expediting to the consumer, is packed in large square masses, bottle above bottle, and side by side, with no other precaution to keep them steady than a lath passing along between the necks of one layer and the butts of the next layer above. They generally send the wine to the consumer at the age of three and four years, but after the first winter it is all put in bottle. The stock, therefore, appears immense, and indeed it is very large, for not only are different qualities required, but also different descriptions to suit the varying tastes of their customers in England, America, and Russia, to which countries Messrs. Ruinart make their chief exports. A gentleman, with whom I travelled, told me that he could buy very good sound Champagne at Chalons for two francs a bottle, and was then going to purchase 100 bottles at that price, but respectable wine merchants never send any to England under three francs a bottle. What is sent to England is more spirituous, and froths more strongly than what is sold for domestic consumption. The greatest and most minute attentions are necessary in preparing Champagne. The casks in which it ferments, after running from the press, are previously sulphured to prevent the fermentation from proceeding to too great a length. It is twice clarified during the winter, and in the month of March, before the return of spring has renewed the fermentation, it is bottled off. When in this state the bottles are placed in frames, diagonally, with their heads downwards. The lees are thus collected in the neck of the bottle, but they do not consider it necessary to uncork the bottles as soon as the wine is perfectly clear, nor is it considered that there is any danger of the wine spoiling if the return of warm weather should cause a re-commencement of the fermentation, and re-mix the lees through the wine. On the contrary, they sometimes allow the lees to remain to ripen, as they term it, longer than usual. The wine, in general, remains in this state till the following winter, each bottle is then placed in a frame, and carefully uncorked. The contents of the neck of the bottle are emptied. It is filled up from another bottle of the same wine, and being re-corked, only now requires age to give it all the perfection it is capable of. It of course often happens, that the wine has either undergone less than the usual fermentation, or being stronger than usual requires a greater fermentation before being put into bottles; and it consequently happens that the fermentation in the bottles is greater than they can bear, and that a large proportion of them burst during the first summer. The floors of the wine cellars are all covered with grooves, sloping to a gutter, by which the wine which has burst the bottles is conveyed to a cistern in the floor, and, as there is the most perfect cleanliness observed, a part of the wine is thus sometimes saved."

With this extract we must close our notice of Mr. Busby's work, giving him all the merit due for a very clear, straightforward account of the origin of a very considerable article of our consumption. What the Scotch-Spaniard, Don Jacobo Gordon, or the Spanish-Irishman, Don Juan Langan, and the numerous friends Mr. Busby picked up on his route, will say to his revealing the secrets of the prison-house, it is not for us to conjecture. We can only, in common with the rest of our sherry-suffering brethren, return him our grateful thanks for the information, and sincerely hope that none who read his book will use their newly-acquired knowledge rashly.

ADVENTURES OF A NAVAL OFFICER IN THE TIME OF PEACE.—Chap. I.

I remember well my first determination to go to sea. It was one day after dinner, I had been home about a week for the Christmas holidays; my mother had just left the dining-room, I and my father were alone—he filled his third glass, I had just finished my first, the extent of my potations at that time.

"Well, George, you are now more than twelve years of age—it is time that you should consider what profession you would like to follow, in order that you may be properly educated for it, and give your mind to serious study, that you may become a credit to me and an ornament to society; and depend upon it, my dear boy, which ever way your inclinations lead, you will always find me ready to indulge them, so long as they transgress no moral duty."

Disgusted with school, looking upon it, as most boys of that age do, as an earthly purgatory, and thinking that could I but once quit it I should be truly happy, I considered this a favourable opportunity to emancipate myself from the dry pages (as I then thought them) of Ovid's Epistles, and the more annoying Odes of Anacreon. I was not long in framing a reply to my father, but quickly answered "that having an uncle who had greatly distinguished himself in the navy, I wished to follow in his footsteps." Whether it was that my youthful propensities had never induced my father to expect I should choose the "fierce, foaming, bursting tide" or not, I cannot tell, but certain it is, that he never contemplated such a resolution, for it came like a thunder-bolt on my kind-hearted parent, and so sudden and unexpectedly, that he could not for some time attempt to dissuade me from what he termed my mad design. At last he recovered himself, and pointed out, in a manner that would have satisfied any but a school-boy, the dangers of a sea-life, and the difficulty in these "piping times of peace" to obtain promotion, or even employment, when all the younger branches of the great tree of St. James's are let loose on the navy, to serve their six years in a comfortable ship, on a pleasant station, and then receive their commissions; painted the numerous advantages of the learned professions; if I would make up my mind to enter the church, he would promise me a good living—if I would consent to be called to the bar, his influence and friends would ensure me practice—in fact, any thing but the navy.

"You have talents, George," said my good father, "that will bring you forward in life, and I can't consent to your throwing them away on the navy." But it would not do—even this last bit of flattery, so delightful to boys, was not sufficient to conquer my repugnance to tasks. Hatred to school, and dread of a master peculiarly dexterous in the management of the birch, together with the inflammatory nature of Dibdin's songs, made me determine to be "every inch a sailor." Arguments were useless, and threats my kind, my best of fathers, never used.

At this time my brother-in-law, an old lieutenant, was appointed to one of the Falmouth packets, that a short time before had been taken from the Post-office and put into the hands of government. This my father thought a good opportunity to sicken me of the sea, by sending me a voyage to South America. I was therefore taken from school, and so far my point was gained. Now came the happy time—the happiest, in my opinion, of a man's life—the preparation, the fitting-out for our entrance into the world. At that happy time we look upon the world as upon a kaliedescope, a map of beauty lies before us—innocent of all guile we know no care—confidant of success, we laugh at the warning voice of experience, that tells us to beware. Intent upon pleasure, loving every body and every thing, we boldly launch our little bark, and happy is he who falls in with a pilot to save him from the hidden dangers of a deceitful world. My preparations commenced; the tailors were put in requisition; my orders were given in number and tone worthy of an embryo candidate for the quarter-deck. "Let my jackets be made exactly to fit."—"Yes, sir."—"And be sure not to forget pockets in the sides, like a sailor, because I am a sailor now you know."—"Certainly." At last they were dismissed to their labours. My poor father smiled, though he was not happy at these juvenile flights. My sisters were hard at work making pincushions and needle-cases in the different shapes of hearts and books, for remembrances; and an old servant, who had been my nurse, brought me a little silk bag, filled with camphor, that I was to be sure and keep always round my neck, as I should never have a fever while I wore it. Then came the sovereign of all sovereign charms, old Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper, brought me a child's caul.

"Be sure, Master George, you take care of it; for your ship will never sink while you have it on board."

At last, all was ready, and joy was turned into temporary grief at the thought of leaving "Home and my comrades dear." The pleasure and bustle of fitting out, had made me believe it was as pleasant to leave home as to quit a tyrannical school master; but when the time arrived, I found my mistake. I felt happy at the idea of seeing foreign countries, manners, and customs; but home, sweet home, how is it possible at any age, but particularly in youth, for the first time to leave thee without a tear? The last good night (I was to start early next morning) was a melancholy one; and there were few dry eyes, though all tried to smile; but it was one of those attempts at mirth that makes melancholy more apparent. Even the old dog, Brutus, seemed to understand what was going on; he howled as he shifted his position on the rug that had been his customary lounge for twenty years. I went to bed, but not immediately to sleep; I considered I was about to leave home for three years; that numbers would be dead before I returned; and that, perhaps, I should never return; and then I cried; and then I fell asleep; and then Queen Mab played her pranks, presenting to my view all sorts of confusion; —I was in a ship just about to be swallowed up by the waves—I saw my father on shore, in all the agony of despair, unable to save me.—"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and I was an admiral,

just putting on (having well admired them for half an hour) a pair of new epaulettes. Out of this pleasant trance, I was awoke to partake of a farewell breakfast, the last certainly for three years—perhaps for ever. All was ready: the hall that for the last fortnight had been crowded with packages, to the danger of the shins of all such adventurous persons as crossed it incautiously, was now clear. The postillion shewed evident signs of impatience. I delayed as long as possible: at last, in I jumped. "God bless you, my boy! write directly you arrive at Chatham." The chaise door was closed, the postillion smacked his whip, hurrah! away we went, as I thought, at a most unfeeling pace. I should have had a much better opinion of the fellow, had he gone at a gentler pace; but there was no help for it. We were soon on Blackheath—home was out of sight. I was alone in the world for the first time. Several times was I tempted to put my head out of the window, and tell the postillion to return, give up the sea, and live among those friends I so dearly loved; but ever, as I put my hand up to let the window down, beheld before me the hated form of my old schoolmaster, birch in hand, pointing to a Virgil or Gradus ad Parnassum. I shrunk back, determined to brave every thing rather than again fall into his clutches; and then the laughter of all my friends: it would not do. So I threw myself back in the carriage, and cried myself to sleep.

"Will you get out here, Sir?" said the postillion, opening the door, and shaking me by the arm.

"Out! what—where am I?"

"Come, Sir, we are going to change horses here; you had better get out, and go into the inn, and I will call you when I am ready."

"Is there any body in that chaise?" said the landlord of the Bull Inn, Dartford, advancing as fast as a pair of very short legs, and an enormous belly would allow him.

"Ah! it's you, is it Mr. Mortyr? very glad to see you, sir;—how is your father?—wo'nt you come in, and take some refreshments?"

I alighted, and was ushered into the very best parlour of the very best inn in Dartford.

"What will you take?" said the landlady, who had followed her obedient husband into the room.

"Any thing you like; I've a terrible head-ache."

"Shall I make you a little tea, sir."

"Thank you, yes;" and away went my hostess of the tavern, to prepare her best Bohea, and left me to think of the past and the present. I had cried so much lately, that I verily believe the fountain of my tears was dry; so I sat down to think calmly (that is as calmly as a boy of thirteen can) what I had done, and what I was likely to do; and then, like Hamlet, Cato, and other great heroes, I began to soliloquize:—

"I have left a comfortable home to enter what at best is but an uncomfortable profession;" and here I looked very sad. "True," said I; "but I have left school, am now an officer, have got ten pounds in my pocket, and nobody to controul me." Here ended my soliloquy; perfectly convinced that I had done one of the wisest actions that had ever been heard of; and then continuing my soliloquy. "As to the

difficulty of promotion, that my father mentioned; why—why—." This was certainly a hard question, and what we sailors call "a pauler;" but I was young, and decided at once, by considering there was to be something particular about my adventures, "Ah! I am sure I shall be promoted." After having come to this logical conclusion, I felt perfectly satisfied, and rose for the purpose of "freshening the postillion's hawse;" but soon seated myself, upon the entrance of my landlady with tea and toast, which I managed to discuss with tolerable facility, though I had breakfasted but two hours before; but it has been well remarked that "though God may turn a midshipman's heart, the devil can't turn his stomach."

"The horses are waiting, sir."

"Very well I will be with you directly." So ringing the bell, I pulled out my purse and as if by accident, spilt the contents on the table that the landlord might have a high opinion of my riches.

"Well, what's to pay?"

"Oh! nothing sir, your father will settle that when he comes this way, and I dare say you have little money enough." This sadly hurt my dignity, so I thought it necessary to inform him that he was mistaken, that I had ten pounds, besides some silver, as I am not a school-boy now, but an officer in the navy; I am to pay for myself.

"I beg your pardon," said the landlord, smothering a laugh and making a most comical countenance, which I mistook for wonder at my riches and approbation of my speech. After this important affair was settled, I got into the post-chaise. The case was now altered, the postillion could not drive fast enough to please me—I was continually thrusting my head out of the window to urge him on. At last we stopped at the Sun hotel, Chatham, the landlord of which had been prepared for my arrival by my brother, and on my inquiring for the lodgings of Lieutenant W—— of the C——, I was informed that he had left Chatham for Maidstone, about six miles off, and would not return till the next morning. I had, therefore, till that time to amuse myself, nor did I find any great difficulty in passing it away. New epaulettes gracing the shoulders of new made lieutenants, stately post-captains with a look of importance peculiar to that exalted rank, upright soldiers in coats of glaring red, looking straightforward, always turning their body with their head, for fear of disordering the dress that cost them so much pains—and midshipmen always walking at their utmost speed, as if charged with the most important dispatch, for this useful class of officers is always in a hurry, cannot be stopped for the world, should you attempt to detain him to speak, he hurries you on, and to the very natural question of "Where are you going in such haste?" The same reply is always made—"Oh! I don't know, only on a cruise, bear a-hand."—Indeed, so uncertain are the wanderings of these Tyro's, that it has become quite proverbial—"a midshipman's cruise, there and back again."

The next morning my brother-in-law called. My traps were soon shipped on board, and after a most pleasant passage of three days we anchored in Falmouth harbour to take in the mails for South America. At this time I was too young to make many observations on the beauty of this delightful little harbour, and as I shall have oc-

casion to mention it hereafter, I shall leave it at present unnoticed, and hurry over that part of my life, which, though as happy as any, is the least interesting from my having my brother-in-law for a captain. I mentioned in a former part of this, that my father's intention in sending me to sea in this vessel was not only to make me sea-sick, but sick of the sea; to this end he wished me to be treated exactly as a midshipman, or even with a little more severity; hoping that the change from the uniform kindness and affection that I had always received at home, would effectually cure me of any predilection for the stormy life of a sailor, and induce me to consent to embrace some profession on shore, and "scorn the white lapelle." My brother-in-law defeated this desirable object, by taking me to mess in his own cabin, allow me to do exactly what I liked, was afraid I was too young to keep any watch, and as to night-watch it was quite impossible; I should either catch cold or be knocked up by not having regular rest. This was pleasant enough; and soon reconciled me to leaving home. I now felt confident a sea life was the most pleasant under the sun; but I was as yet but a young bear, all my troubles were to come. I now found myself nothing but a passenger—went to bed when I liked, slept when I pleased, and plenty of attendance. How different this was from a midshipman's life I discovered in a few years. The mails were at last made up; we were all ready for sea, and a good strong north-easter coming on, our signal was made to proceed to sea. A most delightful wind that north-easter to a good sailor, who always feels better when it is blowing a gale of wind than when it is smooth water. But such was not I. Never having seen salt water till I arrived at Falmouth, I was soon on my beam-ends. When we cleared the Lizard I began to feel it. I was soon in bed; and I truly thought I never should rise from it again. Of all the miseries man meets with in this miserable life, sea-sickness is the worst. Entirely deprived of any power of exertion by an excessive langour that is always the forerunner of sea-sickness, you feel that love of life so inherent in man depart from you altogether, and death appears to be the only doctor that can afford you the slightest relief; added to this, sea-sickness never receives the slightest commiseration; every body laughs at you; knowing it is not dangerous. It becomes an excellent joke to all but the party concerned, who, with a very long face wonders how any one can be so totally devoid of all feeling as to laugh at so serious an illness, and should the sufferer express his feelings, which is not at all unlikely in the irritation of the moment, it produces not repentance, but redoubled laughter. At last down came my brother-in-law.

"Well, George, how do you do?"

"Oh! oh! for God's sake put me on shore—what a fool I was to come to sea. Oh! I wish I was at school! If ever I get home, I'll never come to sea again; but I'm sure I shall never return again. I'm sure I shall die. Oh! do pray throw me overboard." All this was interrupted at intervals by the most violent fits of retching, that made me feel sure my inside would come up.

"Now," said my brother-in-law, "if I put you on shore, will you never come to sea again."

"No, never! I promise never to put my foot on board a ship again as long as I live. Do put me on shore."

"Very well; there is a fishing-boat in sight, and if I can get her alongside, you shall go on shore."

Guns were fired, but it was no use; even had she noticed our signals, which she did not, it would have been impossible for me to go on board, the sea was running so high. I was therefore obliged to weather it out the best way I could; and in ten days I was enjoying my trip, and laughing at the idea of wanting to go on shore.

We now skimmed merrily over the domains of old Neptune; and, having a fine nine knot breeze, a couple of points abaft the beam, we made rapid strides to the halting-place, where the marine deity welcomes his sons. The visit of his godship has been told so often, that I will not repeat it, as tarring and ducking obnoxious individuals is much the same in all accounts of the ceremony. At last all was over, his godship resumed his mortal dress, and appeared in his old situation of boatswain's mate, and his wife was in the less feminine attire of a a mizen-topman. Order was restored, and fair winds wafted us pleasantly over the trackless ocean. The monotony of a sea-voyage was again undisturbed by any, save the catching of a fish, or the splendid and undescribable sublimity of a sunrise or sunset at sea.

At last Rio de Janeiro was in sight—one of the finest harbours I ever saw: its description would be long, and, thanks to the indefatigable labours of the numerous and persevering travellers, stale to most readers. Our spirits, that had been so high, were damped on our entrance to Rio by the death of one of our best sailors, who lost his life by falling from the mast-head. The poor fellow was look-out man at the foretopmast head, and was just coming down at sunset, when one of the ratlines gave way as he was coming carelessly down, his foot slipped, and not being able to regain himself, he fell overboard, striking his head in his fall against the shank of the best bower anchor. A boat was immediately lowered without stopping the ship, for we had hardly steerage way at the time; he was picked up, and every means used by the surgeon to restore him, but in vain —life was extinct. The poor fellow was placed on a grating, with a union Jack thrown over him (the custom in such cases in the navy), and put aft under the poop to be buried on our arrival. Being but a small ship's company, we felt the loss of one more than a larger ship would of several; being confined in so small a space, and having so few hands (only 35), we knew every face, and one was sensibly missed. The next morning we anchored in Rio harbour, and during the day our unfortunate shipmate was borne to the grave by his messmates, followed by the whole ship's company and officers; three volleys were fired over the grave, and we returned on board. Our shipmate in his grave, we recovered our usual spirits; not that he was forgotten—but the life of a sailor obliges him so constantly to sustain losses by death or change of situation, and his duties being such as to engross almost all his thoughts, he soon discharges all outward appearance of regret;—this not from any want of feeling, for, taken in a body, I know no class of men whose feelings are so acute as those of sailors—but from the peculiar nature of his duties and his

pleasures, which are as opposite from shore-going people as the two poles.

The reader may expect some amusement from my adventures at this place. If so, I am sorry to disappoint them. I was too young to meet with any worth relating, and I had so little idea that I should ever use the "grey goose quill" for any thing further than a letter to an antiquated aunt, or a lying epistle for an extra draft to my father, that I kept no journal or remarks of any sort. It was not till I embarked in my second voyage, that I commenced taking notes of passing events; nor did I then do it with any idea of using them hereafter, but merely for my own amusement. The reader must therefore pardon the barrenness of narrative just at present, as I must "begin at the beginning."

From Rio we proceeded to Monte Video, and from thence to Buenos Ayres with the mails. At this time the Brazilians were at war with Buenos Ayres, and a large blockading squadron in the river Plate to intercept all vessels going up the river; we, being a packet, were allowed to pass after an examination by the squadron, to prevent our taking passengers, arms, or ammunition to the Buenos Ayreans. We were told of this at Monte Video, and at the same time were given to understand that the squadron was so alert that it would be impossible for us to pass them without being observed. This of course we had no wish to do.

We now got under weigh and proceeded up the river, and though we past so near the alert and active quadron as to see the flash of their nine o'clock gun, they did not observe us. The next morning early, we anchored in the Roads, seven miles from the shore, and were at last discovered by the blockading squadron, who came to ask if we had any passengers. We had been at anchor then four hours, and the captain had been on shore with the mails two, so we had had plenty of time to land them. At Buenos Ayres we remained a fortnight, and then taking on board four passengers, two of whom were Englishmen and a French watch-maker, returning to his native country after having made his fortune, the other was a true blooded Yankee, *i. e.* a regular shark. We now retraced our steps and arrived once more at Rio de Janeiro. At this place we heard from an English merchantman that had just arrived, of a piratical schooner that had chased her for two days till they were parted by a fog. This greatly frightened the poor Frenchman, who had a large sum of money on board in specie. The Yankee took advantage of this to induce him to give up the idea of going to England. What reason he could have for doing so I don't know, but this world is given to scandal, and it was said the Yankee did not lose by it. After remaining two days at Rio, we made sail for England, and soon arrived at the Equator, got the trade winds, and went along at the rate of nine knots an hour. One morning at about 11 A. M., in lat. 2°. N., the gunner came down in the cabin to say there was a vessel in sight that had been steering due south till she saw us, when she altered her course and was coming right upon us. This put us all upon the alert, suspecting it was the pirate we had heard of at Rio. We all went on deck and in an hour she was near enough for us to discover from the mast-head, that she was a very long and suspicious-

looking schooner. We soon found she gained upon us considerably. We, therefore, prepared for action; our passengers willingly lent their assistance in any capacity where they could be most useful. It was now night, and the schooner had closed with us so much that we expected her to fire every minute—all hands remained at their quarters. The mail bags were brought on deck ready to be thrown overboard in case of our being taken. She, however, would not attack us at night, but kept close in our wake till the morning, when we found she overhauled us so much, that it was no use attempting to escape, we had only to sell ourselves as dearly as possible. So to prevent her obtaining the weather-gauge we tacked to take up our position; we had no sooner done this than she put her helm down and round she went; the case was now altered, from the chased we became the chasers. The wind at this time luckily failed us, and though we pretended to keep up the chase by setting studding sails, we had no wish to overtake her. When she saw us make sail, she out sweeps and was soon out of our reach. It was most probably owing to our having tacked that we saved ourselves, for though we were all determined, we had but thirty-eight hands including passengers, with six nine pounders and small arms. From the view we got of our enemy, it was evident she doubled our size, having two long eighteens on swivels with some carronades, and her decks full of men. When we tacked, she no doubt mistook us for a ten-gun brig, which we greatly resembled when seen from a distance. At last, we saw the Lizard—a joyful sight to all who have taken a long voyage, but more particularly so to me, who had been six months away from a home that before this trip I had never quitted for six days. In the morning we anchored at Falmouth, and in one week I was at home, and had expressed my determination to stick to the sea; a few more disregarded arguments were advanced by my father, but finding it all in vain he set about obtaining me a ship. This he had little difficulty in doing, and after I had been at home about a fortnight, I received an order to join H.M.S. I——, commanded by Sir T—— S——, fitting at Chatham for the Mediterranean station. I was now going to enter the navy for the first time—every thing would be new, and I looked forward very anxiously for the time I should be entirely out of leading-strings, for before I was under the superintendance of my brother-in-law. My father had obtained from the captain one month's leave of absence to fit me out, this time was spent in visiting all relations, cousins, aunts, and such nuisances. The time was up at last, and how different was the parting—instead of tears on my part, I was all smiles; instead of delaying till the last moment, I hurried every thing on, and appeared to be so happy that I was unanimously rated a hard-hearted, unfeeling wretch. Being packed upon the top of the coach, I proceeded to Chatham, put up as before at the Sun, ordered dinner, took a stroll, and went to bed to prepare myself by plenty of rest for joining to-morrow. It is said that directly a midshipman passes his examination, a flag is opened to his view, but I was more fortunate, for though only a day old in the service I had no sooner closed my eyes than I saw Red at the Main.

END OF CHAPTER I.

THE BRITISH COLONIES.*

Of the importance of her colonial possessions to the British empire, there cannot be two opinions. It is true that Great Britain, considered merely in its geographical extent, contains in itself the elements of much moral greatness; but it is an equally admitted, because undeniable fact, that but for our colonial possessions, this country could never have acquired that influence, and importance, and glory in the eyes of the world which have, by the universal consent of other nations, been conceded to her. Our colonies are, in a great measure, the sources of our riches and of our power; and just in proportion as they, through misgovernment or other causes, are suffered to decline, will the reputation of this country diminish and its wealth disappear.

We doubt if the value and importance of our colonies be sufficiently appreciated by the great body of our legislators. Judging from many of the measures which Parliament has lately passed, with regard to our distant possessions, as well as the language which has been made use of by many of the senators when referring to them, one would certainly be justified in concluding that there are many of our legislators so deplorably ignorant of the elements of the national greatness, as to look on our colonies as so many excrescences, rather than as essential parts of the body politic.

It is high time, if not for their own, at least for the community's sake, that these superficially informed politicians should be undeceived. And we do not know any more likely means of improving their legislative vision than an attentive perusal of Mr. Montgomery Martin's work on the colonies. That work is now only in the course of publication; but if the remaining three volumes are equal to the two which have already appeared, we hesitate not to say that they will not only afford the most ample and complete account of the British colonies hitherto published, but that, without any formal or intended effort for that purpose, they will at the same time clearly unfold the incalculable importance of those colonies to the mother country.

Mr. Martin's first volume is chiefly devoted to the East India possessions: his second exclusively treats of our West India colonies. On both the Indies a great deal has already been written. We have "histories," "tours," journeys," "residences," "recollections," and we know not what else, in the greatest abundance, on each of the Indies. Still no work has hitherto been written on either which was at once ample and correct in its details. We have risen from the perusal of each as ignorant on many points as when we sat down. It were too much to say that Mr. Martin has left nothing further to communicate, either as respects his volume on our Eastern posses-

* History of the British Colonies. Vols. I. and II. East and West Indies. By Robert Montgomery Martin, Esq., F.P.S. James Cochrane and Co.

sions, or as regards that on our colonies in the Atlantic; but this we may affirm with the most perfect safety—that these two volumes are the most ample in their information of any which have ever come under our notice. We will say more, especially with regard to that which relates to the West Indies,—that we have derived as much information from the volumes before us, as from all the works taken together on the same subjects which have previously fallen into our hands.

Mr. Martin's plan is in a great measure original; at least it is, so far as we are aware, with regard to the Colonies. Instead of wearying the reader with tedious historical accounts, the one half of which in the case of most barbarous, or at least but semi-civilized countries, must be no better than mere romance, he occupies his pages with facts and figures, which are not only stern things, but which in this case come home with a greater or less degree of force to every man's business and bosom; for which of us are not either directly or indirectly interested in our colonial possessions. The quantity of information on every conceiveable topic of importance connected with the Indies, which is scattered throughout these volumes, is immense, and could only have been acquired after many months, years, we will add, of unwearied and most diligent research. Mr. Martin's work might with very great propriety have been entitled "An Encyclopædia of the British Colonies;" a title which would have given a much more accurate idea of the variety of its contents than that which the author has chosen. By the way, we may as well mention, in order that our readers may have a better idea of the nature of Mr. Martin's work, that the plan, in a great measure, resembles that which is usually adopted in Encyclopædias in giving an account of any country—a plan which, unquestionably, for purposes of utility, is far preferable to that of the ordinary formal historical manner.

But while we are thus loud in our praises of the excellencies of the volumes before us, we must not shut our eyes to their defects. In some instances, the style might have been improved; and in others, there might have been a happier arrangement or classification of the matter. These are the only faults we find in the work: a sense of justice to the public, induces us to point them out; and Mr. Martin, we are sure, will think more highly of our commendation, from the circumstance of its not being indiscriminate.

It is strange enough, that, in an age when both authors and publishers are racking their brains to discover something new in the way of publication, no one should before now have hit on the happy idea of a "History of the British Colonies." We have Histories of England and of Scotland separately, and also conjointly, in abundance; and we have detached works on the various colonies without number; but a corrected and comprehensive history of all our colonial possessions is what we have never had. We trust Mr. Martin will, with his usual unweariedness, prosecute his arduous undertaking, until the desideratum be supplied; and the public, we are sure, will join with us in congratulating him on the completion of so Herculean a task.

We have not much space for quotation, though the volumes before

us abound with inviting materials. The few we shall give will be from the second volume; namely, that which relates to the West Indies. Our first extract refers to the monopoly so long enjoyed by the West Indies in the articles of sugar, rum, &c. We are glad to perceive that Mr. Martin advocates the abolition of that monopoly which is alike abstractedly unjust in principle, and injurious both to our new colonial possessions, and the mother country itself. His views are at once liberal and sound, and will, we are certain, be acted on by the legislature at no distant day. He says:—

"It is no longer consistent with justice or sound policy, to continue to the West Indies a monopoly of the supply of the home market; other tropical colonies demand our attention, and have a right to insist on equitable treatment from the mother country; besides, we cripple our own power, and resources, and commerce by the present exclusive protection to West India sugar, coffee, and rum: we impoverish a dense population at home, and (as the experience of the past proves) confer no benefit on the colonial agriculturalists. Let me implore all who value the happiness of their fellow subjects in every clime, to aid in abolishing the wretched policy of pitting one interest against another—the *West* Indian against the *East* Indian; the Canadian against the Australian; the European against the African; it is, indeed, imperatively necessary that such miserable legislation should cease; England derives no advantage from it, on the contrary, she materially suffers in her revenue, in her internal and maritime commerce, as well as by depriving herself of free outlets to every part of the globe for her unemployed population and surplus manufactures. I advocate nothing Utopian; in the preparation of this Work I have been necessitated to look into the early history of the colonies and the mother country, and I invariably found that it was owing to commercial freedom that the British West India Islands became peopled, cultivated, and enriched; whenever restrictions were placed on their trade with America, Holland, France, &c. they immediately began to decline in prosperity, and by a singular coincidence the mischiefs inflicted by the cupidity of man were frequently followed by the terrific visitations of the elements. What with the curse of slavery, the blighting effects of hurricanes, and the far more destructive influence of commercial jealousy, the wonder is how the West India colonies have maintained themselves during the last thirty years; nothing but the unconquerable energy of Britons could have surmounted the ruinous prospects and destruction of property which has been annually going on, and which will progress in an accelerated ratio unless the islands be permitted to renew their commercial intercourse with Europe and America, totally unfettered by any legal restrictions from the mother country. Give, I repeat, the British West Indies that unlimited mercantile freedom, for which their geographical position, fertile soil, and fine harbours so eminently qualify them, and neither the mother country, nor the colonies, have any thing to fear for the future;—Deny it them much longer, and it were far better that the surrounding ocean overwhelmed and sunk them into its fathomless abyss, rather than that they should continue to drag on an anxious and paralyzed existence fraught with misery and ruin to all engaged in those once prosperous, but still highly important and beautiful Isles of the West."

We had always shared the opinion, so generally entertained, that sugar was both most destructive to the teeth, and very unhealthy, either for man or beast. Mr. Martin corrects the error. He says:—

"Not only do the inhabitants of every part of the globe delight in sugar,

when obtainable, but all animated beings; the beasts of the field—the fowls of the air, insects, reptiles, and even fish have an exquisite enjoyment in the consumption of sweets, and a distaste to the contrary; in fact, sugar is the alimentary ingredient of every vegetable substance encumbered with greater or less proportion of bulky innutritious matter. A small quantity of sugar will sustain life, and enable the animal frame to undergo corporeal (I may add *mental*, from personal experience,) fatigue better than any other substance; often have I travelled with the Arab over the burning desert, or with the wild Afric through his romantic country, and when wearied with fatigue and a noontide sun, we have sat ourselves beneath an umbrageous canopy, and I have shared with my companion his travelling provender, a few small balls of sugar mixed with spices, and hardened into a paste with flour. Invariably have I found two or three of these balls, and a draught of water, the best possible restorative and even a stimulus to renewed exertion.

"During crop time in the West Indies the negroes, although then hard worked, become fat, healthy, and cheerful, and the horses, mules, cattle, &c., on the estate, partaking of the refuse of the sugar-house, renew their plumpness and strength. In Cochin-China, not only are the horses, buffaloes, elephants, &c. all fattened with sugar, but the body-guard of the king are allowed a sum of money daily with which they must buy sugar-canes, and eat a certain quantity thereof, in order to preserve their good looks and *embonpoint;* there are about 500 of these household troops, and their handsome appearance does honour to their food and to their royal master. Indeed, in Cochin-China, rice and sugar is the ordinary breakfast of people of all ages and stations; and the people not only preserve all their fruits in sugar, but even the greater part of their leguminous vegetables, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, artichokes, the grain of the lotus, and the thick fleshy leaves of the aloes. I have eaten in India, after a six month's voyage, mutton killed in Leadenhall-market, preserved in a cask of sugar, and as fresh as the day it was placed on the shambles. [In the curing of meat, I believe a portion of *sugar* is mixed with salt and saltpetre.] The Kandyans of Ceylon preserve their venison in earthen pots of honey, and after being thus kept two or three years, its flavour would delight Epicurus himself.

"In tropical climes the fresh juice of the cane is the most efficient remedy for various diseases, while its healing virtues are felt when applied to ulcers and sores. Sir John Pringle says, the plague was never known to visit any country where sugar composes a material part of the diet of the inhabitants. Drs. Rush, Cullen, and other eminent physicians, are of opinion that the frequency of malignant fevers of all kinds is lessened by the use of sugar; in disorders of the breast it forms an excellent demulcient, as also in weaknesses and acrid defluxions in other parts of the body. The celebrated Dr. Franklin found great relief from the sickening pain of the stone, by drinking half-a-pint of syrup of coarse brown sugar before bed-time, which he declared gave as much, if not more relief, than a dose of opium. That dreadful malady, once so prevalent on shipboard, scurvy, has been completely and instantaneously stopped, by putting the afflicted on a sugar diet. The diseases arising from worms, to which children are subject, are prevented by the use of sugar, the love of which seems implanted by nature in them; as to the unfounded assertion of its injuring the teeth, let those who make it visit the sugar plantations and look at the negroes and their children, whose teeth are daily employed in the mastication of sugar, and they will be convinced of the absurdity of the statement. I might add many other facts relative to this delightful nutriment. I conclude, however, with observing, that I have tamed the most savage and vicious horses with sugar, and have seen the most

ferocious animals domesticated by means of feeding them with an article which our baneful fiscal restrictions and erroneous commercial policy has checked the use of in England, where millions pine, sicken, and perish for want of nutriment."

The origin of that greatest of all the abominations which men or angels ever witnessed, we mean West India slavery, is thus given:—

"When the Spaniards found how rapidly the aboriginal or Indian population of the West India isles perished under the system of forced labour, and beneath the tyranny of their rule, the expedient of introducing negro slaves from Africa was resorted to, and that infernal traffic in human blood and agony—doubly curst to the enslaver and enslaved—sprang into deadly and ferocious activity. The example of the Spaniards was soon followed by the Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English; companies for the horrid traffic were formed: monopolies granted, and kings, princes, and nobles enriched their coffers with the price of human blood.

"About *thirty millions* of our fellow creatures have been dragged from their native homes, shipped like cattle in chains to a distant land, worked like the beast of the field, shot like dogs if they murmured forth a claim in behalf of humanity; and finally they have (with few exceptions) pined and perished under the cruelties, avarice, and brutality, of a handful of Europeans, for of the thirty millions exported from Africa to the West Indies since the commencement of the sixteenth century, not half a million of the original slaves, or of their unmixed descendants, are now in existence!"

We never could bring ourselves to think of this accursed system without feeling the blood boiling in our veins, and without blushing at the humiliating fact that men who were the advocates and abettors of this system could not, only by the ordinary ties of humanity, claim a brotherhood with us, but that, as if desirous of trying how they could offer the greatest outrage to Christianity, professed to be its disciples while defending and approving that system in its most atrocious and iniquitous forms. But thank heaven and the voice of a British and a Christian public, that system no longer exists to disgrace the name and the land of Englishmen. Mr. Martin forcibly describes its withering and desolating effects, and exults at its overthrow:—

"In the West India chronicles for three hundred years I find nothing but wars, usurpations, crimes, misery and vice: no green spot in the desert of human wretchedness on which the mind of a philanthropist would love to dwell; all—all is one revolting scene of infamy, bloodshed, and unmitigated woe. *Slavery* (both Indian and Negro) that blighting Upas, has been the curse of the West Indies; it has accompanied the white colonist, whether Spaniard, Frenchman, or Briton, in his progress, tainting, like a plague, every incipient association, and blasting the efforts of man, however originally well disposed by its demon-like influence over the natural virtues with which his Creator had endowed him—leaving all dark, and cold, and desolate within.

"But now a glorious and happier era burst upon the Western World, it diffuses the light of a new existence over the soul, *Liberty* is the spirit it has awakened; already her voice resounds along the beautiful hills and through the fertile vallies of the West, and is swept over the ocean to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Long may England wear the crown of glory that encircles her with a halo far brighter than that of all her conquests and battles; millions of the human race will bless her name for

ages to come, and Afric's swarthy sons will pour forth prayers for her honour and prosperity to the Giver of all good. She was the last nation in Europe to enter into that accursed traffic of human beings, to her eternal honour be it said, she was the first to relinquish it—to strike the manacle from the slave, to bid the bond go free!

"Tell me not that Christianity has no power over the soul when I witness the consummation of this splendid act, of which the history of paganism affords no parallel. Slavery we are told existed from the period when time was, and for four thousand years has continued to afflict the earth; under the benign influence of our Christian faith it ceases on the *first day of August, Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-four!* it ceases throughout an empire on which the sun never sets; and myriads 'redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled,' walk forth in all the majesty of freedom."

Yes! Mr. Martin, it is to Christianity that we are to ascribe the eternal annihilation of slavery in the British dominions. Who was the first to proclaim the wrongs of the poor fettered African? Was it not Mr. Wilberforce, a man whose whole life, in public and private, was regulated by the precepts of Christianity? And who were they who instituted and composed and supported the Anti-Slavery Society—were they not a body of men distinguished for their attachment to the Christian religion? And whence or from whom did the myriads of petitions emanate which year after year poured in on the legislature, praying for liberty to the captive slave? Were they not—at least the great majority of them—from Christian churches and chapels in all parts of the kingdom? We sometimes hear of the benevolence and humanity of deism. Alas! had the poor Africans been left to its tender mercies, the lash and the chain, and all the horrors of slavery, would have been their portion till "the crack of doom."

LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI.

THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

Once on a time, an ill-bred spider,
Of her curious weaving proud,
Addressed a silkworm, who, beside her,
Calmly spun his silken shroud.

"Mister Silkworm, what d'ye say
To the web before my cell?
The whole, the work of half-a-day,
Don't it look delicate and well?"

"It does look well, and that is all,"
The silkworm answer'd from his ball.

THE ANT AND THE FLEA.

Some persons have a way of claiming
All knowledge that is worth the naming,
Men who, whate'er they hear or see,
However new and rare it be,
Meet it with some contemptuous phrasing,
To spare themselves the pains of praising.
Now, by the soul of me, this class
Shall not my burning ordeal pass,
Without a fable with them taking,
Although it be a day in making.

An ant once shew'd a flea, her neighbour,
Th' effects of all her toil and labour;
The whole construction of her dwelling,
Explaining ev'ry part, and telling
The uses of each sep'rate story;
The granary—the dormitory—
Shew'd with what ease the grain they bear in,
The task amongst such numbers sharing,
And other things, which, feign'd or fabled,
Might seem, if we were not enabled
By study and experience due,
To know and hold them all as true.

The flea, to all this information,
Vouchsafed no other observation
Than sentences like these:—"ha—so—
I understand—of course—I know—
I see—'tis clear—quite obvious that—
I don't see much to wonder at."

"Then," said the ant, "I wish you'd come
With me, my friend, and in our home,
For our advantage, let us see
A proof of your proficiency.
You speak in such a master-tone,
'Twill be no sooner said than done."

The flea with impudence unshamed,
Cut a light caper and exclaim'd,
"Surely you do not mean to doubt
My skill to work such trifles out;
'Tis but t' apply one's-self—but stay—
I am busy now—another day."

THE ZOOLOGIST AND THE WEASELS.

Upon a garden's sunny side,
A sage zoologist espied
Two weasels once, he seized the prize,
And bore them home t' anatomize.
One that was plump (for one was slim),
He takes and slaughters, limb by limb;
The microscope he next applies,
He views the legs, the tail, the eyes;
Looks o'er each part, without—within—
Head, back, intestines, belly, skin;
He takes his pen, then looks once more,
Writes a few lines and reads them o'er,
And when his notes are full and plain,
Turns to the butchery again.
While yet his zeal is quite alive,
Some virtuoso friends arrive,
To whom he shews what he has written.
Some are with admiration smitten—
Some hear with coldness his reflections—
Some question—others raise objections.

Th' anatomizing mania over,
At length began he to discover
He'd had enough of weasels, so
He let the slim survivor go.
Soon as her ancient haunts she found,
The neighbours all came flocking round,
And she proceeded to declare,
The whole unheard and strange affair.
"There's not a doubt," (she thus went on),
"With my own eyes I saw it done,
I did the man a whole day mark, as
He bent o'er our poor friend's carcase.
Who calls us reptile now?—how long
Shall we submit to such a wrong,
When we have qualities inviting
Such eager search, such careful writing?—
My noble brethren—give not way!
They know our worth whate'er they say."

And miserable authors, who
Are treated so, will think so too,
Whom too much honour does befall
If they are criticised at all.
A superficial view and slight,
Befits the nonsense that they write;
So make much fuss about a weasel
But gives encouragement to these ill-
Minded things to shout away,
"They know our worth whate'er they say."

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL BELL.

In a cathedral tower, there hung
A mighty sounding bell, that rung
On high and solemn days alone,
In slowest time and deepest tone,
Nor did it tolling ever go
Beyond a dozen strokes or so;
For this, and for its size and sound,
Its fame had spread the country round.

Within the city's bounds was rated
A hamlet poorly populated.
With a poor church decay'd by age
And belfry like an hermitage,
A small crack'd bell performing there
The most important character.
The villagers, who wished to have
Chimes equal those the great bell gave,
Resolv'd the crack'd and jingling thing
Should likewise slow and seldom ring,
'Till with the country-folks, at last
The small bell for a great bell pass'd!

Likely enough—grave looks alone
Oft veil a fool, and many a one
Scarce deigns to ope his lips, and tries
In such a way to ape the wise.

R. A.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—Fourth Yarn.

The next night I went on shore, and was thereby prevented hearing what passed in that receptacle of news on board a ship, "The Galley." But I rather suspect some very important question had been discussed; for, when I took my station on the following night, I found Will Gibbon, Jack Murray, and Tom Bennett in earnest conversation. I could not understand, from the part of the argument that I heard, what was the subject, having arrived only in time to hear the few following words:—

"You be d——d, Jack, for a yarner; you don't mean to say that, do ye, lad?" said Will Gibbon.

"Ay, that I do, bo'; and what's more nor that, I heerd the first-leaftenant say it myself."

"Well," said Tom, "howsomnever it may be, I don't care; for I'm sure the first-luff would do no harm to none of us."

"You are right there, lad," said Jack; "so now let's have a yarn. Come, Will, it's your turn now.—I say, you cook's-mate's minister's playfellow, tip's a light, will you?" said Jack, to a worthless rascal, who had been put in the galley to assist the cook's-mate after the first-lieutenant had tried him in all other situations, but found him so stupid and lazy that nothing else could be done with him. "Come, bear a fist, you lazy son of a sea-cook, or I'll freshen your hawse," said Jack; who, being a smart, active fellow himself, had no mercy on what sailors term, "a king's hard bargain." This fellow knew Jack too well to delay; and after he had given him a light, Will was unanimously called upon to contribute to the amusement of the galley-rangers.

"I say, Will," said Bob Short, "I should like to hear about that action as Captain Smith fought in the Millbrook against a frigate. Was you in her at the time?"

"Ay was I, lad; I was his coxswain; he was only a luff-tackle then, and made for the action."

"Well, let's have it, Will, and I'll spin you a yarn arterwards, if there's time," said Jack Murray.

The short pipe was stuck in one corner of the mouth, and having settled himself on the quarter-tackle, with his listeners around him, after a preliminary cough, always used by Jack as well as boarding-school misses, to command silence and attention, he commenced:—

"Well, I think it was some time in 1807, as Leaftenant Smith commissioned of us at Plymouth. We was a schooner with sixteen guns, fitted on the non-recoil principle, and sent to cruize off Lisbon, Oporto, and that ere coast. One morning it was quite a calm, we was off the bar of Oporto, when we seed a large convoy o' marchantmen in the offing that we took for English; and a little while afterwards we spied what looked like a French two-and-thirty; she was becalmed as well as us; and Captain Smith (we always called him Captain for all he was only a luff, 'cause you know he was skipper) thought if a

breeze sprung up, she'd grab all the marchantmen, so he determined to bring her to action, as that was the only way he could save the convoy; her being double our size was nothing to him, for he would have fought the devil if he had met the old 'feller' at sea. Well, he turns the hands up, and orders us all aft to speak to us; when we comed up, he says, 'Now, lads,' says he, 'there's a French frigate with as many guns on one side of the deck as we have altogether, and every gun most likely double our weight (for we had only eighteen-pounders, you know); all one for that,' says he, 'it makes us just equal—two French to one English is all right. It's ten o'clock—now, lads, we'll just take that craft,' says he, 'and then we'll pipe to dinner, and splice the main-brace—what do you say, lads?' So we answered him with three cheers; and he turned the hands up, 'sweep ship.' Out went our sweeps, and away we pulled towards the enemy; when we got just near enough to see her well, but not within gunshot, we beat to quarters; and when we were already, we manned our sweeps again, and pulled up. Directly we came within gunshot, she let fly a broadside, which did not do much damage, except to our rigging. We soon laid our sweeps in; we were close to her now, and we began to pelt away; and by the time she had fired three broadsides, we had fired eleven. It was devilish hot work; the skipper kept cheering us up, telling us he was determined to fight the schooner as long as she would swim; and we knew he was a sailor, and could manage her, so we kept at it, firing three broadsides to her one for an hour and a half, till our rigging was all cut to pieces, and our masts shot through and through. At last we thought it was all over—the skipper was wounded in the left arm; but no matter for that, he would not leave the deck or haul the colours down; he still swore he'd go down with the buntin flying. Howsomnever, it didn't last much longer, for she'd had enough of it, and down went her colours. The moment as we saw that, we knocked off firing, and launched our boom-boat over the side, but she would not live; she was pierced all over with shot, and directly she was in the water she filled. We then tried our quarter-boats—they were a d——d sight worse; so we could not take possession until we had repaired them. It was quite calm, and our rigging and hull were so cut up that we couldn't have moved if there had been any breeze; she was not half so bad as we were. While we was repairing damages as well as we could, a little breeze sprung up; she set sail, and away she went. We couldn't stir, tack or sheet; we fired at her, but it was no use—she got safe off, and anchored at Vigo, and we ran into Oporto that evening. All the convoy was English; and if we hadn't fought, they would have been nabbed every man Jack of them; there was fifty sail of convoy. We heard afterwards that it was the famous Belloon (Belone) of Bordeaux, that took so many prizes in the war time; she had two hundred and fifty men on board, and out of them twenty was killed, and forty-five wounded. We had forty-seven men altogether, and out o' them five killed and ten wounded; she carried twenty-four long-eighteens, and eight thirty-six pound carronades; so she was a little bigger nor us, but we thrashed her, and I believe we would have thrashed any thing we

came across, for we were all a d——d sight more frightened at the captain's eye than we were at the enemy's shot. He turned the hands up in the evening, told us we had fought well, and spliced the main-brace; and in two days our damages were repaired. The skipper told us he should go and look for the Belloon, and that she should not escape from him again, if he once got alongside; so we got underweigh, but never could meet her again. Howsomnever, the skipper got promoted, and had some plate given him by the marchants, owners of the ships he had saved; and soon after that he was appointed to the Comus, and I went with him; and I only wish he could get a ship now, and I'll be d——d if I wouldn't rather sail with him nor any man in the sarvice."

"So would I, so would I, that's the cove as I likes," said half-a dozen fellows. "Come, Jack, take up the cudgels; at it again, keep it up; we've only got another hour."

"Pass the word for Jack Murray there, fore'd (forward)," sung out the boatswain's-mate.

"Here am I, lad," answered Jack; "what's the matter now?"

"Away there aft, on the quarter-deck; the first-leaftenant wants you; I've been singing out till my mouth is so dry I could drink a pint o' rum. Will you give me your grog to-morrow, Jack?"

"Give you my grog!" said Jack; "why, I thought you didn't like grog."

"No more I do, lad; but I can drink it as well as those that do. But, I say, the first-luff wants you—away with you."

"Ay! ay! wait till I come back, lads."

"No, no," says Bob Short, "I'll spin you a bit o' a yarn till Jack comes back."

This offer was received with great satisfaction; and Bob began:—"It was my father as told me the yarn; I knows nothing about it myself, no more nor he told me, 'cause you see as how I warn't born when it happened; but howsomnever it was when my father was captain o' the foretop on board o' the Hermione—the golden Hermione, as she was called, 'cause she always took such rich prizes. She was fitted out at Plymouth, and my father entered there. The first leaftenant told him he had no petty-officer's ratings to give him, and offered him able seaman's, but, my father wouldn't take that; and, after a good deal of palaver, he made him captain of the fore-top. They were a long time fitting out; and after they were all ready, it was a good while afore her orders came down from the Admiralty to put to sea. At last they came, and away they went to cruise off Cadiz. Tiresome work enough that cruising! I hate it; backing and filling off the coast; seeing the shore and all the good things, and not being able to get so much as a glass of grog; but, howsomnever, there's no help for it, somebody must do it, you know. They were rather comfortable though, on board this here ship, 'cause they had plays on board, and all that sort o' fun; and there was one feller, an old fauksleman (forecastle-man), who amused them a good deal; he used to stutter so terribly when he spoke, that you couldn't understand a word of what he said; but, when he sung, he didn't feel it, they could all understand him well enough then, and a devilish good singer

he was, too. One day they had a good laugh at the old feller; it was towards the evening; they had been standing in shore all day, and they turned the hands up at sunset to tack ship and shorten sail, to stand out under easy sail all night. It was blowing rather fresh, with a good swell running; she had both courses on her, with double-reefed topsails, and top-gallant-sails. Up comes the skipper, I forget his name, and tells the first-leaftenant to turn the hands up, shorten sail, and about ship. 'Ay! ay! Sir.'—'Stations,' cries the skipper. 'Ready, oh! ready.'—'Down with the helm.'—'The helm's down, Sir,' reported the quarter-master. 'The helm's a lee—raise tacks and sheets—haul well taut—mainsail haul—down with the main-tack, lads—head-braces, quick, belay the main-tack—fore-tack—head-bowlines let go and haul—round with the head-yards, lads—belay the fore-brace - fore-topsail yards, well—belay the fore-topsail brace—haul taut the weather-braces.' Now it was 'Hands shorten sail—top-gallant yardmen, aloft; stand by to take in your top-gallant sails—man the fore and main clew-garnets—jib down haul—man the foretop-mast staysail haulyards — stand by to hoist the foretop-mast staysail, when we shorten sail.'—'Ay! ay! Sir,' answered the second-leaftenant, who was carrying on fore'd. 'Are you ready fore'd?' sung out the skipper. 'All ready, Sir,' says the second-luff. 'Shorten sail, hoist away.' Away went every thing. Old John Law (that was the stutterer's name) was stationed with another fauksleman in the lee fore-chains, to clear away the fore-sheet. All at once he jumped over the hammock-nettings, and went aft on the quarter-deck, like a mad feller; when he got there, he began to point to the helm, and then overboard, stammering and stuttering till every one was in a roar of laughter, the captain and all; but he still went on, trying to speak: at last the first-leaftenant said, 'Sing it, and be d——d to you' (for no one could tell what was the matter); directly the first-luff told him that, he began, 'There is a man overboard—overboard—overboard, there—there—there (pointing to the lee-quarter), down—down with the helm, down—down; be quick, or you'll lose him; be quick—be quick.' The moment he had finished his song the helm was clapt down, the life-buoy let go—the main-yard squared, and the lee cutter lowered—his hammock was taken down to the galley, the blankets warmed, and every thing ready. At last they picked him up, looking just as if he was dead, every body thought he was; but the surgeon ordered him to be taken into the galley, stripped, and laid in the warm blankets, before the fire; and after rubbing him well with flannels, and pouring warm wine down his throat with a squirt for about an hour, they managed to bring him to; but he would have been drowned as sure as the world if the first-leaftenant hadn't thought to tell old Law to sing it. After that he was always called the singer. Well, this was something out of the way, and amused them all, and kept them alive for a bit; but they soon began to be precious tired of cruising, without taking a single prize. In this way they kept backing, and filling, standing in shore all day, and drifting out under easy sail all night. This lasted for about a fortnight; when, one morning, just after they had tacked ship, and made sail, to stand in as usual for the day, the man at the mast-head

saw something to windward, bearing down under all sail for the port. Directly they saw this, they clapped every stitch of sail on her—'Man the royal haulyards—topmen, aloft; shake out all reefs—keep her clean full, quarter-master,' says the skipper. 'Ay! ay! Sir.' She was getting close to them now, and directly she saw them, she shortened sail, and tried to escape, by coming to the wind; but it was no go. After chasing her for about half an hour, they got within gun-shot, and fired at her. She saw she had no chance of escape, and afraid the frigate would take a better aim next time, she hauled her colours down, and squared her main-yard. Directly they seed that, down went the cutter, and a luff, a reefer, and the boat's crew went to take possession; when they got on board, they found she was one o' them Spanish galloons (galleons) as every body wanted to grab in the war-time. Well, they put twenty hands a-board, with a luff, to take charge of her; and the next day she sailed in company with the frigate for Plymouth; where they arrived, and got their prize-money paid. They were all well up for money; and, as they did not know what to do with it, they determined that every man should have a gold laced hat, like the skipper's; and when they went on shore, on leave, they bought each of them one, and the next day they all appeared on deck in their gold-laced fore-and-afters; and just before dinner, as they were almost all on deck, a shore-boat comes alongside, with one o' the foretopmen in it, and some o' the fellers looking overboard, saw that he hadn't got a gold-lacer, but only a silver one; so they all said it was a shame, and agreed to go aft to the first-leaftenant, and ask him not to let the feller come on board; but, just as they were going aft, the feller tried to come up the side, but he was soon stopped, and asked why he hadn't a gold-laced hat on like the rest on 'em. They wouldn't hear what he had to say at first, but went on abusing him for a stingy son of a gun; at last they consented to hear him, and then he told them he had tried everywhere to get one with gold-lace, but he couldn't, as there wasn't one left in the town, so he took a silver one, but made the land-crab take the same money as for a gold one. When they heard this, they were all satisfied, and allowed him to come on board, which was nothing but right, 'cause you know, it wasn't the poor feller's fault that he couldn't find a gold-laced hat, and if he paid for one, that was all that he could do—don't you think so, lads?"

"Why, yes," said Jack Murray, who had returned from the quarter-deck some time, and who now gave his opinion on this important question with the look of an oracle—"why, yes, sartainly, if so be as how he paid the same number of yellow boys for the silver one as the others did for their gold ones, he could not do no more, so they ought to have let him come on board; but if he hadn't, I'll be d——d if he should, if I'd had any thing to do with it. What do you say, Will?"

"Sartainly he shouldn't," said Will; "a man has his prize-money to spend, and he's no right to keep it screwed up in his pocket like old Nibcheese."

"To be sure he arn't no right at all," said Tom Bennett; and they all appeared to be perfectly agreed that the man would have

committed an inexpiable offence had he not paid the full price of a gold fore-and-after.

"But I say, Jack," said Will Gibbon, "what did the first-luff want with you?"

"Oh, about that 'ere fore-topsail-yard; he's going to shift it to-morrow, and he asked if it was all ready, so that we might be smart."

"What are you going to shift it for—is there any thing the matter with it?"

"No, nothing the matter, only for exercise; but I must go get a hawser up, and when I come back I'll tip you a stave that shall astonish you all; we shall have plenty of time, 'cause they arn't a going to pipe the hammocks down till eight bells to-night."

"Well, well, lad, bear a hand, but remember that you arn't coming your double recover over me with your yarns; I've doubled both Capes, my bo'," said Will Gibbon; "so when you want to do that sort o' thing, you had better tell it to the marines; the blue jackets won't believe you, lad."

"Oh! very well," said Jack, "dog eat dog, won't do; you must swear to what I say, and I'll take my oath you never told a lie in your life;" and away flew Jack.

Tom Bennett then signified his intention of spinning 'em a little bit o' a yarn, just to fill up the time till Jack returned, who was universally allowed to be the best yarner on board.

"But I say, lads, before I begin," said Tom, "whose the feller as will give me a pipe of bacche, for I arn't got none cut up?" A dozen tobacco-boxes were immediately thrust forward, for Tom was a general favourite among the ship's company, being a smart sailor and a good-tempered fellow. After having selected one of the many offers, he filled his pipe, and having lit it, it was immediately stuck in one corner of his mouth, that it might not prevent the use of the tongue, and after two or three preliminary puffs, by way of tasting his tobacco, he commenced,—"When I first went to sea I entered on board the old Endymion, a forty-six, and at that time one o' the largest frigates in the service, 'cause you know we had none o' them razers then, such as the Barham Alfred or them sort; and precious lucky a fellow thought himself to get into such a craft; they were the ones for making prize-money—sailed like a witch—soon went down to her bearings, but when she was once there, she was as stiff as a church. Well, we were sent up this way, and we went up the Arches (Jack always, and indeed many others who are more enlightened, calls the Archipelago the Arches), joined the admiral at Smyrna, and after lying there some time, we got our orders to go to Vourla and water, and then make our way to cruise off Milo, but to come back to Smyrna to get our orders, and take a convoy of marchantmen with us, 'cause you know Vourla is no more nor twenty-two or three miles, the ship's boats used to run down there to take the 'hofficers' to shoot. Well, the captain was to dine with the admiral that day, and we to start in the evening after he had done dinner; so directly the skipper left us to go on board the admiral to dinner, we turned the hands up unmoor—there it was, you know, 'Carpenters, ship the bars.'—'Tell the master's mate of the main-

deck to bring to the best bower-anchor.' He reported all ready. "Man the bars,' says the first-leaftenant, and a devil of a pull we had, for it's devilsh good holding ground at Smyrna. 'Thick and dry for weighing,' sings out the first luff. 'Hold well on below—heave lads—heave together cheerly.' And we did heave cheerly, for we all liked the skipper and first-luff very well, they were both good sailors and good fellows. Well, after heaving away for a long time, we at last got it out of the ground. 'It's all your own now, lads; run away with it.' Away we ran—heave and a wash. 'Paul the capstan—man the catfall—pay out the cable,' sung out the boatswain. 'All ready with the cat, Sir,' reported the second-luff, who was on the fauksle. 'Walk away with the cat.' And up it went to the tune of Jack Robinson. 'Then man the fish.' And up we ran it just as quick as we'd done the cat, for the first-leaftenant made us do our duty, and never would forgive any skulking."

"Perfectly right," says Will Gibbon; "if a hofficer forgives a skulk, he punishes the good sailors."

"To be sure he does," says Tom Bennett; "and our first-luff never did—he treated us all devilish well; but he knew his own duty, did it, and made every body do theirs; and I've been five-and-thirty years aboard of a man-of-war, and I always found those ships the most comfortable for the men where there was the strictest discipline; but howsumnever, I'm digesting, as that d—d sea-lawyer the sergeant o' marines says, when he's telling a rigmarole yarn that's nothing to do with what one's talking about."

"What do you mean by calling me a sea-lawyer?" said the sergeant of marines, who was standing very near our group of Solomons, employed in some (no doubt) very edifying conversation with the captain's cook;—"what do you mean by calling me a d—d sea-lawyer, you hignoramus, you as what can't read Johnson's Dictionary! I pity your ignorance, you barbarian," said the sergeant, with a look of (as he would call it) inheffible contempt.

"Come, sargeant, don't begin to spin a yarn, 'cause you launch so many five-deckers as would break a feller's jaws to repeat them, and makes a feller almost deaf to hear them," said Tom Bennett.

"Don't stand palavering with that feller, but go on with your yarn."

"Pray who do you call a feller?—but what can you expect from a pig but a grunt?" said the sergeant, turning his back upon them, and appealing to the captain's cook, who he had often been heard to affirm was the only man of any "larning" on board. Our galley rangers, saved from the sergeant's long ships, were at liberty to listen to Tom, who was immediately called upon to resume his yarn:—

"Well, lads, where did I leave off?—for I'm d—d if I haven't been digesting now till I've forgotten where I was."

"Oh! you had just fished your anchor."

"Ay, ay! I remember now. Well, then, we hove short on the small bower, and waited quietly till nine o'clock, when the skipper comes on board and orders us to hands up anchor; it was now quite dark, but a fair wind, and the pilot knew the channel; so away we went, and in about two hours we were just going to run in as we

thought, when the master says, 'Pilot,' says he, 'are you sure this is the harbour? I don't think so.'—'Oh! yes, I am sure, Sir; I have been here often enough to see it without eyes.' And sure enough he hadn't used his eyes that time; for he had hardly time to tell the master how sure he was of the place, when bump—bump went the ship on a nice muddy bottom; there we were hard and fast. Luckily there is no tide in the Mediterranean, so we had no fear of being left high and dry. The skipper was below; up he ran—'Where are we, pilot?—this is a d—d bad look out, Sir; you told me you knew this place as well as a Channel groper does Falmouth.'—'She'll be off in a minute, Sir,' says the pilot, looking very foolish, as you may suppose; 'only carry your kedge out astern, you'll heave her off in a minute, Sir.' The boats were out in a twinkling, and the kedge was carried out and brought to the capstan; but it wouldn't do—we hove away with all our might, but it was no go; she didn't stir tack or sheet. It was now two o'clock, and as it had fallen quite calm, the skipper piped the hammocks down, and told us to turn in for four hours. Down we went, and at six o'clock that morning he turned the hands up, got the best and small bower anchors out on each quarter, and backed them with the sheet, and spare-manned the capstan, and hove away, but d—d a bit would she stir. 'Heave cheerly, lads,' cries the skipper, but it wouldn't do; we couldn't move her a peg. 'We must start our water,' says the skipper (we had only a hundred tons on board). 'Hadn't you better get the guns out, Sir?' says the first-leaftenant, touching his hat. 'No, no, Ridly' (that was the first-luff's name), 'we'll try her with her water out first, it's only to get our guns out at last if that won't do. Now, lads,' says the skipper, 'I must have you put your whole strength out, and work cheerly together. Ridly, pipe belay. I'll give the men their breakfasts, and splice the main-brace, and after that we shall get on better.' —'Ay, ay, Sir; pipe to breakfast. Send the purser here; get the spirits up;' and after we'd had half an hour to breakfast, and a tot of grog each, we were all alive again. Up comes the skipper—'Turn the hands up—man the pumps'—we worked heartily now, and in half an hour all our water was out. 'Now man the capstan, lads.' Away we flew, manned the bars well, and put a man to every swifter; we worked like horses, but we couldn't move her any more nor we could Portsmouth church. After we had been heaving to no purpose for some time, 'Avast heaving,' says the skipper; 'paul the capstan.'—'We shall be obliged to get out our guns, I think, Sir,' said the first-luff, looking at the skipper. 'Not yet, Ridly, I'll try her once more, and then if we don't succeed, we'll get our guns out. Unship the bars, lads, send the boatswain aft here.' Aft he came. 'Now, lads,' says the skipper, 'jump over every man of you to the starboard side of the deck; send every soul up from below, and look out, when the boatswain pipes run over altogether to the other side of the deck. Pipe,' says the skipper, and away we all ran. 'Now, look out again, lads,' and away we went—six times rallied her well. 'Now, ship the bars quick, boys; swift away, carpenters—man the bars and swifters well—heave now cheerly, heave!—a quarter master in the chains; drop the lead, and see if she moves: heave!'—'She

moves, Sir,' reported the quarter-master. 'Heave, lads, heave! she'll go directly;' and after a little, off she went. We soon got our anchors up, and in an hour we were in Vourla harbour. We carried two hundred tons of water, and as we were in a hurry we began directly after dinner, and were full the next forenoon—that warn't bad work, was it, lads?"

"No, no," said Will Gibbon, "that was smart enough; did you water all night."

"No, lad, that we didn't; we worked no later nor four bells in first watch."

"Well, after we completed our water, we got under weigh, and off we went to Smyrna; the wind was dead on end, so we had to beat up; but, however, we got up all right in about six hours, and were all ready to take our convoy. We had a laughable thing happened here; an Irishman we had on board was named M'Clair, and a wild scamp he was; there was no taming him, do what you would; he had been flogged about a dozen times, and I don't think he was out of the black list for a week tog ether all the time the ship was in commission. Well, o' course, when we anchored at Smyrna, we put sentries on the gangways, and none, only the 'hofficers,' were allowed to go on shore; so one night, as it might be to-night, we were going to sail to-morrow morning with the convoy—it was the last dog-watch, there were no luffs on deck, 'cause they usen't to keep watch in harbour—up comes somebody by the companion, with a cocked hat and sword, and a great boat-cloak, and says to the reefer of the watch, 'Man the jolly-boat.'—'Ay! ay! Sir," said the reefer; he did'nt know him, but he thought he was some strange luff from the flag-ship, as a number of them had been on board dining in the gun-room. Well, the jolly was manned and all ready; up goes the reefer to the luff, touches his hat, and says, 'The boat's man'd, Sir.'—'Very well,' say the luff, and walks to the gangway to go over the side; the sentry shouldered arms, and he was just going to step over the side, when the sentry sings out, 'Who are you? you've got no shoes or stockings on!' and immediately seizes hold of the feller by the collar, and pulls him aboard. 'G—d d—n it,' says the feller, 'I'm caught, I forgot to put on shoes;' when he said that, he threw off his cloak, and who should it be but Paddy M'Clair! He was put under the sentry's charge while the reefer went down to tell the first-luff what had happened. Up he comes: 'Bring M'Clair aft here.' Aft he comes. 'You're a pretty blackguard, ar'n't you now?' says the first-luff. 'Pray were were did you get that cocked hat, sword, and cloak?'—'Why, please, Sir,' says Paddy, 'I wanted to go on shore very much, and as I was passing the midshipman's berth I saw there was nobody there, so I just went in and took these things; but I assure you, Sir, I meant to put them back to-morrow—I hope your honour will forgive me.'—'Forgive you, you d—d rascal, for trying to desert; why, if I was to try you by a court-martial, you'd be hanged.' And so he would you know, then, in the war time. 'Put him both legs in irons, master-at-arms.' And the next day the skipper had him brought to the gangway, and gave him five dozen.—But here's Jack Murray,

lads, so I won't tell you of the action we had arterwards, but leave it for another night, 'cause we shall only just have time to hear Jack; and besides I can't spin such twisters as him, so I mustn't say all at one time, or I shan't have no yarn to spin you another night. So now, Jack, let fly your jawing tacks, and run before it, lad, with a good yarn, as you knows how to spin."

"Wait a bit," said Jack, "I must get a light first, 'cause I can't talk without I'm either chewing or smoking; it keeps a feller's mouth moist. Well, there it is, that's all right now; what shall it it be—a rape or murder?—the devil or a broomstick? any thing, lads, I can suit you to a T—from a penny whistle to a German flute—from a needle to an anchor. Did I ever tell you about my being taken away by the pirates—going on shore with them, and staying nearly six months, and then being taken again and escaping?"

"No, never, Jack; let's have it," said Will—"a thundering yarn it is, I suppose!"

"Come give it us, Jack," cried all hands.

"Well, here goes. It was when I was just out o' my time, I was only eighteen, and a good-looking chap I was, better than I am now, if possible (rubbing his chin at the time). I'd had enough o' the marchantmen, and I wanted to make some prize-money and see an action, so I determined to go on board a man-o'-war, and after I'd been at home about a fortnight along with the old folks, I got precious tired of the shore; so one morning I says, 'Father,' says I, 'don't you think I had better go to sea again, and try to get some money, for mine is almost out?'—'Yes, Jack,' says he, 'you must lose no time now; I should like you to go into a slashing frigate; them are the things to make money, and where I made lots if I hadn't been such a fool as to spend it the moment I got it, and sometimes before, for that matter.' So it was all agreed that I was to start the next day, go to Portsmouth, and try if I could find a good frigate to enter aboard of; so away I went by the stage, and when I got to Portsmouth, I found the Diomede, Captain Clifford, fitting out. Away I goes aboard. 'Come on board to enter, Sir,' says I to the hofficer of the watch. 'Very well, my man,' says he, 'wait here while I tell the first-leaftenant.' Up comes the first-luff. 'You want to enter do you, my man?'—'Yes, Sir,' says I.—'Have you served your time?—'Yes, Sir.'—'Out of what port?'—'Bristol, Sir.'—'Can you take the helm and lead?'—'Yes, Sir,' says I.—'Where's the standing part of the maintopsail-brace?'—'Mizen-topmast-head, Sir.'—'Is it mark or deep at nine?'—'Deep, Sir,' says I. 'Well, you'll do, my man; have you been to sea since you served your time?'—'No, Sir,' says I, 'I'm just out of my time.'—'Well, I can only give you ordinary seaman's rating, and if you behave well I'll make you A.B. the first vacancy.' Down I went to the surgeon, and after that was entered on the books, and put in the fore-top; that was just what I wanted, the fore-top is the place for a young feller to learn his duty. Well, we soon got out of dock, and soon rigged, and our orders coming down a short time after, we got under weigh for Gib (Gibraltar, always called by the sailors old Gib). Our

skipper and first-luff were both very good fellers; the latter was an Irishman, and gave us lots of blarney, but treated us very well upon the whole; and when we got to old Gib, just arter we anchored, a feller came on board to enter; up he goes to the first-luff, who was standing on deck, talking to the boatswain. After he had asked him a few questions, he turned to the boatswain, who was a Scotchman, and said, 'Well, I think he'll do.' Now old Pipes didn't know the first-luff was an Irishman; so he said, 'Yes, Sir, he'll do, perhaps, but he's an Irishman, and an Irishman never was a sailor yet, and never will be.' The first-luff was a good-natured feller, and so he didn't say nothing, but burst out laughing, and looking at the boatswain—'Why, Mr. Truck, do you know I am an Irishman?'—'God bless my soul, Sir,' says the boatswain, 'I beg your pardon, but I didn't mean it to you.' 'Never mind, Mr. Truck, never mind; I'm sure you didn't mean any disrespect,' says the first-luff, who was a good-hearted feller, and never treated the boatswain badly afterwards, which many others would. Well, we remained at Gib some time, and then got orders to go up the Arches; so away we went, with a wet sail and a flowing sheet, as the old song says, and soon got off Milo, where we took in our pilot as usual, and on we went to Smyrna; but we had to call in our way at Egina and Poros for something—I forget what; and just after we had left the former place and were going on to Poros, we saw a long, rakish-looking boat with latine sails. 'That's a pirate, by God!' says the skipper; 'fire a blank cartridge for her to heave to.' The gunner fired one of the fauksle guns, but instead of its making her heave to, she clapt her helm up, and made for a little port under her lee, called Epidaurus. There it was—'Lower the cutters quick,' cries the skipper; 'the first-leaftenant will go in the first, and the second in the other cutter.' I belonged to the second cutter, and so in I jumped, taking my cutlass and a pair of pistols with me, and we soon shoved off from the ship, and pulled away after the boat. Just as we rounded the point we saw her trying to get on shore; she had got her oars out pulling away; we fired a volley of musketry after her, and she returned it, by which one of our men was wounded.—'Shove her head in shore, lads; we'll land and cut them off,' said the second-luff; the moment the boat reached the shore, we all jumped out, and run towards towards the point where we thought they would land; the first cutter was close in their wake, firing at her with muskets. Just as we got near the place that she was pulling for, whiz came a bullet from behind us, and down fell our second-luff, and one o' the men. 'Never mind me, lads,' said he, 'charge them; hurrah, lads, forward.' We turned round, headed now by the reefer, who took command; and just as we turned to see where the shot came from, about twenty fellers rushed upon us, firing off the muskets, which killed four of our men; we had now only two men and the reefer left, so we kept fighting and retreating down towards our boat; but the midshipman was cut down by one of the Greeks, and the other feller ran as fast as his legs would carry, and I was just going to follow his example, when two fellers got behind me and seized my arms; I was disarmed in a minute, bound, and

put on a donkey, and guarded by four fellers. I was carried up the country; I was in a nice plight now; I couldn't tell what they'd do with me, but I thought they'd just cut my throat, and have done with it. 'Very well,' said I to myself, 'it's not the most comfortable thing in the world for a feller, who has got a father and mother he wishes to see, to be murdered—but I can't help it, I suppose.' On we went; they couldn't speak any English, and I couldn't speak a word of their d——d outlandish lingo. At last we came to a wood of olives, a beautiful place it was to be sure; and after passing through a deep ravine with olive-trees on each side, and the sun just shining enough to make me know the value of the shade, we came to a little village. Just as we entered it about half a dozen men, better dressed than any I had yet seen, and well armed with silver-sheathed yataghans, met us, and after speaking to my guards a little while, I was unbound, taken from the donkey, and ordered by signs to follow them. As I passed through the street (for the village had only one) I could see most of the houses were very poor and dirty, and looked much better at a distance than when you came close to them. At last we came to a garden, and passing under an avenue of olive-trees, we came to a small house, but much more decent in appearance than any I had yet seen. The door was opened by a Greek, in rather a shabby dress; we passed him, and entered a small but neat room, very clean, with a sofa and several chairs. Here one of my new guards left us, and soon returned with two men, one very old, and the other a man I should think of my own age, who appeared to be his son; the young one spoke English, and after saying something to the eldest, who I afterwards found was his father, he asked me who I was. 'I am an English sailor,' said I.—'Are you an officer?'—'No.—'Can you pay any thing for your liberty?'—'No.'—'Then you must be a servant here.' Well, I couldn't say any thing to that, so I made the best of a bad bargain, determined to escape as soon as I could. The young man had spoken to me in rather a kind tone, and seemed to pity me, for he said afterwards, as he was going out of the room, 'You shall be my sister's slave, and she won't treat you badly.' This made me hope that I should be able to prevail on him to let me escape, so I determined to do every thing they told me, and try to please them. After the young man and his father left the room, the men who had charge of me spread out a table, and put upon it some fish, fruits, brown bread, cheese, and plenty of wine, and made signs to me to sit down with them and eat. Well, I was precious hungry and thirsty too, so down I sat, and played a good game at the trencher. All the fellers that were with me seemed to forget that I had been fighting with them a couple of hours ago, and kept drinking to me, making me drink in their fashion, touching their glasses with mine, and saying, 'Drink, Inglis, drink.' At last they got up and made signs for me to follow them, and going with them out of the room, they led me into another, where I saw the old man, the young one, and a girl about seventeen—such a beautiful creature! my gum I never seed one so like an angel; she had black hair, braided and crossed over a forehead as white as marble, with

here and there a blue vein, just showing she had good blood in her, and such a pair of eyes! Oh! Will, I think I see them.'

"Where—where?" said Will, who was a staunch believer in ghosts, and feared them like a true Christian.

"No, no; well I only meant to say, I remember them quite well, as black as jet and sparkling like fire, it made me all on fire to look at them. Directly I got into the room the old man said something to his son in a surly tone, and the young man turning to me said, 'You are now to begin your duty; you are to work in my sister's garden, and do any thing she tells you; and my father says, if you ever disobey her he will kill you; but I am sure,' said he, in a kind tone, 'you will do all you can, and I'll try to make you comfortable.' Well, when I heard this, you may suppose I wasn't much afraid of the old cove killing me, for one couldn't help being pleased at doing any thing for such a pair of eyes as she had. But, howsomnever, I found working in the garden was not the only thing I had to do; for the next day, at about noon, the brother came to me, and said, 'You must get my sister's mule ready, and lead it for her, and I shall walk with you.' I forgot to tell you that the name of the young man was Yarnio Pothalimo, and his sister's Zuthea Pothalimo. Well, away I went with the same men who I dined with the day before, to get the mule ready, and led it out; and then Zuthea came out of the house, and was lifted up by her brother, and I took the bridle and walked, with Yarnio by her side, leading the mule on. We went through a beautiful country, woods of olives and plantations of grapes, till at last we came to a grove of sweet lemons; there we saw about thirty others, men, women, and children, with guitars, and things something like our fiddle that they call a catharox. When we got alongside them Zuthea was lifted down by her brother, and after kissing all the women and children, they walked a little further on to where there was fountain a running down over some stones; here, on a plot of grass, was spread out fish, fruits, wine, and all that; down they all sat, and I stood behind Zuthea, but directly she saw me, she motioned to me to sit down by her side, and her brother said, 'My sister says you are to sit down and enjoy yourself.' When he said this, she looked in my face with such a sweet smile on her pretty lips, that I could hardly help kissing them; but, however, I didn't, and only looked at her again, and said to her brother, 'You're sister is very kind to a poor prisoner, and he is very much obliged to her.' When her brother translated this to her, she blushed, smiled, and looked down, and seemed to be very melancholy for a little while; but she soon recovered, and told me through her brother to fill her a cup of wine, which I did, and offered it to her; she took it from me with a smile and just put it to her lips said, 'May you be happy!' and then gave it me and told me to drink it. I took it, and thanking her, I wished her happiness in return, and drank it off. After we had all sat a little time, they got up and began to dance, and a young Greek, not of our party, but one of those we met, came up to Zuthea and asked her to dance, and led her out; the brother did not dance, but stood by me looking on while they were dancing; he turned, looked at me and said, 'I wish you were a Greek, you should then be my friend—my brother, for I

have not got either,'—I answered, 'I had much rather he were an Englishman;' he smiled, and said 'that could not be.' I told him it was quite as impossible that I could be a Greek. 'No, no,' said he, 'it is not; though it's true you can't really be a Greek, you can be one of us.' I shook my head, and said I loved my country too much.—'Well,' he said, 'I won't say any more about it now—but look, the dance is done, you shall dance with my sister, unless you like any of the others better.'—'Oh! no,' said I, 'if your sister will dance with me, I shall be truly happy.'—'Come then,' said he, and after speaking a few words to Zuthea, she held out her hand, and I led her out: the dance was very easy, very much like our hops, and though I could not speak to my partner, I kept looking at her, and she answered me in that way. Well we went on dancing, singing, and talking till about nine, when we got ready to start home again, and having bid all our friends good-bye, we lifted Zuthea on her mule, and I led it, her brother walking by my side, with two guards before and two behind, as we came. As we went along Zuthea began to ask me a number of questions through her brother. 'How long have you been from England?'—'Eight months.'—'Couldn't you make up your mind to stay with us, if we make you our friend instead of our slave?' This was a difficult question to answer, for her bright eyes had made me doubt whether I couldn't manage to renounce my country and live always near them; but, however, I had a father and mother, and I had only been in one little skirmish, and that had made me wish to be in a good action; so I answered that I couldn't make up my mind to leave my country, that I was sure I should die if I had no chance of seeing it again. When I said this I looked at her, and I saw her bright eyes looking more bright by being filled with tears; she immediately began to talk very earnestly with her brother, and he appeared to be remonstrating with her; but I could not understand a word of what they said, and we soon arrived at home, when I went to bed and saw no more of her that night——"

"Strike the bell eight!" cried the sentry.

"Stand by hammocks," piped the boatswain.

"Hurrah! away I go," said Jack; "no more to-night, I'll finish it to-morrow.

"But I say, Jack," said Bob Short, "tell me one thing,—did you marry that 'ere girl?"

"Ah! ah! I dare say, tell you the end of my story first,—no, that wont't do—you shall hear it all to-morrow night;" and away he flew to get his hammock down, but did not forget his promise,—for the next night I heard him finish it.

THE PHANTOM LAND.—Part I.

By Kenrick Van Winkle.

I dreamed that on some solitary shore
Thoughtful I stood—what shore I cannot say—
A sea rolled full in view with sullen roar—
What sea I cannot tell—a waste it lay,
A gloomy waste up-heaving evermore—
A waste that I aspired to explore,
And bring back tidings to the realms of day.

"Eternity! Eternity!"—I cried—
"Eternity! whose nature I partake,
Since mortal and immortal are allied
In man's unsearchably mysterious make—
Eternity! my soul, unsatisfied,
Pants to know more of thee, and of thy wide
Dominion, so it be her thirst to slake.

"But who can hope, as on the solid ground,
To tread thy airy realms? or who aright
Can bend his way to thy remotest bound,
Hid as it is in everlasting night;
Or with a line and plummet who can sound
Thy dark unknown, untractable, profound?
Or who can soar to thy sublimest height!

"Thou hast a million lamps of purest light
Hanging from thy ethereal dome—but all
Are scarce sufficient to reveal to sight
A hand-breadth of thy realm! Their flashes fall
Blunted and quenched by circumambient night.
In vain they urge the long unequal fight,
No ray of their's has ever reach'd thy wall!

* * * * *

"Hail! habitation of creation's Lord!
Pavilion of the Deity! whose power,
And will, and wisdom do to thee accord
Thy grand existence! O, that I could tower
To thy vast cupola on pinions broad,
Or swim unharmed athwart the gulf abhorred,
Though I brought back no amaranthine flower!

"But chiefly what betides th' undying mind
Affects me. The departed! where are they?
How, with no star to lead me, shall I find
Heaven's happy precincts? or search out my way
To that dim region where the sun ne'er shined?
The shore to which the wicked are consigned—
The shore where melancholy phantoms stray?"

I ceased—and, like one watching for the morn,
I gazed upon the wide-spread sea below.
Methought I saw a boat, but it was gone
Ere I could tell if it were one or no;
And losing sight of it I felt forlorn.
Yet still I gazed, nor were my eyes withdrawn
Till they grew dim with tears, I strained them so.

I looked again with anxious eagerness,
And once more saw it—or methought I did.
My sadness now was changed to joy's excess—
But, in an instant, it again was hid.
Still gazing, in a minute's time or less,
O'er a wave's giddy top I saw it press;
Then out of sight down its dark side it slid.

Again it mounted on a billow vast,
Again into the vale of waves it sped,
Though tossed about, it yet approached me fast;
But as it came I felt a secret dread;
And wild and strange imaginations past
Athwart my mind. It reached the shore at last—
Two men were in the boat I should have said.

The one that rowed the boat was old, yet hale;
The leathern dress that o'er his limbs was drawn
Seemed made a thousand years; shrivelled, and pale,
And downcast was his visage, woe-begone,
And dark his streaming hair. Of bitter bale
He would have spoken had he told his tale.—
The other seemed a creature of the dawn.

He stepped on shore. The human form he bore,
Yet such wherein th' immortal might be seen,
Celestial grace unfolding, and, yet more,
Instincts divine illumed his face serene;
His flaxen locks hung softly clustering o'er
His shoulders, down the mantle which he wore;
Plain was his garb, yet noble was his mien.

He beckoned me to come, and I obeyed—
Obeyed, like one deprived of self-control;
I shook, and felt as one of death afraid,
And sadness took possession of my soul.
And I repented now that I had prayed
To leave firm ground to tempt the realms of shade—
Methought the sea more wildly seemed to roll.

With that he took my hand in his, and said,
"My son! I come a long and weary way
To show thee those dim regions where the dead—
Dead to sweet peace, and the sun's cheerful ray,
Live still. The boat is waiting; thou hast led
A life of virtue, and hast nought to dread."—
I bowed my head—I could not but obey.

I could not but obey—so sweet, so bland,
From lips angelic were the words he spoke.
We took our seats; then motioning with his hand
His comrade, he again the silence broke;
But what he said I could not understand;
But instantly the old man pushed from land,
And bore away with many a sturdy stroke.

Rapidly—rapidly we left the shore,
Bounding along the billows like a steed
With flashing hoofs. The old man plied each oar
With fearful diligence, yet took no heed
Of any thing—nor of the sea before,
Nor of the land behind—but forward bore,
Plunging through fiery foam with reckless speed.

How fast we went! Faster and faster still!
With tenfold speed our little fragile boat
Sprang on from watery hill to watery hill,
Just skimming o'er their tops. Deep terror smote
My aching breast, and perspiration chill
Suffused my limbs, that shook against my will;—
My heart rose up and pressed against my throat.

And now the shore was sunk—and now the sun
Was dwindled to a little glimmering star;
And now the stars were vanish'd, all but one—
And now that one we quickly left afar
Behind us out of sight, while midnight dun
Wrapt the dark mantle round us which she spun
Ere light left heaven upon her silver car.

* * * * * *

But suddenly the darkness died away,
And yellow twilight overspread the deep;
A sunless, starless twilight—neither day
Nor actual night—such as we see in sleep.
Gladly I gazed around me to survey
The visible firmament and ocean grey;
Land, too, I saw, whose shore was dim and steep.

A barren, bleak, inhospitable shore—
No verdure, not a tree—nothing but sand,
Sand, sand! and dark precipitous rocks, which bore
Marks of the fury of a fiery hand.
A misty twilight wrapt the region o'er,
That died away into the hue of gore;
I seemed to know it was the Phantom Land.

Thither we steered, and on the blasted beach
Soon landed. Glad I was once more to tread
In safety where the billows could not reach,
Although on shores infernal. Over head
Birds flapped their wings with many a piercing screech,
While the dark waves boomed mournfully, as each
Came tumbling over on its sandy bed.

I looked, and saw strange forms along the shore,
Gliding like exhalations with slow pace,
Wrapt in the dusky costumes which they wore
On earth, in days whereof remains no trace.
Their visages the marks of sadness wore;
And oft their garments of thin mist they tore,
And gazed upon the sea with wistful face.

I stood bewildered with the shadowy sight,
But soon th' impatient angel seized my hand,
And hastened me away o'er rocky height
And vale precipitous of sliding sand,
Fast by the caves of ever-during night,
And where a river rolled of burning light.
We left the ancient boatman on the strand.

The grandeur of obscurity was round—
Mountains on either side rose steep and bare;
Their dark foundations lost in the profound;
Their peaks enveloped in the dreamy air.
Full in the midst that broad, red river wound
Leisurely—leisurely, with murmuring sound.
Phantoms might be discovered by its glare.

As o'er our path the lurid blaze was shed,
Slowly we walked, and, as we walked, discerned
The phantoms of the long-forgotten dead—
Of tongues extinct, and empires overturned;
Of men who lived ere Rome bowed down her head,
Ere Athens fell, ere royal Priam bled,
Or ever Sodom and Gomorrah burned.

As o'er our path the lurid blaze was shed,
Slowly we walked, I saw by that dim light—
The grave Egyptian, and the sage Chaldee,
The Ethiopian and the Ishmaelite;
The warrior of the islands of the sea,
Europe's pale son, and the fierce Cherokee:—
I never gazed upon so strange a sight.

Female and male I saw; female and male,
Clothed or unclothed, as they were wont to go
While sojourners on earth; along the vale
They stood in groups, or wandered to and fro,
Suffering the doom that evil deeds entail:
Clenched hands, and livid eyes, and many a wail,
And beatings of the breast bespoke their woe.

I also saw, wandering with sullen pace,
Forms of proud aspect—melancholy forms—
Forms of surpassing symmetry and grace;
Such as the poet sees aloft in storms,
When rolling clouds along heaven's pathway race,
And winds sing wildly to the thunder's bass;
While frenzy his enchanted spirit warms.

Shades or embodied shapes—whate'er their name—
I gazed upon them with respectful awe,
Much wondering who they were, and whence they came,
And what the rank they held. I also saw
My guide's sole notice they appeared to claim,
While holy agitation shook his frame.—
A long, deep sigh I mark'd him softly draw.

"They once," said he, "were happy angels! They
Were my companions once in realms of light;
Their pinions glittered in the golden day,
And heaven's wide field was open to their flight;
Together we were wont our harps to play,
And chaunt the holy beatific lay
Around the throne in robes of dazzling white.

"Heavenly discourse on heavenly themes we held,
Enjoyed the fellowship of souls in bliss;
And, when the trumpet of th' archangel swelled,
Met in the courts, and greeted with a kiss.
But on the heights of glory they rebelled,
And therefore were cast out, driven forth, expelled,
And hunted hither through the black abyss.

"They know me, for the memory of things
Over and gone they bitterly retain;
And gone-by pleasure has a thousand stings
When hopelessly compared with present pain.
See how they shun me! Shame each bosom wrings;
No joy, no solace, recognition brings;
They strive to cloak their anguish with disdain."

His voice sank till it ceased: and still I gazed
With deepening wonder on those phantoms tall.
I watched them pass aloof: my soul was raised—
I thought of their past glory, and their fall,
Thought till the tears ran down. I saw one crazed—
A kindled frenzy from his eyeballs blazed,
The pyre of reason dead, and past recal.

THE "GOINGS ON" AT BRAMSBY HALL.

We are an irritable family—we hate very much; and I am not deficient in the family virtue. At three years old I hated my aunt; I hated reading the bible backwards; physic and advice soon after shared my aversion. At school I hated mutton,—morning chapel at college,—to this day I hate the Dean. Hard eggs I hate, and female worthies; captains in the Guards and livery servants; saints and flirtation; charity schools and bazaars.—But, "greater than all this, than these, than all," I hate a would-be sentimentalist. That thing of starts and pauses, of strains and raptures, a fellow that sits silent with the men, and sighing with the women, with folded arms in the ball-room, like the figures of Buonaparte at St. Helena, or with outspread arms in the air, like one of Irving's prophets; I mean an animal very like the frontispiece of Mr. Montgomery's work on Satan.

It is now ten years since that I enjoyed the high happiness of gratifying my inbred malice against one of this fraternity; and, amid all the many hatreds of life that have been shooting up like thorns about me, I can look back to that day with an exultation of delight known only to those who have a soul to hate, and power to gratify their hatred.

If I ever loved any thing it was my uncle; perhaps because no one else loved him. He was a country 'squire of the genuine brown-stout kind—of that class, which the wide spread of cheap books and cheap claret has nearly swept from the halls of their fathers. All about him was inherited. His house, his port, his dress, his jokes, were all as old as Elizabeth. His ideas ever moved in one unvarying circle, of which the centre was himself; with politics he troubled himself little. The Whigs he hated as his fathers had done before him; and was perfectly sure that he should be burned alive in his own house if the bigotted bloody Catholics came in. He was charitable—that is, he gave much bone-soup to the poor, though continually complaining of their ingratitude. He slumbered in church every Sunday morning, for the sake of setting a good example to the lower orders; and made the parson drunk every Sunday evening, to show his respect for the cloth.

My poor, dear uncle! for years didst thou jostle on, hateful to thy neighbours, tyrannical to thy dependants, but dear to me, thy reputed heir. How often have I laughed with thee at anecdotes, which from much use had lost their point! How have I railed with thee at the insolence of the press, or the audacity of paupers! How have I drank thy port wine! Alas! alas! even now thou mightest have been holding on thy own old course. Still might the parson have guzzled thy beer ('twas a good beer). The poacher might still have trembled at thy nod; and thy smiling nephew might still have looked for the inheritance. But a concurrence of mischances, such as the fates keep in store for country 'squires, snapped all thy joys. A long continued frost ruined the hunting; a wet spring killed all

the young birds; a canal was run through thy lawn; a school was established at thy gate; another parson, with new-fangled notions about the game-laws and bastardy, assailed thee on the bench; thy servants became saints; thy neighbours left off leather breeches; and I went to London to prosecute my studies at the Temple. What could my uncle do? Reading he never loved; and riding, with no where to ride to, was worse than nothing. No longer could he dictate to the bench. Foxes—game—had disappeared. Poachers, the last sport of country gentlemen, had departed with the game. The 'squires (even the unbreeched reformed 'squires) were occupied with politics; and his daughter Bessy could not drink. My uncle did the worst thing which a man in his condition could do—my poor uncle married. I have said nothing of Bessy; indeed, when I left Bramsby for London there was little to be said of her. She was a fine romping girl of thirteen, with dark hair and eyes, a short face, and glowing cheeks. If I thought of her at all, it was only to remember her lips and wrapper stained with blackberries; her laugh more joyous than seemly; her gambols with the groom, or her gallops on an unsaddled donkey. My new aunt I well remembered. Who could have spent a week at Bramsby without remarking her and her pink parasol! She was the striking feature of the place. Every eye was upon her as she swam into the church on Sundays, when the service was half over; and every head was turned as she slid with swan-like motion up the aisle, and settled herself with much bustle of silks, directly opposite the 'squire's pew. She was—(alas! for the honor of the family)—she was a milliner. How my uncle could so far forget his Tory prejudices as to form such a mis-alliance, I know not; but "adversity makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows."

I heard afterwards that the 'squire had betrayed an incipient passion to the knowing ones for some time. I saw it not, though, perhaps, the little god develops himself in strange symptoms, when he fires the hearts of gentlemen of sixty-five. Her dark eyes I did see, her dark and luscious glances floating in lambent fire; the lids now gently raised, now slowly drooping to earth—"weighed with the fullness of her future joy." These things I saw; but my uncle was twice her age; and I—'fore God! I thought the milliner was in love with myself.

It had always been understood that I was to marry Bessy, and succeed to the Bramsby estates. Now, however, nothing doubting that the milliner would bring the old man plenty of children, I applied steadily to my profession, in the hope of working out a provision for myself. So earnest were my labours, that for three years I could not spare time to visit Bramsby. A hamper, crammed with farm-yard delicacies (carriage paid), and a letter with the usual compliments of the season, arrived annually at the door of my lodgings on old Christmas-day; but from these I gathered nothing of the proceedings at Bramsby. The fourth edition of Friendship's Offering first made me suspect that something was wrong. The fowls were covered with bristles, the ducks were livid, the bones of the turkey "stood staring and looking upon me," the roaster had been killed a

week, and the pigeons were *alive*. Nor were these dainties nicely packed each in its separate department of cloth or newspaper, but all stewing together. My resolution was taken. I distributed the contents of my basket among my good friends the attorneys, packed my clothes in my blue bag (the only use a young lawyer has for it), took a place in the earliest stage, and on the second evening from starting found myself at Bramsby. Dinner was concluded, and the 'squire was with the ladies in the drawing-room. He received me as kindly, but not with such boisterous cordiality as his wont was, and I thought he did not look so red as usual. My aunt welcomed me with a long bow and serpentine courtesy, and I thought she looked very like a milliner. Bessy met me with a smile of pleasure, and she looked beautiful. Another person was there, whom my aunt introduced to me as Mr. Le Grange. At one glance I hated him as a Bramsby should hate. Such an odious compound of ugliness and affectation I had never before seen. He was about thirty years of age, and deeply pitted or rather scarred with the small pox, yellow as a West Indian that had lived on treacle, with straight, black, greasy hair, and jagged eyes that looked like ill-opened oysters. His mouth was moist, his large teeth matched his skin, a crop of pimples speckled his forehead. So loathsome an object—dressed after the prints of Lord Byron, with bare neck, open waistcoat, and flowing linen—might well have turned the bile of a saint. I felt that nothing but his death could satisfy me.

"Who is this Mr. Le Grange?" I said to my aunt at breakfast next morning.

"Who is he!" she snapped out with the look of a dragon;—"this Mr. Le Grange is *my* friend, and my near relation."

"He is a very nice young man," said Bessy archly, in answer to the same question; "so romantic and poetical! so like Lord Byron!"

"His fate is settled," I muttered to myself.

"Who is this Mr. Le Grange?" I asked the 'squire over our third bottle in the evening. I saw that I had touched the string of all my uncle's sorrows.

"Who is he, Bob!" he thundered out. "D—— him!—Who is he?—you must ask my wife if you want to know. She brought him home from a watering-place six months since, where she went for her health, and he has been tucked up to her apron-string ever since. She calls him cousin.—D——n his cousinship! Bramsby is Bramsby no longer; I can't call my house my own. Jack Slingsby says, 'the squire is sewed up in a pair of his wife's stays.' But I'll tell you what, Bob ——"

"Coffee is waiting," said the bland voice of my aunt, who had slipped into the room unperceived.

Had the last trump burst upon his ear, my uncle could not have been more startled. His tones were hushed, the frown froze on his forehead, his uplifted hand sunk by his side, and, dropping his ears like a cowed spaniel, he slunk after his spouse into the drawing-room.

We found Mr. Le Grange, who had left the dining-room with the

ladies, sitting, or rather reclining, on the sofa; one hand, drawn through his straight hair, was forcibly pressed on his forehead, with the other on his breast; he seemed as if struggling to restrain the vivid beating of his heart. Bessy was by his side, her dark eyes flashing, her lip trembling, and her dress in disorder. She rose as we entered, and my aunt, with a look that told well what her suspicions were, seized the vacant seat on the sofa. That look spoke a domestic history; I knew what had changed my uncle from a tyrant to a slave.

"You are lost in thought, Edward Le Grange," she said, placing herself close to him.

"Madam!" he ejaculated, with a start, as if then only aware of our presence.

"I only observed that you seemed to be wrapt in your own reflections."

"Seemed!" he replied in an under-tone, meant rather for her than the public, "would it were, seemed! Oh, God! oh, God! for years, for ages—at least it seems ages—have I striven with the thoughts that are within me and around me; but no, it will not be. I have fluttered with the gay crowd—'twas vain; what to me was their worship and their flatteries? I have sought the solitudes of nature; the same dark thought was there. Death have I courted;—alas! death is only for the happy. Down, down, juggling fiend!"

"Do not talk thus, Edward," whimpered out the milliner, "do not, I implore you—for your own sake—for mine," she added in a whisper, "strive to be happy."

"Happy, happy; oh! no, no, no! Yet I thank you—you have indeed a soul for friendship, a look that can almost make misery smile. Ah! had it been my lot—." What followed I know not, as the male lips were now too near the female ear to admit of my catching a word.

"Is it possible," I said, turning to Bessy, who as well as myself was slily occupied with what was passing on the sofa, "is it possible that you can be taken in by such a soap-bubble of affectation, such a namby-pamby villain as that?" She made no answer. "I have seen ten thousand such fellows," I continued; "they are to be found behind the counter by day, and haunt the outskirts of boarding-schools by night; on holidays you may see them reading Byron under the shade of directing-posts at the crossways; they would have you think that they are haunted by the consciousness of some fearful crime—the demon of thought, as they term it; but you will find, on inquiry, that they have done nothing more terrible than filch silver from the till, or perhaps dip their fingers in the treacle-barrel." She took my offered hand as I spoke, and was about to reply, but my aunt had finished her conference with Mr. Le Grange, and my uncle had disentangled the silk with which he had been for some time engaged in a remote corner of the room. Tea was brought round, the conversation became general, and of course uninteresting.

For the next fortnight a succession of visitors at the Hall prevented me from holding any private conversation with the 'squire. They were relations of his wife (poor of course), and not seeing wine often they drank deeply when they had it, so that after dinner we had not

a moment to ourselves. The mornings were chiefly spent in riding or walking with Bessy. She seemed to me like a rosebud in the sun, putting forth a petal every hour to increase its fragrance, and to perfect its beauty. From her I learned much of Mr. Le Grange. He had been some months at the Hall, yet no one knew who he was, or whence he came, nor had the 'squire's wife even mentioned such a relation before his coming. At first it seemed he had devoted his attentions to Bessy.

"I thought him only a fool," she said, "and, giving way to my own wicked heart, I encouraged his fond idea that I liked him, in order to amuse myself with his vagaries. The night you surprised us, as you supposed, in the drawing-room, he had presumed to carry my hand to his filthy lips. Your abrupt entrance saved his ear from condign punishment, and laid me under the suspicion of my most penetrating cousin."

"And shall this fellow escape, Bessy?" She laughed, and displayed her pretty white teeth. "If you like to invent any plan," she said, "that will cover him with ridicule and convulse us with laughter, here is my hand; you shall have my advice, assistance, and prayers."

Our plan was soon formed; it only remained to communicate it to my uncle. The thirsty relations were now gone, and a new display of affectation from Le Grange had so far irritated the old gentleman that I hoped he might be brought to join our plot in spite of his terrors of his wife.

"Edward," said my aunt, as he entered the room when dinner was nearly over, "why stay out so late? I feared you had forgotten us."

The wretch sighed and started (he always started before he spoke). "I have been reclining in yonder dell with my dearest friend, with Byron, the charm of whose converse had lapped me in that elysium known only to souls that feel. It was long before I could resolve to degrade myself back to mortals, to own to feel myself a man again."

"What heavenly sentiments!" whispered my aunt, with upturned eyes.

"What a romantic young man!" said Bessy, with a smile full of meaning.

"Damn his impudence!" growled my uncle at the bottom of the table.

The last remark only seemed to reach Mr. Le Grange.

"I don't wonder at your surprise," he said, addressing the 'squire; "you have no soul!"

A fierce answer rose to the lips of my uncle; but on a look from his wife he uttered a low indistinct growl, and was silent.

The ladies and their man had scarcely left the room when I assailed the 'squire with vehemence. "Leave him to me, uncle," I said; "let me drag him through the fish-pond, or tumble him into the dog-kennel; give him up to my tender mercies for one day, and I will rid you of this fellow for ever."

"He is my wife's relation," said my uncle, in manifest terror.

"Relation! what relation? I believe they might go as far as the

Stiles's in Blackstone without finding a common ancestor. But, my dear uncle, are you to be insulted, and is your table to be invaded by a yellow jackanape, whose relationship to your wife, however near it may be, is, I believe on my conscience, entirely of their own creating?"

The last hint fired the Bramsby blood; I saw by his eye that the old gentleman was in a temper to hear any proposal with glee that tended to Mr. Le Grange's detriment.—"Suppose we hunt to-morrow?" I continued; "your horses and dogs are in condition; the weather is made for hunting, and foxes are plentiful."

The eyes of the 'squire glistened with delight.—"Mount Mr. Le Grange on Gunpowder, and if he does not carry him to the devil, the old horse has forgotten his go, or the young gentleman is less of a tailor than he looks."

"You will never get him to go," said my uncle, doubtingly.

"Leave that to Bessy and me, and only conceive the fun of seeing Gunpowder carry him at every thing, through every thing, and over every thing. The old huntsman will live a century on the remembrance."

A few objections, which became feebler every moment, two more bottles of old port, and my uncle entered heart and soul into the project; for a genuine foxhunter, though he will not pistol his friend in the dark, or dirk him at the banquet, feels no scruple at leading him to death as certain in the way of his profession. On joining the ladies, I was in constant terror lest my uncle should betray our plot by the excess of his exultation. We had, as he anticipated, the utmost difficulty in getting Mr. Le Grange to accompany us. He had no breeches—no top-boots; he did not like hunting—he thought it a barbarous sport. Never did ancient gambler woo pigeon to the *écarté* table, or luckless lover implore a reluctant beauty, with half the zeal which I displayed on that occasion. But all my efforts would have been unavailing, had not that angel Bessy interposed, (how dearly I loved her for it!).

"I shall ride myself to-morrow," she said, "and see the dogs throw off; and I am sure (turning to Le Grange) you have too much gallantry to allow me to return alone. You will follow me so far, as my squire?"

"Follow thee!" sighed the unsuspecting victim—(Mrs. B. was not in the room)—"I would follow thee to the end of the world."

"But not back again, or I am much mistaken," I muttered.

This point gained, I wished no more; for I knew Gunpowder was not the horse to turn back after the fox was found, and I never yet saw the man who could make Gunpowder go any course but his own.

The morning broke—a genuine hunting morning; a light shower had just bedewed the grass; a gentle south wind crisped the surface of the lake before the windows, and Phœbus hid his face in the clouds, as if deserting his votary. The horses were at the door. There was my uncle's chestnut snorting the sport; there was Bessy's pet pony, and there was Slow-and-Sure (so Joe had christened Gunpowder), with nose to the ground, looking the veriest rip ever

crossed by a tailor. His reverted eye, the backward prick of his ears, and a certain fretful swishing of his tail spoke the devil within; but these ominous signs were all unnoticed by the luckless Le Grange. All was well as far as the cover; so confident, indeed, was Mr. Le Grange in the tameness of his beast, that he ventured once or twice to touch him with his whip, and complained to Bessy in the pride of his heart of being mounted on a mere rip. Scarcely were the dogs well in the cover, when a loud and triumphant burst from all the pack told us that Reynard was found. In a moment Gunpowder was himself again; with one toss of his head he jerked the bridle from his rider's hand; the bit he took between his teeth, and away like the wind he went, leaving the rest of the field far in the rear.

"Stop him! stop him! he's running away!" screamed Mr. Le Grange, in a voice of agony. It was no use—no one heeded him. Away went Gunpowder, up the fallow, down the brake, over gate and wall, through briar and bog. Well did he keep the lead during the whole of that important day. A wood, which the prudent rode round, but which Mr. Le Grange dashed through, at length took him from our view. Once after was Gunpowder seen by a shepherd's lad, plunging at the same fearful rate down the side of a precipice—Mr. Le Grange on his neck still, screaming forth in piteous accents, "Stop him! stop him! he's running away!" After four hours' hard running, we killed almost at the door of Bramsby Hall. Gunpowder was the only horse in at the death—Gunpowder, but not Mr. Le Grange. The only trace of that unfortunate gentleman was a wet shoe, which dangled loosely in the stirrup, much as it had done when on the owner's foot. Questions were asked, and conjectures hazarded, to no purpose: no clue was afforded to the fate of the poet. The news of the poor knight's overthrow had reached Bramsby before us, and I was assaulted at the door of the hall by a hail-storm of abuse from my aunt, such as her education amply supplied her with. The pleasing appellations of rogue, villain, coward, murderer, fell so thick about my bewildered ears, that I absolutely lost my breath. With my uncle I did not fare much better. He cursed me, and himself for listening to me; swore that I had murdered his wife's relation, and deprived him of his peace of mind for ever. Rather anxious to escape the tumult than disturbed about Le Grange's fate, I took Joe with me, and proceeded to scour the country in search of the fugitive. I mounted Gunpowder, thinking, with Joe, that he was most likely to know what he had done with his rider. The old horse had a peculiar track, and it was easy enough to make out the course which he had taken in the morning; indeed, he seemed to know by instinct what business we were upon, and trotted contentedly along through every turn of the hunt. After following on for some miles, we came to a fence hanging over a precipitous ravine, which the late rains had washed to an unusual depth. Here Gunpowder made a halt; and it was evident, from the deeply-indented foot-marks, that at this point he had checked his headlong pace in the morning. The boughs were bent and broken, as if by some one clambering through the hedge; and the print of a bare foot on the clay convinced us that Gunpowder had here deposited his burthen,

and that the unhappy poet had managed to crawl away on his feet. Thinking it useless to pursue the search any farther, and half sorry that Mr. Le Grange had escaped, I returned to Bramsby, examining every wet and dry ditch on the way, and calling out his name in tones affectedly mournful. Overcome with anxiety my aunt had retired to bed, my uncle was sleeping off the third bottle in his arm-chair, and Bessy was on the way to her room. Worn out by my exertions, I followed almost immediately, leaving my uncle to the care of Joe, who knew his ways quite well. The sun was high in the heaven (as the novelists say) before I made my appearance at the breakfast-table next morning. I found my uncle stalking up and down the room in that blessed temper which usually afflicts the lords of the creation when the ladies of the creation keep them waiting for breakfast. He had heard our discoveries of the preceding evening from Joe; but, after the manner of 'squires, he was the more angry with me because he had the less excuse for it.

"Have you heard any thing of your mother this morning?" he said to Bessy, who just then entered the room like a ray of sunlight breaking into a prison. Mrs. B. had for some time slept apart from her husband on pretence of indisposition. Bessy knew nothing of her.

"Tell one of the maids to call your mistress," said my uncle to a servant, who was just setting the urn on the table.

"Please, Sir," said the man, "Sarah and Elizabeth have been knocking at Missis's door this half hour, and they can't get no answer, nor hear no noise whatsomever."

This looked serious—all rushed up stairs—master and young mistress, grooms, cook, and housemaids, all of us knocked and bawled to no purpose.

"The more you cry out, the more she won't answer," said Joe to me, in a whisper; "I warrant she's a rum one."

My uncle's hasty temper could endure no more: with desperate foot he dashed at the door, laying open the inmost recesses of his wife's bedchamber to the leering, curious eyes of the menial crowd without. All were in the room in a second—and there we found, not Mrs. Bramsby, but—"O shame! O sorrow! and O womankind!"—we found a wet shoe of the masculine gender, the hat, the trousers, and the frilled and frittered shirt which belonged to Mr. Le Grange. A little inquiry explained the whole. Mrs. Bramsby had met her enamoured poet as he was crawling back to the hall, wet, spattered with mud, and pale with affright. Stung with fury at the trick which they perceived had been played, they resolved to fly to some bower of bliss where they might love undisturbed. Early that morning my uncle lost a wife, a wife's relation, and two of the best horses in his stable. My uncle behaved with praiseworthy fortitude on the occasion, not even pursuing the fugitives. The resignation with which I bore the loss of an aunt deserves, I think, nearly equal praise. One more settlement I drew in the course of my profession—it was the marriage settlement of Robert Bramsby and Elizabeth Bramsby, of Bramsby; and my time was so fully and so pleasantly occupied, that I had no leisure to hate any one for a considerable time afterwards.

W. P.

SYRIA;

ITS IMPORTANCE, AS A MILITARY POINT D'APPUI AND COMMERCIAL OUTLET, TO GREAT BRITAIN, AND AS A LINE OF OVERLAND COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.

Two great principles at present divide Europe—the liberal and the absolute. The former, it is true, stormy at its surface, but pregnant with future stability and prosperity to the nations under its sway; the latter tranquil to the eye of a superficial observer, but containing within its entrails a thousand hidden causes of disorder and dissolution.

These two systems that at present divide the political world find their personification, the first in England and France, the second in the states forming the remnants of the Holy Alliance, of which the haughty Pozzo de Borgo and the wily Metternich are the living organs. It is, impressed with the truth of this fundamental idea, that we attach so great an importance to the late quadruple treaty between England and France and the two kingdoms of the Iberian Peninsula. This great league is an immense step, and, if properly directed, will oppose an imposing barrier to the designs of those powers whose object is an unholy crusade against human freedom. Still we are not insensible to the obstacles that oppose the consolidation of this system, and to the train of peculiar circumstances which so favour the development of the views of the absolute powers. The alliance of the former, based upon an identity of interests as well as principles, is fraught with the seeds of rivalry and disunion; while the interests of the latter are so broadly contradistinguished, that, paradoxical as it may appear, the great military powers can at any moment coalesce for the furtherance of their political principles, without compromising their own individual views of territorial aggrandisement. Thus the attention of Austria is directed to Italy, that of Prussia to her Rhenish provinces and Germany, while the potent policy of Russia turns, as it has done for the last 150 years, towards the East.

These important considerations are worthy of the deepest attention of our government. The state of utter inanition to which the once formidable empire of Mahomet has been reduced by the open and covert machinations of Russia, and the ulterior views of that ambitious power, are evident to the merest tyro in politics. The Black Sea is now a Russian lake; the Thracian Bosphorus a Russian strait; the Turkish divan a Russian chancellerie; and the final dissolution of the Turkish empire in Europe dependant on the mere caprice of the Russian autocrat.

So rapidly has the tide of political events advanced in the East; such has been the Greek ductility and Scythian energy of the Muscovite government in pushing forward to a near consummation their long-cherished projects upon Turkey; and such has been, on the other hand, the blind fatuity of those cabinets whose interests it was

to preserve the integrity of the Porte, that the time for averting its impending ruin has passed away.

The question, therefore, now, for the solution of the government of this country, is what course to pursue in order to repair the blunders of their predecessors in office (for, in justice to the present administration, we must admit that the fatal errors that have marked our policy in the East cannot be laid at their door)—what barrier their diplomatic skill is prepared to oppose to the overrunning preponderance which Russia would acquire when mistress of Constantinople. We will not dwell upon the prodigious and rapid development which those mighty resources, which, for centuries past, have slumbered beneath the shade of Turkish sloth and ignorance, would then receive from this gigantic power. This has been repeated *usque ad nauseum*,—if, indeed, a subject of such vital importance to the maritime supremacy of Great Britain, nay to her existence as a nation, can engender such a feeling. But we shall endeavour to point out to our readers all the advantages which this central position on the globe would afford her for attempting the conquest of British India, that long-cherished project of Muscovite ambition, by moving troops by the line of the Euphrates to the head of the Persian Gulf. Although, from the gigantic length of the line of operations, we, as tacticians, look upon an overland expedition to India as a military chimera; still we are forced to allow, that the line of the Euphrates presents far less insurmountable obstacles than that from the Caspian, through Bockara to Attock; or, again, to the tracts followed by Alexander and Nadir Shah, through Persia. The free navigation of the Euphrates, with the command of the inexhaustible forests of Mount Taurus, would enable the Russian autocrat to float down his barbarian legions upon rafts (as Alexander and Trajan did before him) to Bussorah, a city only eight days' sail from Bombay, and the vulnerable point of our Indian empire. That the onward roll of the Russian avalanche would here be effectually stopped by a British squadron, we doubt not; but, while the propinquity of a large Russian force upon the minds of the native population of India is to be dreaded, the ruinous expense of checking even a mere demonstration, if often repeated, would soon render the possession of our Indian empire an onerous burden to this country. If these views be correct, the necessity of erecting an imposing barrier to Russian aggression will be readily admitted; and this barrier, a single glance at the map will convince, is to be found in Syria. In fact, the strategic importance of this country—communicating, as it does, with the Mediterranean on one side, by a long line of bold coast, studded with commodious harbours, and roadsteads, and consequently *easily accessible to our fleets;* and extending, on the other, parallel to the line of march of the invading army—will be understood by the most unmilitary reader. On debouching from Bir, on the north-eastern Syrian frontier, the right wing of the Russian army would be constantly *en l'air;* the difficulty of preserving the line of communication to their rear would increase with every march, till, cut off from their base, their destruction would be as inevitable and as signal as that which

overtook the legions of Crassus, and of the emperor Julian, in these same regions, centuries ago.

Such is the strategic importance of Syria; and, since the Ottoman Porte has, with a blind infatuation that seemingly courts destruction, thrown itself into the arms of its hereditary foe, the obvious policy of our Cabinet is to draw closer our relations with Mahomet Ali.

But it is not solely in a military and political point of view, that we are led to consider the importance of Syria—possessing, as she does, in the most eminent degree, all the capabilities of nature and circumstance for a very advantageous commerce with this country, producing rice and corn of a very superior quality; luxuriant pasturages, supporting innumerable flocks and herds, which furnish large quantities of the finest wool and mohair, white raw silk, cotton, gums, madder-roots, galls, tobacco, drugs, hides, sponge, fruits, pearls, coffee, and copper ore; most of which are in extensive demand for manufacture and consumption in this country, and throughout Europe, and which constitute valuable returns for those exports of manufactured goods and colonial produce, which they require, and we can advantageously supply. Again, accessible of communication from all parts of the Mediterranean—separated from Gibraltar only by a distance of nine hundred leagues—presenting a long and bold line of coast, with good harbours and roadsteads—possessing a population of about three millions, spread through a long and narrow country, whose extensive shore constitutes the eastern boundary of the Mediterranean, and is the centre of a very considerable inland traffic, which extends to the Indian Ocean, the Indus, and the Caspian,—this vast range of country offers a wide field to our commercial intercourse, which our insular possessions in the Mediterranean are so obviously calculated to maintain. At a moment, too, when the operation of the Prussian tariff is closing Germany to our manufactures—when our field of operation on the Continent, and throughout the world, is daily becoming more circumscribed by the rivalry and competition of foreign nations, the necessity of seeking for new outlets for our commercial industry, and that excess of vitality produced upon our population by our high-wrought civilization and wide-spreading intelligence, must be felt by every one; and it is gratifying to find that government, by the recent appointment of a consul-general in Syria, are determined to afford our commercial relations with that country the protection so essential to their development.

On the northern line of Syria, and forming the centre of communication with the eastern parts of Asia-Minor and Armenia, is Aleppo; one of the second cities in the Turkish empire in point of rank, wealth, commerce, and population. Towards the south, and situated in the centre of Syria, is Damascus, which is of equal rank, character, and importance; and along the coast, and through the interior, are the capital cities of the pachalics of Akka and Tripoli, and numerous other towns and villages. Aleppo has a population of 200,000, and is one of the most refined and opulent cities in the Turkish dominions. The population and character of this city; the extent and value of the produce of those countries which surround it; its contiguity to the coast; its favourable position as a centre of communication, and as an

entrepôt of commerce for Armenia; the eastern divisions of Asia-Minor, the sources of the Euphrates, and the north of Syria, mark it out as an important point of commercial establishment in direct intercourse with this country, which, if properly cultivated, would consume and cause the diffusion of vast quantities of British manufactures, and make valuable returns in raw materials.

Of equal rank with Aleppo is Damascus, situated in the centre of Syria, and containing a population of 160,000 souls. The Damascenes are rich, enterprising, and commercial; and besides the augmentation its population receives from the many trading caravans that visit it in the course of every year from Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and Asia-Minor, it is also the place of rendezvous and departure of the great pilgrimage to Mecca, which causes a great influx of merchants and pilgrims from all parts of the East, and imports to Damascus the animated character of a great fair. No city in the East more vividly realizes than Damascus the glowing descriptions in the Arabian tales of an oriental metropolis; and it is at once a curious and important fact, that although there does not exist even a tradition of its first foundation, while we find mention made of its flourishing condition in the very earliest traditionary records we are in possession of, thus attesting its remote antiquity, yet amid the revolutions that have so changed the physical and moral aspect of our globe, and buried in eternal oblivion the sites and histories of so many contemporary cities, Damascus has alone preserved unchanged the identity of its site, and the local influence of its rank and character, and must convey to the mind of the philosophical observer the proof that its situation must possess some permanent and intrinsic advantages for a commercial intercourse with the extensive regions that surround it.

Notwithstanding, however, the variety, value, and abundance of the produce of these regions—the extensive demand for the same in this country; notwithstanding that the long line of coast permits of its direct importation from the growers to our home markets—that this same line of coast offers many facilities for cutting in various lines the course of inland traffic, and of carrying on manufactures at once to the central and intermediate points; notwithstanding that the population of this region is extensive, rich, and commercial, and that it contains, at short distances from the coast, two of the most wealthy, refined, and populous cities in the dominions of Islamism; notwithstanding that this country is well known to be the centre of a most enterprising and arduous commerce with Arabia, Persia, Eastern America, and the northern parts of Tartary, as far even as the western confines of India, and that under these circumstances this range of country in Asiatic Turkey must possess the capabilities of a great mart for British trade,—the fact nevertheless is, that till very lately Smyrna, in the northern part of the Archipelago, and at one extreme of this line of coast, and Alexandria at the other extreme, were the only two places to which British goods were directly sent; while the whole intermediate line between them, extending upwards of 2000 miles, in the centre of which are Aleppo and Damascus, which are forty and sixty days of caravan journey from

either of them, had to draw their supplies of European manufactures from these two points. Now, when we consider that all goods in Turkey are conveyed into the interior by mules and camels, owing to the wretched state of the roads, and the heavy charges which such a mode of conveyance must necessarily entail upon them, the advantages to be derived to our commerce by establishing English houses at the intermediate points between Smyrna and Alexandria will be the means of opening to our merchants a field that, if properly cultivated, we confidently predict will yield them a golden harvest. But Syria, again, must not only be considered as the centre of an extensive radii of political intercourse and observation with all the regions of Western Asia, but also that it is more favourably situated than any other for a direct intercourse with India; and its adoption as such, by directing the officers of the Company through the adjacent regions on their way to the East, would be the means of opening to our knowledge those countries so important in a political point of view. The passage by the Red Sea has been tried and failed. The immense steamer, necessary to carry the requisite fuel for its voyage to the nearest depôt from Bombay, was too great an expense; while continued delays and difficulties were experienced at the depôts on the Red Sea. But had it been otherwise, this line of intercourse presents no advantages compared with those by the way of Damascus and the Persian Gulph. From Bombay to England the rout by the Red Sea does not embrace a single interest of the Company, political or commercial; its interests are not enlarged —its means of information are not extended; a dreary journey across the desert is followed by a long and uninteresting voyage to Bombay. At Tabriz, at Ispahan, at Bagdad, Bushire, Muscat, and along the Persian Gulph, the Company have extensive interests, both political and commercial; which are daily increasing in their importance— first, from the proceedings of Russia on the military operaions and conquests of the late Mirza Abbas in Horat and Afgistan; and, secondly, the sovereign attitude and restless ambtion of Mahomet Ali, and the fact that Bagdad, at the extremity of the Turkish empire, and more immediately under the influence of his power, is known to be an important feature in the objects of his ambition. Not many years ago, it must be recollected, this city was the central depôt of the merchants of Persia, for the markets of Syria, Armenia, and Turkey; but with the two latter parts it has lately been carried on by way of Erzeroum and Tocat. The presence, however, of the Russians at Erzeroum, and the barrier they will erect to the transit through their territory of our British manufactures from Constantinople, will, in all probability, have the effect of bringing back the trade into its ancient channel, and the Euphrates may again become as important a line of commercial intercourse as it was anciently. Again, it is obviously his policy to enter into relations with Persia, with a view of acquiring an influence in the affairs of that distracted country, and of making her an element of resistance towards Turkey and Russia. These considerations, added to the commercial interests of the Company in the Persian Gulf, the facility of transmitting dispatches to and from their agents to those parts by this new line of

communication, are of the highest importance. From the short distances between Bombay and any of the points in the Gulf, a steamboat of small power and at little expense would be necessary; while the Company, having already agents at the different points on the proposed line of rout, no expense for new establishments need be incurred. Both the Tigris aud the Euphrates, by the surveys of recent travellers, are found to be navigable all the year round for vessels of a small draught of water; while, as to fuel, wood, charcoal, bitumen, naptha, are to be found along the whole line. From the sea-coast to Damascus, dispatches could arrive in twenty-four hours; the distance again from that city to Bagdad by dromedaries might be accomplished in six days; and thence to Bussorah, at the head of the Persian Gulf by the Tigris—the banks of which river being less infested by the predatory Arab tribes, renders it in the present state of the country a safer rout than the Euphrates—in eight days. But in ratio as the Pacha of Egypt consolidates his authority in Syria, will the predatory habits of the Bedouins be repressed, and the line of the Euphrates, from Bir to Bussorah, will be opened for the transit of passengers and goods. The voyage from England to Bombay may then be accomplished as follows:—

From England to Malta, in.....	16 days
Malta to Scanderoon..... ...	4
Scanderoon to Bir	2
Bir to Bussorah	12
Bussorah to Bombay	8
	42

So that dispatches from India might arrive in Leadenhall-street with ease in seven or eight weeks. And besides all the advantages we have enumerated, and the establishment of a regular communication, embracing their interests and enlarging their political information of those parts, the whole expense would scarcely exceed that which is at present annually incurred for the desultory transmission of dispatches overland, between the Indian and the Home Government, or to and fro from the Company's agents, along the proposed line of route. Now that the charter of the East India Company is renewed, and its political power confirmed, it is to be hoped that it will turn its serious attention to this subject, and to the earliest method of carrying it into execution.

The arguments we have adduced in the course of this paper, we flatter ourselves, are of a nature to carry to the minds of our readers the importance of Syria to this country, not only as a military *point d'appui*, in the event of a rupture with Russia—a contingency which, however long it may be averted by the wiles of diplomacy, must one day occur—but also as opening a wide field to our commercial enterprise and manufacturing industry. The establishment of British houses of commerce in the large cities and commercial districts will considerably extend our trade with Asiatic Turkey and its depen-

dencies, as these houses, by studying and cultivating the taste and capabilities of the markets, and directly importing from home the articles necessary for their supply, as well as by this direct importation diminishing their prices to the consumer, by obviating the additional charges of land-carriage, double freight, interest, labour, and commission, that the obvious and necessary consequence of such reductions will be an increased demand and consumption. Again, a new opening, at present engrossed by the *French* and *Austrians*, will be found for the employment of our shipping in the Mediterranean; while the requisite protection to our commercial interests in those parts has been afforded by our government by the appointment of a consul-general in Syria—a measure that alone was wanting to rapidly develop our commercial relations with those valuable regions. It is, indeed, lamentable to reflect how long and how much our commerce with Asiatic Turkey has been neglected, solely from the absence of a consular establishment; while our European rivals have been securing to themselves a market which is just as open to us from the Mediterranean, and much more accessible to us from India by the Persian and Arabian Gulfs. In fact, in Syria we shall find a large population of producers and consumers—large, wealthy, and luxurious cities—a country full of valuable equivalents—a demand for the manufactures of Europe, and the productions of our East India possessions; for, we believe, we may lay it down as a commercial axiom, when no insurmountable obstacles exist, that where there is a rich, commercial, and enterprising city, with a population of 150,000 souls, the manufactures of this country *ought* to be advantageously introduced. Syria contains two such cities, with populations exceeding that number; in which, strange to relate, from the want of the necessary encouragement and protection on the part of our government till very lately, there did *not exist a single British establishment*. But a new era has dawned upon our commercial horizon; and, we doubt not that the enterprise of our merchants will eagerly avail themselves of a field so eminently calculated to neutralize the commercial stagnation of trade, that is at the present moment so paralyzing the energies of this country.

THE BLACK CARIBS.—A Tale.

"Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song."
SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen.*

"And so, Mustapha, you are to be sold to-morrow?" said a planter named Belgrave, to a handsome tall Mahometan negro of the Mandingo tribe. This man, like most of his nation, seemed, and was far more intelligent than the mean savage of the Coromanti, Moco, Eboe, Congo, and other tribes that were imported from Guinea.—"And so, Mustapha, you are to be sold to-morrow?"

"Yes, master; the provost-marshal has seized me in the name of the king, for taxes that my late mistress owed at her death."

"In your occupation of fisherman at Calliagua you must, I take it, have saved money; I suppose you intend purchasing your manumission?"

"How much, think you, will be offered for me?"

"You are an intelligent and well-behaved man; you will not be sold for less that 400 dollars."

"I have," said Mustapha, with a sigh, "not above 350. May I ask a favour of you? That you will attend the sale to-morrow, and offer all I possess for my purchase; should I be sold at a higher price than I can pay, yet not above what you conceive is my value, be pleased to buy me yourself, and I will give you no cause to repent it."

"I at present want no negroes, but such as are fitted for field-labour; for this your tribe in general, and you in particular, are little adapted; however, I will be in Kingston to-morrow, and do what I can for you."

With this assurance Mustapha departed.

The next day Belgrave was at the vendue (auction), attending the sale of the Mandingo. The first offer for his purchase was 300 dollars, by the marshal (a kind of sheriff), in whose house Mustapha resided since he was seized at the king's suit for taxes. Another person opposed the officer's bidding; and amongst the rest Belgrave offered 350 dollars. The marshal then offered 360, for he had resolved to pay as high as 500 dollars for him, so greatly did he esteem the good qualities of the Mahometan. Belgrave now offered 23 doubloons; and perceiving the marshal about to make another bid, he whispered in his ear "that he was trying to purchase the slave's manumission with money that he (Mustapha) had saved."

"Why did you not give me the hint sooner, and I would not have run up the poor devil's price?" said the marshal in a low tone; and he circulated what Belgrave had informed him amongst those in the auction-room; who, on receiving the intimation, would not oppose the slave's offer for his freedom; so that Mustapha was adjudged to Belgrave at 23 doubloons, or 368 dollars. The latter informed the

Mandingo that, on his paying him 350 dollars, he would duly emancipate him.

This generous offer Mustapha embraced with tears of gratitude; he had been free in Africa, and was one of the few West India slaves capable of appreciating the real blessing of liberty. During the arrangement of the necessary documents the negro made no audible declaration of his sentiments; but his eloquent countenance expressed eternal gratitude.

The inhabitants of St. Vincent's were, about that time, expecting to be engaged in a contest with a race of Indians inhabiting the island, called the "Black Caribs," a fierce and treacherous people. Intelligence had been received that the heads of the tribe had been negotiating with an abandoned miscreant from St. Domingo, named Victor Hugues, a bloody emissary from the French Convention, which was then in full force at Paris.

Victor Hugues had formerly been a baker at Marseilles, and had risen to his present rank by his peculiar talents and ferocity, scarcely to be paralleled, and certainly not exceeded, by anything the sanguinary French revolution produced. He was well acquainted with the West Indies, and was, therefore, chosen by the Convention to stir up the slaves of the Colonies to rebellion, and lead on brigands to massacre. He had already too well succeeded in his mission, and was then sending his agents of blood amongst the Black Caribs.

These barbarians (although they were uniformly treated with the greatest kindness by the English) were but too prone to listen to inflammatory proposals; so that the colonists were hourly expecting a war, similar to that which desolated St. Domingo.

The Black Caribs differ from every kind of Indian on these islands, or on the main. Of their origin nothing is known; but they evidently are not genuine Indians. They have precisely the appearance of what the Spaniards call Zambaigos; that is, the mixed race between the Indian and the negro; it is therefore conjectured that their progenitors were the red, or real Caribs, and some cargo of negroes shipwrecked off the island, or some of the Granadines. At what time this intermixture took place there is no record; nor have these people preserved the slightest tradition of their origin; nothing can be traced in their superstition which resembles that of Africa, yet they are distinct in form, features, and manners from any of the aborigines of this New World, and bear decided marks of being Zambaigos.

The war, as they expected, soon broke out, and was conducted by the savages and their Gallic abettors with a fiendish cruelty, the details of which make humanity shudder.

One night, during the height of those hostilities, Belgrave arrived at the mansion of a plantation on the fertile plain, beneath the souffriere,* which was at this time remote from the main scene of war. He rushed into the hall, bearing an infant of one year old in his arms; across his forehead was a deep gash, recently inflicted with a sword,

* This word is a general name for a volcanic mountain in the West Indies; those of St. Lucia and Guadeloupe bear the same appellation.

and his dress was covered with blood. He was followed by Mustapha, who carried a small chest, which, however, seemed very heavy: both were out of breath.

"Prepare to defend yourselves!" cried Belgrave; "the bloody savages come; they have just murdered ——." Here his voice failed; he added, "they have just butchered my wife—my poor Emilia! See! I have saved this dear innocent, whom the barbarians would have slaughtered—yes, they would have hacked to pieces my dear infant before her father's face.—But, haste, defend yourselves, or you are lost!"

The advice of Belgrave was instantly taken. The females of the establishment concealed themselves in the thick shelter of a neighbouring cane-piece. Every kind of arms procurable was seized on by all the white men on the estate, who assembled in the windmill, the only building capable of any thing like a defence, and the negroes swore they would protect their master's property while they could wield a weapon. A few of these known to be expert marksmen were taken up into the mill,* and as their supply of powder was limited, the great body of the slaves, armed with pistols, pikes, and cutlasses, were placed in ambush, and ordered to attack the brigands in the rear, should occasion serve. The command of this division was intrusted to Belgrave, whose sorrows were at the moment absorbed by thirst of revenge.

"Mustapha!" said Belgrave, "take this child; follow the women into the cane-piece, protect it—it is my last hope.—Look not at the chest—curses on the heap of gold.—Do as I bid you."

Mustapha placed the treasure in a remote part of the building; then caught up the child, and departed, while Belgrave, calling to the slaves to follow him, disappeared. Scarcely had these events taken place, ere the enemy, 200 in number, appeared, led by the noted chief, Chatoyer. They advanced with loud cries; many bearing torches, by the red glare of which they looked like demons exulting in their work of desolation. They burst into the house; but not finding its inhabitants, they rushed towards the sugar works. No one was to be found in any of the places examined; at length they proceeded to search the mill. Thither they went, but found the steps pulled up; while, at a signal, the whites, with a loud shout, showered down a quantity of missiles, such as heavy stones and ox yokes, which crushed and maimed numbers. The most daring began to scale the walls; but the missiles of the besieged descended on them with such irresistible force as to destroy all who were hardy enough to approach. Another party desperately attempted to scale the arms of the mill; these were slain by the same description of ponderous materials which destroyed their fellows. All this time a slow but steady fire was kept up on the enemy by the besieged; none but good marksmen were allowed to fire, and these too well knew the value of their scanty store of ammunition to waste it uselessly. At every discharge a man fell. The brigands seemed to hesitate; they had no great guns, and the brave occupiers of the mill were sheltered

* Windmills in the West Indies are much larger than in England.

from small shot, nor could their fortress be fired, it being of stone; in short, they were impregnable to such foes. The attack had already cost the banditti thirty of their bravest men, and at this period of incertitude they were suddenly and unexpectedly attacked in the rear by Belgrave and his party, who rushed on shouting and discharging their pistols. The enemy were struck with panic. Savages lose all courage when surprised; and the Caribs, in spite of all the efforts of their Gallic allies, fled in every direction, pursued by the negroes, and fired on from the mill—their victory was complete.

On examining the house, it was found that the brigands had attempted to fire it in several directions, but fortunately had failed. However, the chest, containing a valuable quantity of gold, jewels and papers, was missing; this, though a heavy calamity to Belgrave, was but slight compared with what he suffered that night. A party of negroes, sent to recal the females, found Mustapha stunned from a blow with the butt-end of a musket, and the child was taken away. The poor bereaved father was distracted at this most bitter blow; and his friends, justly conceiving that to attempt consoling him would be to mock his agony, called on him to revenge his murdered wife and child. No sooner was this proposed than he started, and inquired for Mustapha. But Mustapha, on recovering from the blow, had vowed to deliver the infant if alive, or perish in the attempt, and had disappeared, taking the direction of the routed enemy. At this instant, a party of Seton's Rangers came in search of the brigands; to which Belgrave immediately attached himself, to go in pursuit of the enemy.

The greater part of that night and the next morning was spent in tracing them; at length they surprised or rather intercepted them on the Balisle estate, near Wallilaboe Bay; the brigands occupied one precipice, and the rangers another, elevated 30 feet above them. Between these there was a deep defile, at the bottom of which ran a dark rapid stream. From the top of the precipice occupied by the Caribs to the stream was at least 150 feet, and there was but one steep descent, so narrow as to be capable of admitting but one person at a time. The brigands had been encountered during the night and routed by a company of grenadiers of the 95th regiment, and many had thrown away their muskets, to enable them the more quickly to retreat. The troops were following them up, and were then close upon their rear; while the rangers commanded their position, and from their greater elevation were enabled to keep up a deadly fire. Escape for the wretches appeared hopeless; when at the instant a gigantic Carib approached the edge of the precipice, and holding Belgrave's infant in his hand, exclaimed—

"If we are not allowed to descend this rock, I will dash the child to pieces; one more shot," said he, holding the infant over the terrible abyss, "and I'll keep my word."

"My child!" exclaimed Belgrave in agony—for he perceived the grenadiers close on their rear, who might sign the fate of his infant by firing. At this instant the report of a pistol-shot was heard, and the Carib who held the child staggered back and fell; but ere that had well taken place, the faithful Mustapha (who was concealed in the

narrow and steep path-way which led down to the stream) sprang up and caught the child from the wounded Indian. Scarcely had the Caribs time to rush on the Mandingo before the latter, with the courage of despair, leaped down into the awful dell, and with the child sunk into the stream. The fierce feelings of the combatants were stayed for a moment by the intense interest of the circumstance. They gazed in breathless suspense on the place where he disappeared; it was but a few seconds, for they beheld the gallant Mustapha rise to the surface, and, struggling his way to the opposite bank, hold up the infant in triumph. A loud huzza from the rangers greeted the deliverer, while at the same moment a volley in the rear of the Caribs announced the arrival of the grenadiers. The rangers from the elevated situation fired down upon them until the few survivors from the carnage called for quarters.

All this time Belgrave was embracing his child, and caressing its bold and faithful deliverer; but it was for the last time; his minutes were numbered. A shot had entered his side, and his face, now deadly pale, and his faltering accents, told its mortal effect. The dying man again embraced his child, and wringing Mustapha by the hand, said, "Protect my poor infant." He fainted, and expired without a groan.

This war was not brought to a close till March 1790, when Sir R. Abercrombie took St. Lucia, and thus cut off the barbarous enemy's supplies; after this he brought such a force that the greater part of the black Caribs, after maintaining the war until October following, surrendered, and were banished to the island Rollar, in the bay of Honduras.

I must now pass over nearly sixteen years in my narrative, during which time the proprietor of the estate near the souffriere, on which the attack was made the night previous to the death of Belgrave, humanely reared and educated the orphan Rosetta. The once ample fortune of Belgrave had been cruelly reduced by the Carib war; the chest containing gold, jewels, and, it was suspected, valuable papers, that was brought to the plantation by Mustapha, had disappeared; it was supposed to have been taken off by the brigands; the buildings and cultivation of the fine estate of Belgrave's were burnt; the greater part of his negroes had been butchered in cold blood by the Caribs; of the remainder some had been forced into the service of the brigands and slain, some few had deserted to St. Lucia and Guadaloupe; eighteen able slaves and some children only remained; with these it was useless to attempt cultivating the ruined plantation, so that the faithful Mustapha proposed to the orphan's guardian to work them, whereon he could find advantageous employ, and rent her land to neighbouring estates. To this prudent project the latter consented, and entered into arrangements with the Mahometan to employ them principally on the estate where Rosetta was educated. Mustapha managed matters so prudently that he soon augmented the number of the slaves considerably by applying their gains and the emoluments derived from lands to new purchases; so that in 1812 Rosetta possessed above fifty able negroes, when her faithful African protector meditated the resumption of her lands, and the repairing of the

sugar works; but to do this he wanted capital, and was unacquainted with the system of raising money by loan and mortgage.

Meanwhile Rosetta grew in age and loveliness: though but seventeen, she was very tall and of womanly proportions. Her slender form was elegantly modelled, and her complexion delicately white; her visage had not the rosy bloom that dyes the faces of England's beautiful daughters: a lighter tinge overspread her velvet cheeks, but not less lovely. A placid smile of sweetness beamed occasionally in her countenance, which indicated that she possessed a soul at peace with itself and with all around; her large dark eyes were neither sparkling nor languishing, but expressive of that benevolence of disposition which is more vividly displayed by the fair of the Caribbean islands than by any other class of beings with whom it has been my lot to mingle.

About this time, *i. e.* early in 1812, arrived on the estate on which Rosetta resided a nephew of the proprietor, a young man of the most engaging appearance and accomplishments. By the advice of his uncle, Charles had crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of arranging some matters relative to a deeply mortgaged estate that his father had bequeathed him. The elder Melburn had nearly ruined his property by extravagance. His, however, was not selfish prodigality; he had incumbered his plantation with debt from having the weakness of never being able to refuse any favour asked of him. His son Charles inherited some of this disposition.

On the young man's arrival in St. Vincent, his uncle proposed a plan of giving up for a certain time his estate to the mortgagees, on condition of receiving a sum sufficient to establish him in the army, and an annuity. To this Charles agreed, yet, somehow or other, he never could be brought to conclude the business.

Living in the same mansion with Rosetta Belgrave, every reader who is conversant either with the romance of life, or the romances of the Minerva library, will conceive that the parties were in duty bound to fall in love with each other; and the fact so fell out—in love of course they fell.

One evening Rosetta was seated in a gallery, while before her knelt a little negro girl, whom she was teaching to pray, Charles approached her, but, not wishing to interrupt her devout task, he stood aside and observed her; never did she look so amiable. Charles gazed at her until he mentally lamented his own ideal unworthiness in comparison with such an angel. He felt that sweet emotion stealing over him which most feel once, and none experience a second time—it belongs alone to the youthful and sincere. The little negress having finished her devotion, Rosetta saw Charles in the gallery.

"I have been here some minutes, Miss Belgrave, and stood aside, not wishing to disturb your lesson of piety," said he. "I come to beg a favour of you."

"This must surely be something more serious than he usuallytalks about," thought Rosetta, "for I never saw him look so grave before." She inquired, though rather tremulously, after the nature of the requested favour.

"I come to entreat pardon for one of your negroes whom your venerable major-domo has put in the stocks. The old man is called Eboe Jack."

Whether this was exactly the nature of the expected communication, it is impossible to determine, as the young lady did not exhibit any outward signs of disappointment. She merely expressed her astonishment, as the old man in question had been for some time exempt from labour. Our old friend Mustapha was sent for, and during this time the subject of Charles's departure was talked of. This was a very fertile topic; but Charles could not fix a time.

"There are some difficulties in the way with the mortgagee," said he; "and in truth, Miss Belgrave, I feel so attached to this spot that I scarcely wish to leave it for the army."

"I shall much regret your absence," said Rosetta, scarcely meditating what she spoke. Charles sighed, and with tenderness inquired—

"To what cause am I to attribute that regret?"

The question, to the surprise of Rosetta, had such an effect on her that she felt a burning blush on her cheek, and stammered some unintelligible reply.

Had Melburn possessed common penetration in love, or much experience in the hieroglyphics of the heart, the deep blush of Rosetta would have told a tale on which he might have made a commentary; but further colloquy was interrupted by the arrival of Mustapha to inform her of the state of some of her people who were slightly indisposed. Rosetta now asked grace for the old negro, Jack Eboe; at which Mustapha looked grave, and informed her that, as she requested it, he would let him out of the stocks that night; but he added that Jack had been detected in robbing a fellow-slave of ten dollars—"a crime," added the Mandingo, "for which in my country he would have had his right hand cut off. He wants nothing; he is exempt from work, and is known to have saved a very considerable sum of money."

This business settled, Charles retired to his chamber, and meditated on what happened to him—his hopeless attachment. Young gentlemen who are in love delight in misery;—yet despairing as his love was, he felt an indescribable delight in nourishing the passion. At times he tried to banish all thoughts of Rosetta, by reflecting on his future prospects; in a moment he commenced a system of air-castle building, in which kind of architecture lovers are generally great adepts. He imagined that he was serving under Wellington in the Peninsula—in a moment he had surmounted all the intermediate grades between an ensign and a field-marshal.

He was recalled from some of these aërial fancies by missing from his table his own miniature; he wondered the more, as things of the kind are seldom stolen by negroes; he inquired in vain of the domestics about the house if they saw it; the next day, to his surprise and gratification, he found the miniature in its accustomed place; he therefore conceived some of the servants had taken it merely to look at.

Shortly after, Melburn received a message from Rosetta, requesting

him to accompany her as far as Jack Eboe's cottage, which was about a mile from the estate. During their short journey Miss Belgrave informed him that the negro was dying, and had sent for both, expressing a great desire to see them and Mustapha ere his death.

They entered the hut in which lay the old Eboe negro; they found Mustapha there already. Jack, at seeing Miss Belgrave, muttered something in his native tongue which they could not understand, and then earnestly desired to be left alone with his mistress; at the same time begged Mustapha and Charles not to be beyond call; his looks were haggard, and his complexion had been changed by sickness from its sable to a yellowish hue.

"Mistress," said he, in a low tremulous voice, "I am now departing to the land of my fathers. I know I shall go there, for I never suffered the white priest to sprinkle over me his charmed water; the assembled Eboe negroes will shortly dance over the grave of him whom the white man called Jack, but who in his country was and will be called Oorra, which signifies 'the cunning.' Do not, my mistress, hinder this ceremony from being performed, as I never was baptized.* But this is not what I called you for. I have wronged you—deeply wronged you; I have plundered you, the unprotected orphan of my late kind master: often have I wished to restore my ill-gotten wealth, yet never was I able to conquer that strong attachment for gold which marks all my race; but now, on the eve of speeding across yon roving ocean to the land of my fathers, will Oorra make restitution. I am no Christian, yet there is something in my heart which tells me that the curse of the Great Spirit, which white men pray to, will attend him who robs the orphan, yet makes no restitution! Yet ere I do that, promise me one thing."

"What is that?"

"That you will look with favour on that noble youth who but now quitted this chamber, if he ever asks you to become his wife. He loves you—I know he does; and he has been kind to old Jack Eboe, who obtained kindness from few because he bestowed it on none."

"What, in the name of Heaven," stammered Rosetta, "has induced you to make such a request?"

"No matter; promise to comply, and you shall be rich: refuse me, and I speed to the shores of the Eboes, and your treasure lays buried until the billows of the main shall roll over this island. What, do you hesitate? Think you I bequeath you but the savings of the bondsman?—even that is worth inheriting; but I can make you mistress of the wealth your father lost the night ere his death; I have concealed it ever since; over this secret I have brooded, nursing it like revenge, which is at once the joy and torment of the injured."

"What say you, old man?—for the sake of Heaven do not deceive me: remember, you are now on your death-bed."

"I know it; even at this moment the blood of life grows chill in

* It is customary for Africans in the West Indies to dance only over the graves of such as have not been christened.

my limbs; but I do not deceive you; I have injured you too much already to do that."

"Where is my father's fortune?"

"Promise to comply with my request, and you shall know."

"Old man, old man!" said Rosetta, "why do you seek to impose such a condition on me, without having any knowledge of my feelings; but if you force me to a confession——"

"Mistress," said the dying man, "there are no other ears but mine, and in a few minutes they will close."

"If it will render your last moments more happy," said Rosetta, in a subdued tone, "I promise what you require?"

"Enough," said the Eboe, "I am satisfied. Call in old Mustapha and Charles Melburn.—Now, listen to me," said the African. "Buried in the earth, immediately beneath my head, you will find a calabash containing ten times as many dollars as there are notches in this bed-post; for every ten I cut a notch; this I bequeath to Rosetta Belgrave: and at the back of this hut you will perceive a covered fowl-house; remove the mass of woura* at the bottom, and immediately below the earth you will find a small chest. I do not bequeath her that, for it is hers; it was I who, one hundred and sixty moons since, carried it from yonder house the night when you, Mustapha, brought it there, and when the black Caribs burst on the plantation. (The Mandingo muttered some expression of bitter recollection.) I know you call me villain; so are all men villains for gold: for this does the white man traverse trackless oceans, guided by his invisible gods; for this he converses with the viewless spirits of his books; for this he wars; for this he toils: and may not the poor Eboe, too, act the villain to obtain and hoard the treasure which the white man thinks he enjoys not, because he secretes it? He little dreams that the recollection of his possession cheers the wretched bondage of the despised Eboe, and makes him bear oppression that drives the savage Coromanteean to rebellion, the gentle Angolean to suicide, and the desponding Moco to swallow the dirt trodden by man and beast. The Eboe's god is Hybony, who gives gold and precious stones to the earth, and rivers of the sand;—he alone is worthy worship. Remember, beneath the trash of my fowl-house, you will find the long-lost gold and jewels of Rosetta Belgrave. The Christian negroes, who were regardless of the Obia-bag suspended over its roof, have sometimes plundered my poultry; yet little thought those daring men of the riches beneath them. What said I? yes, do not dig it up until I am departed; I could not bear the sight of my long-buried wealth in another's hands."

He paused, and after looking wildly around him, said, "I have told you all, Rosetta; obey my injunctions—and now I speed to the land of my fathers." The negro with a faint voice commenced chanting an uncouth Eboe song, which at best has a peculiarly harsh and melancholy sound; but now, being uttered by the dying heathen with his failing and sepulchral voice, it was oppressive in the extreme; his chanting grew fainter and fainter, until it gave way to

* Dried cane-leaves.

that awful rattling in the throat which is the forerunner of death. Rosetta could not endure the scene; she was borne from the cottage fainting to an adjoining negro's, where she remained till she was sufficiently recovered to return home. At Melburn's return to the Oboe's he found his uncle had arrived, to whom they recounted what had taken place. Mustapha procured a spade, and the treasures were found precisely in the spot described by Jack, who was just dead. In a large calabash was found nine hundred dollars; the chest was carefully wrapped round with a goat's skin dressed with poisonous herbs, which effectually kept it from insects and moisture that so abound in a tropical climate; over the lock was fastened an egg-shell, containing a farago of trash well known by the appellation of Obia; they could not discover any key, so they forced the lock, and found therein gold coins to the amount of four thousand pounds stirling; a valuable set of jewels, which belonged to Rosetta's mother; and, what was of greater value than all, the copies of several heavy bonds, and three mortgages of estates in the neighbouring islands. The friends of Belgrave were in part aware that he possessed these at his death; yet his house, books, and papers left at Calliagua having been destroyed during the Caribbean war, nothing was known for certain; but, though several of the parties whose bonds he held had died, and were bankrupt since Belgrave's death, yet such of the documents as were still valid were of sufficient amount to render Miss Belgrave opulent.

Rosetta now reassumed the estate of her father, the old mansion underwent repairs, and she left the plantation of Melburn, where she had so long been protected. Her faithful Mahometan guardian repaired the dilapidated and long-neglected sugar-works, which had been completely hidden in the thick mass of bushes that in sixteen years had grown over the water-mill, boiling-house, and distillery. All her friends and neighbours came with joyful countenance to congratulate Rosetta on the restoration of her long-lost wealth; but amongst all none hailed her change of fortune with greater delight than her slaves. The old negroes, who had faithfully served the orphan child of their late master for sixteen years, looked upon themselves and their lovely mistress with pride, and spoke to her with a joyful familiarity; not one of them but would have perilled his life for her sake.

Rosetta appeared to receive the congratulations of her friends with gratitude, but scarcely with joy; for, amongst the number of her visitants, Charles Melburn was seldom seen, he conceiving that her good fortune had placed her further from him than ever. She thought of her promise to the dying negro, but it seemed that she would not be called upon to fulfil it. A circumstance, however, occurred of a terrible nature, which, amongst other *denouements*, likewise brought about that of this tale.

The plantation of Melburn and Rosetta stood on a fertile and extensive plain, which commenced at the base of the souffriere, and extended with gentle declivity to the north-east shore of the island. Nothing could surpass the romantic and picturesque appearance of the mountain, which is the last of a chain called Morne or Garon,

elevated 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. From this mountain descended many a limped stream and rapid river, which, passing through the plain, set in motion the various sugar-mills, and fertilized the land. The surface of this mountain bore various marks of its volcanic formation; yet, notwithstanding the lava, sulphur, and fused metal every where discernible on its soil, the powerful influence of tropical heat and moisture had clothed it with beautiful vegetation. The toil of the planter was every where visible. The apparently sterile surface was shaded by luxuriant and gigantic forest trees. The crater was about half a mile in diameter, and 500 feet in depth. In the centre of this gulf rose a conical hill to the height of 300 feet. Notwithstanding the upper part of this elevation was strewed with virgin sulphur, and that from some fissures on its top issued a thin, white smoke, which at night seemed tinged with azure flame; yet both the cone and the inside of the huge basin were beautifully garnished with a countless variety of dwarf-trees, brush-wood, vines, and aromatic shrubs. The Maroon parties, in the habit of visiting the crater, frequently bathed in two small lakes situated at the foot of the cone; one was of pure water, the other was strongly impregnated with sulphur, and supposed to possess medicinal qualities.

The whole appearance of the souffriere indicated that at some period it had been terribly convulsed; yet neither the aborigines, nor the Black Caribs, have preserved any tradition of such an event.

When Rosetta left Belgrave, and on her road homewards, she felt a violent trembling of the earth; in alarm she hastened towards her house; but ere she gained it, the subterraneous concussion increased most awfully, and was accompanied with that rumbling noise which usually attends earthquakes. Terribly appalled, she relinquished the rein, yet, although her horse was was within a few yards of his stable, he would not proceed, but laid his ears on his neck, bristled his mane, trembled violently, threw himself back upon his haunches, extended his nostrils, and, with eyes gleaming with the frenzy of affright, looked towards the top of the mountain. Rosetta looked toward the volcano, when she beheld such immense volumes of dense black smoke bursting from the top of the souffriere, that the atmosphere was darkened. She shrieked; when, in an instant, she was lifted from off her saddle by the faithful Mustapha, and conveyed into the house.

The crater now threw up millions of tons of grey sand, which descended like a rain-storm on every part of the island, until it was covered with a sombre livery. The colony had an indescribable appearance; the green smiling landscapes were instantly changed, as though by an enchanted wand. For three days this sand-shower continued and increased, until every particle of vegetation was incrusted with it. On the third day at noon, the smoky column took a red hue, and burst forth with a dreadful force; the clouds which issued forth almost eclipsed the sun—its rays were superseded by the sheets of flame which illumined the atmosphere with the sanguine glare of Tartarus. The island and all on it, animate and inanimate, "shook like a coward." The air was strongly impregnated with a sulphureous odour; the volcano roared with a deafening sound; while, as the under-notes of this awful concert, were mingled the

cries of birds as they were beaten to the ground by the showers of ashes, the howling of domestic animals, the lowing of affrighted and starving cattle, the moaning of negroes, and the shrieks of Indians who abandoned their settlements and fled to the capital.

The hour of eve arrived, and brought with it accumulated horrors; the burst of flame from the crater increased in extent and fury, rushing upwards into the clouds, which were continually rent asunder by azure flashes of lightning. Countless objects of terror were added to this spectacle—pieces of metallic substance, of various forms and sizes, like shells and rockets, flew in all directions through the thick smoke which hung over the volcano, and fell with deafening crash; through the mass of liquid fire darted large globular bodies of red lava, which ascending higher than the flame, exploded, and either fell back into the raging gulf, or precipitated themselves amongst the cultivation of the island, or on the dwellings of its inhabitants, which were instantly in a blaze. The lava now poured out of the northern side of the mountain. In vain was it opposed by a huge point of land, the burning mass so increased that it surmounted all opposition. Taking the form of an inverted pyramid, this infernal torrent rushed down the mountain, carrying woods and rocks in its course; and, precipitating itself into a large ravine, the blazing stream reached the sea. "It seemed," to use the words of a spectator, "as though the fires of central hell had burst their dungeon, and were trying to spread themselves over the earth."*

An earthquake, more severe than any yet felt, now agitated the island; to this succeeded a heavy fall of cinders, and this again was followed by a fall of stones mingled with fire, by which many lost their lives; these showers continued all the night, and until the afternoon of the next day (May the 1st), when the souffriere seemed to have expended its tremendous rage, and sank into solemn silence; it, however, burned for six weeks after, but without doing further injury.

Such was the dreadful eruption of the souffriere of 1812; the damage sustained by this visitation was incalculable; so heavy a quantity of ashes covered the island that famine would have resulted but for the prompt benevolence of the neighbouring colonies. Barbadoes, though eighty miles to the windward of St. Vincent, was covered several inches deep with grey sand, although the weather was quite calm; and terror was spread over the island by the approach of the utter darkness, which continued for four hours and a half. In Trinidad, at a distance of three degrees of longitude, so loud and continued did the thunders of the volcano sound that the regular troops and the militia were put under arms, it being supposed that the reports proceeded from hostile fleets engaging. The beautiful appearance of the souffriere was entirely destroyed, in so much that the Indian born and bred in its neighbourhood scarcely believed it to be the same mountain that his eyes were accustomed to survey; all its beautiful forest was destroyed; the conical mount

* These expressions were used by a Black Carib, who, with many of his tribe, was so frightened with the event described above, that he abandoned his land, and settled at Toco, in Trinidad.

disappeared; a yellow-coloured lake supplied its place, and a new crater was formed on the N. E. side; some rivers and ravines were dried up, or their courses filled with lava; others, being forced from their channel, sought a subterraneous course. Years after, some of these broke through their barrier and sought the sea, carrying away men and buildings.

But to resume the narrative. It was in the afternoon of the 30th of April, when Melburn, fearing some accident might befall Rosetta, set out from his uncle's estate to visit her. He made his way through a shower of sand, and, on arriving near the old dwelling, to his agony and dismay he found it in flames; a mass of fire had fallen on the end, by which it was entered; and to complete his horror he heard Rosetta shriek for help. The house was built of wood, and rested upon pillars elevated eighteen feet from the ground. He attempted to pass up the wooden staircase, but it was wrapped in flames. Charles possessed the rapidity and active courage that generally characterizes the West Indian, in which respect they yield to none. Defeated in his first attempt, with the speed of lightning he sprung up a tall cocoa-nut tree that grew beside the blazing house; from the top of this he leaped on the part of the roof not yet on fire. By his heavy plunge the old shingles* gave way beneath him, and the house having no ceiling he fell on the floor of the hall. In an instant he was on his feet, and beheld Rosetta at the window; the negroes were below encouraging her to leap. This she feared to do: not a moment was to be lost: to catch her in his arms, hold her out of the window, and drop her down, was the work of an instant, and the people below caught her without the slightest accident. He heard a favorite negro girl of Rosetta's cry; he caught her up and dropped her out also, but with less success than her mistress; the infant was severely but not fatally injured in the fall. Although, from the time of his ascending the cocoa-nut tree till he threw out the child, but a few seconds had elapsed, yet he had not one moment to lose; so quickly the conflagration spread that his dress was scorched ere he could leap out of the window, which he did safely. He followed the group of negroes who were conveying their fainting mistress into the sugar works, which were fire-proof, to recover her. He relieved them of their lovely burthen, and flew with her to the asylum, but in so doing made a discovery which satisfied him on a point which had long and bitterly agitated him. As he delivered his fainting charge to her woman, a locket, which she always wore in her bosom, became disengaged from its concealment, and fell. On taking it up, Charles, with feelings little short of transport, found it to contain a miniature likeness of himself! He instantly remembered the time he missed the miniature he had brought from England, and the fact became manifest to him that Rosetta had caused it to be taken and copied. While he was indulging in the joy of his discovery Rosetta became gradually restored, and her first expression was—"Where is Charles? where is my deliverer?" Melburn's joy was complete.

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* Thin strips of wood used as tiles.

The days have passed when an author could minutely record all the events of a marriage, and take space to describe his heroine's dress on the occasion; he can now only remark that at the dwelling of this amiable pair he passed two days, during a too brief sojourn in St. Vincent; and if they did not consider their choice happy, and had no reason to bless their situation, they must have been extraordinary hypocrites.

Mustapha had lodged the treasure belonging to his mistress with a respectable merchant in Kingston the first day of the eruption of the souffriere; he is now on the verge of extreme old age, but he enjoys good health, and is always with Rosetta's children, telling them stories of the war and the bursting of the souffriere; but none of his tales he relates with such delight as that in which he gives the account of how he saved their mother from the Black Caribs.

ST. CATHERINE'S HILL.

Time wears—a few fast fleeting hours remain
Before I launch on life's tempestuous main,
That dangerous tide by darkling clouds o'ercast,
Which leave each hour uncertain but the last.
But yet before that dark abyss I try,
And spread my sail beneath an unknown sky;
Here let me pause, with feelings ill defined,
And breathe one last farewell to all I leave behind.

Thou grassy steep, that rear'st thy fir-crown'd head,
The towering monarch of the peaceful mead,
While yet I view thy summit known so well,
Receive a son of Wykeham's last farewell.
Yes, I have loved upon thy dizzy brow
To gaze upon thy fair domain below,
Thy meadows water'd by a thousand rills,
Yon barren amphitheatre of hills,
Till my glad eye exulting wide to roam,
Sought far beyond them all my island home.
Then while thy sister mountain met my gaze,
Half seen, half melting in the distant haze,
Each well known spot my fancy would explore,
Thread the deep woodland, climb the rocky shore,
Or tread, if summer blazed with scorching beam,
The moss that fringed Medina's infant stream.

Farewell, perchance these feet no more shall tread,
In all the joy of youth, thy grassy head,
No more survey thy vale in all its charms,
Peaceful as infant in its mother's arms;
Yet long on thee the mind shall love to dwell,
Still view each sunny hill, each shelter'd dell;
And though I see, on fortune's billows tost,
My hopes all shipwreck'd, all my prospects lost,
Yet still to thee my heart shall fondly turn,
Feel joys forgotten in its bosom burn,
Retrace its boyhood, taste the wish'd repose,
And, in the peace of youth, forget its manhood's woes.

Winchester College, 1821. R. C. S.

CLAVIGO: A TRAGEDY;

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖETHE).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Clavigo.—Keeper of the Royal Archives.
Carlos.—Friend of Clavigo.
Beaumarchais.
Guilbert.—Brother-in-law to Beaumarchais.
Buenco.
Saint George.

WOMEN.

Maria Beaumarchais.
Sophia Guilbert

SCENE—MADRID.

ACT I.—*An Apartment in* Clavigo's *House.**

Clavigo *and* Carlos.—Clavigo *rising from a writing-desk.*

Clav. This paper will produce a considerable sensation, it will enchant the women. Tell me, Carlos, don't you think my periodical is now one of the first in Europe?

Car. In Spain, at least, we have no modern writer, who unites so much power of thought and glowing imagination, with such a brlliiant and flowing style.

Clav. Yes! I must create good taste among the people. Men are open to receive various impressions. I have acquired a fame among my fellow-citizens; and, between you and I, my knowledge increases daily, my sentiments expand, and my style becomes purer and more nervous.

Car. True, Clavigo! but don't take it unkindly if I say, your productions pleased me much better when you wrote at the feet of Maria, while the dear sprightly creature influenced you. I don't know; but the whole had a more vigorous, a more blooming appearance.

Clav. Ah! those were happy times, Carlos; but they are passed now. I frankly own I wrote then with a more open heart, and, in truth, I owe to her one-half the applause, which, from the very beginning, the public bestowed on me. But, after all, Carlos, one soon gets satiated with women; and, were not you the first to commend my resolution, when I determined to leave her?

Car. You would soon have been spoiled. There is such monotony in them. But it is high time now to look out for some new object; there is nothing to be done while you continue so totally undecided.

Clav. The court is the object I aim at, and to reach that requires unceasing activity. Have I not done pretty well for a foreigner, who came here without rank, name, or fortune? Here at a court!—amidst a throng

* In a review of Göethe's Posthumous Works in the last Foreign Quarterly, it is stated that Göethe, at the request of a lady, dramatized the story of "Clavigo" in eight days. However short the time of producing this tragedy, it is a great favourite with us, and we think quite worthy the genius of the great Poet of Germany. We are not aware that any translation has hitherto been given to the public. The story has been told—and powerfully and beautifully told—on canvas, by that youthful genius, Theodor Von Holst, and appeared at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. We confess that it was this exquisite picture which induced us to offer to our readers the present translation.

of men where it so difficult to obtain notice? I feel a tranquil joy while I contemplate the way I have made. Beloved by the chief of the kingdom; honoured for my knowledge—my rank; keeper of the royal archives! These thoughts stimulate me, Carlos; I should be nothing should I remain what I am. Mount!—mount!—but climbing requires labour and address! With the exercise of a mastery of wit, and the women! women!—we trifle away too much time with them.

Car. Foolish fellow! there is your weakness. I can never live without women either; but they are no impediment to me. To be sure, I don't say so many pretty things to them, nor am I to be consoled for months together with sentiment, and the like; and therefore I detest having to do with your virtuous girls, for scarcely have you chatted a little with them than you are clogged with them: and when you have insinuated yourself into their good graces, the devil seizes them with thoughts of matrimony and proposals of marriage, which I dread as I do the plague.—You are thoughtful, Clavigo.

Clav. I cannot shake off the recollection of having left Maria—betrayed call it, if you will.

Car. Strange! yet it seems to me we exist but once in the world—have these powers, these prospects but once, and he who does not make the best of them is an idiot; and to marry—to marry! just at the time when it may be said you are soaring into life—to domesticate, to retrench, before you have made half your way—half your conquests. That you loved her was natural, that you promised her marriage was a folly: but if you had kept your word, it had indeed been madness.

Clav. Well, I can't comprehend man. I loved her sincerely; she captivated me and bound me as with a spell; and as I sat at her feet, I swore to her—I swore to myself, it should be thus eternally, that I would be hers as soon as I had obtained office and rank; and now, Carlos!

Car. It will be time enough when you have succeeded—when you have reached the desired end—that you then seek, by a prudent alliance with some considerable and wealthy family, to crown and fix your fortunes.

Clav. She is vanished—quite vanished from my heart. Were it not that her unhappiness at times crosses my brain——alas! that one should be so changeable!

Car. It would surprise me more if you were constant. Does not every thing in the world change? Wherefore should our passions be immutable? Comfort yourself—she is not the first woman who has been forsaken, nor the first who has consoled herself. If I may advise you, there is the young widow opposite——

Clav. You know such proposals don't suit me. An intrigue which does not arise quite accidentally has no power to captivate me.

Car. Some folks are over delicate——

Clav. So it is. But don't forget that our main object now is to make ourselves indispensable to the new minister; Whal having given up the governorship of India is disagreeable for us. However, I do not feel apprehensive; his influence remains. Grimaldi and he are friends. We can prate, and bow——

Car. And think and act as we please.

Clav. That is the main point. (*Rings—To a Servant*) Take this sheet to the printer.

Car. Shall I see you this evening?

Clav. I hardly know—perhaps you will look in.

Car. I should like a little something this evening in the way of amusement. I must write all the afternoon. My work is never done!

Clav. Well, well. If we had not laboured for so many, we should not have raised ourselves above so many. (*Exeunt*)

Scene changes to Guilbert's *House.*

Sophia Guilbert, Maria Beaumarchais, *and* Don Buenco.

Buen. You have had a restless night?

Sop. I told her she would last evening. She had such an ungovernable flow of spirits, and chattered till eleven o'clock; then she became overheated, could not sleep, and now sighs and weeps incessantly.

Mar. Alas! my brother is not come! He should have been here two days ago.

Sop. Have patience—he will soon come.

Mar. (*Rising.*) How eager I am to see this brother, my judge and my deliverer. I scarcely remember him.

Sop. Oh! I can imagine him well. At thirteen he was a fiery, sincere, brave boy as ever lived.

Mar. A noble, great soul. You have read his letter. He writes as though he participated my wretchedness. Every syllable is engraven on my heart. "If you are guilty," he writes, "then expect no mercy; but added to your misery you shall feel the weight of a brother's scorn and a father's curse. If you are innocent, O! then, ample vengeance, all burning vengeance on the betrayer!" I tremble at his coming. I tremble not on my own account, I stand before God in my innocence.—You must, my friend!——I know not what I wish! O Clavigo.

Sop. You are a heedless girl! You will fret yourself to death.

Mar. I will be calm! I will not even weep. I think I have no more tears to shed! and why should I weep, unless with sorrow that I embitter your life? For, in reality, what cause have I to complain? I enjoyed much pleasure while our friend lived. Clavigo's love to me was infinite happiness, perhaps more than my love was to him; and now what remains? What gratification remains for me? What gratification for a girl should he break his heart with remorse

Buen. For God's sake, Mademoiselle!

Mar. Can he feel the same—now he no longer loves me? Ah! why am I not more worthy his love?—But he should pity me!—pity the poor girl to whom he has made himself so indispensable—who must now drag out a wretched existence without him.—Pity! I would not be pitied by a man.

Sop. Would I could induce you to despise him—the worthless, hateful fellow!

Mar. No, sister, worthless he is not. And should I then despise whom I hate?—Hate! yes, often do I hate him—often when the Spanish spirit comes upon me. Even now, oh, even now, as we met him, his look inspired me with the sincerest love!—But, when I returned home and remembered his conduct, and the cold, unmoved glance he cast upon me while at the side of his glittering Donna, then I became in heart a Spanish woman—I grasped my dagger, grew envenomed, and disguised myself.—You are amazed, Buenco!—'Tis all imaginary.

Sop. Foolish girl!

Mar. My imagination conducted me into his presence—I saw him at the feet of his new beloved, lavishing all the professions of devotion and humility, with which he poisoned my soul.—I aimed my dagger at the heart of the betrayer!—Ah, Buenco!—At once the good-natured French girl became herself again, who knows no love potions nor dagger for revenge. We are deficient in these.—We have vaudevilles to lecture our lovers, fans to chastise them, and, if they become false—tell me, sister, what do they do in France when lovers prove untrue.

Sop. They execrate them.

Mar. And——

Sop. And let them go.

Mar. Go!—then why should I not let Clavigo go?—If that is the custom

in France, why should it not be so in Spain?—Why should a Frenchwoman be other than a Frenchwoman in Spain?—We will let him go, and take another.—They do that too with us, I believe?

Buen. He has broken a solemn promise, not a mere romantic slight attachment. Mademoiselle, you are injured, afflicted to the inmost core; never did my insignificant station in life, of an humble burgher of Madrid, afflict me so much as now, since I feel myself too weak, too powerless, to execute justice upon this perfidious courtier!

Mar. When he was merely Clavigo, before he became keeper of the royal archives, a stranger newly introduced into our house, how amiable he was, how good! All his ambition, every effort, seemed to be the offspring of his love. For my sake he struggled to obtain name, station, fortune; he has obtained them and I——

Enter Guilbert.

Guilb. (*Aside to his wife.*) Your brother is arrived.

Mar. My brother! (*Agitated they lead her to a chair.*) Where! where! let me see him! conduct me to him!

Enter Beaumarchais.

Beau. My sister! (*Hastily turning from the eldest to the youngest.*) My sister! my love! oh sister!

Mar. Are you come? Thank God you are come.

Beau. Let me recover myself.

Mar. My heart, my poor heart!

Sop. Calm yourself. Dear brother I hoped to see you more tranquil.

Beau. More tranquil! Are you then tranquil? do I not see in the blighted form of this dear one, in your tearful eyes, in your pallid cheeks, by the dead silence of your friend, that you are as miserable as I pictured to myself throughout my journey? And more miserable——for now I see you, I hold you in my arms, your presence redoubles my feelings—Oh, my sister!

Sop. And our father?

Beau. He will bless you, and me if I vindicate you.

Buen. Sir, permit a stranger, who at the first glance recognizes in you a noble, brave man, to express the sincere and cordial sympathy he has felt at this calamity. Sir! you have undertaken this immense journey to vindicate, to avenge your sister. Welcome! you are welcome as an angel, though you put us all equally to the blush.

Beau. I hoped, Sir, to find such hearts as yours in Spain; which spurred me on to take this step. I never despaired of finding generous souls, to sympathise and assist, and if but one steps forth to countenance our pursuit, it acts as an incentive to our resolution. And, oh! my friend, I have that hopeful expectation! There are excellent men to be found in every place amongst the great and powerful, and the ear of majesty itself is seldom deaf; although our voices are often too weak to ascend thus high.

Sop. Come, sister! come! She is quite insensible. *They lead her away.)*

Mar. My brother!

Beau. God grant, you are innocent, and then vengeance upon the betrayer! *(Maria and Sophia exeunt.)* "My brother!" My dear sister! I see by your countenance you are innocent. Let me collect myself. And then—a clear impartial relation of the whole history—That shall determine my actions. The consciousness of having a good cause will strengthen my resolution; and believe me, if we are in the right, we shall find justice.

ACT II.—Clavigo's *House.*

Clav. Who can these Frenchmen be who have been announced? Frenchmen! Once this name was welcome to me!—And why not now? It is

wonderful, a man who is set over so many is himself bound with a silken cord.—Away!—Do I owe more to Maria than to myself? And is it a duty to make myself unhappy, because a woman loves me?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The foreigners, Sir.

Clav. Show them in. Did you inform their attendants that I expected them to breakfast?

Serv. As you commanded, Sir.

Clav. I shall return directly. *(Exit.)*

Enter Beaumarchais *and* Saint George. *Servant places chairs for them, and exit.*

Beau. I am so delighted! so happy! my friend, that I am here at last, that I have him—he shall not escape. Be you calm—at least appear so. My sister! my sister! who could have believed you to be as innocent as you are unhappy? The day will come when you shall be amply avenged. And thou, gracious God! preserve the calmness of soul which thou hast vouchsafed me in this moment, that I may act with all prudence and moderation in this horrible affliction.

St. George. All your prudence, all your reflection and caution, my friend, which you have learned from experience, I challenge on this occasion; and once more, my dear friend, let me intreat you to bear in mind where you are: in a foreign country where all your friends, all your gold, will not secure you against the private machinations of an unprincipled foe.

Beau. You be collected. Act your part well—he will not know which of us he has to deal with. I'll torture him. O! I am just in the humour to roast the villain at a slow fire.

Enter Clavigo.

Clav. Gentlemen, I feel great pleasure in receiving men from a nation which I have always esteemed.

Beau. I hope, Sir, we may be found worthy the honour you are pleased to do our countrymen.

St. George. The desire of becoming acquainted with you overcame our fear of being troublesome.

Clav. Persons of such prepossessing appearance should not carry their modesty so far.

Beau. You can scarcely be regarded as a foreigner, to foreigners who visit you, since you have made yourself as well known in distant kingdoms by the excellence of your writings, as you are distinguished in your own country by the eminent office which his majesty has conferred upon you.

Clav. The king shews much kindness for my slight services, and the public extend great indulgence to the insignificant essays of my pen. I wish to contribute in some measure to the improvement of taste in my country, and to the extension of science; for it is these chiefly which unite us with other nations; it is these which create friends in the remotest regions of the earth, and preserves the most grateful intercourse even among those who, alas! are often separated by state policy.

Beau. It is delightful to hear a man talk thus who possesses an equal influence over the state and sciences, and I own you have completely anticipated me, and your sentiments lead me at once to the business which has drawn me here. A society of learned and estimable men have commissioned me to institute a correspondence in every place I may pass through, and find opportunity, between them and the literati of the kingdom. Now as no Spaniard excels the author of the weekly papers signed "The Thinker," with the writer of which I presume I have the honour to converse (*Clavigo bows courteously*); and one peculiar ornament of this learned writer being to unite with his talents so great a degree of pru-

dence, that he cannot fail to attain that splendid exaltation to which his knowledge and character entitle him, I believe I could not render my friends a more pleasurable service than uniting them with such a man.

Clav. No proposal could afford me a sincerer gratification, gentlemen; it fulfils the pleasing hope which my heart has long entertained without having had any prospect of realizing it; not that I imagine myself competent to satisfy the wishes of your literary friends, my vanity does not carry me so far; but as I have the pleasure of communicating with the ablest men in Spain, nothing can remain unknown to me that is accomplished throughout the kingdom in the arts and sciences even by private or secluded individuals. Thus I have hitherto regarded myself as a trader with the trifling merit of making the inventions of others popular; but I shall now become, through your interposition, a merchant, who has the good fortune to extend the reputation of his native country by an exchange of home productions, and thereby enrich it in foreign estimation. Therefore, Sir, permit me to treat the man who makes so agreeable a proposal to me, and with such frankness, as a friend, and allow me to ask what business has brought you such a distance? Not that I wish to satisfy any idle curiosity; no, believe me, I rather ask from the purest motives, that I may use whatever influence I may at any time possess in your favour; for I forewarn you that you are come to a place where a foreigner, more especially at court, has to encounter innumerable difficulties in transacting his affairs.

Beau. I accept your generous offer with my best thanks. I have no secrets to communicate, Sir; and my friend here will not interfere with my narration, as he is fully informed of what I have to say to you. *(Clavigo looks attentively at St. George.)* A French merchant with a large family, possessing but little fortune, had numerous correspondents in Spain. One of the richest of them, about fifteen years ago, came to Paris, and made him this proposal, "Give me two of your daughters; I will take them to Madrid, and provide for them. I am single, old, and without relations. They will constitute the happiness of my old age, and, at my death, I will leave them one of the most considerable mercantile establishments in Spain." The eldest and one of the youngest sisters were intrusted to him. The father undertook to supply the firm with the French goods they might desire; and thus had good prospects every way, till the correspondent died without having in any way provided for his protegées, who, consequently, found themselves in a most grievous predicament, having to begin a new trade alone. In the mean time, the eldest married; and, notwithstanding the slender state of their finances, they gained many friends by their good conduct and sweetness of disposition, who alternately exerted themselves to extend their credit and business. *(Clavigo becomes more attentive.)* About this time, a young man, a native of the Canary Islands, was introduced into their house. *(All vivacity forsakes Clavigo's countenance, and his seriousness changes at times into embarrassment, which becomes more and more perceptible.)* Notwithstanding the lowness of his condition they complaisantly received him. The ladies perceiving in him an ardent desire to learn the French language, facilitated by every means his acquiring considerable knowledge in a short time. Eager to gain a name, the thought struck him of setting up at Madrid the yet unknown gratification of a weekly publication in the style of the English Spectator. His patronesses failed not to assist him to the utmost of their power. They doubted not that such an undertaking would succeed. Stimulated with the hope of soon becoming a man of some consequence, he ventured to make proposals to the youngest. She gave him hopes, "Try to establish yourself," said the eldest; "and when you have obtained an office, gained favour at court, or by any other means aquired a right to think of my sister, then, if she prefers you to other suitors, I will not refuse you my consent." *(Clavigo moves in his*

seat in the deepest perplexity.) The youngest declined many considerable matches; cherished a passion for the youth, which helped to support her under cares attendant on uncertain expectations. She interested herself in his happiness as for her own, and stimulated him in the composition of the first paper of his weekly publication, which appeared under very promising auspices. (*Clavigo in extreme embarrassment.*) The work was astonishingly successful. The king himself, delighted with their beautiful production, bestowed on the author public tokens of his favour. He was promised the first considerable office which should become vacant. From that moment he distanced all rivals from his beloved, and he openly paid his addresses to her. Their marriage was delayed solely in expectation of the promised provision. At length, after waiting six years of uninterrupted friendship, assistance, and love on her part; after six years of devotion, gratitude, attention, and the most sacred assurances on his part, the office appears, and he vanishes. *(A deep sigh escapes Clavigo, which he endeavours to conceal, and is quite disconcerted.)* The affair created great sensation, and an eclaircissement was expected. A house for two families had been hired. The whole town talked of it. The ladies' friends were enraged, and sought for vengeance. They applied to the powerful patron, but the trifler, who was already initiated in the cabals of the court, knew how to render their endeavours fruitless, and went so far in his insolence, that he dared to threaten the unhappy girl, ventured to tell those friends who waited on him that "the Frenchwomen had better be cautious;" he warned them "how they injured him, and if they dared to undertake any proceeding to his prejudice, it would be an easy matter for him to ruin them, as they were in a foreign country, without protection or assistance." The poor girl, upon this information, fell into convulsions, which threatened her life. In the depth of her misery the eldest wrote to France an account of the open insult which had been offered them. The intelligence fearfully agitated their brother, he applied for leave of absence in order personally to give advice and assistance in this embarrassing affair; he has flown from Paris to Madrid. That brother am I! who have left all—country, duty, family, rank, fortune, to revenge in Spain an innocent, unhappy sister. I come armed with the justest cause, and a thorough determination to unmask a betrayer, with sanguinary purpose to show him his base soul!—That betrayer—art thou!

Clav. Hear me, Sir!—I am—I have—I doubt not——

Beau. Do not interrupt me. You have nothing to say, and much to hear. Now to make a beginning, be so good as to explain before this gentleman, who has come with me from France expressly, whether my sister, from any faithlessness, levity, weakness, bad habit, or any fault, has merited this open insult from you.

Clav. No, Sir; your sister, Donna Maria, is a lady full of intellect, amiability and virtue.

Beau. Has she, by her conversation at any time, given you occasion to complain of her, or to esteem her less?

Clav. Never! never once!

Beau. (*Standing up.*) And why monster! had you the cruelty to torture the poor girl to death? because her heart preferred you to many others, who were all richer and more honourable than you.

Clav. Oh, sir! if you knew how I have been instigated—how I, through many advisers and circumstances——

Beau. Enough! (*To Saint George.*) You have heard my sister's exculpation —go and circulate it. What I have further to say to this gentleman needs no witness. (*Clavigo rises. Saint George exit.—To Clavigo*) Stay! stay! (*Both sit down.*) As we have gone so far, I will make you a proposal to which I hope you will assent. It is neither your wish nor mine that you should

marry Maria, and you must feel that I am not come to play the part of a brother in a comedy, who requires an explanation, and procures a husband for his sister. You have premeditatedly insulted an honourable girl, because you believed her destitute of succour or the means of revenge in a foreign country. Thus acts the base coward. Now, in the first place, write with your own hand voluntarily, with open doors and in the presence of your servants—that you are a detestable villain, who has betrayed, deceived, and, without the slightest cause, humiliated my sister, with this declaration I shall go to Aranjuez, where our ambassador resides, show it, have it printed, and after to-morrow it will be disseminated through the court and town. I have powerful friends here, have time and money, and I will employ them all to persecute you most relentlessly, until my sister's anger be appeased, and she herself arrests my efforts.

Clav. I will not make this declaration.

Beau. That I believe, for, perhaps, were I in your place, I should be equally unwilling to do it. But this is your alternative. If you do not write it, then I will remain; from this moment I will not leave you, but will follow you about until, weary of such fellowship, you seek to rid yourself of me by the sword. If I prove more fortunate than you; without seeing the ambassador, without having spoken with a single person here, I will take my dying sister in my arms, place her in my carriage and return with her to France. Should fate favour you, I have done my duty, and you may then laugh at our cost; meanwhile the breakfast! *(Rings the bell. A servant brings chocolate. Beaumarchais takes his cup, and walks about the adjoining gallery, viewing the pictures.)*

Clav. Air! Air!—Thou art taken unawares—caught like a child—where art thou, Clavigo? How wilt thou end this?—How canst thou end it?—Horrible dilemma, into which thy folly, thy treachery, have precipitated thee! *(Seizes his sword from the table.)* Ha! brief—and easy. *(Replaces it.)* And is there no way, no alternative, but death—or murder! horrible murder!—To rob the unhappy girl of her last comfort, her only succour, her brother!—To shed the blood of this noble, brave youth!—And thus load thyself with the insupportable curse of a family doubly injured!—O! that was not the prospect in the early days of our acquaintance, when that amiable creature attracted thee by her numberless charms! And, when thou didst forsake her, sawest thou not the frightful consequences of the shameful act! What bliss awaited thee in her arms! in the friendship of such a brother!—Maria! Maria! O that thou couldst forgive! that I might at thy feet expiate all with my repentant tears!—And why not?—My heart overflows; my soul swells with hope!—Sir!

Beau. What, have you resolved?

Clav. Hear me! My treachery to your sister is not to be excused. Vanity misled me. I feared the accomplishment of my hopes, that my prospects of a life of celebrity would be destroyed by this marriage. Could I have known she had such a brother, she would have appeared in my eyes no insignificant foreigner; but, I should have anticipated the most considerable advantages from this union. You inspire me with the highest esteem; and while you make me deeply feel the injustice I have done your sister, you infuse a desire, a power, to redress the wrong. I will throw myself at her feet! Oh, aid me! Aid, if it be possible to obliterate my guilt, and end this misery. Restore me your sister, Sir; bestow her on me! How happy should I be to receive a wife from your hand, and pardon for my misconduct.

Beau. It is too late! My sister no longer loves you, and I abhor you. Write the desired declaration, that is all I require of you. And leave to me the task of accomplishing my revenge.

Clav. Your obstinacy is neither just nor judicious. I grant you, that now,

it does not depend upon me to redress an injury of so depraved a character. Whether I can redress it? that depends on the heart of your excellent sister, whether she will condescend again to look on a wretch who does not deserve to behold the light of day. But it is your duty, Sir, to consult her wish, and act accordingly, if you would have your conduct construed otherwise than the excess of youthful impetuosity. If Donna Maria is inflexible—Oh! I know her heart! Oh! her generous angelic soul hovers in full perfection before me! If she is inexorable, then it will be time enough, Sir—

Beau. I wait for the declaration.

Clav. (*Going to the table.*) But if I have recourse to my sword!

Beau. (*Going.*) Very well, Sir! Beautiful, Sir!

Clav. (*Detaining him.*) One word more. You have a just cause. Allow that I possess some skill. Think on what you are doing. In either case we are inevitably lost. Should I not sink with pain and anguish if your blood stained my sword, and I were to rob Maria of her brother, too, in the midst of all her unhappiness; and then—the murderer of Clavigo would not measure back the Pyrenees.

Beau. The declaration, Sir, the declaration!

Clav. Be it so, then. I will do every thing to convince you of the sincerity of my intentions, which your presence has inspired. I will write the declaration. I will write it from your dictation; only promise not to make use of it until I have had an opportunity of convincing Donna Maria of my changed, repentant heart. Till I have spoken with her sister—till she has kindly interceded for me with my beloved—wait till then, Sir.

Beau. I am going to Aranjuez.

Clav. Well, then, you will keep the declaration in your portfolio till you return; if by that time I have not obtained forgiveness, let your vengeance take its course. This proposition appears to me just, proper, moderate; and if you will not agree to it, then let the game between us be for life or death; but whoever falls, the victims of your precipitancy are still yourself and your poor sister.

Beau. It becomes you to pity those you have made unhappy.

Clav. Does my proposal satisfy you?

Beau. Well, I consent! But not one moment longer. At my return from Aranjuez I shall inquire—learn! and if they have not forgiven you to my satisfaction, I immediately send the paper to the press.

Clav. (*Taking paper.*) How do you desire it?

Beau. Sir! in the presence of your domestics.

Clav. Why so?

Beau. You order them into the adjoining gallery. It shall not be said I forced you to do it.

Clav. What scrupulousness!

Beau. I am in Spain, and have to deal with you.

Clav. Now then! (*Rings.—Enter Servant.*) Call my household together, and assemble here in the gallery. (*Exit Servant. The Domestics come and seat themselves in the Gallery.*) You leave it to me to word the reparation?

Beau. No, Sir! write, I beg—write as I dictate. (*Clavigo writes.*) "I, the undersigned Joseph Clavigo, keeper of the Royal Archives—"

Clav. Archives—

Beau. "Acknowledge that I, after having been most cordially received into the house of Madame Guilbert—"

Clav. Madame Guilbert—

Beau. "Have deceived her sister, Mademoiselle von Beaumarchais, with reiterated promises of marriage." Have you written that?

Clav. Sir!

Beau. Have you another term for it?

Clav. I should have thought—

Beau. "Have deceived." What you have done you can surely write.—"I left her without knowing any failing or weakness on her part to furnish a pretext or apology for this perfidy—"

Clav. Now!

Beau. "On the contrary, the conduct of the ladies has been always pure, irreproachable, and worthy of all veneration—"

Clav. Of all veneration—

Beau. "I acknowledge that by my conduct, the levity of my discourse, and the interpretation to which these were subject, I have openly humiliated this virtuous lady, for which I implore her forgiveness, although I do not deem myself worthy of obtaining it." (*Clav. stopping.*) Write! write! "Which acknowledgment I have given unrestrainedly and voluntarily, with this especial promise, that should this not be esteemed sufficient satisfaction to the injured, I am ready to give it in any other manner that may be required.—Madrid."

(*Clavigo rises, beckons to the servants to retire, gives Beaumarchais the paper.*)

Clav. I have to do with an injured but a noble man. You will keep your word then and defer your revenge. With this expectation solely and with this hope have I with my own hand written this disgraceful paper, whereto nothing else could have impelled me. But ere I venture to appear before Donna Maria I have determined to commission some one to speak to her for me,—and that person is yourself.

Beau. Do not rely upon me.

Clav. At least tell her the bitter heartfelt repentance you have witnessed in me. That is all I desire of you; do not deny me this. I must choose another, though a less powerful intercessor, but you owe her at least a true relation; tell her, therefore, the state in which you find me!

Beau. Well, that I can and will do. And so adieu.

Clav. Farewell! (*Offers his hand, Beaumarchais draws back, and exit.*) So unexpectedly hurried from one situation into another. One grows giddy; dreams as it were!—I ought not to have given this reparation.—But it came upon me so suddenly, as unexpected as a thunder storm!

Enter Carlos.

Car. What visiter have you had? The whole house is in an uproar. What does it all mean?

Clav. Maria's brother.

Car. I guessed as much. That old dog of a servant of mine, who formerly lived with Guilbert, now I recollect, told me yesterday he was expected. So he has been here?

Clav. A most excellent youth.

Car. Whom we will soon get rid of. I have already hit upon a plan!—Well, what's the upshot? a challenge? an apology? Was he terribly hot, the jockey?

Clav. He desired a declaration that his sister gave me no cause for the desertion.

Car. And did you make it?

Clav. I thought it right to do so.

Car. Good—very good! Has nothing else transpired?

Clav. He insisted upon a duel or the reparation.

Car. The latter was the most prudent, for who would risk his life in so romantic and idle a matter? And was he furious in his demand of the paper?

Clav. He dictated it to me, and I was obliged to summon my servants into the gallery.

Car. I understand! ah! now I have you, young gentleman! That will do for him; call me a novice, if I have not my youth in safe keeping within these two days, and shipped to India by the next transport.

Clav. No, Carlos, the affair is different to what you think it.

Car. How?

Clav. I hope through his mediation, and my own earnest endeavours, to obtain pardon from the unhappy girl.

Car. Clavigo!

Clav. I hope to blot out the past, to restore lost tranquillity, and thus again become an honourable man in my own and the world's esteem.

Car. The devil! are you struck childish? It is easy to see you are a scholar.—To suffer yourself to be so cajoled! Do you not perceive that this is a plot designed to entrap you?

Clav. No, Carlos, he will not hear of marriage. They will not listen to any proposal.

Car. That's the right pitch. Now, my dear friend, do not be angry, but I have seen them in comedies cozen a country younker to just the same tune.

Clav. You wrong me—I beg you will spare your wit about my marrying, for I am resolved to marry Maria voluntarily and from pure inclination. All my hopes, all my happiness, rest on the thought of obtaining Maria's forgiveness, and then away with pride! On the bosom of my love there still dwells a heaven as before. All the fame I acquire, all the greatness to which I may be elevated, will yield me a double gratification, a twofold exaltation, for Maria will share them with me. Farewell! I must away! I must now have some talk with Guilbert.

Car. Stay only till after dinner.

Clav. Not one moment. (*Exit.*)

Car. (*Looking after Clavigo for some time in silence.*) Every man plays the fool once in his lifetime. (*Exit.*)

END OF ACT II.

(*To be continued.*)

GREECE AND ROME,

A BRIEF COMPARISON OF THE INFLUENCE OF GREECE AND ROME ON CIVILIZATION.

It will at first sight seem to most persons a paradoxical assertion, that civilization is more indebted to the Romans than to the Greeks; but on considering the matter more minutely, we shall find that a part at least of the apparent paradox arises from a confusion of ideas which exists in our own minds with respect to the causes and tokens of the progress of civilization. We are dazzled by the splendid genius of the poets, orators, and philosophers of Athens, and allow our admiration for them to lead us into the assumption that the influence of Greece and Rome on the progressive improvement of the human race must have been proportionate to the merits of their literature. We forget that literature is the evidence, and not the cause of civilization; that the weight of that evidence does not depend so

much on the intrinsic merit of the works, as on the external refinement of the composition: the barbarians must have made considerable progress in improvement before they could either enjoy the Grecian writings or receive benefit from them; and we are not to conclude that Greece was more civilized than Rome, because she was more prolific in authors of original genius. We must of course concede to Greece the priority in point of time in all those arts and refinements which constitute civilization; we must concede to her the first considerable improvements in social policy, and we must allow her the merit of having created literature from the rude chaos of the cumbrous and mystic learning of Egypt and Phœnicia; but it is important to observe that until the universal dominion of Rome diffused these advantages over the world, they were neither seen nor felt out of the immediate pale of Greece and her colonies, with the single exception of the palaces of the Macedonian dynasties. But the influence of arts and refinement in promoting civilization, must always be secondary to that of laws and government; and though we cannot be insensible of the benefits conferred by Rome on mankind by the diffusion of the former, it is on the latter that her advocate must rest her claim of superiority over Greece. The first point then in the consideration will be a comparison of the circumstances under which Rome and Greece came in contact with the barbarous nations. The Romans, in the progress of their victories, reduced the inhabitants of the conquered countries to the condition of their subjects, and from motives of gratitude or conciliation gradually admitted many of them, in different degrees, to the privileges of Roman citizenship; the provinces were administered by Roman magistrates, were to a certain extent under the influence of Roman laws, and their tranquillity was protected and their allegiance secured by the presence of Roman troops. As soon as the Romans began to add the arts of commerce to those of war, many of them were induced by interest or convenience to settle in the conquered provinces, and of course with the number of resident citizens the extent of the application of Roman law was increased. It cannot be denied that the administration of the pro-consuls was always arbitrary and often oppressive, and that the operation of two co-ordinate systems of law must have been productive of serious inconvenience; but the occasional rapacity of a few magistrates was amply compensated by the introduction of quiet and subordination, and the laws of the provinces were gradually assimilated to the Roman jurisprudence. If, on the other hand, we turn our attention to the intercourse of the Greeks with the barbarians, we shall find that, with the exception of the Macedonian conquest, they rarely stood to them in any other relation than that of masters to domestic slaves. It is true that Grecian colonies were settled in Italy and Sicily, on the shores of the Euxine, and the coast of Africa, but they still remained emphatically Grecian cities; their intercourse with the neighbouring nations was confined to commerce, and they never attempted to govern them as their subjects.

If again we look to the Macedonian provinces of Egypt and Asia, we shall find that any civilization that they imparted was confined to

the immediate vicinity of their own courts. The libraries of Alexandria and Pergamus might be enriched with the treasures of Grecian learning; their schools and porticos might echo the instructions of Grecian professors; but there the effect stopped, the Ptolemies and Scleucidæ were mere Eastern despots, the affairs of individuals were still regulated by eastern customs and eastern jurisprudence, and the maxims of eastern policy still prevailed in the councils of the state.

Thus far, then, Rome may surely challenge, if not a superior, at least an equal share in the improvement of the human race; but the principal basis on which her claims must rest is yet to be considered. After a long decay, during which civilization gradually degenerated into frivolous luxury, the empire was dismembered by the Teutonic and Tartar nations; the rudeness of the savage conquerors obliterated every trace of refinement, and mankind relapsed into a state of almost primitive barbarism. The effects of Oriental despotism, and the narrow spirit of Mahometanism checked the progress of improvement in the east, which in the west was almost as effectually retarded by the feudal system and the Papal supremacy. Now it was, when, to all appearance, Rome could no longer either promote or obstruct civilization, that her influence was most effectually and beneficially felt; it will hardly be denied that the effects of the feudal system were checked and modified by the introduction of the Roman jurisprudence. The barbarians who established themselves in the dismembered provinces of the empire, seem to have adopted one or other of two systems; either they retained their own customs, at the same time permitting the former inhabitants to regulate their affairs by the Roman code, or they endeavoured to digest from both such a body of laws as might be best suited to the wants and prejudices of the combined nations. In either case, the rude practice of the Teutons would be refined by the more subtle and more politic legislation of the Romans—in the latter by the immediate admixture, in the former by the slower, though not less certain process of gradual amalgamation. That the influence of the civil law, and the progress of improvement among the European nations must have been considerable, may be inferred from the fact, that though Italy was torn by domestic wars, and harassed by foreign invaders, yet it was there, where that law was most studied and respected, that the first dawn of returning civilization appeared. But it may be replied that the Romans themselves originally borrowed their legal institutions from Greece, and, as this argument, if grounded in truth, is decisive on the question, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine its foundation. The twelve tables of the Decemvirs must be considered as the root and origin of the Roman law; and it must be admitted that the whole of the tenth table, together with several detached laws, were borrowed from the code of Solon; and that the legislators were assisted by the advice of the Ephesian Hermodorus. Down to the time of Hadrian these continued to be the text, though overwhelmed by the multitude of popular decrees and imperial rescripts; but the strict simplicity of the ancient code was insufficient or inconvenient in the more complicated transactions which arose out of the growing prosperity of the state, and the system of the Roman law must, in fact,

be considered to have arisen out of the decisions of judges, and the interpretations of civilians. From the reign of Hadrian to that of Justinian, numerous alterations and additions were made by successive emperors, and several codes were published by private lawyers, or by the imperial authority. The edifice of Roman jurisprudence was completed by Dorotheus, Theophilus, and Tribonian, under the auspices of Justinian; and, ever since that time the three works which they published, under the title of the Code, the Digest, and the Institutes, together with some subsequent edicts, collected under the title of the Novels, have remained the only authentic exposition of the civil law. What share then can Greece claim in this glorious monument of Roman wisdom? Long before the promulgation of the code of Justinian the rigid maxims of the twelve tables were in disuse, and the multiplicity of legal fictions, invented by the ingenuity of successive prætors for their evasion, is the only symptom of their being at all regarded; and even of these twelve tables, the only connected portion which we can prove to have been borrowed from Greece, relates to a subject of no greater importance than the regulation of funeral ceremonies.

There still remains to be taken into the account the facility which the universal dominion of Rome must have given to the progress of Christianity; after the cessation of the miraculous gift of tongues, the existence of an universal dialect would be a powerful auxiliary to the propagation of the Gospel. Through the whole extent of the Roman empire the Latin or Greek language was understood and spoken, and thus the ambition of Rome became subservient to the cause of religion. In this merit at least, Greece can claim no share; the captious infidelity of the Platonic school, and the subtilizing spirit of Greek theology have more obstructed the reception of Christianity than all the open persecution of the Pagan emperors. If then, it appears, from a careful examination, that the two surest bases of civilization, pure religion and judicious laws, owe more to Rome than to Greece, it will be sufficiently obvious to which the preference must belong: it cannot be denied that Greece is the parent of arts and literature, of sculpture and architecture, of poetry and philosophy; bu, however conducive these may be to exterior refinements, however conducive that refinement may be to the advancement of civilization, they must still yield the superiority to the more solid and permanent benefits conferred by Rome.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

He who Runs may Read.—Strange things, indeed, may he peruse who runs or walks through the streets of London. We were trotting along Fleet-street a few mornings ago, when the following notification in a shop window caused us to slacken our pace:—"Artificial eyes of superior vivacity and clearness of expression."

We closed one of our natural eyes, in order that we might re-read with more clearness this recommendation of the fictitious or factitious orb.

"Superior"—superior to what?—to the common natural, or to other ingeniously manufactured eyes? To the former, doubtless. Upon the retina of these artificial eyes no objects are inverted; no—it is "glass, this side upwards." Imagine the "superior vivacity" of an ogle, or the clearness of an expressive glance! They are at once eyes and spectacles—the material of the one and all the merit of the other.

We found ourselves on the afternoon of the same day in Oxford-street. Here our old-fashioned eyes enabled us to read in a tea dealer's window this commendably candid advertisement:—"A bad article is dear at any price—*Try our six shilling green.*"

There was a raciness in this which we could by no means resist; a kind of Pekoe flavour. Too ingenuous man!—or was it intended as a philanthropic warning? And yet you urge us to "*try* your six shilling green." How came so strange a notion to enter into your *canister?*

A Short-sighted Politician.—We find the following mournful announcement in the last number of the "Quarterly Review."—"We confess, with equal sincerity and sorrow, that we do not see our way through the difficulties that press—almost in our opinion equally—upon the governments of France and England. All is doubt, disorder, and dismay. We are in a moral earthquake, and what portions of the social edifice may survive the shock, or what shelter the unhappy survivors may find among the ruins, no mortal eye can foresee."

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? If the reviewer cannot see his way through the difficulties that beset us, and if, as he alleges, no mortal eye can foresee the consequences of this moral earthquake, we would advise him to possess himself of two artificial eyes, which will perhaps enable him to catch a glimpse of the spirit of the age, with "superior vivacity and clearness of expression."

During the present total eclipse of the Quarterly, however, we think the reviewer should, in justice to his subscribers, cry out, in the words of the estimable tea-dealer, "A bad article is dear at any price—*Try our six shilling green.*"

Birds of a Feather.—The following exclusive information is from the York Courant:—

"*Departure Extraordinary.*—Mr. Staveley, of Clifton, having been at Scarborough for the past few days, the attractions of that delightful resort, it appears, were not complete in their charms, so long as he had not his favourite companion to enjoy them with him. Accordingly his *goose*, whose singular attachment we have before recorded, was forwarded on Tuesday morning last by the royal mail, and ere this will doubtless have had its share of curious admirers, as it ambles by the side of its aged friend on Scarborough sands."

We confess that we cannot see any thing extraordinary in this instance of affection between two such evidently congenial minds as the respected Mr. Staveley and his feathered friend. Is there any thing so wonderful in two old geese waddling side by side on Scarborough sands, that they should become the gossip of a watering place? The confidential cackle of such an interesting pair ought to be respected. By the way, as the 29th of September is approaching, we would advise Mr. Staveley on no account to let his friend go out alone, and to take particular care of himself. Michaelmas day is a day fatal to his family; and it is well known that Scarborough people are great sticklers for the ancient custom.

Saintly Sinners.—How many have complained of the vexation and frivolous manner in which certain members of the House of Commons are wont to occupy the "collective wisdom" of the country? What important measures have been postponed or hurried through the House, that a Mr. Buckingham may have leisure to whine over the votaries of Hodges' gin and Barclay's brown stout, and prove himself a Draco in the matter of drunkenness? How many unhappy creatures are writhing beneath the lash of the debtor's law, that sanctified hypocrites may shine forth in all the odour of sanctity, and continue their unrighteous crusades against the humble sabbath enjoyments of the poor? Out on such miserable, wretched quacks,—panders to the intolerance of small sects—self-elected apostles, who would propagate their creed by constables' staves—force their opinions upon the world by the power of law, and encourage lying and deceit by act of parliament! Why cannot these people be satisfied to be allowed to mew and mouth in their own domestic conventicles, without thrusting their unwholesome doctrines upon society? Why cannot they be content to wear the vizard to their own hoodwinked, besotted disciples, without continually challenging the gaze of a sharp-sighted world? If these men would but divide among them one grain of honesty and benevolence, they would at once abandon their proceedings as full of wickedness and all uncharitableness.

Equity Equestrians.—The following paragraph has been going the round of all the London newspapers:—

"It is a singular fact that of four *successive* Lord Chancellors—Thurlow, Loughborough, Eldon, and Brougham—not one was ever seen on horseback. The same may be said of the two Vice-Chancellors, Sir Anthony Hart and Sir Lancelot Shadwell. Sir John

"Leach, the Master of the Rolls, is the only equity equestrian of any note."

It is a singular fact that Lords Erskine and Lyndhurst broke the chain of succession which has been so ingeniously linked together by the paragraph maker. So much for the singularity! Lord Brougham, of the four chancellors cited, is known, when a young man, to have been accustomed to equestrian exercise. So much for the fact!

It is a singular fact, by-the-by, that the "singular facts" recorded in newspapers are almost invariably singular fictions. "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction," said the poet; but our paragraph-makers tell us strange things, without resorting to truth. There is a vast mine open for them—will no one attempt to discover a vein?

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.—Mr. Cobbett, in a recent number of his Register, concentrates a great deal of wisdom in a line or two of excellent prose, when he says—"They may talk of the spirit of the age as long as they like; but the spirit of this age in England is, what is meant in all other ages—an appetite for plenty of bread and meat, and a thirst for plenty of good beer."

We give our unqualified assent to the truth of this proposition. Beef is beneficial in a moral and intellectual point of view; nor is pudding unproductive of ideas that may march in accordance with the spirit of the times. Good beer also is irreproachable in itself, and engendereth much active thought. It is *meet* that men should feel a constant craving after sirloin; nor is he a pudding-headed fellow whose head is diligently employed in compassing the required amount of pudding. The only infallible and influential organs of the public mind are the digestive organs.

EXTRAORDINARY AMENITY.—We find in a country newspaper this quaint epistle, which for delicacy of refined sentiment is hardly to be equalled in the whole range of English letter writers:—

"*Reciprocity.*—The following is a literal copy of a billet sent by the clerk of a parish in Warwickshire to a neighbouring friend of the same calling:—

Dere John

Wull you bury my wife and ill bury yourn ony uther day when you want me i shall be very happy any time

I ham

yours to be obliget

William Turner."

Here we see the heroic struggle between duty and inclination. He feels that he must not do that which his own heart prompts him to perform, and he affectingly demands of his friend, "Will *you* bury my wife," &c. But he should not have added, "I'll bury yourn," &c.; for how could he suppose that another man could be found to resist the temptation? Besides, it was calculated to impress upon the other's mind an idea of selfishness; as though he would fain have him in the

same boat—as though it were to be a mutual sacrifice. No, no—" I'll bury yourn" was decidedly in bad taste.

The Bath Road.—Travellers bent upon reaching any particular place, are sometimes at a loss to know the shortest cut to their destination. In various parts of the country convenient finger-posts have been erected with minute directions, the following of which is in most cases productive of the required success. It has been deemed, however, of some importance to the traveller to make plain unto him that such and such roads are *not* the direct way to any given spot. Let the following exemplify :—There is a sign-board on the turnpike-house, at the entrance to the Frome road, at Warminster, with the following inscription—" Poor Travellers will please to take notice, that Frome is not the direct road to Bath. Persons applying for assistance will not be relieved, but committed to prison."

We have frequently heard an answer given to a poor wayfarer on the world's highway, who has craved assistance—" Go to Bath ;" but we do not remember it to have been coupled with the important caution, " Do not go by the way of Frome." The generous churchwardens and overseers of this place form but an epitomized abstract of the world at large. When a poor man requires assistance he is not relieved, and frequently finds himself under the necessity of going to prison.

Barefaced Impudence.—We are indebted to a country paper for the following legal decision by one of our judges. Important, if true ; and, if true, we shall ascribe it to Mr. Justice Parke.

" Some short time ago, a prosecutor, bountifully furnished with whiskers, applied to the Court over which Mr. Justice P. presided, for his expenses. ' I won't grant your expenses,' replied the Judge. ' I am astonished you should ask for your expenses—a man with such whiskers ! Never saw such whiskers in my life. Sir, your whiskers are disgraceful—they're indecent—the Court won't grant expenses to a man who wears such whiskers—shameful—scandalous !

It may not be out of place to inquire, if large whiskers do not carry costs, what may be the legal admeasurement of such capillary ornaments, entitling the wearer to beneficial results of that nature? How may the prosecutor be instructed in the mystery of abridging his whiskers " to a hair ?" It may be well also to ascertain whether beards are unpropitious towards that end—how wigs stand affected, and whether bald heads are at a premium ?

Orange Exterminators.—Ireland is the only country in the world wherein the old and unextinguishable hatred between Catholics is fanned and made to burn fiercer. The case lies within a narrow compass : a religion is planted upon the Irish soil which centuries have not made to take root, and because the people have resisted its introduction from the beginning to the present time, they are stigmatised as all that is vile ; because the sheep refuse to be shorn by any other than their own shepherd, they are contumacious : if they

will not submit to the clerical shears, they must undergo the process from cutlasses and bayonets. This might do very well during the ages of barbarism or in the Tory times, when might was right; but times are rapidly changing, and people begin to think of *jus'ice.* Talk of the right of the Irish clergy!—they have *no* right; they are, then, on sufferance, and might be ejected at a moment's warning. The two churches of England and Ireland hold no parallel; the one has been chosen and established with the consent of an entire nation, and sorry should we be to see harm happen to it: but the other is an imposition by a stronger upon a weaker people. If the government of this country really intended to establish protestantism in Ireland, they would adopt any other method than through the pockets of their intended converts; but the Church of Ireland was never intended in any other sense than as a provision for hungry dependants: and these have now looked upon it so long as their own, that they consider an order to refund, a robbery. There never was so execrable a spirit of religious intolerance displayed by either Catholics or Protestants round the blazing fires of Smithfield, as that boldly avowed by the highest and noblest of the Orange party at the late Dublin meeting. The language there used was a foul disgrace to any Christian community; the bitterness of rancour filled their cup to an overflow—for little short of the blind madness of an infuriated zealot could possess a *Christian divine,* when he loudly and vehemently called upon the assembly to *exterminate the bloody popish rebels!* one among the crowd called out "*There is the true blood of a Beresford.*" This was a bitter sarcasm—the Beresford has been indeed a name of gall to Ireland.

Strayed Lambs.—In a northern paper we find the following advertisement:—

LAMBS LOST.

TWO HALF-BRED LAMBS, marked on the far side with the letter H, were lost in returning from Melrose Fair; whoever may have found the same is requested to give notice at the Kelso Mail Office, and any one found hereafter detaining them will be prosecuted.

August 25, 1834.

The owners will have a long journey to come ere they recover their lost sheep; for one, by a most extraordinary circumstance, has found his way into Downing-street, and is now actually at the head of his majesty's government; of the other we cannot give such distinct information, but if the owner will look into the place-list, it will afford him all the intelligence he requires.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Mr. Arnold has succeeded triumphantly in his efforts to introduce the genius of English composers to the English public, and we are truly happy to second all the praise and wish him all the profit to which he is so eminently entitled. English composers have been hitherto strangers in their own land. With the exception of Bishop, no one pretending to any rank in the profession has had the slightest chance of success; every attempt has been strangled at the larger theatres, and then the old lying cry has been raised that we have no talent in England. The two operas which Mr. Arnold has introduced must have convinced the public that the fault does not rest with English composers, but with the quacks of managers, who seem to think any talent preferable to native talent. Wild beasts from all quarters of the world and motley mountebanks have kept possession of the national stage to the exclusion of such men as Mr. John Barnet and Mr. Loder, who might have remained in obscurity had they not fortuuately found this field for their fame. It only shows the positive necessity—if our theatres are to be made profitable to the proprietors and advantageous to the public—that they should be under the management of gentlemen and men of taste—men who can understand and appreciate genius, both dramatic and musical—who do not belong to that class whose highest ambition it is to copy the very lowest and most licentious portion of the French stage, without possessing the mind to grasp its higher and more intellectual qualities. Until the proprietors of the national theatres think fit to consider some other qualification necessary for a manager and lessee than security for a sum of money, we despair of ever seeing the drama rescued from its present degraded state. There can be no doubt but that the English Opera House will now take the lead; it has every requisite to ensure success—an excellent situation, and a most beautiful interior—a gentleman at the head of the management of acknowledged taste and ability, and the choicest talent of the country to aid his exertions. If this does not succeed, why, we had better turn our theatres into hospitals, aud join Sir Andrew Agnew and Mr. Poulter.

The opera we have to notice is called "The Mountain Sylph," written by Mr. Thackeray, and the music composed by Mr. John Barnett. The piece is taken from the celebrated ballet which Taglioni has rendered so popular, with an addition, by which the Sylph is restored to the world by her lover, who, like another Orpheus, ventures into some demoniacal territories, substituting the witchery of a magic rose for the enchanting lyre of the celebrated artist of old. This we humbly conceive to be the weakest part of the drama. What could enter the author's head to call those demons by whom the Sylph is held captive Salamanders? We understand

what fairies are, or gnomes and others,—or good honest, genuine *diablerie* of the old sort; but we have no legendary lore of this nondescript race—no nursery associations to reconcile us to the monstrosity; we can only identify them with Monsieur Chabert, the fire-eater, and an interesting female who exhibited some such accomplishments as swallowing boiling lead and eating brimstone in the classic regions of Bartholomew fair. This portion of the drama was decidedly bad tact in the dramatist; but the music made ample amends, and brought it through triumphantly. The chorus of demons is as bold and original a piece of composition as we have ever heard, and the trio by which it is succeeded is in the very highest style of art. The music throughout is rich and varied; the chorusses particularly bold and effective, uniting melody with the most scientific arrangement. If true original genius, cultivated by the most careful study, is requisite towards excellence as a composer, we know of no English professor who can come within many degrees of Mr. Barnett.

The Haymarket offers nothing worthy of remark besides the admirable performances of Mr. Vandenhoff, who continues his line of characters with unabated interest; we shall reserve our critical remarks upon various points of his acting until he removes to Drury-lane, when he will be better supported. Mr. Buckstone has brought out a very agreeable comedy, which has added much to his reputation as a dramatist. We expected more in the commencement of the season from the manager, Mr. Morris, than we see likely to be realized. He brought out a drama by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, called "Beau Nash, the King of Bath," which was unquestionably a work of very high character, and behold—it was suddenly withdrawn. Mr. Jerrold has earned—and most deservedly—a high reputation for dramas wherein characters are introduced of English history and court gossip. Now "Beau Nash" is certainly not inferior to any that he has written, and yet it is suddenly withdrawn, and all manner of wretched substitutes placed in its stead. Without pretending to know the secrets of a manager's closet, we would wager a trifle that some evasion of £. *s. d.* is at the bottom of this—some shuffling in the interpretation of an agreement. If Mr. Morris is sad or sulky at the success of rival establishments, it is bad policy to visit his ill humour on those that can best serve him. However good-naturedly people may put up with the tetchy and querulous habits of old gentlemen, Mr. Morris' experience ought to teach him that illiberality and meanness are not favourable features in the character of a manager.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

A Vision of Fair Spirits, and other Poems. By John Graham, of Wadham College. London and Oxford, 1834.

We feel no slight difficulty in expressing an opinion of the small volume of poems now before us, which shall at once mark our sense of the attainments of the author, and our distrust of his poetical powers. We are aware that the public has been so long accustomed to indifferent poetry, and that a great portion of our modern poetical readers are so scantily endowed with taste to relish or to appreciate a higher order of genius, that we are fearful of wounding the self-love of our author by a lukewarm recommendation of him to those from whom he has, perhaps, good reason to expect a favourable reception; at the same time that we recognize a lurking inclination in ourselves to inculcate, as far as we are able, a better and a purer taste.

We find, however, that we must state our opinion of this volume, and of productions like these, plainly and strongly. It must no longer be borne, that the coldly correct, or, rather, the tame mediocrity-school, shall find place amongst us. Another great poet has gone to his grave—very much as his predecessors have gone—and in this enlightened age ("dark with excess of light," we fear), a Rogers has eclipsed a Coleridge. Must this disgraceful imputation upon our taste continue? No.

This volume, then, contains no poetry. The verse is smooth—so smooth, indeed, that it, and all that in it is, slips through the mind incontinently—fraught with no ideas—exciting no thought—leaving no impression.

The principal poem, which is called "A Vision of Fair Spirits," is a very poor performance, made up of mythological mumblings, and obscure mouth-worship of certain ladies and gentlemen, of whom Tooke's Pantheon furnishes a concise, and, happily for bards, an easily accessible account. To the reader, initiated in the mysteries of modern verse manufacture, it may be sufficient to state that the word "spell" occurs about as often as usual, and that it is to be found at the end of the line, where its magic power in suggesting a rhyme has created for it extreme popularity.

Who does not shudder when he beholds a prize poem? Mr. Graham has printed his. It is called "Granada," and is treated after the old fashion of doing these things at our universities. And here it were a curious inquiry—how or by whom are prize poems made? They *cannot* be written by several individuals. There must be an elegant old twaddler—his name is Ibid—kept for the purpose—his animal economy sustained by a daily ration of boiled veal and batter-pudding. He has done them all since Heber's "Palestine," and had a hand in that poem. He must have written these lines in "Granada;" but the old gentleman forgets how often we have seen them before.

" Mourn in thy widowhood, Morisma! mourn
Thy sceptre wrested, and thy banner torn;
Queen of the west! the unbeliever now
Hath rent the crown of beauty from thy brow:
The stranger lords it o'er thy prostrate line,
The Christian worships at thy conquer'd shrine:
Thy warrior sons are slain in nameless strife,
Or live—to curse the bitterness of life.
Scorn'd, like the Jew of old, they cross the wave,
To seek the stranger's heritage—a grave;
And oft, perchance, on Afric's desert wide,
Whose pillar'd sands upon the whirlwind ride;
Where no glad fountain greets the frenzied eye,
And nought is left the wand'rer—but to die;
Shall Mem'ry, strong in death, awake to tell
Of that far region which he lov'd so well."

Let us now turn to the ode addressed to the Duke of Wellington, which the author tells us on the cover of his book, was recited in the theatre at Oxford during the late memorable installation. If not altogether worthy of its subject, this ode is, perhaps, worthy of the university. The conclusion of this poem is singular. The author evidently means Oxford learning in the following passage; and the last line of our quotation stumbles upon the truth with respect to it rather unfortunately. The fiction of the former is well neutralized by this conclusion.

" The helm may rust, the laurel bough may fade,
Oblivion's grasp may blunt the Victor's blade,
But that bright, holy wreath which Learning gives,
Untorn by hate, unharm'd by envy, lives—
Lives through the march of Tempest and of Time,
Dwells on each shore, and blooms in every clime;
Wide as the space that fills yon airless blue,
Pure as the breeze, and as eternal too,
Fair as the night-star's eve-awaken'd ray,
But with no morn to chase its fires away."

Nothing can be more true or more candid than this. " No morn" indeed—Minerva has no inclination to reside at Oxford, but has kindly sent her owl, who lives there constantly.

Mr. Graham is probably a young man of very respectable attainments, and so far as we can judge from his verses an amiable person enough; but until he shew us something of his mind, or produce a poem, as children say, " all out of his own head," we must beg to withhold our applause from him on the poetical score.

Solitude, a Poem. By the Author of " Guidine." London, 1834.

We never chanced to meet with the dramatic poem of " Guidine;" but we perceive by certain recommendations of it, extracted from various criticisms, and appended to the present pamphlet, that it met with a favourable reception.

There is one merit in the poem of " Solitude"—it is very short; but it has other merits, and yet we could have wished, for the author's

sake, that it had never been published. We do not think we shall be far wrong when we surmise that Dr. Young is a great favourite with our poet, and that from that much over-praised poem, the "Night Thoughts," the author has acquired a morbid and unsatisfactory tone, displeasing, nay, repulsive, to the general reader, and fatal to the cultivation of a higher order of poetry.

Let us, however, give a specimen of our young poet, which may assuredly justify a high opinion of his powers; and which, at the same time, induces us to exhort him to a stricter discipline of his mind.

"I stand
Upon a gentle eminence. The herd,
The ancient kine, the patriarchal flocks,
Here walk the verdant pasture, seen distinct
In the slant ray of the declining noon;
Upon the sky is the old pageant still
Of endless clouds, and still the zephyrs gay,
Viewless, push on their cumbrous levity;
Between the hills, as in a picture laid,
Appears the blue and navigable sea,
Traversed by ship, that bears with stately sail,
Silent, its unseen mariners along;
Whilst near at hand a globe of insects plays
In the shower'd beam, a stationary globe,
Though each pursues therein, with restless speed,
And giddy will, its intricate, quick flight.
As here I ponder on a world unchanged,
Fixed in its ceaseless mutability,
And on the fateful links, that each to each
Bind all things, high and low, in heav'n and earth,
In one revolving series, I myself
Feel drawn within the circle,—am a part
Of nature too,—one in the mazy dance
Of forms that vanish but to re-appear.
'Years hence,'—'tis thus my meditation runs,—
'A youth again shall stand upon this hill,—
Another self,—and he shall see these fields
Trod by their leisure herd, shall watch this globe
Of insects still at play, note the same clouds
Borne the same path, and muse, as now I do,
On death of all, eternity of all!'"

This is beautiful poetry; and we are sorry that the present aspect of our poetical horizon does not encourage us to recommend, or the author himself to hazard, a more important venture.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TAXATION, No. V. THE SCHOLARS OF ARNESIDE. A TALE. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU. LONDON, 1834.

Miss Martineau was never a great favourite of ours. Accordingly, when she says in her preface to the present number, "I am now about to compensate for my much speaking by a long silence;" and when we see in the newspapers that she is gone to America, we feel tempted to cry aloud, "We are glad of it, and are not sorry that you are gone."

We remember Mathews telling a story of a dog which a certain sergeant rebuked by a blow of his halberd. "Why didn't you hit the poor thing with the other end?" asked a bystander, and a friend of humanity.—"Because he didn't run at me with his tail," responded the military assailant.

Miss Martineau, however, does run at us with her *tale*, and we are bound, therefore, to be more lenient towards her than we should be disposed to be were she to assail us with her head.

We have, upon a former occasion, adverted to the exquisite absurdity of illustrating political economy or taxation through the medium of a tale, which must either involve some extreme case, inevitable even under the best possible form of government, or refer to a state of society altogether different from that in which we find ourselves.

It may be a startling thing to assert, when we remember the pretensions they are so much in the nauseous practice of making; but it is, nevertheless, true, that your political economists are altogether without, and entirely discard, moral considerations. We mean nothing individually or personally offensive to that body (for soul it would seem to have none;) but what we mean, is this:—that they would be for ever changing the *without*, and leave to chance, or the impulses of a man's own mind, the *within*. At the best, they would put an additional window into a man's prison; but would they draw him thence?—No.

The present number of Miss Martineau's Illustrations is wretched rubbish—childish, tedious, and absurd as a tale; it does not even possess the merit of illustrating the injustice or inexpediency of the taxes on knowledge as they are, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, called.

If, indeed, the removal of these taxes be to subject us to such stuff as this, we heartily pray that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may still find it inconvenient to disturb them.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S PROSE WORKS. VOL. 4. BIOGRAPHIES. VOL. 2. EDINBURGH AND LONDON, 1834.

THIS volume contains biographies of Mackenzie, Charlotte Smith, Sir Ralph Sadler, John Dryden, Miss Seward, De Foe, George III., Lord Byron, and the Duke of York. Rather a heterogeneous collection, and for the most part only interesting—*quasi* the writing—from the fact of Sir Walter Scott being the author.

We do not think that were the great author living, he would care to see some of these biographies included in a collection of his prose works; but to the world at large every word he wrote has become a matter of interest and importance; and to say the truth, these volumes are beautifully and cheaply got up, and may be said to be indispensable to the collector and admirer of the genius and moral excellence of the lamented author. These biographies, at least, display the admirable qualities and excellent sense of Scott, if they do not partake of those higher qualities which the world has been so fortunate as to detect in his more popular writings.

A Brief Statement, showing the Equitable and Moral Claims of the Maritime Officers of the East India Company to Compensation. By Charles P. Gribble, Chief Officer in the Maritime Service of the Hon. East India Company. London, 1834.

It would appear from this pamphlet that the East India Company has sought to pass over the claims of the meritorious officers in its service to a compensation, which to all the other branches of that princely establishment is to be awarded on so liberal a scale.

We were not before aware that this was the case. We had thought that the maritime officers were dissatisfied with the scale of compensation, not that they had just reason to complain of its being altogether withheld.

It hardly required the pamphlet of Mr. Gribble to prove the justice of the claims put forth by the respectable body of men whose cause he has briefly, but strongly, advocated; and we trust that the exertions on the part of the proprietors, to which he alludes, will be successful in a cause, which appears not only just in itself, but indispensable to the maintenance of the character of the Company.

Sketches of the State of the Useful Arts, &c.; or, the Practical Tourist. 2 Vols. By Zachariah Allen. Boston, 1833.

These admirable volumes, written by an American, and published in that country, comprise a tour in Great Britain, France, and Holland, made by the author with a view to examine the state of the useful arts in Europe. The result is a vast mass information of the utmost value and importance to America, and exceedingly interesting and instructive to ourselves.

Mr. Allen is not of those, who, laudably anxious to procure, in the first instance, and afterwards to exhibit, facts, conceive it necessary when they are obtained that they should be stripped of all extraneous verdure, in order to keep them *dry;* on the contrary, he has contrived by a pleasing admixture of the *utile* and the *dulce* to blend the two so intimately, and, at the same time with so much felicity, as to leave nothing to be desired on either score.

Our author has made himself personally acquainted with almost every part of our trade and manufactures of the slightest importance; and has set down what he saw during his practical tour with the most commendable exactness; and in a fair, honourable, and candid spirit which cannot be sufficiently praised.

We look upon the *tone* of these volumes as of happy augury, and as a gratifying evidence that the miserable prejudices, on both sides of the Atlantic, are at length confined to those from whom the world has no right to expect anything better, namely, the knaves and fools.

We earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers the work before us. There is no book with which we are acquainted that conveys so much information respecting English manufactures, and the extent of English industry and capital, as these modestly entitled sketches, drawn by an American for the enlightenment of his own

country upon points in which both countries are equally interested, and the true knowledge of which must be of equal benefit to both.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE COLONIES OF NEW SOUTH WALES AND VAN DIEMEN'S LAND. BY JOHN HENDERSON. CALCUTTA, 1832.

MR. HENDERSON proceeded to Van Diemen's Land from Bengal in 1829, for the benefit of his health; and during nearly a year's stay made several excursions into the interior of the country. Although it appears our author's first impressions were favourable to the belief that the colony had made a satisfactory progress, he was afterwards constrained to alter his opinion, and was led to enquire into the causes of general distress, which now, more particularly, affects the colony of New South Wales.

The result of his inquiries and of his own experience is comprised in this closely printed volume, which contains many facts—things which, although stubborn, are at all times more or less important, and many speculations or panaceas which may be well worth the time and attention of the government at home.

Indeed, the policy of the government towards the convict is represented to be, and we believe truly, at the same time expensive, inefficaceous as regards the settlement, and injurious to the individual. Mr. Henderson also proposes certain plans, whereby the introduction of a better class of settlers may be accomplished, with a view to the speedy prosperity of the whole settlement; and if we sometimes fancy that we perceive a tendency to prove too much against the government at home, and a somewhat sanguine estimation of the capabilities of the two colonies, we must not forget to state that the author has availed himself of better opportunities of arriving at the truth, as respects both, than we can boast, or than we wish to trouble the government in finding for us.

Let us give Mr. Henderson's picture of a new settler, as a specimen of his style, and as a "preventive check" to the ardour of those whom Malthusian doctrines, coming in aid of necessity, are daily thrusting from our own shores.

"We shall choose a morning in spring, the sweetest in the year; our place the banks of a dark rolling stream, where our settler and his establishment have bivouacked, for the advantage of the water. A slight sheet for a tent protects them from the midnight dew, and under its scanty canopy are laid the settler, his wife, and three children. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding stage they have slept but little, and are now all awake with the first dawn of day. The sky is without a cloud; the air bracing and delightful. The notes of the early thrush have given place to those of the Derwent magpie, who, perched on a lofty gum-tree, is chaunting in rich full notes his natural melody. The restless and noisy minas are disputing amidst the bright yellow blossoms of a neighbouring wattle, while many a smaller warbler is breathing forth, in cheering tones, his early matins.

"Close by the embers of a waning fire, are seen the figures of four convicts, the assigned servants, who are sleeping soundly and undisturbed. They are familiarised to such scenes,—old steady hands, who have passed through many a settler; have known a road-gang or two, and mayhap a penal settlement. No care occupies their bosoms; to them the present

scene has no charms, and the future presents to their imaginations nothing either pleasing or alarming. These sages have been consigned to the settler, in preference to less experienced hands, who might probably have been useless. Near them stands a waggon, containing a portion of the furniture and provisions of the settler; his sea-stores, implements of husbandry, with useless and useful articles indiscriminately combined. The implements have been purchased at the highest price, and contain likewise many things which the settler could have done without; besides which, as he has to build a house, a number of instruments which are required for that purpose, have afterwards to be thrown aside.

"Feeding in the vicinity are the remains of a flock of sheep; in the purchase of which the settler has been jockied, both as to the price and quality. His particular friend has, as a great favour, sold him some of his first woolled ones, and only supplied him with the second sort, most of whom are scabby old ewes, for whose fleece the owner protested he had received three shillings per pound, by the latest return of sales. One-third of these have gone astray with another flock, on the road, and it has been deemed at length necessary to proceed without them.

"The children are now dressed, healthy, blooming and happy; eagerly pursuing, in company with the kangaroo bitch, some painted butterfly; true emblem of their future pursuits.

"The mother is preparing the breakfast. On the ground are spread the remnants of cups and saucers, eked out by tin jugs. A large damper of unleavened bread, made of unsifted flour, has been baked on the previous evening. The tea is *boiling* in the kettle, and a sufficient quantity of mutton chops are grilling on the fire, too much, in the idea of the uninitiated, for a party of twice their numbers; but proving in the clearest terms, that the cares of the emigrants have had no effect in diminishing their appetites. One convict is assisting to get ready the breakfast, another has gone to look after the bullocks, a third is milking the cows, and a fourth is tending the sheep. So far all is well; a fearful havoc has been made in the mutton chops, with corresponding execution on the damper, ere the man returns to acquaint them that a pair of the working bullocks are missing. In these the settler has been equally fortunate, as with his sheep. Having paid for them a proper price, he has found, on his departure, that two of them are newly broken-in steers, which have taken the earliest opportunity of regaining their former liberty, and of rejoining their companions, the free rangers of the forest.

"A settler on the road has, however, taken pity on the destitute situation of the new comer, and has generously supplied him with another pair, for only double their proper value. These last, however, probably not understanding this arrangement, have, as in duty bound, returned to their former homes, after their first day's journey.

"While, however, the man is gone in pursuit of the deserters, the principal hand of the set of convicts approaches the settler, twisting his cap in his hand, symptomatic of something wrong. He comes to inquire whether master has last night taken out any *backa* or sugar, because the cases seem, *som't curious* and disordered. On examination, it is found that a portion of those articles have indeed been purloined, evidently by a combination of the four, and that, most probably, the man despatched for the bullocks, has gone likewise to convert the proceeds of this into liquor. The settler is seen blustering, threatening, and abusing, while the convicts are acting with stoical indifference, and inwardly enjoying the scene. The settler's anger, however, gives place to prudence, because he well knows he possesses no power to punish them himself, and should he complain to a magistrate, he would run the chance of losing his whole property, since, were they confined on suspicion, he would have no one to attend to his flock, his herd, his team; he would, in short, be left destitute."

A Letter Addressed to the Lord Bishop of Exeter. By a Layman. Devonport, 1834.

This pamphlet attempts to shew that "the construction, machinery, service, and sermons of the Church of England; together with the doctrines of fore-knowledge, election, and predestination, are *considered as among* the principal causes of the present vitiated and decayed state of the body politic."

The author is evidently a well-meaning man, but his style is so loose, laboured, incorrect, and obscure, that we are quite certain the prelate to whom he has addressed his lucubrations will be very little edified, should he take the trouble to read them.

Our Laymam inquires by what means the inhabitants of England have progressed to and attained, "their present decayed and demoralized condition;" and is disposed to conclude, that climate and food have influenced in no small degree the bringing about of this lamentable consummation.

"To the genial climate, therefore," he says, "*together with the large proportion of animal food, and nourishing and cordial liquids, which form the daily supply of all classes in this country* we may also trace a very material *influence* in producing that unbounded *influence* of the passions which now characterize the population of England, and which, with very long practice, have been rendered quite absolute."

The Bishop of Exeter may be, probably, enabled to decide whether such causes are likely to produce such effects, by a reference to his own moral conformation; but certain we are, that were we to grant the "decayed and demoralized condition" of the people, we should hardly think of attributing it to their "large proportion of animal food, and nourishing and cordial liquids."

If our author will undertake to supply the exciting causes, we guarantee to restrain and correct that unbounded influence of the passions generated by them; and we think we shall have chosen the easier task of the two.

The Practice Book. By Miss E. Tallant. Second Edition. London, 1834.

These exercises for the use of children have reached a second edition, which may be said to be a *primâ facie* evidence of their appreciation by those for whose use they are intended.

To us, not much pondering upon these matters (we must frankly confess it, although there is a lady in the case) the plan adopted by Miss Tallant does not impress upon us the conviction of its being a good one.

Let us give an example from the second page of these exercises:—

"Though the British ensign felt he was mortally wounded, yet he was so anxious to preserve his ensign, that he wrapped it round his body.—*Q.* What constitutes the British Empire? What is meant by mortally? What by the two words ensign? What are the gradations of military rank?"

We could suggest to the young lady who has devised this method of pointing the way to information, that a child who might be re-

quired to be asked what is the meaning of the word mortally? is not likely to answer satisfactorily the other questions; and that in order that the pupil may do so, he or she would be compelled to apply to books, which, under the incipient state of pupilage indicated by the one question, would be perfectly useless, and unproductive of real improvement.

RULES FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. A NEW EDITION, ENLARGED. LONDON, 1834.

COMPENDIOUS, and, at the same time, complete. These few pages were much wanted, and will be found of infinite service to the French scholar.

LE CROS' GUIDE TO JERSEY. LONGMAN & CO.

THIS is a most valuable little work to all who visit the "Channel Islands," the growing importance of which is becoming every day more acknowledged. No one could be better qualified than the author for the task he has undertaken, which he has executed with singular clearness and fidelity.

THE COURT OF SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS. 3 VOLS. POST 8VO. LONDON, LONGMAN AND CO.

WE have been favoured with an early copy of this work, and are happy to have it in our power to speak of it in terms of the highest praise. It is translated from Alexander Bronikowsti by one of those high-spirited but unfortunate Poles who prefer exile to accepting their estates from the northern autocrat, and submitting to his execrable domination. The descriptions of Poland in the 10th century are vivid and graphic; there is sufficient matter in these three volumes to make twenty of our modern fashionable novels; the translation is executed in a manner highly creditable to the talents and perseverance of the translator, and we cordially wish him the success that his virtues and misfortunes entitle him to.

POEMS. BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON. LONDON, WILLIAM CROFTS, CHANCERY-LANE.

MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON is already well known in the literary world. The appearance in 1829 of a volume of poems from her pen, at once established her claim to rank among our bright galaxy of female poets. Many of her pieces were admitted to be worthy of Mrs. Hemans herself; and though there were inequalities in the volume, yet in no instance did they degenerate into mediocrity. The present volume is a fit successor to the last, and is every way worthy of the talented lady from whose pen it emanates. There are many charming pieces in it—charming both in sentiment and expression. Mrs. Richardson is evidently a lady of a highly cultivated mind, and great susceptibility of feeling.

NEW MUSIC.

THREE WALTZES, ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.
THE CANDIDATES; A SET OF QUADRILLES.
THE FOREST FLOWER; A BALLAD. SUNG BY MRS. WOOD. COMPOSED BY C. B. ALDRIDGE.

THESE compositions, which are the productions of a lady, are extremely pleasing, and display very great taste. We remember to have heard the ballad sung by Fanny Healey, at one of Lanza's concerts. The favourable opinion we then formed of it is in no degree lessened by hearing it again. The waltzes are very elegant, and the quadrilles lively and original. We hope to see other productions from the same hand.

THE FLUTONICON. NOS. 1 to 9 (FROM JANUARY TO AUGUST, 1834.) SHERWOOD AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.

WE take blame to ourselves for not mentioning this popular flute-work to our readers before. In its outward appearance it is unpretending and unassuming, but within it contains such a fund of refreshment for the recreation of the little world of flute-players, that no one of these we are confident who knows any thing of his instrument, but will immediately become a subscriber. Its cheapness can only be supported by a large circulation. Who that is a flutist, and has "loose eightpences," but will procure all the popular music which he has heard since January last. The Flutonicon contains the airs in "Gustavus;" those in "La Dame Blanche;" ditto in "Don Juan;" ditto in "Le Pres aux Clercs;" ditto in "Anna Bolena," and about forty other flute solos. It is fairly got up in print, paper, &c. and well, because correctly and carefully, edited.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Oriental Annual, for 1835, is announced for publication on the 1st of October.

The Geographical Annual, for 1835, will comprise, in addition to its hundred beautifully coloured engravings of all the states, kingdoms, and empires throughout the world—a Compendious Universal Gazetteer. This popular Annual will be issued about the middle of October.

The Biblical Annual, for 1835. This valuable companion to the Holy Scriptures, will be published about the same time, and uniform with the Geographical Annual.

The Life of Prince Talleyrand, accompanied with a Portrait, will be published in a few days.

Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak; a Legend of Devon. In 3 Vols. By Mrs. Anna Eliza Bray.

The Third part of a Dictionary of Practical Medicine, with numerous Formulæ of Medicines, by James Copland, M.D. F.R.S.

The Dublin Practice of Midwifery. By Henry Maunsell, M. D. 1 Vol. 12mo.

Human Physiology. By John Elliotson, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. President of the Medical and Chirurgical, and of the Phrenological, Societies of London; Professor of the Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine, and Dean of the Faculty, in the University of London; Physician to the London University Hospital, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. With which is incorporated much of the Institutiones Physiologiæ of J. F. Blumenbach, M.D. F.R.S. Professor of Medicine in the University of Göttingen. Fifth Edition; with a large number of Anatomical Woodcuts for illustration to the general reader.

*** The last edition has been taken to pieces, and the contents arranged in a new and natural order; and a large quantity of fresh matter has been added, which has not yet found its way into any physiological work.

The Gun; or a Treatise on Small Fire-Arms, from the Damascus down to the Musket, or Common Iron Barrel; with the various Processes, Suggestions for Improvements, Experiments, &c. &c. By William Greener.

A novel is just ready for publication, edited by Mr. Lister, the author of Granby; it is to be called "Anne Grey."

"Jacob Faithful," will shortly appear, collected into three volumes.

A Second Edition of the Two Old Men's Tales is just ready.

The author of the O'Hara Tales has just ready a new series, entitled "The Mayor of Wind-gate."

Early in the present month will appear the Trial of William Shakspeare for Deer-stealing, printed from the original M.S.

Among the earliest literary novelties of the season, will be a work of Fiction, from the pen of the Countess of Blessington.

Sir William Gell's valuable work on the Topography of Rome will be issued in the course of the present month; the Map which will accompany it, has been made expressly for the work.

The Bride's Book, early in October, by the Editor of My Daughter's Book, &c. &c.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

DRUNKENNESS.

We firmly and conscientiously believe that more injury has been done to society—nay, that more misery has been entailed upon the world, by well-meaning blockheads than by all the designing knaves that ever made other people's pockets their own, or converted the profits of other men's labour into supports of their own idleness.

The well meaning blockhead is commonly a person of middle age, whose physical economy is of the most perfect kind; whose animal functions are sound, regular, and healthy; whose prospects are cheerful and full of promise. He looks around, and lo! an admiring and obedient wife, and seven lusty, pudgy, robust children. He is usually considered by Mrs. B. a "wonderfully clever" man; and is regarded by the little B.s as a great A. He revolves round the family circle in light of his own making; and by his own fireside, the father of his family, he rules the unstinted sea-coal with a rod of iron.

Haply, invested in new Sunday wig and yellow waistcoat—having taken in a freight of piety for the ensuing week—he sits and calls over the list of his own exceeding virtues. "What a happy—what a *good* man am I," he whispers to himself; "how completely I fulfil every duty of life—how I thank God that I am not as other men are! I look around, and what do I see in every direction—vice—immorality—*drunkenness.*" He pauses, and takes a comprehensive mental survey of this besetting sin; but his guests are about to arrive—and with this subject painfully occupying his thoughts, he takes the keys of the cellar, and prepares to bring up such wine as the exigencies of an alderman, and two common-councilmen may demand.

But more seriously to apply ourselves to the consideration of our present subject, which has been furnished to us in a parliamentary report of the select committee, appointed to enquire into the extent, causes, and consequences of the previlaing vice of intoxication among the labouring classes, with a view to ascertain how the further spread of so great a national evil may be *prevented.*

It is very easily, nay, at once, perceived, that Mr. Buckingham, the chairman of this committee, and such of its members as concurred in the drawing up of this report, are of the class of which we have just tendered a specimen. Mr. Buckingham, the chairman of these amateur legislators, is evidently a well-meaning man, with a little of the Pharisee, or house-top charity, in his nature—well-versed in the philosophy of court, and apparently disposed to clothe naked facts in decent suits of fiction—probably to recommend them to respectable society. He—

> "Compounds for sins he is inclined to,
> By damning those he has no mind to;"

and appears to think that prevention is better than cure; especially *after* the disease has assumed a formidable shape. He would seem to have agreed with Swift, that the plan of supplying our wants by

limiting our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes. But he not only acknowledges the parallel, but performs the operaton; and the consequence is, that upon the present question he has not a leg that he can stand upon.

We are far from regarding the prevalence of drunkenness as a fit subject for mirth, still less should we be disposed to treat with unbecoming levity any well-considered, sober, effectual, *moral check* that might be devised with a view to its extinction; but when we cannot perceive that drunkenness has so much increased of late years; and when we behold the most preposterous assertions standing father to the most absurd and bungling expedients that were ever contrived by imbecility for the adoption of one of the most enlightened nations in the world, we must confess that, however much Mr. Buckingham may be inclined to assert—

"To laugh were want of decency and grace,"

we must still quiet the compunctious vibrations of our exhausted midriff by suggesting to it as a palliation,—

"But to be grave exceeds all power of face."

Mr. Buckingham prefaces his report with some explanatory observations. Amonst other things he says,—

"I am one of those who believe, and before many years are over, millions will believe it as firmly as I do now, that of all the single evils that afflict our community, there is not one that produces so many and such aggravated ills as the folly, the vice, and the crime of intemperance. If, then, we place restraints on human liberty, by the establishment of quarantine and police restrictions to prevent the spread of cholera, and by nightly and daily patroles to guard the lives and properties of the innocent and unoffending, I conceive that it is no greater infringement on private rites to subject to equal restraints those sources of a pestilence far more destructive in its hourly ravages than all the visitations of cholera that ever appeared, 'a pestilence that walketh at noonday,' and is rapidly destroying the labour, the wealth, the morals, and the happiness of millions of the people; while their rulers and their representatives, as well as their professed teachers and instructors, think that honest and disinterested attempts to stay this torrent of destruction, form a fit subject for merriment and jest, for mockery and scorn!"

If it be true, as Mr. Buckingham alleges, that the rulers and representatives of the people, as well as their professed teachers and instructors, treat the efforts of his committee in the cause of sobriety with merriment and jest—with mockery and scorn—one would imagine that even Mr. Buckingham would have sense enough to perceive that their merriment and jest have been occasioned by the outrageous catalogue of evils that may, or can, or might, or could, or should attend drunkenness; and that their mockery and scorn have been created by the gravely absurd attempts of those who do, or did, or shall, or will, prepare such remedies for the evil. As for the parallel attempted to be drawn between cholera and intemperance,—it is merely childish—the impotent twaddle of a perplexed quidnunc. What analogy is there in the two cases? The cholera is a pestilence that comes, certainly, without being sent for; and any "restraints on human liberty," in the way of precaution, are not only necessary,

but obtain the concurrence of the people at large. Intemperance is occasioned by the immoderate use of spirits imported into, and distilled in this country, producing a revenue to the country, and intended for consumption by the country. If there be some—and that there are many we do not deny—who are constrained to take "a drop too much," we do not know why "restraints" should be placed on "human liberty" to debar the community from the occasional and temperate use of spirits. But, forsooth, because there are daily and nightly patroles to guard the lives and properties of the innocent and unoffending, "so you should submit to equal restraints those—" psha! we cannot swallow this rubbish, and must recruit our stomachs with a toothful of brandy.

We resume.—Where is this pestilence that "walketh at noonday?" We have, indeed, occasionally seen a few patients who were by no means in a situation to walk at noonday; and towards night, many more are sometimes to be beheld in a like predicament; but that this pestilence is rapidly destroying the labour, the wealth, the morals, and the happiness of millions of the people, we really do not know—we must take care to inquire the next time we have occasion to write to America—from whence many of Mr. Buckingham's notions of English drunkenness appear to be drawn. We can only at present say that we have lived in London many years, and have found that the labour is rather hard than otherwise—the wealth not contemptible—the morals so-so—and the happiness very much as people please to take or to make it; some finding it at the bottom of a cup of coffee—others seeking it in a glass of gin—all apparently agreed upon this point, that no man has a right to dictate happiness to another; and that which is one man's meat is another man's poison.

But now let us see the frantic zeal with which the select committee must have drawn up their report. They appear to have got together some pliant facts, and then to have swelled them out of all reasonable compass by pumping into them the gas of their own boundless imaginations. They summon before their excited visions all the crimes, the vices, and the enormities of mankind; and having done so, they steep them in gin-and-bitters—or label them with "brandy,"—"rum," or "Hodges' best"—and send them stalking before the astonished community, while they bring up the rear with their report, crying, "Look at these new facts—*with the gloss on!*"

The report states that the remote causes of the intemperance now prevalent are to be found "in the influence of example set by the upper classes of society, where habits of intoxication were more frequent in such ranks than among their inferiors in station; and the many customs and courtesies still retained from a remote ancestry of mingling the gift or use of intoxicating drinks with almost every important event in life; such as the celebration of baptisms, marriages and funerals, anniversaries, holidays and festivities, as well as in the daily interchange of convivial entertainments, and even in the commercial transactions of purchase and sale."

These are indeed remote sources; and drunkenness, it seems, is superinduced by the influence of example. How are we to reconcile

this statement with the opinion of Mr. Buckingham, which we take the liberty of quoting?—

"It was well remarked by one of the witnesses examined from the City, that the ancients understood human nature better than we do now, when they made their helots or slaves drunk, and exhibited them before their children, so as to implant in the beholders, by this disgusting scene, an unconquerable abhorrence of this worse than brutal degradation."

So that it seems, after all, that example would operate as a warning instead of an incitement, and that if the ancients did really understand human nature better than we do now, the best method of checking drunkenness in the long run would be to let the present system take its course. The rising generation, if we are to believe the report, need never be in want of exhibitions and disgusting scenes of drunkenness.

It must be remarked that the select committee are of opinion that they have described *faintly* the terrible effect of drunkenness as exemplified in the labouring population of Great Britain; we recommend the reader, therefore, to bear in mind this fact when he peruses the extracts we are about to lay before him. Here is a faint outline of its consquences to individual character:—

"4. That the consequences of the vice of intoxication among the humbler classes, and the prevalence of intemperate habits, and pernicious customs encouraging such habits, among the middle and higher ranks, are so many, and so fearful to contemplate, that it is difficult as it is painful to enumerate even the outlines of them, and to pursue them in all their melancholy and fatal details would require a volume.

"5. That the following are only a few of the evils directly springing from this baneful source.

"6. Destruction of health, disease in every form and shape, premature decrepitude in the old, stunted growth, and general debility and decay in the young; loss of life by paroxysms, apoplexies, drownings, burnings, and accidents of various kinds; delirium tremens, one of the most awful afflictions of humanity; paralysis, idiotcy, madness, and violent death; as proved by numerous medical witnesses, who have made this the subject of their long and careful investigation.

"7. Destruction of mental capacity and vigour; and extinction of aptitude for learning, as well as of disposition for practising, any useful art or industrious occupation.

"8. Irritation of all the worst passions of the heart, hatred, anger, revenge, with a brutalization of disposition, that breaks asunder and destroys the most endearing bonds of nature and society.

"9. Extinction of all moral and religious principle; disregard of truth, indifference to education, violation of chastity, insensibility to shame, and indescribable degradation; as proved by clergymen, magistrates, overseers, teachers, and others, examined by your committee on all these points."

Having thus glanced over this lightly-touched sketch of individual drunkenness, it may be as well that we cast an eye upon this water-colour painting intended to represent a few of its "Consequences to National Welfare."

"11. The destruction of an immense amount of wholesome and nutritious grain, given by a bountiful Providence for the food of man, which is

now converted by distillation into a poison; the highest medical authorities, examined in great numbers before your committee, being uniform in their testimony that ardent spirits are absolutely poisonous to the human constitution; *that in no case whatever are they necessary or even useful to persons in health; that they are always, in every case and to the smallest extent, deleterious, pernicious, or destructive,* according to the proportions in which they may be taken into the system; so that not only is an immense amount of human food destroyed, whilst thousands are inadequately fed, but this food is destroyed in such a manner as to injure greatly the agricultural producers themselves, for whose grain, but for this perverted and mistaken use of it, there would be more than twice the present demand for the use of the now scantily fed people, who would then have healthy appetites to consume, and improved means to purchase nutriment for themselves and children, in grain as well as in all the other varied productions of the earth.

"13. The extensive loss of property by sea, from shipwrecks, founderings, fires, and innumerable other accidents, many of which, according to the evidence of the most experienced shipowners, nautical men, and others examined by your committee, are clearly traceable to drunkenness in some of the parties employed in the navigation and charge of such vessels, where vigilance, had they been sober, would have been sufficient safeguards against their occurrence.

"14. The comparative inefficiency of the navy and army, in both of which, according to the testimony of eminent naval and military officers examined by your committee, intemperance is a canker-worm that eats away its strength and discipline to the very core; it being proved, beyond all question, that one-sixth of the effective strength of the navy and a much greater proportion of the army is as much destroyed as ifthe men were slain in battle by that most powerful ally of death, intoxicating drinks; and that the greater number of accidents occurring in both branches of the service, seven-eighths of the sickness, invalidings, and discharges for incapacity, and nine tenths of all the acts of insubordination, and the fearful punishments and executions to which these give rise, are to be ascribed to drunkenness alone.

"16. The diminution of the physical power and longevity of a large portion of the British population, by the destructive effects already described as produced on individuals, the loss of personal beauty, the decline of health, and the progressive decay of the bodily and mental powers; which evils are accumulative in the amount of injury they inflict, as intemperate parents, according to high medical testimony, give a taint to their offspring even before its birth, and the poisonous stream of ardent spirits is conveyed through the milk of the mother to the infant at the breast; so that the fountain of life, through which Nature supplies that pure and healthy nutriment of infancy, is poisoned at its very source, and a diseased and vitiated appetite is thus created, which grows with its growth, and strengthens with its increasing weakness and decay.

"17. The increase of pauperism in its most fearful shape, divested of that sense of shame which would disdain to receive relief whilst honest industry could secure the humblest independence, and associated with a regard of consequences, and a recklessness of all obligations, domestic or social, which, according to the evidence of witnesses from the agricultural districts, examined by your committee, has converted the pauper from a grateful receiver of aid under unavoidable calamity (which was once the general character of those receiving parish relief), to an idle and disorderly clamourer for the right of being sustained by the industry of others, or a profligate and licentious parent of illegitimate offspring.

"18. The spread of crime in every shape and form, from theft, fraud,

and prostitution in the young, to burnings, robberies, and more hardened offences in the old; by which the jails and prisons, the hulks and convict transports, are filled with inmates, and an enormous mass of human beings, who, under sober habits and moral training, would be sources of wealth and strength to the country, are transformed, chiefly through the remote or immediate influence of intoxicating drinks, into excrescences of corruption and weakness, which must be cut off and cast away from the community to prevent the gangrenous contamination of its whole frame, leaving the body itself in a constant state of that inflammatory excitement which always produces exhaustion and weakness in the end, and thus causing the country to sacrifice every year a larger portion of blood and treasure than the most destructive wars occasion; the innocent population thus made criminal, being, like the grain subjected to distillation, converted from a wholesome source of strength and prosperity into a poisoned issue of weakness and decay.

"19. The retardation of all improvement, inventive or industrial, civil or political, moral or religious, the hindering of education, the weakening of good example, and the creation of constant and increasing difficulties in the propagation of the sound morality and sublime truths of the gospel, both at home and abroad, according to the testimony of teachers, pastors, and others, examined by your committee; the sum expended in intoxicating drinks in the city of Glasgow alone, being stated, by one of the witnesses from that neighbourhood, to be nearly equal to the whole amount expended on public institutions of charity and benevolence in the entire United Kingdom.

"20. That the mere pecuniary loss to the nation from these several causes already enumerated, namely, the destruction of an immense amount of grain subjected to distillation, the abstraction of productive labour from the community, the property destroyed by sea and land, the diminished efficiency of the navy and army, the disease and deterioration of the physical and mental powers of the population, the increase of pauperism, the spread of crime, and the retardation of improvement, caused by the excessive use of intoxicating drinks, may be fairly estimated at little short of fifty millions sterling per annum."

Mr. Buckingham, with oriental magnificence of fancy, appears to have addressed the witnesses summoned to give their evidence, in the words of Pope—

"Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest;"

and being, we suspect, something of an old woman, he puts faith in his own dreams. Like Goëthe's Faust, a little black dog arrests Mr. Buckingham's attention—he invites it to enter his study—and there it increases, in an incredibly short space of time, into an enormous quadruped. "Look ye here," says he, as he takes the chair of the select committee, "I have seen a terrible monster lately.—"What manner of monster may it have been?" quoth a quidnunc, "a delicate monster?"—"By no means," cries the chairman; "let me call in my witnesses." They are forthwith summoned, and severally depose —one, to having seen the head of this beast,—another, to having caught a glimpse of his hinder parts;—one thinks it was very much like a camel—another, "very like a whale."—"Let us endeavour, 'briefly and faintly to describe him,'" say the select committee. They do so. Having faintly shadowed forth this Dragon of Wantley, the select committee, startled at the thing themselves have made,

actually conceive it to be a real, *bonâ fide* dragon, and take measures accordingly.

But before we show how the select committee propose, in the first place, to knock this dragon drunkenness on the head, and in the next to sow his teeth, in order that effectual remedies may spring out of the earth in defence of the innocent victims of this monster, it may be well to offer a few remarks of our own.

Strong legislative and restrictive measures are not only not called for, but are impertinent and insulting to a country, when the particular vice which they profess to restrain is known to be on the decline. Now, it is perfectly well known to everybody (except the gentlemen on the select committee), that the vice of drunkenness has decreased of late years in a remarkable degree. Now, were it otherwise—were the vice one-tenth as destructive as it has been represented to be by the select committee (which is admitting a great deal too much, even in favour of an hypothesis), many of the remedies which Mr. Buckingham has been sedulous to popularize, are in the highest degree absurd, mischievous, and tyrannical. Has the moral influence been resorted to *in* this country, and has it failed? On the contrary, is it not notorious that temperance societies have been successfully established in all parts of the country. Let us read, also, what the report tells us of America:—

"55. That in the metropolis of the United States the highest encouragement has been given to the promotion of temperance societies, and from the conjoint efforts of public and private individuals, so great a reformation has been effected, that throughout the Union no less than two thousand persons have voluntarily abandoned the distillation of ardent spirits, and vested their capital in other and more wholesome pursuits, and upwards of six thousand persons have abandoned the sale of ardent spirits, and embraced other and more useful occupations."

Morals, let us inform Mr. Buckingham, are not to be mended by legislative enactments. By such means you may prevent, but you cannot cure—you may create an expedient, but you do not fortify a principle. The truth is, the country is vexed, harassed, and insulted by too much legislation. We shall expect shortly to see our coat-skirts regulated by act of parliament, our shoes made to government measure, in order to prevent the growth of corns, and a select committee on apoplexy, to restrain the injurious and fatal wear of white neckcloths—"Whereas, the spread of red faces has become far too common, this is to enact," &c.

The best method of putting an end to the consumption of bad gin is to supply the community with a better article. We remember an applicable Joe Miller. A certain lady had obtained a very superior barrel of table beer; and fearful lest her community of domestics should make too free with it, she wished particularly to enforce the restrictive principle. The butler and herself formed themselves into a select committee, with a view to ascertain how this might be best accomplished. "Well, John, and how am I to preserve this barrel of beer for my own use?"—"Why, madam," said the butler, I know no better plan than that of placing a cask of good strong ale by its side."

Now it may be as well to ask Mr. Buckingham, and the select

committee, will they advocate the repeal of the malt-tax? We find that they have been suspiciously silent upon this important point in their report; and we strongly suspect that the landed interest has exercised its accustomed influence on this occasion; and that the feelings of these select committee gentlemen, in this matter, are "of the earth, earthy."

But now let us look at the immediate remedies, legislative and moral, proposed by the committee; and first let us attend to the legislative.

"25. The remedies which appear to your committee to be desirable, and practicable to be put into immediate operation, may be thus enumerated:

"26. The separation of the houses in which intoxicating drinks are sold, into four distinct classes: 1. houses for the sale of beer only, not to be consumed on the premises; 2. houses for the sale of beer only. to be consumed on the premises, and in which refreshments of food may also be obtained; 3. houses for the sale of spirits only, not to be consumed on the premises; 4. houses for the accommodation of strangers and travellers, where bed and board may be obtained, and in which spirits, wine, and beer may all be sold.

"27. The limiting the number of such houses of each class, in proportion to population in towns, and to distance and population in country districts; the licences for each to be annual, and granted by magistrates and municipal authorities, rather than by the excise; to be chargeable with larger sums annually than are now paid for them, especially for the sale of spirits; and the keepers of such houses to be subject to progressively increasing fines for disorderly conduct, and forfeiture of licence, and closing up of the houses for repeated offences.

"28. The closing of all such houses at earlier hours in the evening than at present, and uniformly with each other, excepting only in the last class of houses for travellers, which may be opened at any hour for persons requiring food or beds in the dwelling.

"29. The first and second class of houses, in which beer only is sold, to be closed on the Sabbath-day, except for one hour in the afternoon, and one hour in the evening, to admit of families being supplied with beer at those periods: the third class of houses, where spirits only are sold, to be entirely closed during the whole of the Sabbath-day: and the fourth class, as inns or hotels, to be closed to all visiters on that day, excepting only to travellers, and the inmates of the dwelling.

"30. The making all retail beer shops as open to public view as other shops where wholesome provisions are sold, such as those of the baker, the butcher, and the fishmonger; in order that the interior of such spirit shops may be seen from without, and be constantly exposed to public inspection in every part.

"31. The refusal of retail spirit licences to all but those who would engage to confine themselves exclusively to dealing in that article, and consequently the entire separation, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, of the retail sale of spirits from groceries, provisions, wine or beer; excepting only in the fourth class of houses (as inns or hotels) for travellers and inmates, or lodgers, as before described.

"32. The discontinuance of all ardent spirits *(except as medicine, under the direction of the medical officers)* to the navy and army, on all stations, and to every other body of men employed by, or under the control of the government, and the substitution of other articles of wholesome nutriment and refreshment instead. The abolition of all garrison and barrack canteens at home and abroad, and the substitution of some other and better mode of filling up the leisure of men confined within military forts and

lines; the opinions of most of the military officers examined on this point by your committee being, that the drinking in such canteens is the most fertile source of all the insubordination, crime, and consequent punishment inflicted on the men

"33. The withholding from the ships employed in the merchant service the drawback granted to them on foreign spirits, by which they are now enabled to ship their supples of that article at a reduced scale of duty, and are thus induced to enter on board a greater quantity than is necessary, to the increased danger of the property embarked, and to the injury of the crew.

"34. The prohibition of the practice of paying the wages of workmen at public-houses, or any other place where intoxicating drinks are sold.

"35. The providing for the payment of such wages to every individual his exact amount, except when combined in families, so as to render it unnecessary for men to frequent the public-house, and spend a portion of their earnings to obtain change.

"36. The payment of wages at or before the breakfast hour in the mornings of the principal market-day, in each town, to enable the wives or other providers of workmen, to lay out their earnings in necessary provisions at an early period of the market, instead of risking its dissipation at night in the public-house.

"37. The prohibition of the meetings of all friendly societies, sick clubs, money clubs, masonic lodges, or any other permanent associations of mutual benefit and relief, at public-houses or places where intoxicating drinks are sold; as such institutions, when not formed expressly for the benefit of such public-houses, and when they are *bôna fide* associations of mutual help in time of need, can, with far more economy and much greater efficacy, rent and occupy for their periodical meetings equally appropriate rooms in other places.

"39. The reduction of the duty on tea, coffee, and sugar, and all the unintoxicating articles of drink in ordinary use, so as to place within the reach of all classes the least injurious beverages on much cheaper terms than the most destructive."

It is hardly necessary to make any comment upon these "immediate remedies." Their impracticable absurdity is the best guarantee of their perfect innocence. But why, we should wish to ask Mr. Buckingham, with reference to one of his exceptions, why is the issue of all ardent spirits to be discontinued to the Navy and Army—*except as medicine?*—We fear this is an allowance to the officers, in the event of their being so unwell as to require a dose of medicine *warm with sugar*, before turning in for the night. What have the select committee said in an earlier part of their Report of these same ardent spirits?—"That in no case whatever are they necessary, or even useful to persons in health; that they are *always, in every case*, and to the smallest extent, deleterious, pernicious, or destructive."

We find that the whole of these "immediate remedies," with the exception of one, are based on the restrictive principle; that one is the proposed reduction of the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar. What have these duties, we should be glad to learn, to do with the question of drunkenness? They may be too high, or low enough; but, in either case, they cannot affect it in the slightest degree. These articles are not substitutes for spirits. Men do not get drunk because they are thirsty, and cannot obtain a cup of tea. Even at the present duties you may get a gallon of bohea at the price of a quartern of brandy.

But, now having almost closed the gin-shop door with their legislation, let us see what moral remedies the select committee propose. Here is the first:—

"38. The establishment, by the joint aid of the government and the local authorities, and residents on the spot, of public walks and gardens, or open spaces for athletic and healthy exercises in the open air, in the immediate vicinity of every town, of an extent and character adapted to its population, and of district and parish libraries, museums, and reading rooms, accessible at the lowest rate of charge, so as to admit of one or the other being visited in any weather and at any time with the rigid exclusion of all intoxicating drinks of every kind from all such places, whether in the open air or closed."

A cunning device certainly. Public walks and gardens—instead of public-houses and gin-shops.—Very sweet and rural, refreshing also, and healthful!—Planted with pumps, at intervals, we should presume to suggest. Or what if the public-houses be converted into parish libraries, museums, and reading-rooms, with appropriate signs, such as "The Bacon's Head," "The Newton Arms," "The Learned Pig," and the like. But the walks delight us most.—Instead of three gos of gin, three goes round the garden—not a stiff glass of whiskey-punch, but a good stout walk—not toddy, but toddle. And then the consumption of tea and coffee at the reduced scale of duty! We can imagine the convivial results in this sprightly nation.—"I say, Tomkins, I was a cup too low last night; but that pekoe set me off, you dog!—Precious fine stuff, that pekoe of yours!" Or, "How much twankay did we drink last night?—upon my life, I forget all about it—we must have played the deuce with your canister."

The following are the only remedies (so called) that approach with any thing like legislative dignity to the point; they alone, were they once applied, would be found as effectual as human nature will permit human wisdom to become; the rest are the miserable contrivances of the moral-mongers of the Paley school:—

"The encouragement of Temperance Societies in every town and village of the kingdom,—the only bond of association being a voluntary engagement to abstain from the use of ardent spirits as a customary drink; and to discourage, by precept and example, all habits of intemperance in themselves and others.

"43. The removal of all Taxes on Knowledge, and the extending every facility to the widest spread of useful knowledge to the humblest classes of the community."

As an evidence of the twaddling incapacity of the select committee, let us recommend the following:—

"44. A national system of education which should ensure the means of instruction to all ranks and classes of the people; and which, in addition to the various branches of requisite and appropriate knowledge, should embrace, as an essential part of the instruction given by it to every child in the kingdom, *accurate information as to the poisonous and invariably deleterious nature of ardent spirits as an article of diet in any form or shape, &c.*"

An essential part of the instruction, given under the national system, to consist of "*accurate* information as to the poisonous and invariably deleterious nature of ardent spirits, &c."—Are the children to be taught by precept or example?—Reflect! it is to be *accurate* information!

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Which of the two, therefore, is it to be?—

"Drink deep, or taste not?"

We find we cannot take leave of the select committee without giving its prospective remedies. Having, as we have seen, almost closed the gin-shop door, and made a public walk from it into a museum or reading room—having taken off the duties on tea and coffee, and abolished the taxes on knowledge—not to mention the temperance societies and the national system, in which children are taught to loathe the sight of spirits—they come upon us with their ultimatums, and their fleerings, and flirtings.

"45. The ultimate or prospective remedies which have been strongly urged by several witnesses, and which they think when public opinion shall be sufficiently awakened to the great national importance of the subject, may be safely recommended to include the following.

"46. The absolute prohibition of all distillation of ardent spirits from any foreign country, or from our new colonies. of distilled spirits in any shape.

"47. The equally absolute prohibition of all distillation of ardent spirits from grain, the most important part of the food of man, in our own country.

"48. The restriction of distillation from other materials, to the purposes of the arts, manufactures, and medicine, and the confining the wholesale and retail dealing in such articles, to chemists, druggists, and dispensaries alone."

It is a good joke, we doubt not, if we could but see it. Wherefore are there *prospective* remedies? They would have saved the necessity of the immediate contrivances. But before it all goes, gentlemen of the select committee, and as we shan't see it "never no more," don't you mean to leave a little "*except as medicine, under the direction of the medical officers.*"

We think, after all, we must consent to procure our spirits from the shops about to be established under the immediate remedy system, and lay in a small stock, that the transition may not be too violent, when the ultimate or prospective remedy is applied.

Mr. Buckingham, we perceive, concludes his preface to the report in these words, addressed to the British public:—

"If they have doubts, let them read the evidence given before the committee, which will soon be published; and if every man, woman, and child in Britain, who can be brought to examine it in the fair spirit of a desire to know the truth, shall not think *strong* measures of legislation necessary to cure the evil, I will abandon all hope of social and moral improvement, and admit that human nature is incorrigible, and all virtue but an idle dream."

This is a strange conclusion at which to arrive. One might have imagined that the concurrent testimony of every man, woman, and child in Britain examining evidence in a fair spirit of a desire to know the truth, even though it were given against *one's* own convictions, might absolve humanity from the arrival of so fearful a scepticism. Under such circumstances, Mr. Buckingham might much more reasonably conclude that his own vanity was incorrigible, and that his hope of shining as a legislator was but an idle dream.

THE STEAM EXCURSION.

Mr. Percy Noakes was a law-student inhabiting a set of chambers on the fourth floor, in one of those houses in Gray's-inn-square, which command an extensive view of the gardens, and their usual adjuncts —flaunting nursery-maids, and town-made children, with parenthetical legs. Mr. Percy Noakes was what is generally termed—"a devilish good fellow." He had a large circle of acquaintance, and seldom dined at his own expense. He used to talk politics to papas, flatter the vanity of mammas, do the amiable to their daughters, make pleasure engagements with their sons, and romp with the younger branches. Like those paragons of perfection, advertising footmen out of place, he was always "willing to make himself generally useful." If any old lady, whose son was in India, gave a ball, Mr. Percy Noakes was master of the ceremonies; if any young lady made a stolen match, Mr. Percy Noakes gave her away; if a juvenile wife presented her husband with a blooming cherub, Mr. Percy Noakes was either godfather or deputy godfather; and, if any member of a friend's family died, Mr. Percy Noakes was invariably to be seen in the second mourning coach, with a white handkerchief to his eyes, sobbing—to use his own appropriate and expressive description—"like winkin!"

It may readily be imagined that these numerous avocations were rather calculated to interfere with Mr. Percy Noakes's professional studies. Mr. Percy Noakes was perfectly aware of the fact, and he had, therefore, after mature reflection, made up his mind not to study at all—a laudable determination, to which he adhered in the most praiseworthy manner. His sitting-room presented a strange chaos of dress-gloves, boxing-gloves, caricatures, albums, invitation cards, foils, cricket-bats, card-board drawings, paste, gum, and fifty other extraordinary articles, heaped together in the strangest confusion. He was always making something for somebody, or planning some party of pleasure, which was his great *forte*. He invariably spoke with astonishing rapidity; was smart, spoffish, and eight-and-twenty.

"Splendid idea, 'pon my life,"—soliloquized Mr. Percy Noakes, over his morning's coffee, as his mind reverted to a suggestion which had been thrown out the previous night, by a lady at whose house he had spent the evening. "Glorious idea!—Mrs. Stubbs," cried the student, raising his voice.

"Yes, Sir," replied a dirty old woman, with an inflamed countenance, emerging from the bed-room, with a barrel of dirt and cinders.—This was the laundress. "Did you call, Sir?"

"Oh! Mrs. Stubbs, I'm going out; if that tailor should call again you'd better say—you'd better say, I'm out of town, and shan't be back for a fortnight; and, if that bootman should come, tell him I've lost his address, or I'd have sent him that little amount; mind he writes it down; and if Mr. Hardy should call—you know Mr. Hardy?—"

"The funny gentleman, Sir?"

"Ah! the funny gentleman. If Mr. Hardy should call, say I've gone to Mrs. Taunton's, about that water-party."

"Yes, Sir."

"And if any fellow calls, and says he's come about a steamer, tell him to be here at five o'clock this afternoon, Mrs. Stubbs."

"Very well, Sir."

Mr. Percy Noakes brushed his hat; whisked the crumbs off his inexplicables with a silk handkerchief, gave the ends of his hair a persuasive roll round his fore-finger, and sallied forth for Mrs. Taunton's domicile in Great Marlborough-street, where she and her daughters occupied the upper part of a house. She was a good-looking widow of fifty, with the form of a giantess and the mind of a child. The pursuit of pleasure, and some means of killing time, appeared the sole end of her existence. She doated on her two daughters, who were as frivolous as herself.

A general exclamation of satisfaction hailed the arrival of Mr. Percy Noakes, who went through the ordinary salutations, and threw himself into an easy chair, near the ladies' work-table, with all the ease of a regularly established friend of the family. Mrs. Taunton was busily engaged in planting immense bright bows on every part of a smart cap on which it was possible to stick one; Miss Emily Taunton was making a watch-guard; and Miss Sophia was at the piano, practising a new song—poetry by the young officer, or the police officer, or the custom-house officer, or some equally interesting amateur.

"You good creature!" said Mrs. Taunton, addressing the gallant Percy. "You really are a good soul. You've come about the water-party, I know."

"I should rather suspect I had," replied Mr. Noakes, triumphantly. "Now come here, girls, and I'll tell you all about it." Miss Emily and Miss Sophia advanced to the table, with that ballet sort of step which some young ladies appear to think so fascinating—something between a skip and a canter.

"Now," continued Mr. Percy Noakes, "it seems to me that the best way will be to have a committee of ten, to make all the arrangements, and manage the whole set-out. Well, then, I propose that the expenses shall be paid by these ten fellows jointly."

"Excellent, indeed!" said Mrs. Taunton, who highly approved of this part of the arrangements.

"Then my plan is, that each of these ten fellows shall have the power of asking five people. There must be a meeting of the committee at my chambers, to make all the arrangements, and these people shall be then named; every member of the committee shall have the power of black-balling any one who is proposed, and one black-ball shall exclude that person. This will ensure our having a pleasant party you know."

"What a manager you are!" interrupted Mrs. Taunton again.

"Charming!" said the lovely Emily.

"I never did!" ejaculated Sophia.

"Yes, I think it'll do," replied Mr. Percy Noakes, who was now

quite in his element. "I think it'll do. Well, then, you know we shall go down to the Nore and back, and have a regular, capital cold dinner laid out in the cabin before we start, so that every thing may be ready, without any confusion; and we shall have the lunch laid out on deck in those little tea-garden-looking concerns by the paddle-boxes—I don't know what you call 'em. Then we shall hire a steamer expressly for our party, and a band, you know, and have the deck chalked, and we shall be able to dance quadrilles all day: and then whoever we know that's musical, you know, why they'll make themselves useful and agreeable—and—and—upon the whole I really hope we shall have a glorious day, you know."

The announcement of these arrangements was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Mrs. Taunton, Emily, and Sophia were loud in their praises.

"Well, but tell me, Percy," said Mrs. Taunton, "who are the ten gentlemen to be?"

"Oh! I know plenty of fellows who'll be delighted with the scheme," replied Mr. Percy Noakes; "of course we shall have—"

"Mr. Hardy," interrupted the servant, announcing a visitor. Miss Sophia and Miss Emily hastily assumed the most interesting attitudes that could be adopted on so short a notice.

"How are you?" said a stout gentleman of about forty, pausing at the door in the attitnde of an awkward harlequin. This was Mr. Hardy, whom we have before described, on the authority of Mrs. Stubbs, as "the funny gentleman." He was an Astley Cooperish Joe Miller—a practical joker, immensely popular with married ladies, and a general favourite with young men. He was always engaged in some pleasure excursion or other, and delighted in getting somebody into a scrape on such occasions. He could sing comic songs; imitate hackney coachmen and fowls; play airs on his chin, and execute concertos on the Jew's harp. He always eat and drank most immoderately, and was the bosom friend of Mr. Percy Noakes. He had a red face, a somewhat husky voice, and a tremendously loud laugh.

"How are you?" said this worthy, laughing, as if it was the finest joke in the world to make a morning call; and shaking hands with the ladies with as much vehemence as if their arms were so many pump-handles.

"You're just the very man I wanted," said Mr. Percy Noakes, who proceeded to explain the cause of his being in requisition.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Hardy, after hearing the statement, and receiving a detailed account of the proposed excursion. "Oh, capital! glorions! What a day it will be! what fun! But, I say, when are you going to begin making the arrangement?"

"No time like the present—at once, if you please."

"Oh, charming!" cried the ladies. "Pray, do."

Writing materials were laid before Mr. Percy Noakes, and the names of the different members of the committee were agreed on, after as much discussion between him and Mr. Hardy as if at least the fate of nations had depended on their appointment. It was then agreed that a meeting should take place at Mr. Percy Noakes's

chambers on the ensuiug Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, and the visitors departed.

Wednesday evening arrived; eight o'clock came, and eight members of the committee were punctual in their attendance. Mr. Loggins, the solicitor, of Boswell-court, sent an excuse, and Mr. Samuel Briggs, the ditto of Furnival's Inn, sent his brother, much to his (the brother's) satisfaction, and greatly to the discomfiture of Mr. Percy Noakes. Between the Briggs's and the Tauntons there existed a degree of implacable hatred, quite unprecedented. The animosity between the Montagues and Capulets was nothing to that which prevailed between these two illustrious houses. Mrs. Briggs was a widow, with three daughters and two sons; Mr. Samuel, the eldest, was an attorney, and Mr. Alexander, the youngest, was under definite articles to his brother. They resided in Portland-street, Oxford-street, and moved in the same orbit as the Tauntons—hence their mutual dislike. If the Miss Briggs's appeared in smart bonnets, the Miss Tauntons eclipsed them with smarter. If Mrs. Taunton appeared in a cap of all the hues of the rainbow, Mrs. Briggs forthwith mounted a toque, with all the patterns of a kaleidescope. If Miss Sophia Taunton learnt a new song, two of the Miss Briggs's came out with a new duet. The Tauntons had once gained a temporary triumph with the assistance of a harp, but the Briggs's brought three guitars into the field, and effectually routed the enemy. In short, there was no end to the rivalry between them.

Now, as Mr. Samuel Briggs was a mere machine, a sort of self-acting legal walking-stick; and as the party was known to have originated, however remotely, with Mrs. Taunton, the female branches of the Briggs's family had arranged that Mr. Alexander should attend instead of his brother; and as the said Mr. Alexander was deservedly celebrated for possessing all the pertinacity of a bankruptcy-court attorney, combined with the obstinacy of that pleasing animal which brouzes upon the thistle—he required but little tuition. He was especially enjoined to make himself as disagreeable as possible; and, above all, to blackball the Tauntons at every hazard.

The proceedings of the evening were opened by Mr. Percy Noakes. After successfully urging upon the gentlemen present the propriety of their mixing some brandy-and-water, he briefly stated the objects of the meeting, and concluded by observing that the first step must be the selection of a chairman, necessarily possessing some arbitrary —he trusted not unconstitutional—powers, to whom the personal direction of the whole of the arrangements (subject to the approval of the committee) should be confided. A pale young gentleman, in a green stock, and spectacles of the same, a member of the honourable society of the Inner Temple, immediately rose for the purpose of proposing Mr. Percy Noakes. He had known him long, and this he would say, that a more honourable, a more excellent, or a better hearted fellow, never existed—(hear, hear). The young gentleman, who was a member of a debating society, took this opportunity of entering into an examination of the state of the English law, from the days of William the Conqueror down to the present period; he briefly adverted to the code established by the ancient Druids;

slightly glanced at the principles laid down by the Athenian law-givers; and concluded with a most glowing eulogium on pic-nics and constitutional rights. Mr. Alexander Briggs opposed the motion. He had the highest esteem for Mr. Percy Noakes as an individual, but he did consider that he ought not to be entrusted with these immense powers—(oh, oh!)—He believed that in the proposed capacity, Mr. Percy Noakes would not act fairly, impartially, or honourably; but he begged it to be distinctly understood, that he said this without the slightest personal disrespect. Mr. Hardy defended his honourable friend, in a voice rendered partially unintelligible by emotion and brandy-and-water; the proposition was put to the vote, and there appearing to be only one dissentient voice, Mr. Percy Noakes was declared duly elected, and took the chair accordingly.

The business of the meeting now proceeded with great rapidity. The chairman delivered in his estimate of the probable expense of the excursion, and every one present subscribed his proportion thereof. The question was put that "The Endeavour" be hired for the occasion; Mr. Alexander Briggs moved as an amendment that the word "Fly" be substituted for the word "Endeavour;" but after some debate consented to withdraw his opposition. The important ceremony of balloting then commenced. A tea-caddy was placed on a table in a dark corner of the apartment, and every one was provided with two backgammon-men, one black and one white.

The chairman with great solemnity then read the following list of the guests whom he proposed to introduce:—Mrs. Taunton and two daughters, Mr. Wizzle, Mr. Simson. The names were respectively balloted for, and Mrs. Taunton and daughters were declared to be black-balled. Mr. Percy Noakes and Mr. Hardy exchanged glances.

"Is your list prepared, Mr. Briggs?" inquired the chairman, with all the dignity of a minor Manners Sutton.

"It is," replied Alexander, delivering in the following:—"Mrs. Briggs and three daughters, Mr. Samuel Briggs." The previous ceremony was repeated, and Mrs. Briggs and three daughters were declared to be black-balled. Mr. Alexander Briggs looked rather foolish, and the remainder of the company appeared somewhat overawed by the mysterious nature of the proceedings.

The balloting proceeded; but one little circumstance which Mr. Percy Noakes had not originally foreseen, prevented the system working quite as well as he had anticipated—every body was black-balled. Mr. Alexander Briggs by way of retaliation exercised his power of exclusion in every instance, and the result was, that after three hours had been consumed in incessant balloting, the names of only three gentlemen were found to have been agreed to. In this dilemma what was to be done? either the whole plan must fall to the ground, or a compromise must be effected. The latter alternative was preferable; and Mr. Percy Noakes, therefore, proposed that the form of balloting should be dispensed with, and that every gentleman should merely be required to state whom he intended to bring. The proposal was readily acceded to; the Tauntons and the Briggs's were reinstated, and the party was formed. The next Wednesday was fixed for the eventful day, and it was unanimously resolved that

every member of the committee should wear a piece of blue sarsnet ribbon round his left arm. It appeared from the statement of Mr. Percy Noakes that the boat belonged to the General Steam Navigation Company, and was then lying off the Custom-house; and as he proposed that the dinner and wines should be provided by an eminent city purveyor, it was arranged that Mr. Percy Noakes should be on-board by seven o'clock to superintend the arrangements, and that the remaining members of the committee, together with the company generally, should be expected to join her by nine o'clock. More brandy-and-water was dispatched; several speeches were made by the different law students present; thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting separated.

The weather had been beautiful up to this period, and beautiful it continued to be. Sunday passed over, and Mr. Percy Noakes became unusually fidgetty—rushing constantly to and from the Steam Packet Wharf, to the astonishment of the clerks, and the great emolument of the Holborn cab-men. Tuesday arrived, and the anxiety of Mr. Percy Noakes knew no bounds: he was every instant running to the window to look out for clouds; and Mr. Hardy astonished the whole square by practising a new comic song for the occasion in the chairman's chambers.

Uneasy were the slumbers of Mr. Percy Noakes that night: he tossed and tumbled about, and had confused dreams of steamers starting off, and gigantic clocks with the hands pointing to a quarter past nine, and the ugly face of Mr. Alexander Briggs looking over the boat's side, and grinning as if in derision of his fruitless attempts to move. He made a violent effort to get on board, and awoke. The bright sun was shining cheerfully into the bed-room; and Mr. Percy Noakes started up for his watch, in the dreadful expectation of finding his worst dreams realized. It was just five o'clock: he calculated the time—he should be a good half-hour dressing himself; and as it was a lovely morning, and the tide would be then running down, he would walk leisurely to Strand Lane, and have a boat to the Custom House.

He dressed himself, took a hasty apology for a breakfast, and sallied forth. The streets looked as lonely and deserted as if they had been crowded over-night for the last time. Here and there an early apprentice, with quenched-looking, sleepy eyes, was taking down the shutters of a shop; and a policeman or milk-woman might occasionally be seen pacing slowly along; the servants had not yet begun to clean the doors, or light the fires, and London looked the picture of desolation. At the corner of a bye-street, near Temple Bar, was stationed a "street breakfast." The coffee was boiling over a charcoal fire, and large slices of bread and butter were piled one upon the other, like deals in a timber-yard. The company were seated on a form, which, with a view both to security and comfort, was placed against a neighbouring wall. Two young men, whose uproarious mirth and disordered dress bespoke the conviviality of the preceding evening, were treating three "ladies" and an Irish labourer. A little sweep was standing at a short distance, casting a longing eye at the tempting delicacies; and a policeman was watch-

ing the group from the opposite side of the street. The wan looks, and gaudy finery of the wretched, thinly clad females, contrasted as strangely with the gay sun-light, as did their forced merriment with the boisterous hilarity of the two young men, who now and then varied their amusements by "bonneting" the proprietor of this itinerant coffee house.

Mr. Percy Noakes walked briskly by, and when he turned down Strand-lane, and caught a glimpse of the glistening water, he thought that he had never felt so important or so happy in his life.

"Boat, Sir!" cried one of the three watermen who were mopping out their boats, and all whistling different tunes. "Boat, Sir!"

"No," replied Mr. Percy Noakes rather sharply, for the inquiry was not made in a manner at all suitable to his dignity.

"Would you prefer a wessel, Sir?" inquired another, to the infinite delight of the 'Jack-in-the-water.'

Mr. Percy Noakes replied with a look of the most supreme contempt.

"Did you want to be put on board a steamer, Sir?" inquired an old fireman-waterman very confidentially. He was dressed in a faded red suit, just the colour of the cover of a very old Court-guide.

"Yes, make haste—the Endeavour; off the Custom-house."

"Endeavour!" cried the man who had convulsed the 'Jack' before. "Vy, I see the Endeavour go up half an hour ago."

"So did I," said another; "and I should think she'd gone down by this time, for she's a precious sight too full of ladies and gen'lmen."

Mr. Percy Noakes affected to disregard these representations, and stepped into the boat, which the old man, by dint of scrambling, and shoving, and grating, had brought up to the causeway.—"Shove her off," cried Mr. Percy Noakes, and away the boat glided down the river, Mr. Percy Noakes seated on the recently mopped seat, and the watermen at the stairs offering to bet him any reasonable sum that he'd never reach the "Custum-us."

"Here she is, by Jove!" said the delighted Percy, as they ran alongside the Endeavour.

"Hold hard!" cried the steward over the side, and Mr. Percy Noakes jumped on board.

"Hope you'll find everything as you wished it, Sir—she looks uncommon well this morning."

"She does, indeed!" replied the manager, in a state of ecstacy which it is impossible to describe. The deck was scrubbed, and the seats were scrubbed, and there was a bench for the band, and a place for dancing, and a pile of camp stools, and an awning; and then Mr. Percy Noakes bustled down below, and there were the pastrycook's men, and the steward's wife laying out the dinner on two tables the whole length of the cabin; and then Mr. Percy Noakes took off his coat, and rushed backwards and forwards, doing nothing, but quite convinced he was assisting everybody; and the steward's wife laughed till she cried, and Mr. Percy Noakes panted with the violence of his exertions. And then the bell at London-bridge wharf rang, and a Margate boat was just starting, and a Gravesend boat was just starting, and people shouted, and

porters ran down the steps with luggage that would crush any men but porters; and sloping boards, with bits of wood nailed on them, were placed between the outside boat and the inside boat, and the passengers ran along them, and looked like so many fowls coming out of an area; and then the bell ceased, and the boards were taken away, and the boats started; and a great many people who wanted to go were left behind, and a great many people who didn't want to go were carried away; and the whole scene was one of the most delightful bustle and confusion that can be imagined.

The time wore on; half-past eight o'clock arrived; the pastry-cook's men went ashore; the dinner was completely laid out, and Mr. Percy Noakes locked the principal cabin, and put the key into his pocket, in order that it might be suddenly disclosed in all its magnificence to the eyes of the astonished company. The band came on board, and so did the wine. Ten minutes to nine, and the committee embarked in a body. There was Mr. Hardy in a blue jacket and waistcoat, white trousers, silk stockings, and pumps; habited in full aquatic costume, with a straw hat on his head, and an immense telescope under his arm; and there was the young gentleman with the green spectacles in nankeen inexplicables, with a ditto waistcoat and bright buttons, like the pictures of Paul—not the saint, but he of Virginia notoriety. The remainder of the committee, dressed as they were in white hats, light jackets, waistcoats and trousers, looked something between waiters and West India planters.

Nine o'clock struck, and the company arrived in shoals. Mr. Samuel Briggs, Mrs. Briggs, and the Misses Briggs made their appearance in a smart private wherry. The three guitars, in their respective dark green cases, were carefully stowed away in the bottom of the boat, accompanied by two immense portfolios of music, which it would take at least a week's incessant playing to get through. The Tauntons arrived at the same moment with more music, and a lion—a gentleman with a bass voice, and incipient red mustachios. The colours of the Taunton party were pink; those of the Briggs's a light blue. The Tauntons had artificial flowers in their bonnets; here the Briggs's gained a decided advantage—they wore feathers.

"How d'ye do, dear?" said the Misses Briggs to the Misses Taunton. (The word "dear" among girls is frequently synonymous with "wretch.")

"Quite well, thank you, dear," replied the Misses Taunton, to the Misses Briggs—and then there was such a kissing, and congratulating, and shaking of hands, as would induce one to suppose the two families were the best friends in the world, instead of each wishing the other overboard, as they most sincerely did.

Mr. Percy Noakes received the visitors, and bowed to the strange gentleman, as if he should like to know who he was. This was just what Mrs. Taunton wanted. Here was an opportunity to astonish the Briggs's.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said the general of the Taunton party, with a careless air—"Captain Helves—Mr. Percy Noakes—Mrs. Briggs—Captain Helves."

Mr. Percy Noakes bowed very low; the gallant captain did the same with all due ferocity, and the Briggs's were clearly overcome.

"Our friend, Mr. Wizzle, being unfortunately prevented from coming," resumed Mrs. Taunton, "I did myself the pleasure of bringing the captain, whose musical talents I knew would be a great acquisition."

"In the name of the committee I have to thank you for doing so, and to offer you a most sincere welcome, Sir," replied Percy (here the scraping was renewed). "But pray be seated—won't you walk aft? Captain, will you conduct Miss Taunton?—Miss Briggs, will you allow me?"

"Where could they have picked up that military man?" inquired Mrs. Briggs of Miss Kate Briggs, as they followed the little party.

"Can't imagine," replied Miss Kate, bursting with vexation; for the very fierce air with which the gallant captain regarded the company, had impressed her with a high sense of his importance.

Boat after boat came alongside, and guest after guest arrived. The invites had been excellently arranged; Mr. Percy Noakes having considered it as important that the number of young men should exactly tally with that of the young ladies, as that the quantity of knives on board should be in precise proportion to the forks.

"Now is every one on board?" inquired Mr. Percy Noakes. The committee (who with their bits of blue ribbon, looked as if they were all going to be bled) bustled about to ascertain the fact, and reported that they might safely start.

"Go on," cried the master of the boat from the top of one of the paddle-boxes.

"Go on," echoed the boy, who was stationed over the hatchway to pass the directions down to the engineer—and away went the vessel with that agreeable noise which is peculiar to steamers, and which is composed of a pleasant mixture of creaking, gushing, clanging, and snorting.

"Hoi—oi—oi—oi—oi—oi—o—i—i—i," shouted half-a-dozen voices from a boat about a quarter of a mile astern.

"Ease her," cried the captain; "do these people belong to us, Sir?"

"Noakes," exclaimed Hardy, who had been looking at every object, far and near, through the large telescope; "it's the Fleetwoods and the Wakefields—and two children with them, by Jove."

"What a shame to bring children!" said every body, "how very inconsiderate!"

"I say, it would be a good joke to pretend not to see 'em, wouldn't it?" suggested Hardy, to the immense delight of the company generally. A council of war was hastily held, and it was resolved that the new comers should be taken on board, on Mr. Hardy's solemnly pledging himself to teaze the children during the whole of the day.

"Stop her," cried the captain.

"Stop her," repeated the boy; whizz went the steam, and all the young ladies, as in duty bound, screamed in concert. They were only appeased by the assurance of the martial Helves that the escape of

steam consequent on the stopping of a vessel was seldom attended with any great losf of human life.

Two men ran to the side, and after a good deal of shouting, and swearing, and angling for the wherry with a boat-hook, Mr. Fleetwood, and Mrs. Fleetwood, and Master Fleetwood; and Mr. Wakefield, and Mrs. Wakefield, and Miss Wakefield were safely deposited on the deck. The girl was about six years old; the boy about four; the former was dressed in a white frock with a pink sash, and a dog's-eared looking little spencer, a straw bonnet, and green veil, six inches by three and a half; the latter was attired for the occasion in a nankeen frock, between the bottom of which and the top of his plaid socks a considerable portion of two small mottled legs was discernible. He had a light blue cap with a gold band and tassel on his head, and a damp piece of gingerbread in his hand, with which he had slightly embossed his dear little countenance.

The boat once more started off; the band played "Off she goes," the major part of the company conversed cheerfully in groups, and the old gentlemen walked up and down the deck in pairs, as perseveringly and gravely as if they were doing a match against time for an immense stake. They ran briskly down the pool; the gentlemen pointed out the Docks, the Thames' Police-office, and other elegant public edifices; and the young ladies exhibited a proper display of horror and bashfulness at the appearance of the coal-whippers, and ballast-heavers. Mr. Hardy told stories to the married ladies, at which they laughed very much in their pocket-handkerchiefs; and hit him on the knuckles with their fans, declaring him to be "a naughty man—a shocking creature"—and so forth; and Captain Helves gave slight descriptions of battles and duels, with a most bloodthirsty air, which made him the admiration of the women, and the envy of the men. Quadrilling commenced; Captain Helves danced one set with Miss Emily Taunton, and another set with Miss Sophia Taunton. Mrs. Taunton was in ecstacies. The victory appeared to be complete; but, alas! the inconstancy of man—having performed this necessary duty, he attached himself solely to Miss Julia Briggs, with whom he danced no less than three sets consecutively, and from whose side he evinced no intention of stirring for the remainder of the day.

Mr. Hardy having played one or two very brilliant fantasias on the Jew's harp, and having frequently repeated the exquisitely amusing joke of slily chalking a large cross on the back of some member of the committee, Mr. Percy Noakes expressed his hope that some of their musical friends would oblige the company by a display of their abilities.

"Perhaps," he said in a very insinuating manner, "Captain Helves will oblige us." Mrs. Taunton's countenance lightened up, for the captain only sang duets, and couldn't sing them with anybody but one of her daughters.

"Really," said that warlike individual, "I should be very happy, but——"

"Oh! pray do," cried all the young ladies.

"Miss Sophia, have you any objection to join in a duet?"

"Oh! not the slightest," returned the young lady, in a tone which clearly shewed she had the greatest possible objection.

"Shall I accompany you, dear?" inquired one of the Miss Briggs's, with the bland intention of spoiling the effect.

"Very much obliged to you, Miss Briggs," sharply retorted Mrs. Taunton, who saw through the manœuvre—"my daughters always sing without accompaniments."

"And without voices," tittered Mrs. Briggs, in a low tone

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Taunton, reddening, for she guessed the tenor of the observation, though she had not heard it clearly. "Perhaps it would be as well for some people, if their voices were not quite as audible as they are to other people."

"And perhaps, if gentlemen, who are kidnapped to pay attention to some persons' daughters, had not sufficient discernment to pay attention to other persons' daughters," returned Mrs. Briggs, "some persons would not be so ready to display that ill-temper, which, thank God, distinguishes them from other persons."

"Persons!" ejaculated Mrs. Taunton.

"Yes; persons, ma'am," replied Mrs. Briggs.

"Insolence!"

"Creature!"

"Hush! hush!" interrupted Mr. Percy Noakes, who was one of the very few by whom this dialogue had been overheard. "Hush! —pray; silence for the duet."

After a great deal of preparatory crowing and humming, the Captain began the following duet from the opera of Paul and Virginia, in that grunting tone in which a man gets down, Heaven knows where, without the remotest chance of ever getting up again. This, in private circles is frequently designated "a bass voice."

"See (sung the Captain) from o—ce—an ri—sing
Bright flames the or—b of d—ay.
From yon gro—ve, the varied so—ngs——"

Here the singer was interrupted by varied cries of the most dreadful description, proceeding from some grove in the immediate vicinity of the starboard paddle-box.

"My child!" screamed Mrs. Fleetwood. "My child! it is his voice—I know it."

Mr. Fleetwood, accompanied by several gentlemen, here rushed to the quarter from whence the noise proceeded, and an exclamation of horror burst from the company; the general impression being, that the little innocent had either got his head in the water, or his legs in the machinery.

"What is the matter?" shouted the agonized father, as he returned with the child in his arms.

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed the small sufferer again.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired the father, once more—hastily stripping off the nankeen frock, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the child had one bone which was not smashed to pieces.

"Oh! oh!—I'm so frightened."

"What at, dear?—what at?" said the mother, soothing the sweet infant.

"Oh! he's been making such dreadful faces at me," cried the boy, relapsing into convulsions, at the bare recollection.

"He!—who?" cried every body, crowding round him.

"Oh!—him," replied the child, pointing at Hardy, who affected to be the most concerned of the whole group.

The real state of the case at once flashed upon the minds of all present, with the exception of the Fleetwoods and the Wakefields. The facetious Hardy, in fulfilment of his promise, had watched the child to a remote part of the vessel, and, by suddenly appearing before him with the most awful contortions of visage, had produced his paroxysm of terror. Of course, he now observed that it was hardly necessary for him to deny the accusation; and the unfortunate little victim was, accordingly, led below, after receiving sundry thumps on the head from both his parents, for having the wickedness to tell a story.

This little interruption having been adjusted, the captain resumed, and Miss Emily chimed in, in due course. The duet was loudly applauded; and, certainly, the perfect independence of the parties, deserved great commendation. Miss Emily sung her part without the slightest reference to the captain, and the captain sang so loud that he had not the slightest idea of what was being done by his partner. After having gone through the last few eighteen or nineteen bars by himself, therefore, he acknowledged the plaudits of the circle with that air of self-denial which men always assume, when they think they have done something to astonish the company, though they don't exactly know what.

"Now," said Mr. Percy Noakes, who had just ascended from the fore-cabin, where he had been busily engaged in decanting the wine, "if the Misses Briggs will oblige us with something before dinner, I am sure we shall be very much delighted."

One of those hums of admiration followed the suggestion, which one frequently hears in society when nobody has the most distant notion of what he is expressing his approval of. The three Misses Briggs looked modestly at their mamma, and the mamma looked approvingly at her daughters, and Mrs. Taunton looked scornfully at all of them. The Misses Briggs asked for their guitars, and several gentlemen seriously damaged the cases in their anxiety to present them. Then there was a very interesting production of three little keys for the aforesaid cases, and a melodramatic expression of horror at finding a string broken; and a vast deal of screwing and tightening, and winding and tuning, during which Mrs. Briggs expatiated to those near her on the immense difficulty of playing a guitar, and hinted at the wondrous proficiency of her daughters in that mystic art. Mrs. Taunton whispered to a neighbour that it was "quite sickening!" and the Misses Taunton tried to look as if they knew how to play, but disdained to do so.

At length the Misses Briggs began in real earnest. It was a new Spanish composition for three voices and three guitars. The effect was electrical. All eyes were turned upon the captain, who was reported to have once passed through Spain with his regiment, and who, of course, must be well acquainted with the national music. He was in raptures. This was sufficient; the trio was encored—the ap-

plause was universal, and never had the Tauntons suffered such a complete defeat. Mrs. Taunton looked as philanthropic as one of Mr. Barnett's "Salamanders."

"Bravo! Bravo!" ejaculated the captain;—"Bravo!"

"Pretty! isn't it, Sir?" inquired Mr. Samuel Briggs, with the air of a self-satisfied showman. By-the-bye they were the first words he had been heard to utter since he left Boswell-court the evening before.

"De—lightful!" returned the captain, with a flourish, and a military cough;—"de—lightful!"

"Sweet instrument!" said an old gentleman with a bald-head, who had been trying all the morning to look through a telescope, inside the glass of which Mr. Hardy had fixed a large black wafer.

"Did you ever hear a Portuguese tambourine?" inquired that jocular individual.

"Did *you* ever hear a tom-tom, Sir? sternly inquired the captain, who lost no opportunity of shewing off his travels, real or pretended.

"A what?" asked Hardy, rather taken aback.

"A tom-tom."

"Never!"

"Nor a gum-gum?"

"Never!"

"What *is* a gum-gum?" eagerly inquired several young ladies.

"When I was in the East Indies," replied the captain, (here was a discovery—he had been in the East Indies!)—"when I was in the East Indies, I was once stopping several thousand miles up the country, on a visit at the house of a very particular friend of mine, Ram Chowdar Doss Azuph Al Bowlar—a devilish pleasant fellow. As we were enjoying our hookahs one evening in the cool verandah, in front of his villa, we were rather surprised by the sudden appearance of thirty-four of his kit-ma-gars (for he had rather a large establishment there), accompanied by an equal number of Consumars, approaching the house with a threatening aspect, and beating a tom-tom. The Ram started up——"

"The who?" inquired the bald gentleman, intensely interested.

"The Ram—Ram Chowdar—"

"Oh!" said the old gentleman, "I beg your pardon; it really didn't occur to me; pray go on."

"—— Started up, and drew a pistol. 'Helves,' said he, 'my boy'—he always called me, my boy—'Helves,' said he, 'do you hear that tom-tom?'—'I do,' said I. His countenance, which before was pale, assumed a most frightful appearance; his whole visage was distorted, and his frame shaken by violent emotions. 'Do you see that gum-gum?' said he. 'No,' said I, staring about me. 'You don't?' said he. 'No, I'll be damned if I do,' said I; 'and what's more, I don't know what a gum-gum is,' said I. I really thought the man would have dropped. He drew me aside, and with an expression of agony I shall never forget, said in a low whisper—"

"Dinner's on the table, ladies," interrupted the steward's wife.

"Will you allow me?" said the captain, immediately suiting the action to the word, and escorting Miss Julia Briggs to the cabin, with as much ease as if he had finished the story.

"What an extraordinary circumstance!" ejaculated the same old gentleman, preserving his listening attitude.

"What a traveller!" said the young ladies.

"What a singular name!" exclaimed the gentlemen, rather confused by the coolness of the whole affair.

"I wish he had finished the story," said an old lady. "I wonder what a gum-gum really is?'

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hardy, who until now had been lost in utter amazement, "I don't know what it may be in India, but in England I think a gum-gum has very much the same meaning as a humbug."

"How illiberal! how envious!" said every body as they made for the cabin, fully impressed with a belief of the captain's amazing adventures. Helves was the sole lion for the remainder of the day—impudence and the marvellous are sure passports to any society.

The party had by this time reached their destination, and put about on their return home. The wind, which had been with them the whole day, was now directly in their teeth; the weather had become gradually more and more overcast; and the sky, water, and shore, were all of that dull, heavy, uniform lead-colour which house-painters daub in the first instance over a street door which is gradually approaching a state of convalescence. It had been "spitting" with rain for the last half-hour, and it now began to pour in good earnest. The wind was freshening very fast, and the "jolly young waterman" at the wheel had unequivocally expressed his opinion that there would shortly be a squall. A slight emotion on the part of the vessel now and then, seemed to suggest the possibility of its pitching to a very uncomfortable extent in the event of its blowing harder; and every timber began to creak as if the boat were an overladen clothes basket. Sea-sickness, however, is like a belief in ghosts—every one entertains some misgivings on the subject, but few will acknowledge them. The majority of the company, therefore, endeavoured to look peculiarly happy, feeling all the while especially miserable.

"Don't it rain?" inquired the old gentleman before noticed, when, by dint of squeezing and jamming, they were all seated at table.

"I think it does—a little," replied Mr. Percy Noakes, who could hardly hear himself speak, in consequence of the pattering on the deck.

"Don't it blow?" inquired some one else.

"No—I don't think it does," responded Hardy, sincerely wishing that he could persuade himself it did not, for he sat near the door, and was almost blown off his seat.

"It'll soon clear up," said Mr. Percy Noakes, in a cheerful tone.

"Oh, certainly," ejaculated the committee generally.

"No doubt of it," said the remainder of the company, whose attention was now pretty well engrossed by the serious business of eating, carving, taking wine, and so forth. The throbbing motion of the engine was but too perceptible. There was a large substantial cold boiled leg of mutton at the bottom of the table, shaking like blanc-mange; a hearty sirloin of beef looked as if it had been sud-

denly seized with the palsy; and some tongues, which were placed on dishes rather too large for them, were going through the most surprising evolutions, darting from side to side and from end to end, like a fly in an inverted wine-glass. Then the sweets shook and trembled till it was quite impossible to help them, and people gave up the attempt in despair; and the pigeon-pies looked as if the birds, whose legs were stuck outside, were trying to get them in. The table vibrated and started like a feverish pulse, and the very legs were slightly convulsed—every thing was shaking and jarring. The beams in the roof of the cabin seemed as if they were put there for the sole purpose of giving people head-aches, and several elderly gentlemen became ill-tempered in consequence. As fast as the steward put the fire-irons up, they would fall down again; and the more the ladies and gentlemen tried to sit comfortably on their seats, the more the seats seemed to slide away from the ladies and gentlemen. Several ominous demands were made for small glasses of brandy, the countenances of the company gradually underwent the most extraordinary changes; and one gentleman was observed suddenly to rush from table without the slightest ostensible reason, and dart up the steps with incredible swiftness, thereby greatly damaging both himself and the steward, who happened to be coming down at the same moment.

The cloth was removed; the desert was laid on the table, and the glasses were filled. The motion of the boat increased; several members of the party began to feel rather vague and misty, and looked as if they had only just got up. The young gentleman with the spectacles who had been in a fluctuating state for some time—one moment jolly, and another dismal, like a revolving light on the sea-coast—rashly announced his wish to propose a toast. After several ineffectual attempts to preserve his perpendicular, the young gentleman, having managed to hook himself to the centre leg of the table with his left hand, proceeded as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen. A gentleman is among us—I may say a stranger—(here some painful thought seemed to strike the orator; he paused, and looked extremely odd) whose talents, whose travels, whose cheerfulness—"

"I beg your pardon, Edkins," hastily interrupted Mr. Percy Noakes. "Hardy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," replied the 'funny gentleman,' who had just life enough left to utter two consecutive syllables.

"Will you have some brandy?"

"No," replied Hardy, in a tone of great indignation, and looking about as comfortable as Temple Bar in a Scotch mist; "what should I want brandy for?"

"Will you go on deck?"

"No, I will not." This was said with a most determined air, and in a voice which might have been taken for an imitation of anything; it was quite as much like a guinea-pig as a bassoon.

"I beg your pardon, Edkins," said the courteous Percy, "I thought our friend was ill. Pray go on."

A pause.

"Pray go on."

"Mr. Edkins *is* gone," cried somebody.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the steward, running up to Mr. Percy Noakes, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but the gentleman as just went on deck—him with the green spectacles—is uncommon bad to be sure; and the young man as played the wiolin says, that unless he has some brandy he can't answer for the consequences. He says he has a wife and two children, whose werry subsistence depends on his breaking a wessle, and that he expects to do so every moment. The flageolet's been werry ill, but he's better, only he's in such a dreadful prusperation."

All disguise was now useless; the company staggered on deck; the gentlemen tried to see nothing but the clouds; and the ladies, muffled up in such shawls aud cloaks as they had brought with them, laid about on the seats and under the seats, in the most wretched condition. Never was such a blowing, and raining, and pitching, and tossing endured by a pleasure party before. Several remonstrances were sent down below on the subject of Master Fleetwood, but they were totally unheeded in consequence of the indisposition of his natural protectors. That interesting child screamed at the very top of his voice, until he had no voice left to scream with, and then Miss Wakefield began, and screamed for the remainder of the passage.

Mr. Hardy was observed some hours afterwards in an attitude which induced his friends to suppose that he was busily engaged in contemplating the beauties of the deep; they only regretted that his taste for the picturesque should lead him to remain so long in a position, very injurious at all times, but especially so to an individual labouring under a tendency of blood to the head. Having been for some months past subject to indigestion, and loss of appetite, he was recently persuaded to try a keener air and a more northern climate for the removal of the one, and the improvement of the other. We are credibly informed that he was present at the Edinburgh dinner, and, moreover, that he is the individual to whose eager appetite on that occasion we find allusion made in *The Morning Chronicle* of a few days since.

The party arrived off the Custom-house at about two o'clock on the Thursday morning—dispirited and worn out. The Tauntons were too ill to quarrel with the Briggs's, and the Briggs's were too wretched to annoy the Tauntons. One of the guitar cases was lost on its passage to a hackney coach, and Mrs. Briggs has not scrupled to state that the Tauntons bribed a porter to throw it down an area. Mr. Alexander Briggs opposes vote by ballot—he says from personal experience of its inefficacy; and Mr. Samuel Briggs, whenever he is asked to express his sentiments on the point, says that he has no opinion on that or any other subject.

Mr. Edkins—the young gentleman in the green spectacles—makes a speech on every occasion on which a speech can possibly be made, the eloquence of which can only be equalled by its length. In the event of his not being previously appointed to a judgeship, it is most probable that he will practise as a barrister in the New Central Criminal Court.

Captain Helves continued his attentions to Miss Julia Briggs, whom he might possibly have espoused, if it had not unfortunately happened that Mr. Samuel arrested him in the way of business, pursuant to instructions received from Messrs. Scroggins and Payne, whose town debts the gallant captain had condescended to collect, but whose accounts—with the indiscretion so peculiar to military minds—he had omitted to keep with that dull accuracy which custom has rendered necessary. Mrs. Taunton complains that she has been much deceived in him. He introduced himself to the family on board a Gravesend steam-packet, and certainly, therefore, ought to have proved respectable.

Mr. Percy Noakes is as light-hearted and careless as ever. We have described him as a general favourite in his private circle—we hope he may find a kindly disposed friend or two in public.

Boz.

THE TWO RABBITS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

PRESS'D by the dogs, o'er hill and heath
A rabbit flew, quite out of breath;
A friend, whose burrow swift he pass'd,
Stopp'd him, and cried, "Ho! why so fast?"
"So fast, indeed,—and where's the wonder?
See those two scoundrel greyhounds yonder."
"Ha! here they come, that's sure—but stay—
They are not hounds."—"What then, I pray?"
"Setters, if well my eyes descry 'em."
"Setters!—about as much as I am.
They're hounds I know, and will not doubt it."
"They're setters—*you* know nought about it."
"They're hounds, upon my soul they are."
"I say they're setters still." Thus far
The contest on the point had gone,
When the two hungry dogs came on—
Seiz'd on our rabbits, roused too late,
And quickly settled the debate.
They who neglect important things,
For vain and captious cavillings,
Let them to this example turn,
Think on the rabbits' fate, and learn.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A SPANISH LIBERAL.—No. III.

Don Carlos and his deceased Consort, Maria Francisca—Don Miguel—Louis Philippe—Dona Maria da Gloria, Queen of Portugal—Arguelles—Flores D'Estrada, &c.

I had for several days missed my Spanish friend in his usual haunts, and was almost induced to suppose that he had taken flight for Spain without even the ceremony of *P. d. s.*,* when to my infinite satisfaction I met him taking a solitary stroll in the deserted regions of St. James's-street.—"So then," said I, shaking him heartily by the hand, "you are still here. I began to imagine that the demon of ennui, which at this season of the year holds his court in our English metropolis, had driven you to Madrid, where at the present moment war, politics, finance—in fact, quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira aut voluptas,' has so wide a field for their operation."

"My occupation of late," said the Spaniard mournfully, "has been of a sadder nature. Liberal as I am, that feeling of loyalty to the royal family, still so strong in the breast of every true Spaniard, led me to Gosport to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of the unfortunate Maria Francisca, who has died among strangers in a foreign land, the victim of circumstances over which she at least had no control."

"Her fate," I replied, "has been a melancholy one. I was myself at the Rio in 1816, when her sister and herself, in the noon tide of youth and loveliness, embarked for Spain; the tears of the court and of the whole capital of Brazil flowed fast as the ship, with the two beautiful infantas on board, was swept by a fair wind past the lofty Pao d'Assucar, which marks the entrance of that magnificent harbour. How truly have the melancholy forebodings, which oppressed the mind of John the Sixth on parting with his children, been verified! One soon fell a victim to the brutality of her royal consort, Ferdinand;† the other, estranged from her own family by the political dissensions that have so long distracted the Iberian peninsula, has just died, a broken hearted exile, neglected and unnoticed in the very dominions of her father's oldest ally."

"Her untimely fate," said the Spaniard, "as you well observe, is indeed worthy of the deepest commiseration, for her husband, almost *malgré lui*, had been dragged upon the theatre of events. It was not till after the restoration, in 1814, that this prince attracted public attention. His principles with regard to the monarchy, church, and inquisition—his hatred of the freemasons and liberals, and his notions

* *Para despedirse*, &c. equivalent to the P.P.S. used by us.

† On the arrival of the two Portuguese infantas in Spain, Ferdinand conceived a violent passion for the princess Maria Francisca, who had been already married by proxy to his brother.

of absolute power, coupled with the personal moderation of the late king towards the constitutionalists in 1823, first led to the formation of a plot by the absolutists to compel him to abdicate and to raise Don Carlos to the throne. Thus you will observe that the apostolicals see in this prince a principle identified with their own existence; for had Don Carlos's own wishes been consulted, I verily believe he would have preferred a life of obscurity to the stormy part he is now enacting, and which a regard to the rights of his sons, rather than any ambitious views of his own, has exacted when too late for action; for had he on the death of his brother boldly set up his standard, and have offered the same guarantees to the nation as he now does, the aspect of affairs would have been very different. But his flight into Portugal, and his support of the infamous Miguel, ruined his cause."

"The infamous Miguel, do you say? You cannot surely have read the flaming panegyric on this prince that has appeared in a recent publication, in which, down to a beard *à la Vandyke*, he is arrayed in all the attributes of a hero of romance."

"Difficult as it is," said the Spaniard, "to distinguish truth from falsehood, probability from improbability, in times of civil dissensions, when the characters of princes are embellished or disfigured by the pencils of blind and devoted loyalty, or of factious malignity, posterity will nevertheless entertain but one opinion of Miguel's character; he is a monster, as the following anecdote, which is not generally known, but which I had from authority, will convince you.

"Some time after Miguel's return from Brazil he paid a visit to the College of Surgeons at Lisbon. After viewing the various anatomical subjects it contained, he at length asked if it were possible to kill a person without leaving any traces of violence upon the body. He was told that by introducing the point of sharp instruments into the brain through the mouth it could be done. On receiving this information he was observed to muse for some minutes in the recess of a window. The feelings of the medical men present on that occasion may be well imagined, when some time after this conversation the unfortunate Marquis de Loulé was found murdered in the identical manner described. Even to him, of whom Louis XVIIIth observed that he was the most ill-bred prince in Europe, his handsome countenance, and his beard *à la Vandyke*, may I grant you impart a certain imposing exterior that may captivate a superficial observer, but under this fascinating exterior there lurks the heart of a demon. "*Apropos des barbes*—Have you heard the recent anecdote of Louis Philippe?"—I had not, and he proceeded.

"During his recent progress through the provinces, the Hotel of the Sous Prefecture of one of the small towns through which he passed was brilliantly illuminated. In the centre of the façade there was a large transparency of the King of the Barricades. One of the spectators, well versed in the etiquette of costume, observed with surprise, that the citizen king wore the grand cordon blue of the Order of the Saint Esprit—this led to a narrower scrutiny of the picture, when it was discovered to be a full-length portrait of Charles X, converted without ceremony into a Louis Philippe by the addition

of an enormous pair of whiskers. The Sous Prefect on being reproached with this *quasi* mystification, laid the blame on the *concierge*, who bluntly defended his conduct by saying—"*Ma foi—Messieurs, entre ce Roi-ci et l'autre, je ne vois d'autre difference que la barbe!*"

"Duke of Valois in 1773, since then successively Duke of Chartres, General Egalité, Duke of Orleans and King of the French, the life of this prince," said my Spanish friend, "is full of singular contrasts, and presents one of the most striking examples of the vicissitudes of human opinion the page of history can produce. In 1793, he signed himself Louis-Philippe Egalité, *a French prince to his misfortune.* In 1810, he re-assumed this title at Tarragona, and has since made use of it to seat himself upon one of the first thrones of the universe—As a republican soldier, under the tri-colour at Volney, he fought for his principles; and at a later period swore liege homage to his sovereign lord Louis XVIII., assumed the white cockade, which he wore till the memorable three days, when he again changed it for the colours under which he fought in his youth; and at this moment we find him, as *King of the French,* supporting in Spain an order of succession which he was, as *Duke of Orleans,* the first to protest against. For you must remember that, on the abolition of the Salic Law by Ferdinand, Charles X. said to Louis-Philippe, '*Mon cousin, cela vous regarde plus qu'à moi, faites en votre affaire;*' and so he did by his celebrated *protest* which now is the property of history."

"The political career of Louis-Philippe has indeed been distinguished," said I, "by such antithetic phases that posterity may well question if the actions of several of that name have not been erroneously attributed to one single individual. But to change our subject, how go on the affairs of Spain?"

"Not very happily. Between the Liberals on the one hand, and the Carlists on the other, the government of the queen resembles a vessel tossed by the winds and waves, and without a single pilot to enable her to weather the storm."

"It is strange," I replied, "that in all the changes of men, who have grasped the helm of state in your distracted country during the war of independence, or who took a prominent part in public affairs during the subsequent revolution, not a single individual, *de la hauteur des circonstances,* has appeared on the theatre of events. Riego, though honest, was, in the widest acceptation of the word '*un homme borné.*' Mina is a mere sabreur, a guerilla—destitute of every quality for a political leader. Martinez de la Rosa and the Conde de Torreno, although they possess great talents, have not displayed that firmness of purpose, or flexibility of means, so essential in the present crisis of affairs. In fact, among your public men, we in vain look for that sound practical ability which alone can extricate the country from the difficulties in which it is involved."

"You forget," replied my Spanish friend, "in your catalogue, the celebrated Arguelles now on his way back to Spain, and who is already proclaimed by the public voice as the future minister of the interior."

"True, but then remember his advanced age."

"Arguelles," rejoined the Spaniard, "is an Asturian by birth,

and was born, if I recollect rightly, in the year 1775; his age is therefore not so advanced as you imagine; he studied at Oviedo, and on the completion of his education he was appointed to a situation in Madrid in the department of the *Interpretacion de Linguas*. The minister of the day, Espinosa, perceiving his talents, employed him on some important missions to London and Lisbon. On the breaking out of the war of independence, he was at Cadiz, and from the year 1812 to 1814, he represented his province in Cortes. Here he formed one of the committee charged with framing a new constitution of government for the state, and compiled the famous report delivered by the committee to the Cortes. Such were the talents he displayed, and such the power and impassioned tone of his eloquence, that among the liberals he acquired the name of *El divino*, or the Spanish Tully. On the return of Ferdinand, Arguelles was arrested; he conducted his defence, however, with such distinguished ability, that although the judges were appointed five several times, they could not agree in convicting him. Ferdinand at last decided the matter in person, by writing at the bottom of the Autos, *ten years imprisonment in the presidio of Ceuta*. Here he remained until the revolution of 1820, when he was released from confinement, and appointed minister of the interior."

"So much for the history of his life," I rejoined; "but what of his talents as a statesman?"

"Hitherto, I must confess, he has been distinguished for an overweening love of innovation, and a haughty contempt for the institutions even of those countries which might serve him as models for imitation."

"From what," I said, "you have just told me, I am not inclined to except even the *divine* Arguelles* from the sweeping charge of political incapacity, which I have preferred against the public men of Spain so sparingly, brought forward by the events of her revolution. Arguelles appears to me to be ignorant that the state of political society, to which governments may be expected to approach nearer and nearer as the triumphs of education extend, is not the one which the founders of the school to which he belongs intended to recommend to particular communities as the most eligible they could adopt at present, but as an *ideal* order of things to which they themselves have a tendency to approach, and to which it ought to be the aim of the legislator to facilitate their progress. When I reflect on the probability of the destinies of Spain being placed in the hands of a wild theorist like Arguelles, I am tempted to indulge in the most gloomy forebodings."

"Nor are your anticipations so unfounded, so wild and chimerical even, as they will be designated by a certain portion of your countrymen, who, without knowing any thing either of Spain or her people, dream that the progress of reform ought *there*, as every where else, to advance *au grand gallop*. Should the ultra-liberal party come into

* It is related of Arguelles that, on his way to the fortress of Ceuta, he refused the pecuniary aid of some Englishmen, saying he would receive nothing from the subjects of a government who had betrayed his country.

power, there will remain for my unhappy country either the alternative of a restoration under Don Carlos or his son, or a frightful revolution which will reduce the social edifice to a chaos of confusion."

"The attempt to fetter the press in Spain has produced an unfortunate result to the *juste-milieu;* and the rejection of Torreno's measure by the committee of finance, headed by Flores Estrada, already shews to what lengths that party are prepared to go."

"Who is this Flores d'Estrada, to whom public report has given the portfolio of foreign affairs in the new ministry?"

"Flores d'Estrada was formerly one of the richest landed proprietors in all Spain; like Arguelles, he is an Asturian by birth; he distinguished himself during the war of independence, and the liberal character of his political opinions may be gathered from two pamphlets which he wrote some years ago: one on the South American Revolution, and another to the king on the Revolution of 1814. Flores d'Estrada has been intendant of several provences, and for a short time, in 1823, was minister for foreign affairs. He resided upwards of eight years in England, has great experience in politics, and is moreover well acquainted with the views of the leading cabinets of Europe. It is chiefly to his efforts that the failure of Torreno's celebrated measure is to be ascribed—a measure which on cool reflection those who raised such an outcry against it now admit to have been the best that could be adopted. Torreno had a most difficult card to play; he had to act as mediator between a numerous party in the cortes, who having just returned from exile, it could scarcely be expected would recognise the loans which had forged their fetters; and the exaltados, headed by Flores d'Estrada, whose object was nothing more or less than a bankruptcy, *pure et simple.* Between these two conflicting parties Torreno thought to steer a safe course by adopting a middle course, but in which he has failed through the obstinate pertinacity of Flores d'Estrada."

"Then, on the accession to power of the ultra-liberals, we may prepare ourselves for innovations of the most sweeping nature?"

"Most unquestionably; the objects of that party being to declare, not to *receive* a constitution; they will endeavour to reorganize on a new basis the political edifice, and as there is not even the shadow of a rial in the treasury, it will afford an admirable pretext for their darling project—a crusade against the property of the church."

"In that case, Don Carlos has more to hope from the imprudence of his enemies than from his own popularity and the number of his partisans."

"*Cela va dans dire,*" said the Spaniard. "A rash and intemperate attack at the moment upon the property of the church, by the liberal party, will be the *coup de grace* of the constitution, and lead to results which defy calculation."

"Yes," said I; "and, in spite of his repeated defeats, Don Carlos still maintains his ground; while the war is carried on by both parties with a spirit of exasperation which leads to the most bloody atrocities. Rodil, at Elizonda and Bilboa, has displayed the same wanton cruelty, the same cold-blooded ferocity, which, in 1821, at

Torrepampa,* in Peru, earned for him the unenviable title of *el Verdugo* (the executioner.) In well-informed circles, it is reported that Carlos only wants arms to make a hurrah upon Madrid; and again, that two large Indiamen are fitting out in the river for the service of the queen, to oppose, it is asserted by some, an armament equipping in the ports of Holland by two British officers, for the service of the pretender; and by others, because the Spanish Navy is said to be tainted with Carlism."

"Be this as it may," rejoined my Spanish friend, "the affairs of the Peninsula *se complequent;* and the illness of Don Pedro has cast a shade over the brightness of the Portuguese horizon. It is fortunate for that country, that the young Donna Maria da Gloria is of age to marry."

"That she has been some time since.—Remember, she is a daughter of the sun.—A native of that glowing clime, where, as in the east,

> "'The maidens are soft as the roses they twine,
> And, all save the spirit of man, is divine.'

Before she left the Rio the last time, her little Majesty was an admirable connoisseur in all that constitutes a fine figure, and one day expatiated on the Herculean proportions of a *garde du corps*, with a *savoir* that fairly crimsoned the parchment cheek of the Baroness Strumpfedder, first lady of honour of her imperial mother-in-law."

"*Viva Dios!*" exclaimed the Spaniard.—*Es muy guapa la muchacha;* but then, as the poet so happily remarks,

> 'Sans un petit bien d'amour,
> On s'ennuye même à la cour.'"

A COUPLET ON FRIENDSHIP.

By S. T. Coleridge.

[The friend, who has favoured us with the subjoined couplet, states it to have been the result of an application for the autograph of the "Old Man Eloquent." Coleridge's friends were manifold—yet the sentiment embodied in the following is no less fine and true on that account.]

> Friends should be *weighed*, not *told;* who boast to have won
> A multitude of friends, has ne'er had one!

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* On the evacuation of Lima, in 1821, by the royalists, their rear-guard was commanded by Rodil. At Torrepampa, where the army halted for some time, a church was converted into a hospital for the sick and wounded. On receiving orders to evacuate the place, Rodil closed up the door of the edifice, and set it on fire, telling the unfortunate wretches it contained, it was better to be burnt alive than to serve in the ranks of the rebels.

THE RED TARTANE.—Chap. I.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH COAST.

"By the shrine of San Proco, I swear to you, my gossip, the Gitano*, is about to disembark at Matagorda. My aunt Isabella, in returning from the isle of Leon, saw the coast-guard on the alert, and two *videttes* have been posted in the beacon since this vessel of the damned has been seen in the offing."

"Why, the fisherman, Pablo, assures me he saw the Tartane, with the red sails, off Conil not three hours ago, and all the leather jackets were upon the move."

"Your credulity has been imposed on, Señor José."

"Rather on yours, sir knight of the razor," tartly replied José.

This appellation caused Florès a sudden start; for if he did beautify the faces of the public, it was in order that he might not absolutely belie the signification, alas! too positive, of the shining pewter plate suspended over his door; where also was pompously displayed an immense picture, representing a hand armed with a lancet, opening with the utmost delicacy the vein of a most colossal arm. Thus, the observer might see that the barber's pride and glory consisted in practising chirurgically; he descended to the ignoble, though more profitable razor, with much reluctance. Master Florès was also a person of some consideration, his shop being, as barbers' shops in Spain generally are, the rendezvous of all the gossips and newsmongers of Santa Maria.

"May the devil rock you!" cried the patient, bounding from his seat; "the place of executioner is vacant at Cordova, and no man has such a right to it as you, with such an aptitude at opening christian gullets."

"Calm yourself," replied Florès, with importance, delighted with the idea of exhibiting his chirurgical knowledge; "calm yourself, my dear son; the epidermis alone having been injured, a plaster of diachylum or salsarina will soon remedy my inadvertence; and, indeed, this slight sanguine evacuation may have a very salutary effect, for you appear to me somewhat prone to plethora; so that, my son, instead of blaspheming, you should rather——"

"Thank you. Well, the first stab I may chance to give, I shall answer the alcade thus:—Señor, my enemy is subject to the plethora, and all this is merely a sanguine evacuation purely for his own good."

Here the customers lounging in the shop broke into a laugh; while Florès, as he applied the plaster, muttered something between his teeth, by no means complimentary to his patient.

"Ah, grumble away, padre," replied the seaman; "I shall forgive

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* *Gitano*—a gipsy—the name by which a celebrated pirate was known on the Spanish coast, in 1760.

all, even the bleeding, for the good news you have just communicated.—By my mother's soul, I would freely give the eight years' pay Ferdinand owes me, to see this damned rover on his knees in the condemned chapel, fettered hand and foot! Many a time, when giving him chase in the guarda-costas, have I almost forsworn my saint, whilst tacking after this imp of darkness, for it is always in the roughest weather he puts to sea; and though our vessel would roll about, dashed over continually by the waves, his seemed to bound and glide over the water!"

"Santa Carmen!" exclaimed an attentive listener, "I would wager this new pair of buckles, that if the rover put his finger in a vessel of holy water, the blessed liquid would bubble and boil, as if red-hot iron had been plunged in it."

"Let him but once be seized," said Florès, "and I will make an offering to the Virgin of a new mantle and ring."

"May Heaven grant it!" said a bystander, "and I promise San Francisco to make my servant sleep on the bare stones, and eat nothing but boiled lentils for nine days."

"And I," cried a cattle-dealer, "I consent to give two of my best calves to the holy fathers of San Juan, if they will but promise to punish this miscreant, by pouring molten lead in his eyes.—By San Pedro, I do not wish the death of the sinner, but justice must be satisfied in some way. If this cousin of Satan contented himself with a little contraband dealing, one might still be able to buy a trifle of his merchandize, after exorcising it; but the wretch pillages the women who live near the coast, carries off our daughters, and commits profanation in our chapels. Even lately, the statue of San Ildefonso was found, with a mariner's cap upon his head, and a long pipe stuck in his mouth. By the seven pains of our Lady, such abominations announce some great scourge."

"Why," observed the mariner, "does not his excellency the governor of Cadiz send a good frigate to put an end to these horrors; for as to the coast-guard, they fly the moment they perceive the bowsprit of this cursed Tartane."

"What is most singular," said the cattle-dealer, in a low voice, and smiling maliciously, "is, that Pedrillo, my goatherd, assured me he had seen a boat from the rover's vessel run in among the rocks near the convent of San Juan, and that——"

"And that——" exclaimed impatiently his hearers, with almost one voice.—

"And that the accursed himself had entered the holy place."

"Jesus!—Holy Virgin!—Santa Carman!" burst involuntarily from the listeners, as they rapidly made the sign of the cross.

"But the holy fathers, how did they bear this abomination?" demanded Florès, with a submissive air.

"Ah! there it is!" and the intercolutor half closed his eyes, and again smiled maliciously.

Notwithstanding the great danger incurred by meddling with the affairs of the priesthood, the company would perhaps have commenced a discussion upon this subject, had not their attention been arrested by the sudden entrance of a stranger, who, perceiving the

arm-chair to be vacant, hastily walked across the room, and, throwing off an ample manteau, seated himself to undergo the barber's art. He was habited in the rich costume of Andalusia, which shewed his vigorous though youthful figure to great advantage. Undoing a red silk scarf bound round his head, he permitted a quantity of long dark curls to fall over his shoulders, and even partly to shade his face.

The barber was about to commence dressing the hair of the new comer, when the noise of voices loud in contention caused him to pause: in a few seconds a powerful woman entered, her dress in no little disorder, dragging after her a boy, apparently about fourteen years of age, with whom she appeared to be much exasperated.

"Infamous liar! I will confound thee," exclaimed the female.

"My aunt Isabella and Pablo!" ejaculated the astonished Florès, elevating his comb in the air.

"Senora!" exclaimed the boy; "I swear to you by the soul of my father, I saw the Tartane of the rover at anchor, near Conil."

Here the senora made a movement of unbounded impatience, that would probably have taken considerable effect on Pablo, but for the interposition of Senor José.

"It is as true as Santa Isabella at her shrine at Cordova," said the virago, as she crossed herself, "that I saw, not three hours since, the vessel of the renegade cruising off the heights of Matagorda."*

"I will not contradict the lady Isabella," rejoined Pablo, "but what I say, gentlemen, is so true, that I met near Vejer a detachment of the coast-guard, who were making for the shore in the utmost haste."

"Hold!" cried the young Andalusian; "I can myself easily terminate this dispute; for, within three hours, this accursed rover attempted to carry off from the city of Cadiz itself, La Monja, who takes the veil to-morrow."

"Holy mother!" exclaimed the listeners, horror-struck at the sacrilege; "he is then a prisoner?"

"No, alas!" continued the young man; "mounted on a fleet horse, he gained the beach without the town ere the alarm could effectually be given, and when the guard arrived on the spot, it was only to behold the accursed, by the assistance of the noble animal, reach his vessel in safety, which in a few minutes dropped an anchor just beyond the reach of the batteries, with the most unparalleled audacity."

"By San Pedro, then, he will be taken," exclaimed the seaman before-mentioned, with evident anxiety; "for his excellency the governor will scarcely fail to send out a fast sailing cruiser."

Señor mariner," rejoined the young Andalusian," you are wrong there; his excellency would not allow even a single gun to be pointed at him, but contented himself with sending off two expresses to the nearest guarda-costas, and should the Gitano lay quiet only one hour longer, his cruising in this world is likely to terminate very abruptly."

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* Conil and Matagorda are several Spanish leagues apart.

The speaker now finding Florès had completed his labour, threw down a small piece of silver, and taking up his manteau, walked leisurely out of the shop; at the door he mounted a powerful horse and setting off at a brisk gallop soon disappeared, through volumes of dust by the Calle de Majaderita Angosta.

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We must now claim the privilege of transporting the reader on board the Tartane of the rover, at the moment when, an anchor having been dropped, she lay almost motionless in the water, sufficiently distant from the frowning batteries of Cadiz not to dread their effects, and yet in full view of the town. The interior of the vessel was clean, and shewed no slight degree of care was bestowed upon its neatness and appearance; the only living creature to be seen, besides the Gitano, was a round fat monk habited in a blue gown, girt with a cord. The rover was dressed in complete black, in the Croatian style; his deer-skin boots still dripping with water, swelled out gracefully about mid-leg high, and fell over in folds; a small cloth cap, ornamented with a single black feather, rested on his brows, and a short straight cutlass, with two long barrelled, and richly damascened pistols completed his equipment.

The old man seemed to be in a most painful state of inquietude and anguish: furnished with an enormous glass, he levelled it incessantly at the horizon to seaward, and more particularly at the space which separates Santa Maria from the Isle of Leon, emitting at intervals, groans and sobs enough to have softened a corregidor. His low and shaven forehead was surmounted with a circular line of pale light hair, which seemed almost erect with anxiety; his eyes rolled in their sockets, and a convulsive movement agitated his lips and double chin. After in vain making several efforts to articulate, his countenance assumed the most pitiable expression; seizing the Gitano by the arm, he pointed with the telescope, which trembled violently in his grasp, to a white speck, barely perceptible, at the entrance of the gulf.

"Well, well!" demanded the rover, somewhat impatiently, "what do you make out?"

"It is——it is——the——the——" and unable to pronounce the rest of the sentence, with his teeth audibly chattering, and his arms folded on his panting breast, he looked fixedly at the object of his fears.

The Gitano threw a look of contempt at the priest, and walking across the deck, seated himself on the netting; in a few seconds he appeared absorbed in thought.

Laying down the glass, the monk covered his face with his hands, as if to collect his faculties; then, with a violent effort at self-possession, he boldly advanced to the commander of the Tartane, who still remained lost in reverie, and thus addressed him:—

"Reprobate!—Renegade!—Excommunicated apostate!—Son of Satan!——"

"Well!" replied the Gitano, who seemed scarcely to have heard these furious invectives.

"Well! thou thrice accursed!—I summon thee in the name of the Superior of San Juan! my master and thine, ——"

"Mine! no, monk."

"My master and thine, to spread thy sails and stand out to sea. We should have been within sight of Tarifa, if hell itself had not prompted thee, for some unhallowed purpose, to land at Cadiz. With a price upon thy head hadst thou been seized ——"

"I feared it not."

"It is not *for thee* I care, by San Francisco! but for myself, indeed. Hadst thou been arrested, what could I have done?"

"What would you, my father? the idea pleased me, and my good angel guided me."

"Call me not father, accursed! for thy good angel, by San Juan, has a cloven hoof."

"As you like, I shall not dispute it; with regard to the summons, I care as much for it as that"—and he switched his boot with a small whip he still held in his hand after gaining his vessel; "know that I shall await not only this enemy, but another that must arrive from the east."

"Thou wilt await them, holy Virgin!—holy San Juan, pray for my miserable situation!" After a minute's silence he shouted with his whole force—"Up, up all hands, brethren, in the name of the Superior of San Juan, I command——"

"Silence, monk!" sternly interrupted the rover, and placing one hand over his mouth, with the other he grasped the arm of the unhappy priest so violently, that overcome with terror he sunk down upon the deck. Raising the glass the monk had laid down, he looked long and steadily in the direction of the bay of Cadiz, where another sail at the extreme verge of the horizon was just discernible to the naked eye. After glancing for a moment at the first discovered vessel, he slowly laid down the glass, and murmured—"You come on like two blood-hounds at a deer, but the deer is swift of foot, and may give a vain and weary chase, which seems indeed to have commenced, for here is the first flourish."

At this moment the nearest of the luggers hoisted the royal flag of Spain, and the report of a cannon broke upon the ears of the affrighted monk; giving a convulsive start, he cautiously raised his head above the bulwark, and perceiving the guarda-costa, lowered it again quickly; then crossing himself devoutly, rushed down the hatchway.

The Gitano now anxiously examined the compass, compared its direction with the wind, and, after a minute's calculation and reflection, took a golden whistle from his belt, and drawing from it three shrill sounds, with one bound was on the netting.

At this signal eighteen active and vigorous negroes ascended upon deck rapidly, and, with the most profound silence and order, ranged themselves in two lines; another individual, of the same nation, considerably older than the rest, his woolly locks being tinged with white, placing himself at their head.

Another and differently modulated sound from the rover's little instrument dispersed them; the helm was seized by the aged but powerful leader, while the remainder were so diligent in their efforts,

that the Tartane appeared almost by magic to spread its latine sails to the wind.

The two luggers continued to approach on either side ; the nearest was already within cannon-shot, when the Tartane, putting rapidly about, passed intrepidly between her pursuers ; then hauling close up, bore for the promontory of La Torre. This skilful manœuvre could only have been executed with as fine a sailing vessel as the Tartane really was, and displayed at the same time the clever seamanship of the rover ; had he attempted it sooner, the Tartane must almost inevitably have been intercepted by the second lugger.

Again the shrill whistle of the Gitano was heard, and the three starboard brass guns bore upon the approaching lugger : the next instant the messengers of destruction were glancing over the waters.

The Gitano fixed his glass upon the guarda-costa, and a smile of triumph lighted his countenance as he beheld her foresail falling to the deck.

At another signal the guns were run in, and again made fast ; and before the heavy Spaniard could replace his disabled sail, the Tartane had again tacked, and, rounding the point, disappeared from the view of her disappointed pursuers.

END OF CHAPTER I.

A FABLE FOR PLAGIARISTS.

A TURKEY, who with sorrow knew
How heavily her children flew,
Resolv'd to have some lighter sons,
Though they should all be bastard ones ;
To gain this end she sallied out,
And robb'd the birds that built about ;
Hawk—pigeon—goldfinch—large and small
She sought, and pilfer'd eggs from all ;
From birds of ev'ry form and feather,
And in her nest mixed all together.
Long did she sit, and no small portion
Perish'd by addling and abortion ;
The others, bursting from the shell,
Soon like their sires flew strong and well.
The turkey, with the brood delighted,
Hundreds of neighbouring birds invited
T' admire this covey of her rearing ;
But, on the young birds first appearing,
Each father quickly claim'd his own,
Flew off, and left the thief alone !

Robbers from others' works, who dare
To publish what you steal, beware—
Some author will, at every line,
Be heard exclaiming, "This is mine,"
Till of your spurious brood bereft,
Your're, like the turkey, childless left.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—Fifth Yarn.

I was somewhat interested in Jack Murray's love-yarn, for such I expected it would turn out; and immediately one bell struck I prepared to resume my place in the lug (I may call it so, as it somewhat resembled King James's seat). While walking forward for that purpose, I was startled by the cry of "a man overboard!" I instantly jumped upon deck, and found the cutter just shoving off to pick the poor fellow up; as we were at anchor and it was fine weather, there was not much danger to be apprehended. He was soon picked up, brought on board, and after giving himself a shake after the manner of a water-dog, he joined in the laugh at his own clumsiness. When the bustle was all over and the cutter hoisted up, I proceeded to the galley, but found the most important personages absent. I was still not without some amusement to pass away the time till the yarners made their appearance. The learned sergeant and ship's cook were in earnest discourse, and with due respect I drew near, expecting to profit considerably by a conversation carried on between two (if the sergeant's word may be taken) of the most "larned" men on board; indeed I know not whether he did not include the whole squadron; but be this as it may, they were warming in their dispute.

"Most undoubtedly so," said the sergeant; "it isn't like as if we was the same as them hignorant men who comes here to spin their yarns; if, I say (getting warmer as he went on) we was like them, it would be different; but edicated as we have been it stands to reason, and will be easily seen by any sensible man, that we desarves to be treated with confidence, and I must do the first-leaftenant the justice to say that he has penetration enough to discover that you and I are not the same as them."

"To be sure," said the cook, "I perfectly agrees with you, and admires the hiligant language as what you uses; now I'll tell you as a proof the first-leaftenant sees what we are, he said to me—'Cook,' says he, 'I have had a great many complaints from the men that the cocoa is not sweet enough; now,' says he, 'the sugar that is allowed is enough to sweeten it well, and so the black list man that brings it from the purser's steward's room must purboil it.' (I presume the cook meant purloin.) 'Yes, Sir,' says I, 'I assure you I always put the whole amount into the cocoa; but really, Sir,' says I, 'I cannot depend upon these men, they are so very stupid. To give you an instance of their stupidity, Sir,' says I, 'the other day I desired the man to insert the sweetening into the liquid, and to be particular not to allow the sugar to concentrate in any one part; and I assure you, Sir,' says I, 'the man looked at me in a manner quite derergatery (I suppose derogatory) to a man of sense;'—and what do you think the first-leaftenant said?"

"Why I dare say he pitied the poor man's hignorance as I do," answered the sergeant.

"To be sure he did—for he says, 'Ay, ay, cook,' says he, 'they

are not all such clever fellers'—that's just what he said I assure you—'they are not all such clever men as you.' Well now, suppose he had said such a thing as that to one of the hignoramus, what would he have done? why he'd have just touched his hat and said, 'Thank'e, Sir; but what do you think I did?"

"Why I suppose you answered him more like a man of larning, at least I should hope so," said the sergeant.

"To be sure I did; I said, I feels hexcessively honoured at the hexceeding igh compliment you have paid me, Sir,' and made him a low and polite bow, instead of just touching my hat; he didn't say nothing, but he turned away smiling; I could see he was pleased, and it's natural to suppose he should be pleased to see he has at least two men of larning on board."

"Certainly, it must give him the most superlative happiness to make an observation of that sort, and I will give you the most undoubtablest proof that he knows the value of having men, without flattering myself, which you know I never do—indeed I rather depreciate my talents, don't I?"

"Certainly you do, and I think you must confess I do so also."

"Yes you do, but as I was discoursing relative to the first leaftenant, I will, I say, give you the most undoubtablest—there's a word that would puzzle those hignoramus!—but you know the meaning of it?"

"To be sure I do."

"More than I do," said I to myself.

"—Undoubtablest proof that he knows the value of having even two men so superior to the rest on board. I was standing the other day on the poop, looking at some signals that were being made from the flag-ship, when the first-leaftenant called me. 'Sarjeant,' says he, 'I want to ask your advice about the uniform for the band; I want,' says he, 'to have something that's easily cleaned and easily repaired when we are out of the way of English tailors and English shops.' Now that of itself, his having asked my advice, is enough to show what he thinks of me. I don't want to boast, indeed you know I never do—but that shows, doesn't it?"

"Most hindubitably it does," returned the cook, adjusting his shirt collar, which he never wore after the manner of Jack, but as he declared himself ha lai militer (*à la militaire*, perhaps).

"Yes that, as I said before, is enough to show," continued the sergeant; "but that is not all, I will tell you the whole of our conversation. 'Why, Sir,' says I, 'since you have done me the extreme honour to ask my opinion on a matter of so much importance, not only as it regards the comfort of the men themselves, but also the respectability of the whole of the hofficers of this ship, you will perhaps permit me to observe that what you have said with regard to cleanness—'—'Yes yes, sarjeant, but I am sorry (mark that, he was sorry!) I have not time to listen to you now; I must speak to you more about it by and by;' and so I said I shall at all times feel superlatively happy to assist you with my advice; and he was so pleased at what I said that he could not help laughing."

"I should think not," said Will Gibbon, who had been listening for some time; "I should like to know who could help laughing at

such stuff; I am almost laughing, though I can't understand half the five-deckers you have been launching; I wonder now, sarjeant, whether them ere fine words are any use to a feller; rough and ready's the best, lad, depend upon it; I always think a feller's spinning me a devil of a twister when he doesn't speak plain English—what do you say, Tom?"

"Ay to be sure, when a feller's upright and downstraight he's no need to hide his meaning behind a parcel of fine words that nobody but himself, nor himself either sometimes, understands; besides, who'd veer when he could tack? why none but a d—d landlubber; so whenever I hears a feller going on with them ere long words, I always thinks him either a rogue or a fool; because he's a rogue if he wants to deceive you, and a fool if he says that in twenty which he might say in two words."

"To be sure, to be sure, lad; but come, let's have a good yarn, and don't stand argifying here with fellers what would prove you were never born, without you gave them a dig in the eye to prove they lied. Come, come, let's come to an anchor on this ere gun; Jack Murray's not here yet, so we'll have his yarn by and by, and I'll try what I can do in the mean time, eh, lads?"

"Oh, ay—do, Will, tip us a good yarn to-night; you used always to be spinning yarns, and now you only give us a short one now and then."

"Well, well, I'll try what I can do, bo's," said Will, evidently much flattered at their blaming him for not talking enough; "well I'll try what I can do. I could spin a yarn once I don't deny."

"And so you can now, Will, so go on, my bo'; I'd rather hear you for an hour on a bowline than that sarjeant with all his fine words for five minutes—heave a-head, lad."

"Did I ever tell you, lads, of the ghost what we heard when we were cruising off Lisbon in the Weel-'em-along (Ville de Milan)? she was a seventy-four, and taken in the war time in America: we commissioned her at Plymouth, and went to cruise off Lisbon. When we got out we went on at the usual cruising work, backing and filling. One night when we were standing off shore—it was a fine moonlight night, with just a five-knot breeze—a number of the hofficers were standing on the poop, and the skipper with 'em, not thinking o' nothing, when all at once the look-out man in the starboard waist sung out, 'Somebody hailing the ship, Sir, on the starboard beam.'—'Hailing the ship—what?' cried the skipper; 'silence fore and aft.' The voice was more distinctly heard to come from the water on the starboard quarter. 'Ship a-hoy!' we heard a third time as plain as possible. 'It's a man overboard,' said the skipper; 'man the weather main-brace, maintopsail-brace quick; pipe the lee cutter away—cast off your gripes, lads; bear a hand, lower away; let go the maintop bowline, top-gallant bowline, square away the main-yard.' The first-leaftenant went in the cutter himself, and after they'd been away about a quarter of an hour, 'Burn blue lights,' says the skipper; 'up with a couple of lanterns at the peak, and fire a musket for the boat to return.' Well, we did as we was told, o' course, and aboard she came; but she hadn't found nobody, though she'd pulled in all direc-

tions. 'What could it have been?' said the skipper; 'so many of us heard it that there couldn't be no mistake.'—'I suppose, Sir,' says the first-leaftenant, 'it was somebody on board playing tricks; I've heard, Sir,' says he, 'that some people can make their voices appear to come from whatever place they choose.'—'Yes, yes,' said the skipper, 'but I heard this so plainly that I think it must have been some fisherman's boat capsized.' I was standing close by them and heard every thing: thinks I, 'I can guess what it was—can't you, Tom?'—'Aye,' said Tom with a knowing wink, 'people may laugh, but I knows what I knows.'—'To be sure, and you shall see if it warn't as I say.' When we got the cutter up again, and braced the main-yard up, it was my middle watch; it was then about two bells in the first watch, and a beautiful night it was—the sky as clear as possible, not a cloud to be seen; no matter for that, I warn't to be deceived; I know'd sum'ut would happen, so I just went down and jumped on the top o' my hammock, without unrigging, 'cause I thought as how we should be turned up soon; and see if I warn't right, lads.—Just as it struck seven bells, I heerd a devil of a row on the lower deck of the bosen (boatswain) and master-of-arms singing out, 'Rouse out, rouse out here, all you; come, show a leg here all o' you—hands, work ship.'—'Hallo, hallo!' says I, 'what's the matter now.'—'Is that you, Will?' says the bosen's mate. 'Ay, lad,' says I, 'what's the matter?'—'The matter!' says he, 'bear a hand on deck; it's blowing cats and dogs, blue devils and pitchforks; the sails are all in ribbons.'—'I thought so,' says I. I warn't at all astonished, for I know'd sum'ut would happen. So out I jumped, and up I went on deck, and there was a pretty sight, sure enough—every thing in tatters, the maintopsail was fluttering away like so many pennants (pendants). 'Turn the hands up, shift topsails,' says the skipper; 'bear a hand and hook your sail-burtons in the top; hand out the reef tackles and buntlings; main-top there,' cries the skipper.'—'Sir?'—'Let the men lay out and gather the sail up on the yard well, and pass your gaskets before you touch your robins' (robands). I was in the maintop then; we could not hear a word of what the captain said; we just managed to hear him when he hailed the top, and that's all; so after he had hailed us three or four times he sent a midshipman up to tell us. Well, we laid out, and d—d hard work we had, but after some time we managed to furl the sail pretty well, passed a long gasket, the royal haulyards, I think, and sent it down. The sail-burton was manned, we pulled upon it to show them on deck we were ready; they pulled up, and we soon got it into the top. 'On with the reef tackles in less than a minute; haul out, tie away your robins, close reef, lads;' and we had a close reefed main-topsail on her, with mizen-trysail, main-stay-sail, fore-staysail, and fore-trysail. Well, when we had got her snug, we had time to look about us. I was walking about the weather gangway, thinking about the noise we had heerd, when up comes Charlie Wiggins, the bosen's mate. 'Bad work this, Will,' says he. 'Ay, bad indeed, Charlie,' says I, 'but we haven't seen the last of it yet,' says I; 'what do you think about that ere voice we heerd?'—'What do I think on it? why I'll tell you, Will,' says he, 'what I

think on it, 'cause I knows you are a Christian, and none o' them what denies them ere sort o' things.'—'No, no,' says I, 'I knows too well about them to go to deny them; I remembers my father telling me a story about 'em.'—'Do you, Will?' says he; 'well, then I remember what happened in a ship I was in—I'll tell you, for we arn't got nothing to do, and its your middle watch.' I forgot to tell you though, lads, that the watch had been called by this time. Well, so Charlie went on to tell me, that when he was in the Wenus (Venus) West-Ingeeman, he went to Jamaica, and coming home just as they were crossing the line, one o' the men heard a noise like two people fighting just under his hammock; so he poked his head over the gunnel (gunwale) to see what they were doing of; but although he heerd the noise, he could see nothing for a long time; at last the noise ceased, and after a bit he heard a rush, as if somebody was running; and looking again, he saw something black dart under one of the mess-tables; so he thought it was better not to look at it, if it was any thing wrong; so he hid his head under the bed-clothes, and the next mornin' he told the chief-mate of it—the captain was ill, or he would have told him. Well, the chief-mate only laughed at him; so Charlie said, 'You may laugh if you please, Sir; but take my word for it, sum'ut will happen afore long;' and sure enough in three weeks the skipper died, although he had been getting much better before that. 'What do you think of that, Will?' says he. 'Think,' says I, 'why I thinks it will be well if nothing o' that don't happen to none o' us; but we arn't seen the worst yet, Charlie,' says I. Just as I said that, an old black cat that we'd had on board for some time came along the skeeds of the main hatchway. 'Charlie,' says I, 'I have heerd that throwing a black cat overboard prevents any harm coming to us.'—'Well thought of,' said Charlie, 'I know it does. I have seen when we've been knocking about for a month on a stretch, with a foul wind, not going an inch to windward, we've got a fair wind in a jiffy by throwing a black cat overboard—it's the most lucky thing in the world.' I knew this before, so I catches hold of the cat, and was just going to pitch her overboard, when somebody from the main-top sings out, 'The main-topsail-yard sprung, Sir.' —'By God,' said Charlie, 'we shall lose every thing directly. I wish we'd've thought of throwing that cat overboard afore the main-topsail-yard went; but overboard with her at once, Will,' says he, 'before we lose any thing else.' So away she went overboard, and up I went aloft to shift the main-topsail-yard; and sure enough, lads, it grew finer and finer every minute, till at last we had whole topsails, courses, and top-gallants upon her. What do you say to that, lads? —will any body deny them things after that ere?"

"Deny them!" said Tom, "nobody will do that but a fool; but you oughtn't to have thrown the cat overboard at the gangway—you should have pitched her over the weather-bow, at leastways that's always the way I've seen it done. But, I say, there you are, are ye, Jack?—finish your yarn about them people with such long names—Polhi——what do you call it?"

"Pothalimo," said Jack; "well, come, I'll finish it;—so here goes——

"Well, lads, I don't mean for to give you a log of what I did every day, 'cause if I did I shouldn't belay my yarn till this day month, and beside one day was pretty much like another; but howsomnever, I must just tell you what happened the day after my trip up the country with Zuthea and her brother, and then we shall get on a little faster. Well, I got up early in the morning, and strolled out into a little flower garden, the one that I had been told the day before was to be my working place. After looking about me for some time I saw Yarnio and Zuthea coming towards me; when they came the brother asked whether I knew anything of gardening, and how I should like keeping flowers in order; 'which do you like best,' said he, 'the spade or the sword—whether would you rather cultivate a plantation of olives embedded in earth, or a plantation of ropes embedded in tar?'—'You may judge,' said I, 'which suits my age best by what you feel you like best yourself.'—'Ah! no indeed I cannot,' said he, 'few have such a perverted taste as myself to prefer the constant bustle and agitation of such an action as we had the other day, to the calm enjoyments of a home with no change to look forward to but the seasons, or to watch with anxiety whether my plants droop their heads with heat, or are beaten down by the rain:' he smiled as he said this, and looked at me for an answer.—'I am,' said I, 'one of the same perverted taste as yourself; I have been but in one small skirmish, that one in which I became your prisoner, and it has only made me wish to enter another.'—'What,' said he, 'it is revenge then you want upon us?'—'No, no, indeed it is not; you took me in fair fight, by a stratagem certainly, but one that is allowable in war, and you have since treated me most kindly, and I shall always feel grateful to you and your excellent sister; but,' said I, 'if you feel such an ardent wish yourself to be constantly in action, you may judge of my desire to be there also. If, then, you will rely upon my word and give me my liberty, I will, with the first prize-money I get, send you my ransom.'—'No, no,' said he, 'you are very different from the prisoners we usually take, who are a parcel of cowardly Italians, or treacherous Frenchmen, and if I was able I would let you go, not only without any ransom, but with enough to carry you comfortably to your ship; for I am sure you would not betray us to your captain.'—'Never,' said I.—'No, no, I am sure you would not; but I can't do what I wish, and what I assure you my sister wishes too.—In the fight the other day you killed a favourite slave of my father's, and he was so enraged at it that he swore he would kill you at first, and I and my sister could hardly persuade him not to do so, till she told him she wanted a slave to work in her garden. At last he consented to save your life; but he will take every opportunity to find fault with you, and if he knew that we tried to make you at all comfortable, he would most likely kill you himself directly; and as to letting you escape, I am sure you wouldn't wish that when I tell you that my father would immediately put both myself and my sister to death the moment you were gone.'—'God forbid,' said I, 'I would rather remain a prisoner all my life than either of you should suffer, and I hope you won't show me any kindness that may make your father dislike either of you.'—'No, no,' said he, 'I have chosen you

for my friend, and I'll show you that all of the Greeks are not quite such a degraded race as the world supposes them. If,' said he, 'we had an independent sovereign of Greece, there would not be so many pirates; many of us are only so in our own defence, to save our wives, our mothers, and sisters from those hellish tyrants, the Turks. But I must go now, and will take a walk with you in the evening, when I'll try to make you believe the devil is not so black as he is painted.' Away they went, and I returned to the house to wait till the evening, not without hopes that something would turn up to my advantage; but I was determined not to escape, after what Yarnio had told me.—Well, lads, I took care, as you may suppose, to keep out the way of old Pothalimo. I must tell you what passed between us in the evening, or you will not understand it when I come to tell you of my escape.—Well, lads, so away I went to the house, and after dinner, that is, about six o'clock, when Yarnio came to me, and said, 'Go and get my sister's mule ready, and you and I will walk by her side.' I went away as quick as I could, for I was anxious to hear what would pass. I couldn't help thinking somehow he wanted to make some arrangements. The mule was soon ready; I led him to the door of the house; Zuthea was waiting with Yarnio, who lifted her on the mule; I threw the bridle over my arm, and we walked without speaking a word till we passed well out of the village, and got into the place where we had dined the day before; it was quite deserted now, not a soul to be seen, so we lifted Zuthea off, and sat down by the fountain, and then Yarnio began.—'I have been talking to my sister,' he said, 'about you, and been thinking if there was any way in which we could manage your escape, without bringing down upon us the vengeance of my father; for myself I would not mind it, because I would go with you, and there are so many bands of Greeks in the different islands living in the same manner as we do, and to most of whom I am well known, that I could manage well enough; but it would be impossible to carry my sister with us, and I am sure you would not wish to leave her behind, for my father would forget she was his daughter, and put her to death with as little remorse as one of his slaves.'—'Indeed I would not wish,' said I, 'to expose either you or your sister to your father's anger; I would, as I told you before, rather remain here all my life. I see now that nothing can set me free but the death of your father, and for your sake I hope that will not happen.'

"I said this in not a mournful tone, for I confess I should not much have regretted the death of old Pothalimo, nor could I bring myself to believe that so cruel a father ought or would be much regretted by his children.

"Yarnio noticed that I was not very sincere, and said, 'Perhaps it may happen that we shall have an opportunity of assisting you to escape without my father's knowledge; if so, you may depend upon it we will. The only chance of such a thing is this—sometimes my father goes to sea himself, but that is very seldom, only when he hears from his agents of any very rich merchantman about to leave Smyrna. If it should happen soon, we may manage all three of us to

get away under pretence of sailing in a boat kept on purpose for my sister's use; but while my father remains here that is impossible' because he would not allow you to go on the water.'

"'If,' said I, 'we should be so fortunate as to escape, I hope you will quit this sort of life, and, as you speak English so well, enter with me on board of a man-of-war, and then you will have lots of fighting, and an honourable cause; and as for your sister, we can easily manage to get to Port Mahon, and I hear there is a convent there, which would take her in till you can manage to do something for her.'

"'No,' said he, 'that won't do, my friend; I am as fond of Greece as you are of England; and as to what you say about my present life not being an honourable one, is only because you have seen the worst part of it. There are, as I told you, numerous bands of what you call pirates; and among so many, there must of course be some very bad, but it does not follow that they should all be so. Now my father's band, I am sorry to say, is among the very worst, and I have long been disgusted with the murder of our prisoners, and the general barbarities pursued against our enemies; this has made me wish to quit my father's band as soon as possible, and join one that is headed by a cousin of mine, a few years older than myself, at a little place called Sfakia; he is a noble generous fellow, to whom I am much attached more from hearsay than personal knowledge, as I have not seen him since I was very young, about ten years ago, in consequence of his having quarrelled with my father about some prisoners that they took between them, and who had made a brave and determined resistance. This so enraged my father that he insisted upon putting them all to death in cold blood, and one he actually cut down with his sabre. My cousin would not permit of such cold-blooded murder, andtold my father he was the chief of honourable men, and not murderers. My father still insisted on their death; my cousin swore that he would defend them with his life. Upon this my father attempted, with the assistance of his band, to possess himself of the prisoners, but my cousin succeeded in defending them; and from that time he retired to Sfakia, where he has remained ever since. Well, these cruelties to all our prisoners have long made me wish to leave this place; but I have been prevented doing so on Zuthea's account, who my father treats on some occasions so harshly as to make me fear to leave her. I have not hitherto interested myself about the prisoners, because they have generally been either cowards or such treacherous villains that I could place no trust in them; we never had one of you noble Englishman here before but once, and as it is a fine night, and Zuthea is spinning, we need not be in a hurry to return home, so I will tell you how we took him and got his ransom.'

"'I should like very much to hear it, for, beside the pleasure I shall feel at hearing of any of my countrymen while I am so far away from them, I like passing the time away by telling stories, as the shore-going people say; but we sailors,' saysI, 'call it spinning yarns, and on board a ship we every night after supper meet in a place called the galley, like your kitchen, and there we smoke our pipes

and tell yarns to each other. I little thought then, lads, that I should be here telling the yarn at this time."

"I dare say not, I dare say not—but go on," said Will Gibbons; "I want to hear who this Englishman was."

"Well, when I said this, he answered that he would spin me a yarn (for he had got hold of our lingo from what I had told him), and I must tell him by-and-by all about an English man-of-war. This I agreed to, and he was just going to begin, when Zuthea, looking up from her spinning-wheel, asked her brother whether he did not think I should catch cold if I was not used to sitting in the open air by moonlight? We laughed heartily at the idea of my catching cold; but the way she said it shewed the kindness with which she always treated me. So, after explaining to her that I had been used to be in the open air in all weathers, Yarnio again began.

"'I am not afraid,' said he, 'though I have known you so short a time, to tell you all the secrets of our situation, because I am sure you will never betray us.'—'I feel sure of that, too,' said I; 'but still I think you had better not put it into my power, for there are very few men that will not betray their own brothers if they can gain any thing by it.'—'I know that too well,' said he; 'but your answer has only made me more certain that you are one of those very few. So, first, I must tell you that we have agents at Smyrna, and other of the chief ports, from whence we learn when any merchant vessels are going to sail, what they have in them, and where they are bound. Directly we receive this intelligence we put to sea, and endeavour to fall in with them; when we do so, we examine their books, and if we find any passengers, we bring them and all the valuable part of the cargo away. This is in the event of no resistance being made; but should we have to fight for it, we then bring the ship in here, and break her up to repair our boats, or sometimes to make new ones. It's now about a year ago that we received news from our agent at Smyrna of an English merchantman, called the Black Joke, laden with silks, and an English nobleman, as a passenger as far as Egina. Immediately we heard this, my father, who was too unwell to go himself, sent me with two boats to cut them off, desiring me to bring all the cargo of any value, and Lord ——. His person was so clearly described by our agent, that we could not mistake him. I left Epidauros at night, and cruised off Poros and Egina all the next day. In the evening we saw a small brig, answering to the description of the Black Joke. She was to windward of us, so we hauled our wind, and found we overhauled her fast. In about two hours we got within gunshot, and fired at her with our bow-chaser—a small brass nine-pounder on a swivel. She saw that it was useless for her to try to escape, and so she hove to. I immediately boarded her, and sent one party of men down to keep the hold, while I kept another on deck to prevent their making an attack upon us. When I had done this I went down in the captain's cabin to look after Lord ——. When I got there I saw a young man of about nineteen sitting on a sofa: he had been so accurately described that I knew him immediately, and going up to him I said, 'Are you Lord Vaudeville?'—'Yes,' he said, 'I am; and if

I had commanded the Black Joke instead of that cowardly rascal they call the captain, you would not have taken us so easily; but as it is, I am your prisoner. I know what murderous villains you pirates are, and am ready to die.' I said, 'I hope your lordship will think better of us when you know us.'—'Come, Sir,' he said, 'I am not going to beg for my life. I am rich; if you will take ransom I can pay it; if not—seizing a sword from behind him—I will sell my life as dearly as possible.' I told him that we had no intention of taking his life, but would much rather have his ransom. 'Very well,' said he, 'I don't trust to what you say, because I think you would care about breaking your word, but because I think it is your interest to keep it.' When we had got the cargo into our boats—that is, as much of the most valuable as we could carry—we tied the hands of all the crew, and lashed them to the bulwarks at such a distance from each other as would prevent their setting one another free; and then we took the captain and lashed him to the four bits to a piece of stick, in the middle of which we stuck a fusee that would burn half an hour before it set light to the wood, so that he might be able to get clear by the time we were well out of their way. We then shoved off, and made for Egina—run into the harbour to make them think that was our place of rendezvous. At night we hauled out again, and got into Epidauros. We then brought our prisoner up to the village. The next morning I asked Lord Vaudeville to take a walk with me that we might settle about his ransom; he did so. I need not trouble you by telling you all we said; it's enough to say I convinced him that I was not a murderer; and by what he said he convinced me he was a fine, honourable, high-spirited young man. We settled that his ransom should be four hundred pounds. He remained with us a fortnight till his ransom was in the hands of our agent at Smyrna. During the time he was with us we were constantly together, walking and talking, by which means we became great friends, and he told me that he was very glad he had been taken, and if I ever came to England I was to seek him out immediately. He gave me one of his cards with his direction upon it—here it is. At last the morning came that I was to land him at Egina. We went into the boat together, and just as we cleared the harbour we saw an English frigate. He turned round to me and said—'Can you place confidence enough in me to put me on board this frigate, if I give you my word I will not betray you?'—'Yes, my lord,' I said, 'I do trust you; and I feel so confident of your honourable feelings that I will go alongside directly.' He said nothing, and we pulled alongside. When the frigate saw us she hove to. 'You'll come on board with me?' he said; so up I went. When we got on deck he went up to the captain, who had just come on deck. They recognized each other immediately. 'God bless me, Vaudeville, how came you here?' said the captain 'Ah! Clifford, who'd have thought of seeing you here? let me introduce you to my particular friend Yarnio Pothalimo.' So down we went into the cabin, had some wine together, and after remaining half an hour, I shook hands with Lord Vaudeville and Captain Clifford, and came back to Epidauros. About six months ago, our agent

at Smyrna sent me this brace of pistols, saying they were sent to him by Lord Vaudeville. Look at them,' said he, pulling them out of his belt: on them was written, 'To Yarnio Pothalimo, from his friend Lord Vaudeville.'—'Now,' said he, 'if ever we can manage your escape, I will give you a letter to him; and mind you take it yourself, for I am sure he will do anything he can for you.' When he had finished his yarn, Zuthea asked what we had been talking about; he told her, and then she said, 'Look here, this was a present from Lord Vaudeville;' and pulled out a very handsome gold watch.—'Oh yes,' said Yarnio, 'I forgot to tell you he sent that to my sister at the time he sent me my pistols.' We now lifted Zuthea on her mule and returned home, laughing and talking all the way. Well, lads, after this things went on pretty much in the same way every day; sometimes I was working in the garden, assisting Zuthea to rear her flowers, and being laughed at by her pretty lips, and sometimes talking to Yarnio, but no opportunity offered for us to make our escape. The agent at Smyrna sent no news of any rich merchantman going to sail, and without that Yarnio had told me there was no chance. I began now to give up all hopes of seeing England again, and precious miserable I was; even the bright eyes of Zuthea, the prettiest girl I ever saw, was not enough to make me contented with being a prisoner. Well, lads, things went on this way for about three months, every day being like the one that went before it; at last something lucky, as I thought, turned up. One morning, as I was wandering in the garden, Yarnio came running to me, and said, 'Cheer up, cheer up, I have good news for you; a merchant brig, laden with silks, left Smyrna last Monday; I think my father will go, and if so, I am sure to be left behind. But I must go,' said he, 'to my father, and when I hear for certain what's going to be done, I'll let you know—although it's hardly fair to take you away from this sweet place, to send you where you may perhaps be shot by some Frenchman.' He said this laughingly, and went away, leaving me to think about escaping, and I did think about it, you may be sure, with pleasure. I saw Yarnio again in the evening, when he told me that two boats were ordered to be prepared, and his father had determined to go himself the next day. This was just what we wanted, and away I went to bed, wishing the morning was come. At last it did come, and a fine one it was too, a nice little breeze blowing just out of the harbour. Up I jumped, and was just going to see the party go out of the village, when in ran Yarnio in a great hurry, and in a most mournful tone said, 'We are all undone, for my father has just sent for me, and told me that he feels too ill to go, so I am to go instead of him. But don't be downhearted,' said he, 'for this is the season that the merchant vessels all sail, and we shall soon have some more.'—Here I was hooked perhaps for ever; 'D—n it,' said I, 'what an unlucky dog I am!' However, it was no use growling, so out I went to see the party pass through the village; they soon shoved off, and we heard no more of them for a week, when in they came, and after Yarnio had been to his father, he came to me and told me that they had found the vessel and boarded her without opposition, but while they were getting the cargo out, they saw a vessel that looked like a man-of-

war, so they were obliged to leave, after having taken but very little of her cargo, not above a dozen bales of silks, with a few sails, some rope and gunpowder; 'and my father,' said he, 'is very angry with me for not having got more, and declares he will go himself next time; and this, you know, is just what we want. I have no doubt we shall soon hear from our agent again, because just about this time they have fine weather, and generally fair winds, so more of them start now than at any other time of the year, and if we can but once get clear, we shall be all right. I always wished to go, but I never thought so much about it till I saw you; I wonder whether I am serving you for good or ill to myself: time will show.'—'Good, I hope, Yarnio,' said I; 'and I think so too, as it will lead from bloodshed and unnecessary cruelty. If you will lead this life, at any rate,' said I, 'lead the best part of it, and leave the worst for villains and cowards; for I never knew any but cowards who were really fond of shedding blood unnecessarily; a good fight is a good thing and a fair thing, and does a feller good,'—don't you think so, Tom?"

"To be sure it does," said Tom; "I was never so well in my life as in the war time, when we were fighting a'most every day."

"No, no, lad, you may say that when you write home; but as I was a-saying, after this, things went on as usual, and for another three months there was no change, no chance of my getting away; at last the happy time came; their agent sent word another richly laden merchantman had sailed. They had then to prepare every thing in a hurry; Old Pothalimo was not ill this time, he would not trust Yarnio any more—he was no use, he said, he did not know how to manage at all—so he'd go himself. The two boats were prepared as before, and early in the morning a party of thirty—twenty in one boat, and ten in the other—left the village, headed by Old Pothalimo, and in about a quarter of an hour they were gone. Directly they were well off, Yarnio came running to me, 'It's all right,' said he, 'now's our time; I have got all prepared; four men who I can trust, I have told all about it, and they are willing to follow me and join my cousin; we've got a good week to ourselves, and long before that, you I hope will be safe on board of a man-of-war, and I will be with my cousin. We can't leave to-night, because Zuthea will not be ready; but to-morrow morning early away we go; and instead of your dining with the slaves to-day, you must come and dine with us—I have taken care to send all those I can't trust out of the way, so we shall be all safe.' I was precious happy, now as you may suppose, at the idea of getting to Old England again, and perhaps having a nice little brush with a Frenchman in our way, but yet I didn't feel quite comfortable at leaving Zuthea; but it would have been a shame to ask her to go to England, and even if I had, perhaps she would have refused, so I determined not to say any thing about it. Well, the time passed away quick enough, laughing and talking; at last we went to bed, and at five o'clock Yarnio came to me.—'Get up, get up,' said he, 'now is our time, the boat is all ready.' All the things had been put into it by the four men the night before.—Down we went, and I was once more at sea. Oh! lads, you don't know the pleasure of smelling salt water again, after looking at it every day

for six months, and not being able to get upon it. I think I never felt so happy in my life; I almost forgot Zuthea, and every thing else except that I was free.—'Come, Murray,' said Yarnio, 'you must work now, for we've only got four hands besides ourselves.'—'Ay, ay,' said I, 'what shall I do?'—'Why, as you can't speak Greek, you had better take the helm; I suppose you can steer pretty well?'—'I hope so,' said I; so I seized hold of the helm. Directly we were out of the harbour, the wind was fair; so we gave way, and were soon round the point; up with our sails in a giffy, we were latine-rigged, and then away we went with a spanking breeze right a-beam. Well, lads, I shan't stop to tell you about the beautiful land to leeward of us. Yarnio said to me, 'I wish you would go as far as Sfakia with us, for if it comes on to blow, we shall want all our hands to take these sails in, and more too if we had them; and I assure you that my cousin will not attempt to detain you, but will immediately put more hands into the boat, and we will then, after we have safely landed Zuthea, go and search for a man-of-war, or English merchantman; and if we meet the latter, we will let her go free for your sake —what do you say?' said he, 'have you any objection?'—'Not a bit,' said I; 'you assisted me, and I should be a d—d villain if I hesitated to do the same to you.' Well, lads, we were only a day and a night running to Sfakia, and just as we were rounding the point to run into the little harbour, we saw a large boat quite full of men getting under weigh.—'Hurrah!' said Yarnio, 'we are all safe, that's one of my cousin's boats.' We immediately hauled down our sails, out oars, and pulled alongside. His cousin was in the boat, and immediately recognized him. After Yarnio had explained in Greek the reason for coming, he told him in the same language who I was, and the promises he had made me. Agimicali—that was his cousin's name—waved his hand to me, and said something in Greek, which Yarnio told me was an assurance that he would give me every assistance that had been promised; Agimicali was then going after an English brig that he had heard from his agent was to pass near Sfakia in a few days. 'Until he returns,' said Yarnio, 'which will be in two or three days, I wish you would remain with me and my sister, and help us to wile away the time; and I promise you, you shall be better treated here as my friend, than you were as my sister's slave.' I agreed to remain with them till Agimicali returned, for I could not bear to part with Zuthea, perhaps for ever; and I hoped by remaining a little longer with them, to induce Yarnio to return with me to England and see Lord Vaudeville; but though I mentioned the subject several times, and said every thing I could to persuade, I could never make him alter his determination to live and die in Greece. I found a very great, and for me a very pleasant, change in my treatment here; I lived with Yarnio and Zuthea, and found myself so comfortable, that I could have easily contented myself by remaining longer—but Agimicali at last returned. He was a tall, handsome-looking man, about two or three-and-thirty; he brought with him a large quantity of silks, and about a thousand dollars, the cargo of a merchant brig that he had boarded; but I had the satisfaction of knowing it was French. Yarnio immediately spoke to him

about me, and told him the promise he had made me at Epidauros. Agimicali then tried through Yarnio (for he could not speak a word of English himself) to persuade me to stay; when he found I was determined to go, he said, 'Very well, but I shan't let you go so poor as you came; you must take two hundred dollars with you to make yourself comfortable on board, and to make up for the loss of the prize-money you would have made by this time if my cousin had not detained you.' When he made this offer, Yarnio looked pleased, and turning to me said, 'You see we are not all so bad as you think.' I then explained to them that I could not accept the money, because it would lead to inquiries when I got on board a man-of-war, that I could not answer without betraying them. When I said this, Yarnio shook me by the hand, and said, 'The more I know of you, the more I wish you to remain with us; but as you are determined to go, to-morrow morning my cousin's boat shall be got ready, and I will myself go with you in search of some English ship, for I believe you won't give me up.' I now had only to bid Zuthea good bye; this was the worst part of my captivity; however, it was no use delaying it, so I went to look for her; I found her lying on a sofa, crying, with Yarnio by her side; I went up to her and said I was going away, and hoped I should see her again. Directly Yarnio translated this to her, she fell back on the sofa; I thought she was dead, but she had only fainted; at last we brought her to, and managed to calm her a little. Soon after, I left her, and walked out for the last time with Yarnio, when I told him that I loved Zuthea, and asked him whether he or his cousin had any objection to my marrying her.' He said, 'not at all, but she was so young that it would not be right to leave her alone in England whilst I was at sea; and, beside that, as she could not speak a word of English, she would be very uncomfortable; but if I would, when I went to England, call on Lord Vaudeville with a letter he would give me, I should be able to correspond with them through his lordship; and when Zuthea had learnt a little English, and I could give her a home, she should come over. The moment I heard this, away I flew to Zuthea, who I found where I had left her. I soon told her what her brother had said, and asked her to consent; but she could not speak a word. She threw herself into my arms, and I was happy. Yarnio, at last, came to look after us; with him I went to prepare for my departure in the morning, and soon after went to bed, where I slept, sound enough, dreaming of Zuthea till six o'clock the next morning; when Yarnio came to my bedside, and told me it was time to start. I jumped up, and wanted to go and bid Zuthea good bye, but he wouldn't let me, saying it would only make her low-spirited; so down we went to the beach, where there was a fine long boat, carrying twelve men, well provisioned. I shook hands with Agimacali, who gave me an invitation to come and see him whenever I came up the Arches, and followed Yarnio into the boat, which was soon at sea. We then held a consultation as to where we should go; Yarnio recommended that we should sail at once to Egina; and if we met with a man-of-war before we arrived there, well and good, I could go on board; but if not, we should land at Egina, where Yarnio had some friends, who

were attached to his cousin, and I should call on the English resident, and say that I had been taken by pirates and escaped. 'Yes,' said I, 'that will do very well; but, suppose we meet with a man-of-war before we get to Egina, and I go on board, won't they ask you what you are?'—'No doubt of it; and I can tell them I am a boat trading for corn; we are not so stupid as that. Here,' said he, shewing me some papers, 'are my regular papers, all signed by the proper authorities; and, unless you—which I don't think you will—tell them who I am, the captain will thank me, and perhaps offer to pay me for giving you a passage.' We looked out anxiously; but, not meeting any one, the third day we rowed into Egina, and after landing and getting safe to the little house of Yarnio's friend, I set out for the house of the English resident, and found him at home; the servants asked me what I wanted, and I told them; they went away, and soon returned, telling me to walk in. In I went, and saw an elderly man sitting at a table; so I bowed, and he said, 'Well, my man, I hear you are an English sailor, and want to see me; pray, how came you here?' So I told him the whole yarn of my being taken, and that I had managed to run away with a small boat of the pirates; and after I had got well clear of the harbour, I found a large boat coming in here, and that the master of her had been kind enough to give me a passage, in hopes I might find my ship here. 'Pray, my man,' said he (very civilly he spoke), 'what ship do you belong to?'—'The Diomede, Captain Clifford, Sir,' says I.—'The Diomede! my man. Why, I wonder you did not meet her; she only left here the day before yesterday. Your name then, my man, if I recollect right, is John Murray, is it not?'—'Yes, Sir,' says I. 'I thought so; the captain was telling me of your loss, and I am very happy to say he spoke very highly of you, and was sorry to lose you; we must send you back as quick as we can. Your ship is only at Poros, so we shall easily manage to get some boat to carry you.'—'If she's at Poros, Sir,' says I, 'the boat that brought me will take me back, for she's going to return that way to-morrow.'—'Well, that will do very well; I'll pay your passage, for I suppose you have no money.'—'No, Sir,' I said, 'I have no money, but I don't think he will charge anything; for it's a very short distance, and since he brought me here, I have been at his house; and, when I told him I had no money, he said he did not want it.'—'That was very kind of him; so you had better go to him at once, and ask him how much he will charge to take you, and then if he refuses anything, well and good; but it's not fair to leave him unpaid if we can get him to accept of anything; and come back as quick as you can, and let me know what he says.' So away I went to Yarnio, and told him all that had happened. 'It may raise suspicion,' said he, 'if I refuse to take any money, so you shall tell him that two dollars will be enough for me; but that I don't mind about having anything, as it is such a little way.' Off I set to the resident's house again to tell him this. 'Very well,' said he; 'two dollars is not at all too much. There it is to pay him; and put this in your own pocket, my man,' said he, giving me two more; and when you come in here again, don't forget to call at my house for a glass of grog.'—'Thank'ee, Sir,' says I;

'good bye.'—'Good bye, my man.' He shook hands with me, and away I went to Yarnio's. That night we got under weigh, and the next morning we anchored in Poros, where our ship was lying. I went on board immediately, and reported myself to the first-leaftenant. 'Come on board, Sir,' says I. 'Hallo, Murray, is that you? why, I thought you were dead long ago.' So I told him my story, and he run down to the captain's cabin to tell him I had returned; the captain soon sent the sentry up for me to go down in his cabin; down I went, and he began to question me. I told him all I thought it safe to tell him; and then, when he went on asking me more questions, I began to stammer, and hardly knew what to say. The skipper noticed this, and said, 'Murray,' says he, 'I am afraid there is something wrong, and I must know what it is. As long as you have been in this ship you have conducted yourself very well, and all the officers give you a very good character; therefore if you have done anything wrong, for once, you may depend upon it, I will look over it, if the service will permit; so speak out at once like a sailor as you are, and don't let's have you backing and filling like a lawyer.' So I said that every thing I had told him was true, that I had been in the hands of the pirates as long as I had said; 'but there is something about my escape, Sir,' says I, 'that I promised not to tell; and I would be very much obliged to you, Sir, if you will allow me to keep my word, for it was only upon my giving this promise that I was allowed to go away.'—'If that's the case, Murray,' said he, 'I shan't press you to tell me. I would never wish to make any of my ship's company break their word. A sailor,' he says, says he, 'ought never to tell a lie; but I must have you give me your word that what you conceal from me is nothing injurious to his majesty's service, and particularly to the ship I command.'—'I assure you, Sir,' says I, 'it is not; what I wish to conceal is only regarding the pirates themselves, who treated me very well indeed.'—'I believe you, my man,' he said, 'because your keeping your word to the pirates is a pledge that you will keep it to me; and let this teach you how necessary it is to have a good character; and remember that, however low your station is in life, as long as you keep a good character you will be respected by your superiors as well as your equals;—and now, my man,' he said, 'the first-lieutenant tells me that he saw you in the skirmish with the pirates, and though he could not give you any assistance, owing to the superiority of the enemy's force, he observed that you conducted yourself in a manner very creditable to you as a sailor, for which I shall make you captain of the fore-top, in the place of George Thompson, who died last night.'—'Thank'ee, Sir,' says I; and away I went on deck; and just as I got afore the main-hatchway, I saw Yarnio's boat going out of the harbour. Well, lads, in a few days we got under weigh from Poros, and went to Egina to meet the admiral, who had sent a ten-gun brig from Corfu to tell us we were to meet him there; when we arrived, we found orders. The admiral had left, but had ordered the Favourite, an eighteen-gun brig, to wait there with our orders to sail for England. One day as we were lying at Egina, just before we started for England, the captain came on board in his gig; and directly he came on deck, he said to the

first-leaftenant, 'Send John Murray, captain of the fore-top, aft here. So aft I went; and the skipper said, 'Murray,' said he, 'I am going to dine with the English resident to-day, and he says I am to bring you to dine with his servants; so go and rig yourself, and be ready to go in my gig with me in about an hour.' Away I went, and was soon ready; at last, the first gigs were called away, and up I went on deck. 'Jump into the boat,' says the skipper, 'aft in the stern-sheets, and steer.'

"You've been at Egina, haven't you, Will?"

"Ay, lad, two or three times," said Will.

"Well, you know the quay; we landed there, and went up that long road that leads to the town, and at the second watering-place there's a garden; we went in there, and just at the end of it is the resident's house; when we got there, the skipper went up stairs, and the servants took me into a long room on the ground-floor, where there was a good dinner laid out in the English fashion—roast beef, plum pudding, and bottled porter. Down I sat with the servants, four Greeks and three Englishmen, and made a capital dinner. In about an hour I was sent for to go up stairs; up I went, and found the skipper and three or four others sitting at a table with lots of good wine before them. 'Which do you like best,' said the resident—I forget his name—'wine or grog?'—'Wine, Sir,' says I, 'if you please.' So he poured out a large glass of wine, and told me to drink the king's health; 'or perhaps,' said he, 'you'd rather drink the health of your friends, the pirates?'—'The pirates treated me very well, and——' 'You'll drink their health in another glass, you mean to say?—very well, off with that one you've got in your hand.' So I drank it up, and then he filled it again, and said 'Now, drink to the pirates.'—'And your honours, too,' said I. He then told the servant to take some wine down below, and told me to go and help them to drink it. At about ten o'clock at night I was called to go down to the boat with the captain; it was a fine night; and away we went. After we had gone a little way—I had been walking behind the skipper—he called me up alongside him, and began to ask me some questions about the fight, how many men we had against us, and all that; but he never tried to get me to tell him anything about what happened after I was taken. We went on walking and talking, not thinking of any thing till we got close to the first watering-place. You know that garden that you have to go through to get to it, Will?"

"Ay, ay; many times I have been there to water—and a nasty place for watering it is; you have to roll your casks nearly a quarter of a mile."

"Well, just as we got there, three men sprung out upon us with yatighans in their hands. I had no arms at all, and the captain had only his sword; however, he soon drew it, and began to lay about him. I was just going to jump upon one feller, to try to get his yatighan out of his hand, when I got a blow upon the knuckles of my left hand. I hardly felt it at the moment; so I pressed on, and managed to wrench a yatighan from the feller who was fighting with the skipper; just as I got it into my hand, I got a slash upon my cheek, here—don't you see the scar?"

"Ay, sure; did you get that at Egina?"

"Yes.—Well, the blood began to run down my face at a nice rate; but I got a cut at one of the fellers' heads, and sent him sprawling. Directly I had done this, I felt somebody fall against my back; I turned round, and somebody fell to the ground—it was one of the Greeks; the captain had given him one cut on the right temple, and he never spoke again. The third one took to his heels, and we chased him through the garden, but couldn't catch him; so, after a bit, the captain says, 'Murray,' says he, 'we'll return and see if either of those fellers are alive;' and so back we went, and found them both lying on the ground; the one the captain had cut down was as dead as a door-nail; the other was still alive;—so we lifted him in our arms, and carried him through the garden to the watering-place, and began to bathe his temples, and all that; but it was of no use—he died in about ten minutes. The moon was very bright, and, as I laid him down on the edge of the well, I had a full view of his face, and who should it be but old Pothalimo! 'I know this man, Sir,' says I. 'The devil you do,' said the skipper; 'who is it?'—'It's the pirate, Sir,' says I, 'as took us.—Perhaps if we return, Sir,' says I, 'to where the other man is lying, I may know him;' so we returned to the road, and looked at the man. I knew him again directly; it was one of the men that met me at the entrance of the village when first I was taken. We then went down to the boat, brought the boat's crew up, and carried the men on board, where we kept them till the morning, when we sent to tell the English resident who the two dead men were, then sent them on shore and buried them. After this, the captain sent for me in his cabin, and said, 'Now, Murray, I have not asked you to tell me any thing that you promised others you would keep secret; but it is necessary I should know if we are likely to be exposed to any more of these midnight attacks.'—'I don't know, Sir,' says I; 'nor did I know that we should have met with one last night; but after what has past, I shall tell you every thing that has happened to me, and how I made my escape; but I hope, Sir,' says I, 'you will not take advantage of it, to go in search of the pirates, because, as I told you, I gave them a promise that I would not betray them.'—'You may depend upon it, my man,' said he, 'I will not; and though I confess I should like to hear the whole account, yet I will not press you to tell me if you don't like to trust me.'—'Well, so I told him all about it; and he said it was a daring thing of Yarnio to run into the lion's mouth, coming just under our guns. And then he dismissed me, and the next day we got under weigh for England We had a fine breeze, and we soon got to Malta, where we only hove to, to send a boat in with some letters, and off we went again, and in seven days we anchored at Gib. Here we remained a week, and then started for England with stunsails (studding-sails) set alow and aloft, wind right aft. We went on well enough for a little while, but after we had been out two or three days, the wind chopped round, and we were soon on a bowline with double-reefed topsails. The fourth morning after we left Gib, we saw something to windward of us; so we hugged the wind as close as we could, taking care to keep her clean full tho', and after spying at her for a long while, the skipper

says to the first-lieutenant, 'I am sure that's a Frenchman.'—'I think so too,' says the first-luff.'—'Turn the hands up, make sail,' says the skipper. 'Topmen, aloft; shake out all reefs—stand by to set your topgallant-sails.—Come, Diomede,' said the skipper, 'you must do your best now; let me once get alongside, and if I don't take her, blame me for a lubber: work cheerly, lads, and you shall have some prize-money to go home with.' So at it we went, and soon got all sail on her; it was blowing very fresh, and they thought the masts would go every minute. The first-leaftenant hinted so to the captain once. 'The main-topgallant-mast is complaining, Sir,' says he. 'I can't help it,' said the captain; 'I'd rather lose a mast than a good action.' We were going to windward fast now, and got a good sight of her; she was certainly a large French frigate; she didn't appear to shun us, but kept carrying on sail to keep to windward; we soon found we were by far the quickest sailer, and went very fast to windward. She appeared to think so too; she ran on a little while, and then tacked. We held our way for about ten minutes longer, and then round we went; she saw directly we should soon run up to windward of her, so she threw herself in stays again to meet us, and try to keep the weather-gauge, but when we saw this we kept clean full; we were then running right head on to each other; when we got very close, we luffed right up in the wind across her bows to rake her; to prevent this she put her helm up, and we put ours down, so we run right alongside of her to windward, and began to hammer away. The skipper was standing on the after-carronade, and the French captain was standing on the fauksle. Directly the Frenchman saw our skipper he took off his hat; Captain Clifford returned it, and then he turned round to a young reefer, who was standing near him as his aid-de-camp, and said, 'Give me my pistols off the capstan, quick.' The reefer handed them to him, and he held them up with one hand, and pointed to them with the other. When the Frenchman saw this, he waved his hand, and turned round to speak to somebody on board; a pair of pistols were handed to him immediately, and he made another bow to our captain, who returned it. They then fired off their pistols both at the same time—but neither of them were wounded. 'Vive Napoleon!' cried out the Frenchman, as he raised his other pistol. 'God save the king!' sung out our skipper, and they both fired: poor Captain Clifford fell down, the ball had gone into his right breast. 'Send the first-leaftenant here,' said he, as some men lifted him up to carry him below. Aft he ran. 'Throw me overboard—fight her to the last—God bless you all, my men!—take command, Wilson—good bye!' He never spoke again. By this time we had managed to lash our bo'sprit to their mizenmast. Directly the men heard the captain was dead, we sung out, 'Board her, lads—board her.' It was echoed all thro' the ship; the first-leaftenant saw what we wanted: 'Ay, away there, boarders, away! follow me, lads,' said he. We all jumped after him from our signal locker to their fauksle; we carried two flannel cartridges with us, intending to cut one of her fauksle guns adrift, and point it aft and rush aft in the smoke; but we could not get possession of her fauksle; they fought well, and disputed every step. The French

captain was always foremost, fighting like an Englishman; at last the first-leaftenant cut him down. 'There dies as brave a feller as ever lived,' say the first-luff. 'Forward, lads, she must be ours now.' And so she was, but we had a devil of a pull for it; they fought like brave fellers as they were, and it was half an hour before we got possession of her, and not till the decks were actually covered with dead men, French and English. Well, after we took possession of her, we went down to search her hold; for the first-luff said it was a very common plan for about twenty of the best men to conceal themselves in the hold, that they might take us by surprise, and recapture themselves; and a devilish good thing it was we looked, for just as we were in the bread-room, the reefer, who was with us, sung out, 'I've caught them; who's that behind?'—'Murray, Sir,' says I.—'Well, call the rest of the party.' They soon came down, and we hauled fifteen fellers out from among the bread-bags where they had stowed themselves. We walked them off, and when we got them on the lower deck they made an attack upon us. There were only nine of us, and they had fifteen; the reefer spoke French, so he told them the ship had struck, and their officers had laid down their arms, and if they attempted to make any resistance after that, they should be treated as murderers. They said they didn't care—if the officers had struck, they hadn't—so they rushed upon us. We defended ourselves for a short time, when the noise was heard on deck, and down came a party of marines; the reefer ordered them to present their muskets; and 'now,' said he, 'unless you lay down your arms I will give orders to fire.' They saw it was no use holding out any longer, so they gave in, and we took them on deck, and the reefer told the first-luff that they had made a mistake, and thought the ship hadn't struck; when he said this, he looked at us, as much as to say, 'Let's save the poor fellers,' so we didn't say nothing, and it all passed off very well. The third-leaftenant, with a party of men and three reefers, was put on board. We were both a good deal shattered, and had sustained a heavy loss of men, so we took some time to repair damages. We had seventy-one men killed, and thirty-two wounded, and she had ninety-two killed and forty wounded. After we had got our damages pretty well repaired, our dead buried, and our sick hung up in their hammocks, we made sail. The captain had told the first-luff to throw him overboard; but this he didn't do; he was put into spirits, and carried into Portsmouth, where we arrived in five days after the action. The captain was then taken on shore to be buried; all the ship's company followed him to the grave, and a braver feller never stepped between decks, I'll swear.—There you are, lads, I've done my yarn, and I never talked so much afore in my life; I can tell you that I shall beat the sarjeant of marines if I go on this way."

"Ay, Jack," said Tom Bennet, "this is a good long yarn sure enough; but you haven't told us half what I expected; whether you called on Lord Vaudeville – what he said to you, and what became of Yarnio and Zuthea—let's have it all, Jack."

"Some time or other, lads, when I'm in a humour, I'll spin you another yarn as long as the maintop-bowline, that will tell you all you want to know; but I am tired of talking now, I have said enough to

last me six months, and expect you won't ask me for another yarn for that time."

"Ah! I dare say—that won't do, Jack; we must have another to-morrow night."

"I'll be d—d if you do," said Jack.

"But, Jack," said Will Gibbon, "that Captain Clifford was a fine feller; he behaved well to you about those pirates, and I think you were quite right to tell him all about it."

"You may say that, lad, when you write home. Never was a braver or a better feller in the navy; but I must go, my bo's; the hammocks will be piped down directly, and I dare say you are all heartily tired of hearing me gabber away at the rate o' nine knots an hour."

"Not a bit, lad; we'd rather hear you for three hours on a bowline; you tell a plain story without any hard words, not going on like the sarjeant with a parcel o' lingo that a feller can't tell the stem from the starn on."

A great deal more of this sort of conversation went on; but as the yarn had been a long one, and my cigar was finished, I did not remain. Jack is fond of a little gossip, which he dignifies by the name of "a hargyment," and seldom quits it till the boatswain's pipe summons him to some employment. I remained long enough to hear Jack say, perhaps he'd pitch it into 'em again to-morrow. Satisfied that there would be no more yarns that night, I went on deck, whither the boatswain's pipe of down all hammocks soon called my yarning friends.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

A WOLF once came a shepherd nigh;
"My friend," he said, "I know not why
Your most uncharitable spirit
Treats me with hate I do not merit.
What warmth my skin in cold ensures!
A thousand human pains it cures;
Besides that fleas, and insects vile
Will never touch it or defile.
My claws the badger's far outprize
In curing weakness of the eyes;
My teeth—you know the use of them,
Nor will my healing grease contemn."
"Beast that thou art," the shepherd said,
"The curse of heav'n be on thy head!
Full as thou art of ev'ry evil,
What serves thy little good?"—The devil
Take all the wolves of books, I say,
That prowl about the town to-day!

THE PHANTOM LAND.—Part II.

But soon my guide to other objects round
Directed my attention. By the glare
I saw the unremembered and renowned
Suffering the fate the bad are doomed to bear.
I stood among the noble and the crowned,
The proud, the poor, the paltry, the profound—
My guide the while explaining who they were.

I saw with wonder, and with chastened grief,
Sights to offend the proud and pain the brave:—
I saw Sesostris, the Egyptian chief,
Blind and still bleeding, impotently rave;
I saw him chained—O change beyond belief—
Chained to a vulgar murderer and thief!
And Xerxes taunted by his meanest slave!

Nero I also saw, with haggard look,
And brow that with resentment seemed to lower,
Denouncing fiercely, while his fist he shook,
The uncurbed sway of arbitrary power.
While Cæsar from his glittering scabbard took
The sword with which he crossed the sacred brook,
And cursed its edge—and cursed his natal hour.

I saw the sceptic Phyrro stand aloof,
With knitted brows, like one whom terror stings,
Blaming the fearful cogency of proof,
And mourning o'er the certainty of things.
Loudly he talked of earth's star-pointed roof,
Of life, and death, and man's unravelled woof,
And Nature's heaven-born impulses and springs.

* * * * * *

Low fall'n, like an unsphered and rayless star,
Philip's great son I saw. Whate'er was proud
In his full eye, which lighten'd so in war,
Was quenched, or ruled by sorrow's settled cloud;
His hand hung down, the hand that once gave law,
It grasped the sword that held the world in awe;
Thus to himself I heard him talk aloud.

"O for a draught of water to allay
The ever-burning thirst that wastes my frame!
One draught—no more—one cooling draught to stay
The raging of my bosom's feverish flame.
Can I indeed be Alexander!—Nay!
And yet I must be!—It is hard to say—
No! nothing now is left me but my name.

"I who have won for Greece an emperor's crown;
I who have dared to do what no one durst;
I who have hurled the pride of Asia down,
And all the cohorts of the foe dispersed;
I who have earned a title to renown,
Which nothing can obliterate or drown;
I here am pining with despair and thirst!

"I here am pining with despair and thirst,
Who died of surfeit in my youthful prime!
Self-ruined, self-defeated, self-accursed.
Farewell to all my schemes of the sublime;
Farewell to all, the hopes that I have nursed;
Glory farewell! loved best, and valued first—
The path that leads to glory, leads to crime."

Deeply was I afflicted when I heard
These plaintive tones of greatness in distress;
As yet my lips had uttered not a word—
But now, no longer able to suppress
The thoughts and sensibilities which stirred
My soul within me, and my courage spurred,
I ventured thus the angel to address:—

"O thou benignant Being! who has brought
My footsteps here, unworthy should I be
If I unmoved, unedified, untaught,
Could hear what I have heard—see what I see;
These sights are fearful sights, surpassing thought.
Sustain me with thy hand or I am nought,
And from the bond of fear my spirit free."

"Take courage," he replied, with kindly haste,
And I took courage. "A wise man," said he,
"Will suck the honey Wisdom from a waste
On which a fool would perish. It may be
That thou hast now enough of terrors faced,
And wouldst return? Our steps are soon retraced."
I answered I would wish yet more to see.

With that the angel took me by the hand,
And led me onward o'er the gloomy plain;
The air breathed hot, and arid was the sand,
Cooled never, never by refreshing rain;
The torrid air no gentle breezes fanned,
No brook ran by;—but through the thirsty land
Rolled that bright river down its course in vain.

Far round, the apparitions of the dead
Were dimly visible athwart the gloom,
Shadows that once wore crowns in ages fled,
And wielded mightiest sceptres, and the doom
Of prostrate nations thundered; while the red
Lightnings of battle filled all hearts with dread;—
Making each furrow of the plough a tomb.

But chiefly those I marked who once had swayed
The sceptre of our isle. King John I saw,
Vexed ever by Prince Arthur's suppliant shade;
And Edward, wiping his red hands of war;
While blustering Henry on his menials laid
All blame, because his mandates they obeyed;
And Cromwell I beheld extolling law.

We now drew near to one impaired with years
Impaired with years, but more impaired with woe;
The dried-up channels of exhausted tears
Chequered his face, while ringlets, white as snow,
Descended negligently o'er his ears,
That sung with sounds inspiring childish fears;
His sightless eyes rolled idly to and fro.

I knew him, by the star upon his breast,
The patriarchal monarch of our isle,
Who ruled her longest and who ruled her best,
And spread her fame from Calpe to the Nile;
Patron of arts and arms all tongues attest,
The good he did, the glory he possessed,
In proof whereof stands many a sumptuous pile,

Him there to see unhappy, old, and blind,
Moved me at once with sorrow and surprise;
For I had always heard him by mankind
Reported of as great, and good, and wise;
But there he stood—a man to grief consigned,
Disburdening thus by fits his wandering mind,
With face up-raised and wildly-rolling eyes.

"What am I?—where am I?—It is not clear
That I am king?—I am, or was a king:—
Have my rebellious subjects placed me here
In this dark dungeon?—O! it is a thing—
A sceptre is a thing that men would ne'er
Aspire to, were it plainly to appear
What cares and heartaches it is sure to bring.

"Is this the way—is this the way to treat
A weak old man like me? Is this the way
In which my former subjects now think meet
To use me, now my hairs are turning gray?
Where are all those who knelt around my feet?
Could all their smooth professions be deceit?
Is there now no one by my side to stay?

"When my old age was threatened—when the sun
Of all my hopes seemed setting—and the power
Which I in council and in war had won,
Grew feeble—and my fame had past its flower—
Alone, deserted, scoff'd at,—there was none—
Courtier, or tool, or flatterer—there was none—
None to stand by me in that perilous hour!

"What was I dreaming of?—my intellect
Surely was wandering!—and I talked of things
That really never happened?—I suspect
My troubled fancy spread too wide her wings.
I now remember dying.—Yes! though decked
In purple once, on Death's shore I am wrecked,
And share the doom too oft the lot of kings.

"And now I come to look back on the past,
My conscience tells me that I stand accused.
I see now where I missed it.—I have cast
My cares too much on others, and misused
My ill-earned power and wealth by war amassed,
Myself regarding first, my people last,
Whose love, whose zeal, whose faith I have abused.

"I thought myself a good king,—and my friends
Kept up the sweet delusion in my mind;
But conscience now deliberately rends
The false veil from before me, and I find
(O what a dagger to my soul it sends!)
I have let bad men rule me, whose sole ends
Were party power and private good combined.

"These hands are guilty hands!—they have oppressed
A people that deserved a milder sway.
My ears have been too deaf to the distressed,
My eyes too fond of glory's dazzling ray,
And worse than all—each national request,
Though fair and proper, I have made my jest,
Mocking expectancy with dull delay.

"O! if the monarch of a nation free
Hopes to lie easy on his bed of down,
The public good his first regard must be,
And public love the chief gem in his crown.
The nation is not form'd for him—but he
For the nation; and in just the same degree
In which he serves it he deserves renown.

"Columbia! I oppressed thee; and that act
Embitters at this moment most my soul;
But though on war's red platform thou wast racked,
Till I made blood instead of tear-drops roll
From thy faint eyelids—though thy towns I sacked,
And the fierce bloodhounds of the wild unpacked,
In vain I tried thy spirit to control.

"The vengeful serpents in thy cradle placed,
Thy infant fingers strangled. I am glad
The machinations of this heart debased
On thee no permanent dark influence had;
They have return'd on me—their gall I taste—
And with forlorn insanity they waste
My blind existence—desolate and sad.

"Land of unfettered mind—untrammelled thought—
Most nobly hast thou snapped thy swaddling-bands!
Before me in prophetic vision brought
I see thy future glory. Nature's hands
Formed thee for greatness when thy shape she wrought.
Nor has she of her wealth refused thee aught.
Great shalt thou be!—the mightiest of lands!

"Great shalt thou be! But to that end maintain
The just and true equality of law;
Bow not the knee to pride, or pomp, or gain,
Touch not the accursed sword of civil war;
Shun priestcraft—which is true religion's bane;
Be just, love peace, break off the negro's chain,
And prize the freedom thou hast battled for.

"My own poor country shall drag on the while
Her weary length with many a cruel smart,
The prey of tyrant lords and miscreants vile,
Like vultures feeding on the living heart;
Her anguish they shall witness with a smile,
And mock her prayers with long-deception guile,
And force her sons o'er ocean to depart."

I turned aside and wiped away a tear,
Whereat my guide addressed me thus,—"My son,
Wherefore should power to mortal man be dear,—
Duty is linked to power—who grasps the one,
Must bide the other also. Man can ne'er
Divide the two and have a conscience clear,
Man may do much;—but this may not be done.

"My son! this grey-haired monarch missed it here;
He wore a crown—but wherefore, he forgot;
And all have parts to act, not one is clear,
For obligation is the common lot."
I answered, "Happy they in lowly sphere,
Who do their duty with a heart sincere,
Though undistinguished and regarded not."

SKETCHES IN PORTUGAL.

Although it was almost impossible to procure a horse for love or money, yet, nevertheless, by a singular piece of good fortune, I succeeding in getting one; and sticking a pair of huge horse-pistols into my belt, in addition to my sword, I mounted "my gallant gray," about seven o'clock, and, in company with Holden and Micklethwaite on foot, started off once more to join the *grand army*. On reaching a little hamlet contiguous to where the troops were assembled, we found all the houses filled with officers and their horses. Dismounting at the one occupied by the emperor, I led my horse under an archway into the yard, to look for a corner where I could pass the night, but here, and even the garden at the back, was so crowded with horses that I could not find a clear spot to make a field bed upon; and I was afraid to part company with my horse lest I should never see it again. Thus circumstanced, I put about to go in search of an habitation elsewhere; but, perceiving some horses feeding on Indian corn-leaves, beneath two wooden flights of steps, which ran up the outer wall on either side of the archway, I considered that my nag had equally as good a right to his supper, and leading him where there were only two, took the bit out of his mouth, and secured him by the bridle to a ring in the wall. I then advanced a few steps to look for Holden and Micklethwaite, whom I had not seen since I dismounted; and the moment I emerged from under the stairs, "O! there you are, are you?" I exclaimed to somebody who was resting his hands upon the bannister; and who, by the faint light cast on the spot by a purser's dip, suspended in a lantern from the wall, I felt sure was Holden.

"Oh! there you are, are you? Come, old boy (and here I gave him a smart slap on the shoulder), suppose——" Leaving the sentence unfinished, I started back—for, without speaking, he turned sharply round, and to my extreme confusion, presented, not the fair rubicund visage of my friend Holden, but the swarthy, and now austere countenance of Don Pedro himself.

"God bless me!" I ejaculated in English, being completely taken aback; then hastily recollecting myself, said, "I trust your majesty will have the goodness to pardon me, for I really thought it was——"

"Whom?" he demanded, with the utmost composure, and relaxing his features into a smile.

"One of the English volunteers, Sir," I replied.

"And what has brought you here?" he continued.

Rather than hesitate, and being at a loss for the Portuguese phrase to express myself as I wished, I answered, oddly enough,

"*Mil sandades à sua filha*, Señor."*

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled his majesty, as he ascended the stairs, at the top of which, on the landing-place, were several officers of the staff, whom I had not noticed before, laughing at the scene they had

* Literally, "Affection for your daughter, Sir."

been silent spectators of. My mistaking the emperor for Holden, originated from their similarity in size and dress; the latter having put on a blue surtout over his jacket on leaving Oporto, and exchanged his military cap for a seal skin one of mine, which, although darker than that worn by the emperor, was not observable in the dim light afforded by the lantern; besides, when I saw his majesty, on joining the troops in the afternoon, he had a cocked hat on, trimmed with ostrich feathers, and this he resumed again the next day. While I had my eyes yet fixed on those above, who were following Don Pedro into the house, I heard a gruff voice bestowing the most abusive epithets on my poor horse, and wondering who had the impertinence to place him there beside the emperor's. I thought I had better shift my quarters before I got into some scrape.

"That horse belongs to me," said I, addressing the grumbling soldier, who was already casting him adrift; and replacing the bridle, I led him out of the yard, to seek for other quarters, as I originally intended. The door of a house, or rather hovel, being open on the other side of the way, I quickly introduced myself and my horse into the naked apartment, and found it occupied by two or three officers and their horses; the former sitting in a circle on the plastered floor, and enjoying themselves with a jorum of port wine, which they invited me to share with them. But the bit of candle which was stuck in the neck of an empty bottle, being in the act of expiring, and threatening to drop through every moment, we were all at our wits' ends how to obtain another; till, recollecting the one in the lantern at the foot of the staircase, I volunteered my services to go and fetch it. This it was less easy to do than to say; for, on crossing over, I found two sentinels were posted there, which, of course, rendered the attempt altogether impracticable. Thinking, however, I might perhaps procure one from one of the emperor's attendants, I mounted the stairs; but, on reaching the door at the entrance of a passage, hesitated to proceed further, as all within was total darkness; and though I heard the sound of voices in distant apartments I should certainly have descended, and thus have missed one of the many opportunities I have had of estimating the amiable qualities of Don Pedro (for whatever may be his bad ones, *nulla virtute redemptum a vitiis* cannot be said of him), had not the rays from a torch in the street shot through a window directly in front of me, and enabled me to discover a room with folding doors open at the end of the passage in which I stood. Stepping as lightly as if I had been treading on a flower-bed, I advanced towards the room, and by the time I entered it, the torch having pass on, all was again in darkness. At this moment a door was thrown back on my left, and two servants came in, one carrying lights, the other a pilau for the emperor's supper. As I was well known to every one about him, they expressed no surprise at seeing me there, and telling me they would furnish me with what I wanted as soon as they came back, passed into a room on the right, and as they neglected to close the door, I had a full view of an inner apartment, in which were the emperor, Villa Flor, Padre Marcus, Almeida, José da Silva Cavalho, and Ayostinho José Freire. The house, like all the others, having been deserted, was completely destitute of furniture, and his majesty was raising himself when I

caught sight of him from a reclining posture on a couch formed of cloaks, and elevated a little from the floor, and before him was an old wooden box, on which the servants placed his frugal meal. With the exception of the padre, who was extended on a heap of cloaks at his feet, the persons I have named were some walking up and down, others standing still. I have frequently observed Don Pedro conceal a feeling of despondency (when I knew from what had transpired he he must have been greatly depressed), and affect to be in the highest spirits, in order that his example might infuse courage and fortitude into the hearts of those around him, whom he always liked to see cheerful and happy. When the door opened I heard him, as he raised himself, say (in reference to what I could not tell),—

"I'll stake this ring against your head, padre, that you don't," pulling it off his finger and laying it on the box.

"The risk is rather disproportioned," replied the old gentleman; "but with the help of our Lady* I feel persuaded that I shall; and therefore—"

"Oh! oh!" interrupted his majesty, "if she is your ally, I'll beg leave to decline the bet;" and taking up the ring, he slipped it on his finger again, amidst a most uncourtly roar of laughter.

"But," said the padre, "in regard to the battle which is expected will be fought to-morrow, I predict that if we are victorious, I shall see our gracious queen in Lisbon."

"I trust your prophecy will be verified, my good friend," the emperor exclaimed.

"If it depends on the result of to-morrow's operations," observed Villa Flor, "I think it will be; for I have a very strong presentiment that we shall beat them."

"Your excellency's declaration is very cheering," replied the emperor, and added—"Come, gentlemen, will you not partake with me?" The courteous invitation was, however, declined by all but the confessor, whom his majesty assisted himself. During the common-place remarks which were now made, his majesty appeared quite lost in abstraction, and I should certainly have supposed he was merely pondering on the toughness of the fowl's leg, which he held in both hands, and gnawed with laudable perseverance, had he not suddenly looked up and said,

"However ridiculous it may seem, I cannot divest myself of a strange fancy that I have before been in precisely the same situation I am in at this moment. The very scene is impressed as it were on my mind from a former recollection of it; but as this is not only improbable, but actually impossible, I must doubtless have witnessed it in a dream, or my imagination has pictured it at some time or other, when in one of her wildest moods."

"I should rather conceive the latter to have been the case," observed Almeida.

"The padre's prediction, too," continued the emperor (without apparently noticing the above remark), "recals to my mind a very extraordinary one which was foretold me many years ago by an old woman, when I was in company with my —— of a brother; and

* Meaning the Virgin Mary.

which I do not remember ever once to have thought of since. It is, therefore, not a little remarkable that I should recollect it at this moment, and under such circumstances as the present, for the first time. At all events, I look upon it to be a good omen. It was neither more nor less than this—that before I died I should lose one kingdom and win another; and I remember that my brother and I laughed outright at such a ridiculous attempt at fortune-telling; for at that time it was daily expected we should (as we subsequently were) be compelled to emigrate; and I gave her no credit whatever for her foresight, as it did not require a prophet to presage that I should lose one kingdom (or my right of succession to it, which was the same thing), when the enemy were already in possession of it: and as regarded the winning another, I could only presume that she simply alluded to our residing in the Brazils."

The observations excited by this avowal, from every one in the room, who all spoke at once, and the servants retiring and requesting me to accompany them, prevented me from hearing what the emperor continued to say; but I was not in any haste to leave my position, and while I yet lingered I heard Almeida say—

"It was rather singular that you should have met the woman in Oporto, whom your were so bountiful to when she presented herself to your majesty in the opera-house at Rio."

"Yes, it was," returned the emperor; "but how grateful the poor creature has shewn herself for that involuntary act of liberality on my part! God grant she may not have to mourn her sons' death as well as her husband's—they are fine fellows."

Although I was well acquainted with the incident in question, as far as it related to the woman's conduct in Oporto, I was not aware, until informed a day or two afterwards, that she was the same individual whose good fortune, on the occasion alluded to, at Rio, I remembered to have heard the President of Malta, Groso, who was in attendance on his majesty at the time, speak of more than once. I may here premise that the meanest subjects of Portugal are not debarred access to the sovereign whenever he appears in public; and if they want to petition his majesty either verbally or otherwise, they are sure of being patiently heard, or of having their written requirements received. I have often seen Don Pedro, when about to enter his carriage, or mount the box to drive four fiery bays, stand for many minutes listening patiently and attentively to numerous applications from the humblest Brazilians; and a very striking feature in his character is the benevolent consideration with which he almost invariably inquires into their pecuniary circumstances. If they were deserving, and their case appeared one of much suffering, he seldom failed to confer some trifle to supply their pressing exigencies, until their condition could be more minutely inquired into, when perhaps they would be placed on his eleemosynary list. To one of the gentlemen in waiting he would say, "give her or him so much," specifying the sum—perhaps a couple of potacars; sometimes more, sometimes less; but on the following occasion he was not so explicit, and the consequences were that his purse was invaded, and his generosity abused in a manner which he had been far from contemplating, and rendered him more circumspect for the future:—he was leaving his box one

night at the opera, during the war with the Argentine Republic, when a woman in deep mourning threw herself at his feet, and told him that from a state of comparative affluence she was reduced nearly, at one blow, to the most complete destitution; in addition to which she had just lost her favourite son, who had been killed in a recent battle in the Banda Oriental. With the news of his death she was also informed that a brig, in which her husband, who was at Oporto, had risked all he was worth, had been taken by one of the enemy's privateers; and by an almost incomprehensible fatality, on the very night she received this disastrous intelligence, her house, which was not insured, was burnt to the ground, her youngest child perished in the flames, and not a single article of her property was saved. Her heart, she added, was almost broken.—The emperor, in the course of his reply, said, "we have all our trials and tribulations—in this world none are exempt—but the sun sometimes shines out from behind the darkest clouds;" then telling her he would see what could be done, desired a gentleman of the bed-chamber, Señor P——, and, if the truth must be told, the principal agent of his private pleasures, to give her immediately such relief as her accumulated misfortunes entitled her to; adding in the same breath—"Hand her whatever money you have about you." Now it so happened that P—— had been gambling in the course of the evening, and had then not less than 600 milreis in notes in his pocket; and by way of a joke, which he knew he could play off on his Majesty with impunity, he determined to obey him to the very letter, and when the emperor retired, said—"My good dame, I am very sorry for your sake that all the money I have with me is but 600 milreis, nevertheless I hope it will suffice for your present necessities;" and placing the notes in her hands, he walked away, leaving her speechless with wonder at Don Pedro's munificence. When, however, the emperor was duly informed of the sum which had been thus disbursed on his account, he flew into a great passion, and after reproaching P—— with indifference to his interests, told him with great displeasure that he would not have been so lavish of his own money. Here the matter rested. Among the first who flocked to congratulate Don Pedro on his entering Oporto was this very woman, who it appeared left the Brazils to join her husband soon after the event related above; since when she had succeeded, through the death of a relation, to very considerable property, which her husband had preserved from Miguel's rapacity by effectually concealing his real principles. On the day we landed, however, he could contain himself no longer, but mixing with a body of the Constitutionalists, attacked a party of the retreating enemy, and, *miserabile dictu!* lost his life in the conflict. Having presented her only surviving sons to the emperor (prior to their joining a regiment as volunteers), and expressing her heartfelt gratitude for his former goodness, the widow returned to her house, and the same day transmitted to him betwixt ten and twelve thousand dollars for the public service. That this sum had been lent to the government by a rich widow, was currently reported at the time; but the facts I have mentioned were only known to a few in his Majesty's suite.

THE MAD POET'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

I CANNOT endure thy feverish glow,
Thou moon, so brazen and round;
A tide-like rush with a burning flow
Through my weak and worn-out brain doth go
With a harsh continual sound,
And my dust-sunk eye I am forced to throw
Up from the cool dark ground.

It is strange—scarce a year, with its burden of ills,
Hath sped on eternity's blast,
Since I felt in my bosom the sweetest of thrills,
And joyously trod o'er the lone mossy hills,
With mine eye ever up to thee cast;
And drank with delight at thy clear running rills,
Made purer by thee as they passed.

But now, should I drink at a streamlet of thine,
Which deeply reflects thy strange ray,
I seem as if drunk with the strongest of wine,
And my brain heaves with shapes that I cannot define,
And, delirious, I hurry away,
And mutter and beat this poor forehead of mine
Till the first soothing streak of the day.

Then the spirit of song started up in my breast,
And I sang all night long in thy praise;
And I felt with the finest of ecstasy blest,
When I saw the pure cloudlet of love and of rest
A canopy over thee raise;
And I wept when I saw thee go down in the west,
Like thy priests in the old heathen days.

But the spirit of song then was gentle and glad,
But now it is fearfully changed,
And it lies in my bosom so stricken and sad,
Like a demon that from the beginning was mad,
And to it all things are estranged;
And the deep-feeling strings which its minstrelsy had
Are either destroyed or deranged.

And I have to keep watch o'er it early and late,
And all the long desolate night,
In fear it should rise and destroy me in hate,
And howl like an ominous dog at a gate,
Where death is prepared to alight,
And make my own tongue to deliver the date
When my heart with the dust must unite.

Even now, while I walk through thy thick fiery mists,
I feel it up-spring in its lair;
Even now, in its fury and pride it exists,
And dares my weak spirit to enter the lists
Aloft in the mystical air;
And I know that thy influence, dread spirit, assists
To drag me along with it there.

Away I must dive through the depths of the sea,
And find out some limitless cave,
Where my mind 'neath a shadow unshifting may be,—
Where the spirit of song, when it cannot get free,
May die in my bosom—its grave.—
Away to the rock-girdled ocean I flee,
To cool my hot brain in the wave.

W. M.

A WORD FOR THE POOR TO LORD ALTHORP.

[We give insertion to the following letter, because we deem it a duty to submit to our readers remarks properly and sensibly urged on so vital a subject as the present alterations in our Poor Laws. In the articles which have already appeared in the "Monthly," we have freely expressed our opinion as to the impropriety, and indeed impracticability, of many of the proposed alterations; but the chief point of our objection has been grounded upon the despotic *principle* of the measure—the irresponsible power granted to certain individuals over the liberties, and we may almost say, existence of a large and unfortunate class of our fellow-beings. That the poor laws require revision, we have never attempted to deny; and some of the recommendations of the commissioners appear to be grounded upon correct observation;—and here we are obliged to say, the very part urged by our correspondent, as the principal point of his hostility to the measure, is that which appears to us the least objectionable, *viz.* that "*no relief should be granted to the poor, except in the workhouse.*" Upon what has this recommendation of the commission been founded? Upon the fact which has been but too obvious to them, that the whole of our agricultural population is in a state of pauperism; tha tis, they receive part of their wages from the poor-rates, instead of being wholly supported by the land on which they labour. And how has this been effected? The farmers who manage the rates have unjustly contrived to make the public pay the wages of their labourers.—Is this just? It is a mistake to say that the labourer has a right to look to the public for payment; it is to the *land* he must look, and the object of not granting out-door relief is to force the rich and greedy landholders to enable those who labour for him to live. Before one penny of rent goes into his pocket, all the legitimate burdens upon the land ought to be paid, and labour above all;—if no surplus remain in the shape of rent, it becomes then the duty of the legislature to seek for the evil; and, perhaps, when people become disabused of the absurdity of sending rich landed proprietors to parliament, some glimmering of that evil may be discernible in the Corn Laws. When bread is more than double the price in England than it is in France; and when the wages of the agricultural labourer are lower in England than they are in France; it requires no great wit to see that *something* is radically wrong, and any man not blinded by self-interest will discover that in the Corn Laws. We do not hesitate to say, that, in England, where the price of bread is double that of our neighbours, there is more real misery among the producers of that bread than among the same class of any other nation in the civilized world.—We had better allow the land to run into a huge common, and every man turn his hand to commerce and manufacture, and the labour attendant thereon, than remain in such a state. If there were no Corn Laws, there would be no occasion now to build jails for the poor. But we will not here trust ourselves further on this subject,—let our correspondent argue the matter his own way.—Ed.]

My Lord:—The subject of the Poor Laws, now that you are fairly on the eve of grappling with it, is of momentous importance; and the result will be proportionate for good or evil, according as the principles upon which you proceed are correct or mistaken. The attempt is no less than to rectify a derangement in our social structure, which, originally caused by the shock of the Reformation, has for three hundred years been growing more dangerous from tampering and neglect. The undertaking is a hazardous one; and, whether you will ultimately make matters better or worse, will depend entirely upon your having formed a sound judgment of the evils to be remedied.

In order to arrive at the clearest insight into the subject, you procured the appointment of commissioners to investigate it. Their report embraces much argument and detail, but the main principle of it may be compressed into a few lines—*that they have found out-door relief to be the master-evil of the present system; that such relief, therefore, should be prohibited; and no relief granted whatever, except in the workhouse.*

The reason which the commissioners assign for such an uncompromising conclusion, is this:—They assert that the grant of out-door relief is the source of much imposition; that persons obtain it with facility, who are really earning wages adequate for their support, and who would never present themselves as paupers, if, in that character, they could obtain nothing but admission to the workhouse.

The commissioners have here fallen into an error, which seems, indeed, to have bewildered them throughout. What they assert is true, and to a serious extent, in the larger parishes of towns; but in rural parishes it neither is, nor could be so. In large parishes—for instance, like Shoreditch or Marylebone—the poor are so numerous, and their occupations so utterly impervious to the most vigilant superintendence, that it is only by accident that their frauds upon the Board can be detected. In a rural parish, on the contrary, the poor are nearly all of the agricultural class; they work in the employment, and under the eye, of some considerable rate-payer; and their wants and wages are as well known to the vestry as their faces.

The reason, therefore, which the commissioners give, for prohibiting pecuniary relief—namely, the door which it opens to fraud—is wholly inapplicable to parishes which are agricultural. But you will perhaps ask whether the prohibition might not, nevertheless, have a tendency to diminish the rates in such parishes?—whether, for instance, the degradation of the workhouse would not induce many to forego relief altogether, rather than accept it in that obnoxious shape? The solution of this question depends upon whether the measure implied by it, in the first instance, is practicable; and, in the second, whether, if practicable, it would be productive of any benefit.

My Lord, I have long studied the temper and character of the labouring classes; it has been my business to do so in more capacities than one; and, in common with all who have enjoyed the same opportunities of forming an opinion, I labour under a most ominous one—that no severity which the legislature may assume, no power which the executive can command, will ever be able to carry such a measure

into effect as the commissioners propose. In the rural districts, I am confident that you will never be able to build the workhouses intended, unless you build barracks first. Your builders, like Nehemiah's, must "every one have his sword girded by his side;" for the hand of every man, woman, and child will be upon them. I am not justifying this disposition to resistance; I am merely warning you of the certainty of its breaking forth; and I trust that you will calculate with temper, not merely the chances of suppressing it, but the mischiefs that will ensue whether you succeed in repressing it or not.

You are egregiously mistaken, my Lord, if you suppose that you will have only the *paupers* to encounter—a term which the commissioners have applied so unfairly to the agricultural labourer, as to expose their utter ignorance of his situation. The agricultural labourer, because he happens to receive from the poor rates, does not necessarily consider himself a pauper. He conceives a pauper to be one who is a voluntary incumbrance on the parish, because unable or unwilling to maintain himself. But the man who has the ability and the will to do so, and who, under the *name* of relief, merely accepts from the occupiers, as a body, that which is *really* a balance of his wages from some individual amongst them, regards himself in a very different light. The collusion on the part of the occupiers is too gross to deceive him; and he feels no shame in taking the relief, because he owns no favour for it. The maintenance which he receives, he looks upon as his natural right; he has a settled, and not very dispassionate idea, that it is due to him from the land; and if he has grown indifferent whether it comes in the shape of wages or relief, it is because he knows that they are convertible terms. In the parish where I reside, we had during the winter twenty-seven men on the books, twenty-two of whom it would be a libel to call paupers. A deputation of them remonstrated at the vestry against being sent to the overseer for a "part of their wages," and, on being unheeded, their spokesman addressed the meeting thus:—"*It is* YOU, *gentlemen, that are living on the poor rates, and not* WE; *the more labour you can get paid for out of the rates, the more you make the little tradesmen, and cottagers, and the labourers themselves, pay for your work being done!*"

But, *paupers* or not, my Lord, I must repeat my assurance, that it is not this class alone whose ill-feelings you will excite. There is a class above them, the *independent* labourers, as the commissioners call them, who will entertain the measure with equal abhorrence. Whatever may be the Arcadian notions of the commissioners, I know that the *independence* of this description of labourers is no mighty matter; and, if it were, what security have they that it will last? It depends upon their capacity for bodily exertion, which a thousand accidents may impair, and which old age, at least, will one day destroy. If to the *pauper*—I had better preserve the commissioner's nomenclature, though I object to the propriety of it—the doom of the workhouse is certain and present, to the *independent* labourer it is a contingency, which awaits him, at the farthest, in the evening of his days; and can any one imagine that he will calmly see a *bridewell* erected, to which he is to be consigned without ceremony, as soon as it is found that a life of hard and unremitting toil has sufficiently exhausted the vigour of his constitution? Again, has he no feelings of nature to consult?

Is he not a husband and a father, and will he bear with indifference that his own death to-morrow may be the warrant for his wife and children being immured in the hated places, which the callous policy of these commissioners would appoint for them? Depend upon it, my Lord, that persons have been employed to make the legislature acquainted with the poor, who know as little of human nature as of the subject which they profess to elucidate.

But if workhouses are objectionable in themselves, as a dangerously ungracious mode of exclusively affording that relief, which law, usage, and humanity have awarded to the indigent, what shall we say to the *system* upon which the commissioners suggest that they shall be established?—Nothing so monstrous was ever before proposed for the adoption or the sufferance of a Christian community.

I am aware that your lordship has avowed it as your wish, that the subject of the Poor Laws should be approached by the legislature, not only with temper and care, but with a disposition, that in rendering the poor less burthensome, nothing should be done to render their condition less comfortable. If I have understood you aright, credit is due to you not only for the benevolence of the sentiment, but for the reproof which its expression conveys upon the less kindly views of the commissioners. In pursuance of their fundamental principle, that the condition of those receiving relief should be rendered less eligible than that of the lowest class who do not, they propose, not only that those who require relief shall find none except as inmates of a workhouse, but that they shall be drafted into separate workhouses in the following preposterous and barbarous manner. They recommend, for instance, that four parishes having workhouses, shall be incorporated; that these workhouses shall be used in common by the four parishes; the men of all the four parishes being settled in one, the women in a second, the children in a third, and the aged and impotent in the fourth! Why, good God! there is nothing in the slavery which disgraces the southern states of America so ignominious as this. "It is no uncommon thing," says an able writer,* speaking of the slaves in that country, "for husbands and wives, mothers and children, to be separated from each other, and the cruelties inflicted have frequently provoked the most dreadful outrages."—"*But*," says another writer,† "I am told, and believe, that there is a general wish to keep relations together where it can be done." And where is the difference in the heartless proposition of the commissioners to break up the families of the poor, except that the slave-masters of America plead necessity for the practice, and have the grace to palliate it by their regret? My Lord, read this touching scene—the author‡ is speaking of a family of slaves on the eve of separation at Charlton—"There I saw the father looking sullen contempt upon the crowd, and expressing indignation in his countenance which he durst not speak, and the mother pressing her infants closer to her bosom with an involuntary grasp, and exclaiming in wild and simple earnestness, while the tears chased down her cheeks in quick succession, '*I can't leave my children! I won't*

* Edinburgh Review, No. CXII. Pag. 472.
† Stewart's Three Years in North America. ‡ Ibid.

leave my children!'" Are we to have scenes like these daily, in every village in England?

"Classification" indeed! Suppose it accomplished—suppose the system to be perfected in every detail and department—suppose a body of men cooped up in a building, for which (whatever the commissioners may call it) some obnoxious name is sure to be invented—feeling as men *will* feel, when thus wantonly cut off from all domestic communion, and placed under worse than servile coercion—their wives removed from them; their children in the hands of strangers; harassed by a discipline repugnant to their habits, and disgusted by the exaction of labour in which they have no intention! My Lord, can any man doubt, or, rather I should say, can any man calculate, what would be the consequence of having three thousand such seminaries of mischief studded over the country?

But perhaps the commissioners will tell us that no such result will accrue—that their workhouses (or whatever else they may be called hereafter) are not planned with a view of being tenanted, but are merely to be built *in terrorem*. As it is pithily abridged in the *Times*, they are to be "a self-acting test of the claim of the applicant, for if the claimant does not comply with the terms on which relief is given to the destitute, he will get nothing; and if he does comply, the compliance will prove his destination." Is this a Christian way to treat him? To offer him a scorpion when he is hungry, and a spunge of gall when he is dry, and turn away upon his refusal as a test that he has no need of our charity? But the commissioners may be deceived, as men often are when they argue *ex pede*. The commissioners argue from individual instances, to a general result; but they should be reminded that their experiment will have to be tried in a different state, and on a different scale of things from the present. Force upon one or two *paupers*, say even of the worst class, the alternative of the workhouse or nothing, and it is ten to one that, at any sacrifice, they would prefer nothing. Force the same alternative upon *all*, and the problem is changed in its terms. The degradation is in the exception—a general rule might do away with all sense of it. Turn one or two boys out of a school, and they will regard it as a disgrace—expel them all, and they might make a holiday of it, or something worse. Suppose, my Lord, that the legislature were to pass such a law, as the commissioners advise them, and that the poor were *to combine to take them at their word?* I fear that there are men in England, as well as Ireland, who would not scruple to teach the people how to defeat a bad law by obeying it; and, in that case, I leave your lordship to solve the question with which I started—namely, whether the suggestion of the commissioners, even if practicable, would be productive of any benefit. "*En avant!* one and all! to the work-house!" In a month the government would be compelled to suspend the law by an order in council.

A bill, however, founded upon the report of the commissioners, *cannot* be carried into practical operation. If the legislature attempt it, they will be compelled, first or last, to recede; and to recede before popular resistance, is to invite the pressure of popular encroachment. In the settlement of the Poor Laws, the legislature, of all things, should be most careful not to make the poor a party to it;

and a most unmanageable party they will be in all future discussions, if they once taste the success of an active collision with the government. Perhaps you may think that I overrate the resistance with which the measure would be met; but remember that it is a measure which the poor will feel, not merely as an abridgment of their comforts, but as an offence to their antipathies, and an outrage upon their affections. In every hut the husband will find a wife to incense his animosity; and even the children will be encouraged by their parents to make more than a mimic exhibition in the quarrel. And upon what local influence can you rely to allay this rustic agitation? Upon that of the *rate-payers?* To a man they will stand back, and, in contemptuous irony, "wish you well out of it." Let us see whether the commissioners have given them no reasonable cause for adopting a hostile neutrality in the struggle.

Having settled in their wisdom the nature of relief henceforth to be afforded, the commissioners next proceed to a disinterested consideration of the AGENCY by which it should be administered. One would think that those who pay might have some voice in the business, and that living on the spot they must possess some judgment respecting it. But no, my Lord—it is impossible for parishes to find men competent to the lucrative duties which the beautiful system of the commissioners will impose! It would be "perverted by their want of appropriate knowledge--by their interest in abusive administration!" They are "illiterate, ignorant men, who can neither read nor write, and whose motives are often as faulty as their capacity for business is deficient!" Therefore, the rate-payers are to be divested of all discretionary power in their disbursements; they are to pay, and say nothing, and to thank God that the trouble of taking care of their own money is no longer to afflict them!

I appeal to your lordship whether any thing more untrue was ever put into print. You are well acquainted with the agricultural community; in one sense you are the grand master of their order; and I ask you whether any but the grossest ignorance, or something still more questionable, could have prompted such unwarrantable assertions respecting them. In that room, where you annually preside over a body of men who may be called the representatives of this calumniated class, would you venture to declare that they were so ignorant and illiterate, their motives so indirect, their capacity for business so deficient, that they were not fit to be trusted with the management of their own parish affairs? Would you venture to tell them (as the commissioners do) that no legislative enactments could be relied upon to ensure that management being properly and honestly performed by them, and that, therefore, you should appoint some three or four thousand paid prefects to wrest it from their hands? If you were to venture thus far by way of insult, without exciting too clamorous a tone of indignation, you might venture one step farther by way of apology, and tell them *that you wanted the patronage of these stipendiary appointments to fortify your government.* But let me not anticipate.

There is as little justice in charging the farmers with a want of intelligence and integrity, as in charging the labourers with idleness and fraud. The capital of the farmers is so reduced that few can

afford to employ their proportion of labour; none will employ more than they can help; and, therefore, by a sort of tacit convention, they have fallen into the practice of paying for labour out of the rates, that thus the burden of it may, in some degree at least, fall fairly upon all. This, my lord, will account for the heaviness of their rates, without having recourse to the imputations cast upon them by the commissioners.

Do the commissioners dream that we are blind?—that we are such moles as not to perceive that their attack upon the poor, and their insinuations against the rate-payers, are merely the *means to an end?*—that they had their *end* in view, and that the *means* were invented to accomplish it? If a man were to tell me that my servants were defrauding me, that they might be managed more profitably, but that, as I was utterly incompetent to their management myself, he would recommend some friends of his to take the trouble off my hands, presuming on my own sanity I should instantly suspect him of some selfish design. I should suspect that my servants were slandered, and my own capacity impugned, for some sinister and premeditated job. And precisely thus have the commissioners acted. They have acted as if their commission was one *de lunatico inquirendo* upon the country at large, and have passed upon us an arbitrary judgment that we are not fit for the conduct of our own business, in order to arrive at the conclusion that it should be vested, with all the power and influence therefrom arising, in the hands of the government which employed them!

Let us see, my Lord, what the commissioners have been driving at.

In the first place, "they recommend the appointment of a CENTRAL BOARD to control the administration of the Poor Laws, with such assistant commissioners as may be found requisite; and that the commissioners be empowered and directed to frame and enforce regulation for the government of workhouses, and as to the nature and amount of the relief to be given, and the labour to be exacted in them." They recommend, moreover, that in establishing this agency, the legislature should proceed in the same manner as it did in establishing an agency for the control of friendly societies, &c., where it was vested in a barrister, Mr. Tidd Pratt. There is nothing like parchment!

Secondly—They conceive that three will be a sufficient number of commissioners to form the central board; and that the number of assistant commissioners, to travel about and see how things are going on, may be eight or ten.

Thirdly—They recommend that the central board be empowered to incorporate parishes for the purpose of appointing and paying permanent officers to manage them.

And fourthly—That the assistant commissioners and all subordinate officers shall be appointed, and be removeable, by the central board; submitting, at the same time, that (to "make its interest coincident with its duty!") the central board itself shall be appointed, and be removeable, by the crown.

Let us do the commissioners justice. They have not done the work of the government sparingly. Commissioners, assistant commissioners, three thousand district superintendents, and ten or twelve

thousand parochial turnkeys—all, directly or indirectly, appointed and removable by the crown—accomplish this splendid scheme, and you may safely dispense with the assistance of a few obnoxious sinecures and places. In addition to an enormous revenue, get hold of the distribution of the poor rates—then of the county rates—then of the public tolls—turn every penny that is levied for public uses into the means of ministerial patronage—let the country be crowded with paid officers and expectants, and you will not only consolidate your power, but, like Didius, you may buy the nation with its own money. It is the interest of the people, my Lord, to trouble the government with the control of their affairs no more than is necessary. Many a gentleman has become a dependant upon his steward from having neglected this salutary principle; and it has infinitely more cogency in public than in private life. A corrupt government can only exist by its resources for corrupting the people; and the people, therefore, as the mutual bond of their independence, should conspire, that the government shall have as few favours to lavish as possible. The commissioners have calculated as shrewdly, as they have provided liberally, for the permanence of your government; and it is only meet that, as they have been so bold in the battle, they should not be forgotten in the division of the spoil.

You will, perhaps, imagine that plain farmers are not likely to argue in this manner upon the *rationale* of government. To confirm my prediction as to the manner in which they will receive such a measure as the commissioners propose, it is not necessary that they should do so. There is sufficient of a *personal* nature in it, to enlist both their opinions and feelings against it. There is not a man of spirit and common sense amongst them, who will not treat the commissioners' slander with scorn, and their Utopian scheme with contempt. When they understand that this *projet* has been concocted by the duplicate of a bishop, a lawyer, and "a litterary gentleman," their indignation may retax into derision; and that is the most favourable sentiment which, under the most favourable circumstances, it will excite. Can your lordship expect it to be otherwise? Can you expect them to consent, much less to co-operate, in a plan so absurdly conceived and so preposterously urged? Do you suppose that it will be very *agreeable* to a little community of responsible men, to have some fellow, the very fact of whose needing such a place will negative the presumption that he was ever master of, or fit for, any business of his own—to have some such fellow saddled upon them, to regulate their affairs, to tax them and tutor them, to execute "public works" at their expense, and to strut over the district a living libel upon their integrity and sense? Do you suppose that they will exert their influence with the poor, that they will proffer their alliance to the commissioners, with such a delectable consummation as the reward of it? They will not, my Lord; and unless you would sow the seeds of an evil far greater than it is your design to eradicate; unless you would affect something of far more vital importance than even the stability of your own government, I entreat you, and in no hostile spirit, to abandon the project without parley or delay.

A. W.

TOM RAFFLES.

Thomas, or, as he was more familiarly called, Tom Raffles, was the only son of a planter in Jamaica. When about eight years old he was sent over to be educated in England, having, at that time, every prospect of succeeding to no inconsiderable wealth. The depreciation, however, of West Indian property so far affected his father's condition, that, on the estate being realized at his decease, Tom was left with the comparatively trifling inheritance of six thousand pounds. The gentleman, to whose care he had been consigned, and who was finally saddled with his guardianship, in the exercise of his discretion destined him for the church, as a calling in which his slender patrimony might be most favourably invested; and, in the prosecution of this matter-of-business arrangement, Tom, at the proper age, came into residence at the college to which I belonged.

Of all the young men whom I ever met, there was none whose occasional company gave me more delight than that of Tom Raffles. There was a great difference in our years, and a still greater in our habits; but there was so much harmless merriment, combined with so much honourable feeling, in his disposition, that I always found an agreeable relaxation in his society. Though no wit, he was a wag in his way; but so playful and pleasing withal, that surliness herself would laugh in her vexation under the feather-like touches of his banter. Practical jokes he loved, as a country wench loves dancing; but then they were so innocently ludicrous, and he blundered in their execution so naturally, that even academic authority was in jeopardy of a buccinatory affection, while pronouncing sentence upon the enormities of his fun. If craniology be true, his cap, I imagine, could hardly have covered his organ of good-fellowship. He was social to a fault; and with the young men of his own age he was a favourite, whose absence created an adjournment of all enjoyment. It is no wonder, therefore, that his acquaintance was numerous, and, considering the facilities to extravagance in such a place, that it was expensive. But an anecdote will give a better display of his character, than any sketch I am capable of drawing.

Tom loved milk punch; and he could never endure spending his evening—*i. e.* from nine to two—alone. Whenever it happened that he was not engaged to a supper, or a round at loo, he invariably hunted up some dozen, who were in the same miserable predicament as himself, and pressed them for a *spread* and a beaker (which Tom called a *repetenda*) of milk-punch at his own rooms. The jollity of these parties, as they were the last resource against *ennui*, partook rather of a furious character—so much so, that every man within the walls could tell, without inquiry, when Tom had his "forlorn hope" about him. The master especially had acquired a painful perception of such events; for Tom's rooms were contiguous to the lodge, his sitting-room and bed-room both looking backwards into a little paddock, where the worthy doctor kept a cow, and an intolerable family

of pea-hens. Frequent and energetic were the doctor's attempts to put down the annoyance. When he first remonstrated, Tom said it was quite a *casual thing*, and laid all his guilt upon the milk-punch. No amendment, however, taking place, he inflicted extra *chapels* upon him; Tom bore the penances with the patience of a recruit at drill. He confined him to hall—Tom ate his dinner there every day for a week with as much stoicism as a fox-hunting member attends to his duties in parliament. He forbade him the gates—Tom endured the restraint with the resignation of a tethered bull. Tom used to vow that the master would never beat him, inasmuch as he had not discovered his weak point. "If," said Tom, "he was to set me a hundred lines of Homer, I believe I should be forced to compound, by abandoning milk-punch for ever." But Tom was wrong; for a bright thought struck the master at last—he went to the fountain-head of the offence, and issued orders to the college butler that Tom and milk-punch henceforth should be strangers.

Tom did not hear of this dreadful edict until his next *casualty*, when, on sending his *gyp** to the buttery for the usual supply of the nectar, that Monmouth-street-looking functionary returned with the dismal intelligence that the butter was placed under an interdict! Long was the face which Tom pulled; but it relaxed in a moment into an expression of comical determination, which spoke at once of frolic and revenge. He placed the liquor bottles on the table; told his friends to "go on," and retired into his bed-room. In ten minutes he returned with the hand-basin and jug full of foaming new milk. He had crept through his bed-room window (which was on the ground-floor) into the master's paddock, and milked his cow! The punch was soon made; and great was the glee and glory of the sinners over it. Tom insisted that he had found out the true *alma mater* at last; and that, if ever he arrived at the dignity of vice-chancellor, he would no longer permit the university to be indecently symbolized by a young woman with bare and teeming breasts,† but substitute for her the sober figure of the master's old cow. There was the usual uproar and rattle of course; and the master, in spite of his having locked up the evil spirit in the buttery, was disturbed that night by the same strange noises, as he had been many, many nights before.

Tom's triumph, however, was of short duration. The next morning, as he sat at breakfast, one of those gentle single taps was heard at the door, which are given only by college menials and washer-women. "Come in!" and enter the porter, with the master's compliments for Mr. Raffle's attendance at the lodge. As such a summons was very common, for having been short at *chapel*, or cut gates after twelve, and many other nothings of which Tom never kept any personal account, he slipped on his gown, and proceeded to the lodge with as much composure as if he was going to take his *congé* for the term. On entering the library the master addressed him with what

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* A college drudge.

† The official symbol of the university is a woman as here described, with the fan in one hand, and a goblet in the other.

Tom called a very incomprehensible smile, bade him take a chair, and the following dialogue ensued:—

"I hope you liked your milk-punch last night, Mr. Raffles?"

"Not very much, of course," replied Tom, who began to cheer up with the thought that the master was bantering him, as a preliminary to restoring him to the freedom of the buttery.

"You do it an injustice, Mr. Raffles. If A and B are respectively better than C and D, then A+B shall be better than C+D. You will grant me *that*, Sir?"

"I don't know much of algebra," returned Tom.

"But you know something about milk-punch, Sir; and I am sure that your punch last night had better milk and more brandy in it than our rogue of a butler ever vouchsafed to an under-graduate in his life. I am afraid that after milking my cow for your table, you will hardly relish the thin stuff you have been accustomed to."

"Whoever could, Sir—" Tom began to stammer out stiffly.

"Gently, Sir," interrupted the good old man, his countenance suddenly assuming an expression of good-humour and kindness;—"gently, Sir; you are a giddy young fellow, but too much of a gentleman to be guilty of equivocation. You *did* milk my cow. Now, mind me—I don't grudge you the *milk*—you are extremely welcome to it; but the *next* time you milk her, pray have more brains, or more bowels about you, than to leave the poor beast hoppled up all night with your neck-handkerchief;" pulling out of his pocket, as he concluded, a white cravat, marked with Tom's name in full length! Tom had tied it round the cow's legs to keep her from kicking, and (just like him) had left it there.

Tom could not lead the life he did without spending considerably more than the interest of his fortune; while his guardian, of course, allowed him something considerably less. The unavoidable consequence was that he ran deeply into debt—as easy and pleasant a course for a young man at Cambridge during his first two years, as can possibly be imagined. Up to that period of his under-graduateship, the *tradesmen* exhibit such a pressing, seducing servility, that many a shrewder man than Tom has not the heart to refuse getting into their books; and then, like experienced anglers, they begin to pull in the line. To use one of Lord Castlereagh's beautiful pleonasms, this is "as systematic a system" with them as Izaak Walton's of killing a trout. For the first six terms they let him run unchecked, and reserve all the reality and cruelty of the sport for the last four; now drawing upon him sharply, now giving him a little more play, if he kicks—at every in and out taking an ell for an inch of course; until, when landed on bachelor's bank, the poor creature is utterly exhausted. In accordance with this practice, Tom found at the commencement of his seventh term (*i. e.* of his third year) that he was *hooked*. In other words, his obliging creditors began to *dun* him. At first he would bluster and burst away, as if it were possible to escape his tormentors by getting the length of a street from them. As his sufferings were prolonged, he grew more calm and cunning. Whenever at home, he would fasten himself in, and would answer none but conventional appeals at the door; but this was merely

punishing himself. He *must* come out to dinner; and the patience of a Cambridge dun is almost a passion with him. Reader, you have heard the tale of a dog who pointed a hare in her seat, and who stood stanch at her (as she dared not stir) until both were reduced to naked skeletons. It is not true; but it is a faithful allegory of a Cambridge *dun*, who, if a man were to keep closeted until he starved, would share the same fate with him at the door. Poor Tom could never obey the bell for hall, without encountering at the first step one of these Anthropophagi. He had been at that time one of my private pupils for more than two years, but, I believe, had never attended his hour more than half-a-dozen times. I was therefore astonished one morning at his gravely proposing to attend me regularly, if I would take him from three to four, the hour before dinner. I made arrangements with my other pupils to accommodate him; and his punctuality was surprising. But he never read any thing—not he, except a novel or a newspaper which he brought with him. The object of the rogue was, to secure my company every day on his road to hall, as a sort of safeguard against his enemies, well knowing that no dun dare attack him while under the convoy of a Fellow. At the close of his third year I spoke seriously to him on the subject of his debts; and advised him, rather than lead such a mad dog's life, to lay the state of his affairs candidly before his guardian, and implore him to settle them. He shook his head, as much as to intimate that it would be useless; but he promised to follow my advice, which, to do him justice, he always did when I neither taxed his indolence nor interrupted his enjoyments.

On his return to keep his tenth and last term, I asked him how he had succeeded in his application for an arrangement with his creditors. His guardian, it appeared, had found his office by no means an agreeable one; and, as Tom in a few months would emerge from his minority, wished him to settle with his creditors himself. "In the meanwhile," said Tom, "I will pay them off, if not for their goods, yet, if there be any exactness in the arts and sciences, for the torment they have given me." I did not comprehend his meaning, and was too busy to inquire into it at the time. I called upon him, however, a few days afterwards, and was surprised to observe that he sported (what I never saw before at an under-graduate's rooms) a *door-bell*. To add to the eccentricity of the thing, there was this curious direction on a small brass plate above the handle—DON'T RING THE BELL. The outer door being open (a sure sign that Tom was flown), I walked in without ceremony to leave my card, and was still more puzzled by perceiving in one corner of the room an electrical machine. "What the deuce," thought I, "can such an incurious fellow want with such an apparatus as that?" But, as I am not very expert at a graphic description, I must beg leave to give the *denouement* as related to me by one of the sufferers—that *nonpareil* of duns, Mr. S. the horse-dealer—though perhaps I may in some measure miss the peculiar graces of his phraseology.

"You see, Sir," said Mr. S., "that I was just going to call on Mr. Raffles, and I was in a bit of a hurry, for little B., the tailor, and old M., the barber, was close behind me, and 'first come, first served,'

you know, is always the case when a gentleman happens to be flush; so I turns quick into the cloister, and as I faces the door, of all new inventions what meets my blessed eyes but a door-bell, with the words above it—*Don't ring the bell.* 'Don't?' says I. 'Won't I, though?' says I. 'But I *will*,' says I; 'and you shall have a regular bob-major, Mr. Raffles, if you're up to your hide-and-seek.' So I catches hold of the handle—when down I goes all of a heap like lightning! Little B. and old M. seed me drop, and run to, and picked me up, and untied my neckcloth, and roared for cold water like wenches out of their wits, and, upon my soul, I didn't know to a nicety myself whether I was a human being or a corpse! However, at last I lifted up one leg just to try the question. When my kind Samaritans see'd *that*, they begun to think about Mr. Raffles, and to jostle who should have the first pull at the bell.—The tailor got it—and down he went as if his head had been knocked off with a sleeve-board! Burn my stable down, if I could help laughing, though I was trembling and sweating all the time like a jelly in June. The best of it was, the barber, the silly old Simeonite, was clearly muddled by two such awful visitations, and stood shivering and chittering, thinking it was *his* turn next, till out of shere funk he dropped down on his nethers, and prayed like Peter. At last, says I, 'I think we'd better get out of this;' and bolted off—the two poor devils crawling after me on all-fours, like a pair of Nebuchadnezzars going to grass. When I got home I begun to ruminate; and when I got my garret in order, so as to think a thought or two, I calls my son Bill, and tells him all about it; and says I, 'Now, Bill, go you to-morrow morning and wait on Mr. Raffles, but whatever you do, *don't ring the bell—knock at the door.*' So Bill goes the next morning; and, in about a quarter of an hour, he comes back with a face as long as London. 'You fool!' says I, 'sure you *didn't ring the bell?*'—'No, father,' says he; 'but when I got there, and was *just* going to thump the oak, what does I visage in red letters but—DON'T KNOCK AT THE DOOR! After how you was sarved yesterday, father—Lord! I felt just like cousin Dick, when he found he'd gone one step into the coal-pit.' And so Bill jammed his fists safe into his pockets, and walked off. And, if you believe me, we was all play'd this cantide for a whole week, and might have been till our knuckles, for him, were as soft as a lady's, had it not been told the master, who put a stop to it like a gentleman."

The fact was, that Tom had got a bell hung, and connected the wire with his electrical machine. Whenever he saw a dun coming, which he could do from a window facing the street, "I began," said he, "to grind away for my life, and I verily believe that I gave the little tailor a shock that would have overthrown a regiment of foot." The ominous warning on the door was, of course, merely a *ruse*. Tom's waggery, however, did not pay his debts. He left Cambridge deeply involved.

* * * * *

About two years ago a college living was left open to my acceptance in the order of seniority, and I abandoned my fellowship for it, with pretty much the same sort of feeling as a subaltern may be

supposed to exchange his dreary station at St. Helena for promotion to a staff appointment in country quarters at home. Academic distinctions are but a very feeble recommendation, if a man mixes with the world; but in the retirement of rural life they give a *prestige* of respectability, which at once secured me the attentions of the neighbourhood, and enabled me to select the circle of my acquaintance. Such members of my own profession as could be conveniently visited, a few country gentlemen of moderate fortunes, and two or three wealthy farmers in the immediate vicinity, afforded a round of social intercourse, sufficient to enliven, without interrupting, the even tenor of a life otherwise occupied in ministerial duties or literary pursuits. Indeed, a village clergyman, if comfortably provided for (which too many are not), and if his habits correspond with his calling, has means of happiness within his reach, which no other station can supply. He is fretted with no hopes of selfish success; haunted by no fear of worldly reverses; his mind is employed without excitement, and his time without fatigue; leading at once a life of leisure without tedium, and of professional exertion without drudgery. The serious, but far from unpleasant, nature of his office; the quietness, regularity, and temperance of his domestic economy—every thing about him, in short, is calculated to impart a cheerful serenity to his mind; and even should there be some small dash of vanity in his composition, as there is in most men, it finds a grateful but harmless indulgence, in watching the progress of refinement amongst his neighbours, in dress, manners, and intelligence, which seems to radiate from the bosom of his own family as from a little focus of civilization. *O Fortunatus nimium, sua si bona norit!* Happy indeed, did he but always confine himself to the field, where alone he can bring forth goodly fruits as a Christian minister, and not so frequently degenerate, by unnatural associations, into that worthless and unsavoury hybride, a political parson.

It is, perhaps, from having mixed more with the world than the generality of my brethren, that I feel less interest in its concerns. The greatest event, which has hitherto occurred to disturb the placid uniformity of my course, is the annual visitation of our archdeacon or diocesan. It was on the occasion of my first appearance at this clerical levy, that, after a charge by the bishop, I was startled by hearing the name of the "Rev. Thomas Raffles, curate of ———," called over in turn. In the person who answered to the call by a gentle inclination of the head, I identified my old *protegé* and pupil; but I was too far from him to effect a mutual recognition. I anticipated meeting him at the ordinary, where the bishop and his clergy atone to themselves for the chilling ceremony of the morning. For some reason, however, he did not attend; and, understanding that his cure was not more than eight or nine miles distant, I resolved to ride over the next day and pay him a visit.

On arriving at the place, I called at the rectory-house; but this, I was informed, had been let with the glebe land by the rector, who being a dean, and incumbent of two or three other livings, had no occasion for it himself, and, I suppose, thought it incompatible with the shabby pittance which he pinched out of eight hundred a-year for

his curate. I found the object of my search lodged in the parlour of a small farm-house—a low whitewashed room, floored with brick, and adorned with the bright daubs, vended some twenty years ago by rascal Italians, of the "Four Seasons," the "Four Quarters of the World," and the "History of Joseph and his Brethren." The blunt "Come in," as I knocked at the door, bespoke the Cambridge man; but no one, on entering, would have taken the forlorn inmate for the dashing student which I have depicted him in the foregoing pages. He was sitting over a handful of fire, without his cravat, and attired in the remnant of an old reading coat, watching a little saucepan of broth, which, as sundry peelings of onions and turnips under the grate bore evidence, was abandoned to his own cookery. The manifest destitution of his condition struck me most painfully; but this feeling was quickly absorbed in a more serious concern for the man himself. The features were the same; but the expression had left them, and, except by transient and uncertain snatches, for ever! A constitution ungenial to the climate, and never very well used, had fallen an easy prey to ruin and remorse. At times he would forget the present in some ludicrous recollection of the past; but his animation soon expired, and the exertion only deepened his dejection. On remarking to him that he would catch cold without his neck-handkerchief, "Ay, Sir," said he, "you know I am apt to forget my cravat," smiling for a moment with all the wickedness of former days; and then the heavy sigh, as he "wondered how the old doctor was," told wofully how much the effort had cost him. He had, throughout, known of my being settled in the neighbourhood; but it required no acuteness to enter into his feelings for not desiring the renewal of our acquaintance. "I had long wished, before seeing you," he said one day, as he was relating his sufferings, "like a bird conscious of dissolution, to hide myself in some secret place and die." I took him home with me, and engaged a neighbouring clergyman to officiate in his place. All that skill or kindness *could* do for him, was done; but his heart as well as his health was broken. He died in the following spring without regret, but not without hope; and now lies in peace a few yards from the spot where I am writing his memoir.

The history of this young man, from the time of his leaving Cambridge, is a melancholy, but by no means are extraordinary one.

Poor Raffles told me that he had lost two curacies in succession, by having been taken in execution upon cognovits, which he had given, for a temporary respite, although he knew one-half of the charges against him to be absolute robbery. He was, subsequently, nine months without an engagement. I should infer, that it must have been during this period that he availed himself of a merciful law, as the only chance of liberation; but I never inquired minutely into that event, as, up to his last moment, it produced upon his sensitive and honourable mind more painful impressions than all the follies and misfortunes of his life. He afterwards endured many severe privations and bitter disappointments, until accident threw him into the hands of the good Dean of B——. On the nomination of that worthy pluralist, he was licensed to the curacy of ——, with a stipend of

eighty pounds per annum; but, with an *understanding* that he was only to receive *half the amount!* and upon such a scanty allowance he existed for two years previous to his death. Upon few had such bitter humiliation been inflicted, and upon still fewer would it have produced such amiable results; for the consciousness that he had, by his own imprudence, lost the means of supporting the character of a useful and benevolent clergyman, as he might have done, led him to an earnest, but unostentatious, discharge of his duty in other respects, which procured him general esteem. His parishioners requested my permission to place a tomb over his grave—for they loved, while they pitied him—and the plain stone which simply records their respect for his memory, is a tribute to his virtues, beyond the reach of elaborate sculpture, or classic elegance, to improve.

NUPER.

THE DUCK AND THE SERPENT.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

Beside a pond, whose banks she haunted,
A duck one day her talents vaunted;
"What animal can boast," said she,
"The many gifts that dwell in me?
Earth, water, air, are all my own—
When I am tir'd of walking grown,
I fly, if so I take the whim—
Or if it pleases me, I swim."
A cunning serpent overheard
The boasting of the clumsy bird,
And with a most contemptuous hiss,
He spoke a lecture such as this:
"It strikes me, ma'am, there's small occasion
For your just utter'd proclamation;
These gifts of yours shine rather dim,
Since neither like the trout you swim,
Nor like the deer step swift and light,
Nor match the eagle in your flight."
They err who think that merit clings
To knowledge slight of many things;
He who would wish at all t'excel,
Whate'er he does, should do it well.

CLAVIGO: A TRAGEDY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖETHE.

(Concluded from last Month.)

ACT III.—Guilbert's *House.*

Sophia Guilbert *and* Maria Beaumarchais.

Mar. You have seen him? How I tremble! You have seen him? I nearly fainted when I heard he was come; and you have seen him? No —I cannot—I will not—no—I can never see him again.

Sop. I was bewildered when he entered; for ah! did not I love him too with the sincerest, purest sisterly love? Has not his desertion grieved, tortured me?—and then to see the returning penitent at my feet.—Sister! there is something so fascinating in his look, in the tone of his voice. He——

Mar. Never, never more!

Sop. He is still the same—still the same good, gentle, feeling heart—still retains the same ardent love, the same eagerness to be beloved, and suffers the intensest agony lest his affection should be rejected. The same! the same! And he speaks of you, Maria, as in those happy days of his most passionate love; it seems as if your guardian spirit had permitted this interval of infidelity and desertion to interrupt the drawling monotony of a long courtship, and invigorate the affections with renewed energy.

Mar. Do you take his part?

Sop. No, sister, nor did I promise to do so. But, dearest, I see things as they are. You and our brother view them in too romantic a light. You have, with many other good girls, a lover who proves faithless, and abandons you! But to find him return penitent, to correct his error, and renew former hopes—is such good fortune as any other would not lightly reject.

Mar. My heart would break!

Sop. I imagine so. The first moments would very sensibly affect you —but then, dearest, I intreat you not to consider this agitation, this embarrassment, which seems to subdue your whole mind, as arising in hatred or aversion. Your heart speaks for him more than you think: and, therefore, you will not trust yourself to see him again, although you so ardently desire his return.

Mar. Be merciful!

Sop. You will yet be happy. If I felt you despised him, and that he would be indifferent about it, then I would not say another word, nor should he ever see my face again. But as it is, love,—you will thank me for having assisted you to overcome this painful irresolution, which betokens the sincerest love.

Enter Guilbert *and* Buenco.

Come, Buenco! Guilbert, come! Help me to encourage this wayward girl; resolution now is every thing.

Buen. I would I might venture to say, do not receive him again.

Sop. Buenco!

Buen. My heart leaps to my mouth at the thought: shall he still possess this angel, whom he has so shamefully injured, whom he has reduced to the brink of the grave; and shall he possess her?—Wherefore?—What reparation can he make for his crime?—What! because he returns—because he chooses now to return, and say, "Now I like her, now I will have her." Just as though this exquisite creature were a piece of damaged merchan-

dize, which is at last thrown to a purchaser after he has almost vexed you to death, by his mean offers and Jewish chaffering. No! he shall not have my suffrage, even if Maria's heart speak for him.—Return, indeed!—why return now then?—Has not he waited till your brave brother interposed, whose vengeance he must dread, to come like a schoolboy and crave pardon?—Ha! he is as dastardly as he is contemptible!

Guil. You talk like a Spaniard; but, as if you did not know the Spaniard. We are, at this moment, in greater danger than you are all aware of.

Mar. Dear Guilbert!

Guil. I honour our brother's enterprising soul; I tacitly beheld his heroic conduct, wished all might end well, wished Maria could resolve to give Clavigo her hand, for—(*smiling*) her heart is his still.

Mar. You are cruel!

Sop Hear him, I intreat you, hear him!

Guil. Your brother has forced a declaration from him which will vindicate you in the eyes of the world, and ruin us.

Buen. How?

Mar. O God!

Guilb. He has written it in the hopes of moving you. Should he fail, he will do his utmost to nullify the paper; he can do it, and he will. Your brother intends to print and disseminate it upon his return from Aranjuez.—I fear, if you persist, he will never return.

Sop. Dear Guilbert!

Mar. I am undone!

Guilb. Clavigo will not suffer the paper to appear, if you reject his offer; he is a man of honour—he will meet your brother, and one of them will fall; whether your brother conquer or die, he is lost. A foreigner in Spain!—the murderer of this favourite courtier! Sister, it is very well to think and feel nobly; but to destroy yourself and your family——

Mar. Advise me, Sophia—help me!

Guilb. And you, Buenco, refute me.

Buen. He will not venture—he will fear the danger; else he would never have written, nor offered Maria his hand.

Guilb. So much the worse; he will find hundreds ready to lend assistance—hundreds to waylay our brother, and take his life. Ha! Buenco, are you so green?—A courtier without an assassin in pay?

Buen. The king is great and good.

Guilb. Up, then! make your way through all the intervening obstructions, the sentry, etiquette, and all the forms by which his courtiers have separated him from his people, and save us!—Who comes?

Enter Clavigo.

Clav. I must! I must! (*Maria shrieks, and falls into Sophia's arms.*)

Sop. Cruel man! what a situation have you thrown us into! (*Guilbert and Buenco go towards him.*)

Clav. Yes, 'tis she! 'tis she! and I am Clavigo.—Hear me, dearest, if you will not look upon me. At the time Guilbert so kindly received me in his house a poor insignificant boy, when I felt an irresistible passion for you, was it duty?—Or was it not rather an inherent sympathy of disposition, a secret impulse of the soul, which inspired you also with a mutual love?—so that I flattered myself I might one day call you mine? And now—am I not the same as ever? why should I not presume to hope? why not implore? would you not again take to your heart a friend, a lover, whom you had long deemed lost, if he unexpectedly returned from a perilous, unfortunate voyage, and laid his preserved life at your feet? And have I been traversing less stormy seas? are not our passions with which we live in eternal strife, terrible, unconquerable as those billows, which cast away the unhappy wretch far from his native land! Maria! Maria! how could

you hate me, for I have never ceased to love you? Amidst every tumult of pleasure, through all the seductive whisperings of vanity and pride, I have remembered those blissful, unalloyed days which I passed in happier restraint at your feet, when we saw before us a succession of blooming prospects.—And now, why should you not realize all we hoped? Will you refuse now to enjoy the happiness of life, because a gloomy interval has delayed our hopes?—No, love, believe me, the choicest pleasures the world bestows are not quite pure, the extremest bliss is marred by our passions, interrupted by fate. Shall we complain at having shared the common destiny? and ought we to make ourselves culpable by casting this opportunity from us, to redeem the past, to restore peace to a distracted family, to reward the heroism of a noble brother, and secure our own happiness for ever?—My friend, whom I do not deserve; my friend, who must be so while you are a friend of virtue, to which I am returned, join your prayers with mine. Maria! (*he kneels*) Maria! do you no longer know my voice? do you no longer know my heart? Maria! Maria!

Mar. O, Clavigo!

Clav. (*Springs up, seizes her hand, and kisses it rapturously.*) She forgives me! she loves me! (*embraces Guilbert and Buenco*) she loves me still! O, Maria, my heart told me so! I might have thrown myself at your feet, and in mute anguish wept out my repentance; you would have understood me without a word, as I receive my pardon without a word. No, this cordial affinity of our souls is not destroyed; no, they still beat responsive as before, when there needed no sign to impart our inmost emotions.—Maria—Maria—Maria!

Enter Beaumarchais.

Beau. Ha!

Clav. (*Running towards him.*) My brother!

Beau. Do you forgive him?

Mar. Leave me, leave me! my senses fail me. (*Sophia leads her away.*)

Beau. Has she forgiven him?

Buen. So it appears.

Beau. You do not deserve your happiness.

Clav. Believe me, I feel I do not.

Re-enter Sophia.

Sop. She has forgiven him. She burst into a flood of tears. "Pray let him go," said she, sobbing, "that I may recover! I forgive him. Ah, sister!" exclaimed she, falling upon my neck, "how could he know that I so love him?"

Clav. (*Kissing her hand.*) I am the happiest man under heaven. My brother!

Beau. (*Embraces him.*) From my heart then; although I frankly tell you, I can't love you yet. But now be ours, and let the past be forgotten. The paper which you gave me—here it is. (*He takes it from his letter-case, tears it, and gives it him.*)

Clav. I am yours, eternally yours.

Sop. I entreat you go now; she cannot compose herself while she hears your voice.

Clav. (*Embraces each.*) Adieu! adieu!—A thousand kisses to my angel. (*Exit.*)

Beau. So let it be then, although I did wish it might be otherwise. A girl is, however, a good-natured sort of creature; and, my friends, I must tell you, it was the earnest wish of our ambassador that Maria might forgive him, and that a happy marriage should be the sequel of this grievous history.

Guilb. I am now perfectly happy again.

Buen. He is your brother, and so adieu! You will never see me enter your house again.

Beau. Sir!

Guilb. Buenco!

Buen. I shall now hate him for ever. And I warn you to beware of the sort of man you have to deal with. (*Exit.*)

Guilb. He is a melancholy bird of ill omen. He will be reconciled in time, when he sees all going on well.

Beau. Yet it was precipitate of me to give him back the paper.

Guilb. Nonsense, nonsense! don't encourage such whims. (*Exit.*)

ACT IV.—Clavigo's *House.*

Enter Carlos.

Car. To place official guardians over people, who shew by dissipation, or acts of imbecility, that their intellects are impaired, is a very laudable interference. If the government does this, which in other respects concerns itself very little about us, why should we not do as much for a friend? Clavigo, you are unfortunately situated! Yet I do not despair! If you are but half as tractable as formerly; there is still time enough to preserve you from committing a folly, which, with your sanguine sensitive disposition, would render your life miserable, and bring you prematurely to the grave. He comes.

Enter Clavigo (*meditating*).

Clav. Good morning, Carlos.

Car. A very melancholy, dull, good morning! Do you come in such a humour from your bride?

Clav. She is an angel! They are excellent people!

Car. You won't hasten the marriage so very much? you'll give one time to have a coat embroidered for the occasion?

Clav. Are you jesting or serious! No embroidered clothes shall be paraded at our wedding.

Car. I believe so indeed.

Clav. Content in ourselves and social harmony should constitute the ornaments of this solemnity.

Car. O, you intend having a quiet little festival?

Clav. Yes, like people do who feel that their happiness depends wholly on themselves.

Car Under such circumstances you are quite right.

Clav. Circumstances! What do you mean by such circumstances?

Car. As the matter now stands, with its branchings and bearings——

Clav. Hear me, Carlos, I can't endure reserve between friends. I know you are not for this match; however, if you have any thing to say against it, and will say it, speak out at once. How then does this matter stand? In what state is it?

Car. More unexpected wonderful things come to pass in life; it would not do for all to follow in the beaten path. People would have nothing to wonder at, nothing to put their heads together about—no opportunity to scandalize their neighbours.

Clav. It will create a sensation.

Car. Clavigo's wedding! To be sure it will. How many girls in Madrid are waiting for you, longing for you, and if you play them this trick——

Clav. It can't be altered now.

Car. How singular! I have known few men make so great and general an impression upon the women as you. Amongst all ranks there are charming girls entirely engrossed with plans and expectations to get you. One reckons upon her beauty—another her fortune, rank, wit, and connections. How am I not complimented on your account! For truly, neither my snub nose, frizzled head, nor my known contempt of women, can attract them.

Clav. You mock me.

Car. As if I had not already had proposals put into my hands, scrawled by some soft scribbling little paws, as unorthographically as a girl's original love letter only can be. How many a pretty duenna has come to me with an opportunity under her thumb!

Clav. And you never told me anything of all this?

Car. Because I would not fill your head with useless freaks. I never should have guessed you had been in earnest with any particular one. Oh, Clavigo, I have had your fate at heart even as my own! I have no friend but you; men are all insufferable to me, and you begin to be insufferable also.

Clav. Be calm, pray.

Car. Burn a man's house down, which he has been ten years in building, and send a confessor to him who will recommend Christian patience. One should interest one's-self for none but one's-self; men are not worth——

Clav. Are your malevolent humours returning?

Car. If I do again fall into them, who is to blame but yourself? I said in my own mind, "what service would the most advantageous match do him at present? It might do well enough for an ordinary man, but with his mind, with his parts, it is unjustifiable—it is impossible he should remain what he is." These were my speculations.—"There are so few men who are at once so enterprising and insinuating, so spirited and persevering. He is skilled in every department of his office; as keeper of the archives he can readily acquire the most important information; he will make himself indispensable; and let but a change take place, he is minister at once."

Clav. I confess these were often my dreams too.

Car. Dreams! As surely as I could reach the steeple, were I to set about it with a firm determination not to desist until I had ascended, so surely would you have surmounted every difficulty. And thenceforth I should not have been apprehensive. You have no fortune, so much the better; that should make you more zealous in acquiring it—more cautious in taking care of it. Whoever keeps the treasury without becoming rich is a simpleton, for I do not see why the country should not pay taxes to the minister as well as to the king. The one gives his name, the other his abilities. When I had done with these matters, and not till then, should I look out for a match. I have seen many a proud house who would wink at your origin, many of the richest who would willingly supply the expenditure necessary to your rank, only to participate in the honour of being second to the king; and now——

Clav. You are unjust, you under-rate my present condition too much; and do you think then I shall cease to persevere, or that I cannot make more masterly strides yet?

Car. Dear friend, pluck out the heart of a plant, it may still shoot forth numberless sprouts; it may possibly become a strong bush, but the proud stately growth of the first bud is destroyed. And do not think this marriage will be looked upon with indifference at court. Have you forgotten who dissuaded your union with Maria? Have you forgotten who suggested the prudent thought of giving her up? Shall I count them over to you?

Clav. It has tormented me to think how few will approve of this step.

Car. Not one! And your aristocratic friends should not be irritated by your giving yourself away at once without informing them, without their advice, like a thoughtless boy at a fair throws away his money in maggotty nuts?

Clav. That is ill bred, Carlos, and exaggerated

Car. Not a jot. If a person commits a blunder in a love fit, such as marrying a chambermaid because she is beautiful as an angel, it may be overlooked; the man is censured, and yet the people envy him.

Clav. The people!—always the people!

Car. You know I am not anxious for the applause of others; but this maxim is everlastingly true:—"He who does nothing for another, does nothing for himself; and if the world does not admire or envy you, then are you not fortunate.

Clav. The world judges by appearances. Oh! he who possesses Maria's heart is to be envied.

Car. Whatever a thing is, such it appears. But I thought to be sure those qualifications must be concealed which make your happiness enviable; for what we see with our eyes common sense can comprehend—

Clav. You will ruin me.

Car. "How came this to pass?" will be asked in town.—"How came this to pass?" will be inquired at court.—"In God's name, how came this to pass?"—"She is poor, without rank."—"Had not Clavigo an intrigue with her once?"—"It was scarcely known such a person existed."—"She is said to be clever, agreeable, witty!—who would for that take her to wife?"—"These qualities will disappear with the honeymoon."—"Ah!" says one, "she is said to be beautiful, charming, exceedingly beautiful!"—"That explains it," says another—

Clav. (*perplexed; a deep sigh escapes him.*) Ah!

Car. "Beautiful?—O!" says a third, "that will do!—To be sure, I have not seen her these six years."—"She may have altered," says another. "We must be on the look out, he will soon exhibit her," says a third.—Then they question each other, pry about, gossip; wait in anxiety, grow impatient, recollect the proud Clavigo, who never allowed himself to be seen in public without triumphantly escorting a noble, sparkling-eyed Spanish beauty, whose heaving bosom, glowing cheeks, and ardent eyes, appear to ask round the world, "Am I not worthy of my escort?"—and who, in her haughtiness, lets her silken robes float out in the wind as far as possible, to make her appearance more distinguished and dignified.—And now appears the gentleman—and people abruptly stop their half-spoken words—with his tripping, little, hollow-eyed Frenchwoman, whose every feature would speak consumption, even though she bedaubed their cadaverous hues with red and white. O, brother, I should go mad—I should start away if any one were to lay hold of me, and inquire, and question, and not be able to comprehend—

Clav. (*Taking him by the hand*) My friend, my brother, I am in a dreadful situation—I must say, I confess I was petrified when I saw Maria again! How altered she is—how pale and wasted! O this is my guilt, my treachery!—

Car. Fudge! Fancy! She had the phthisic when your courtship began. I told you so a thousand times, and——. But her lover has no sight, no sense. Clavigo, it is shameful! so to overlook every consideration, a sick wife who will bring a disease upon your posterity, so that your children and grandchildren, in a few years, will civilly expire like beggars' lamps.—A man who could become the ancestor of a family, that perhaps in future ——I madden—my brain reels.

Clav. Carlos, how shall I express to you what I felt when I saw her again. In the first extasy my heart flew towards her—but, ah!—when that was past—pity—she inspired the sincerest, deepest compassion; but, love—behold it seemed as if in the plenitude of joy the cold hand of death passed over me. I strove to be cheerful before those who stood around me, strove to act the happy man: but, it was all done so stiffly, so painfully, that had they been a little more collected, they must have observed it.

Car. Hell! death and the devil! and you'll marry her? (*Clavigo stands quite absorbed, without returning any answer.*) You are gone! lost eternally. Farewell brother! Let me too, forget all. Let me wail out my solitary life over the fate of your blindness. Ah! To think on

it! To make yourself contemptible in the eyes of the world, without an iota of passion to justify it! Wantonly to bring upon yourself a disease, which, while it undermines your mental powers, makes you detestable in the sight of men.

Clav. Carlos! Carlos!

Car. Would you had never soared so high, never to have fallen! With what eyes will she regard it! "There is my brother," will she say! "he must be a brave fellow to have worried him thus—he had not the confidence to meet him."—"Ha!" will our swaggering equerry say, "one can see he is no gentleman." "Poh!" cries one, cocking his hat, and giving himself a slap in the paunch—a fellow, who perhaps is not worthy to be your groom,—"the Frenchman should have come over me thus!"

Clav. (*In the most vehement affliction bursts into a flood of tears, and falls upon* Carlos's *neck.*) Save me, friend! dear friend, save me! Save me from this twofold perjury, from this immeasurable infamy—from myself—— I am lost!

Car. Poor fellow! miserable man! I hoped you would have done with these youthful extravagances, these violent tears, this absorbing sadness. I hoped as a man to see no more quaking, no more of this overwhelming grief which you have formerly so often poured into my bosom. Pluck up courage, Clavigo—courage man!

Clav. Suffer me to weep! (*Throws himself into a seat.*)

Car. Alas! that you should have struck upon a path to which you will find no end! To your heart and sentiments, which might make a quiet citizen happy, you unite the fatal propensity for greatness! And what is greatness, Clavigo? To raise yourself in rank and appearance above others: do not think it! If your mind is not greater than the minds of others; if you are not able to lift yourself calmly above circumstances which would harass an ordinary man, then are you, with all your ribbons and stars, with the crown itself, but an ordinary man. Recollect yourself, compose yourself. (Clavigo *rises, looks at* Carlos, *and holds out his hand, which* Carlos *eagerly seizes.*) Rouse! rouse, my friend! be resolute. See, I will lay aside every other consideration, and place these two propositions in equal scales. Either you will marry Maria, and derive happiness from a quiet citizen-like life, in calm domestic joys, or you will continue to prosecute the glorious course in your career to the approaching aim. Now the beam is in equilibrium; upon your decision depends the turn of the scale. Good! But be resolute. There is nothing in the world more pitiful than an irresolute man, wavering between two sentiments, who would fain reconcile both, and understands not that nothing can reconcile them, but the very doubt and disquietude which torment him. Rouse, and give Maria your hand; act like an honest fellow, who sacrifices to his word the happiness of his life; who considers it his duty to make amends for the injury he has done, and beyond which he has never stretched the circle of his passions and capabilities, and so enjoy the happiness of a peaceful retirement, the approbation of a sober conscience, and all the blessings which are bestowed upon such folks, who can produce from themselves their own happiness and the joys of their families.—Be resolute; then I will say you are a brave fellow.

Clav. Had I but a spark, Carlos, of your vigour, of your spirit——

Car. It sleeps in you, but I will blow till it kindles into a flame. Behold, on the other side, the happiness and greatness which await you. I will not paint these prospects in poetical extravagant colours; imagine them, to yourself vividly, as they stood in full splendour before you, ere the hot-headed Frenchman distracted your brain. But here too, Clavigo, be a man, and push right onward, without looking to the right or left. Let your soul expand, and the firmness of great feelings come over you! for

extraordinary men are in this also extraordinary, because their duties differ from those of ordinary men; so that he, whose business it is to rule, to sustain, to overlook a great whole, need not reproach himself for having neglected slight conveniences and sacrificed trifles to the general good. If the Creator does this in nature, the king in government, why should not we do so to resemble them?

Clav. Carlos, I am a weak man.

Car. We are not weak when circumstances give us uneasiness, but when they subdue us. Do but draw breath, and you are yourself again. Cast off the remains of a pitiful passion, which becomes you now no better than the gray jacket and diffident mien which you brought with you to Madrid. What the girl did for you, you have repaid long ago. As to being indebted to her for the first friendly reception—oh! another would have done as much, or even more, but to enjoy the pleasure of your conversation, without making such pretensions.—Would you think of giving your schoolmaster half your fortune because thirteen years since he taught you your A B C? Now, Clavigo!

Clav. That is all very well—upon the whole you may be right—it may be so; but how shall we extricate ourselves from the perplexity we are involved in? Advise as to that—think of a remedy, and then talk.

Car. Good! then you will?

Clav. Shew me how, then I will. I have no power to reflect. You must think for me.

Car. Well, then, first go and assign the gentleman to meet you at a third place, and then, with a challenge, demand back the declaration which you, under constraint, thoughtlessly have written.

Clav. I have it already—he tore it, and returned it to me.

Car. Excellent! excellent! This step already effected, and you have let me talk so long! Briefly, then. Write to him quite coolly "You do not find it convenient to marry his sister; that he may learn the cause if he will attend this evening accompanied by a friend, provided with a choice of weapons at such and such a place." Signed of course. Come, Clavigo, write that. I shall be your second—and, the thing must go to the devil.—(*Clavigo goes to the table.*) Wait! a word! If I think rightly this is a very silly proposition! Who are we that we should expose ourselves against a broken-down adventurer? And the man's behaviour—his condition—does not require that we should treat him as an equal. So hear me! Suppose I were to lay an information against him that he came privately to Madrid—announced himself to you, with an accomplice, under a false name—first put you off your guard with friendly words—then surprised you unawares—extorted a declaration from you, which he is gone away to distribute. That will do for him—he shall learn what it is to declare war against a Spaniard.

Clav. Right!

Car. But in the meanwhile, till our process is brought to bear, and before my gentleman can play us any more of his pranks, if we make short and sure work of it, and lay him at once by the heels?

Clav. I understand, and know you to be man enough to carry it through.

Car. Why! If I, who have for these five-and-twenty years, spent my days with the first of men, and stood by them in situations which have made the drops of anguish stand in their foreheads;—if I, with this experience, could not wind up such a farce, it would be strange. And therefore you will leave me at liberty to act as I choose. You have nothing to do, nothing to write. He who suffers the brother to be imprisoned pantomimically shews that he does not like the sister.

Clav. No, Carlos! happen what will, that I cannot, will not suffer. Beaumarchais is a worthy man, and he shall not languish in any disgrace-

ful confinement for the sake of his just cause. Another proposition, Carlos—another!

Car. Poh! poh! foolery! We won't eat him; he shall be arrested and taken care of, and it cannot last long; for when he perceives that we are in earnest, his theatrical zeal will most surely abate; he will return chop-fallen to France, and most civilly express himself beholden if you settle a yearly stipend on his sister, to get which very likely was his whole and sole object.

Clav. So let it be then;—only deal gently with him.

Car. Do not alarm yourself; one precaution more—it is impossible to know how it will be talked of—how he may get wind of it; and, by anticipating you, all will fall to the ground. Therefore go from home, and let none of your servants know whither. Let your necessaries be packed up. I will send a lad, who shall conduct you where the holy brotherhood themselves shall not find you. I have mouse-holes always open for such purposes. Adieu!

Clav. Farewell!

Car. Courage! courage! When the matter is blown over, brother, we will enjoy ourselves.

Guilbert's *House.*

Sophia Guilbert *and* Maria Beaumarchais *at work.*

Mar. Did Buenco leave in such a fury, then?

Sop. It was quite natural. He loves you; so how could he endure the sight of a man he must doubly hate?

Mar. He is the best and worthiest burgher I have ever known. (*Showing her the work.*) It should be put so, I think. I must draw this round here, and stick the end up;—there, that will do.

Sop. Very well: I will put a primrose ribbon to my cap! There is no colour so becoming to me. What do you laugh at?

Mar. I am laughing at myself. We girls are a strange race of beings, truly; for scarcely are our sorrows well over, than forthwith our minds are occupied about head-dresses and finery.

Sop. You cannot say that of yourself; for from the moment Clavigo left you, there was nothing that could afford you the least enjoyment. (Maria *drops her work, and agitatedly looks towards the door.*) What's the matter?

Mar. (*Dejectedly.*) I thought there was some one coming!—My poor heart! O, it will destroy me yet. Feel how it beats from the mere fright.

Sop. Pray be calm, love;—you look pale!

Mar. (*Pressing her side.*) I have such an oppression here. It pains me so—it will kill me.

Sop. Spare yourself, love.

Mar. I am a foolish, unfortunate girl. Pain and pleasure, with their extreme excesses, have undermined my poor life. I confess it is but half pleasure to have him again. I shall but little enjoy the happiness that awaits me in his arms; perhaps not at all.

Sop. Sister, my sole love! You prey upon yourself with such fancies.

Mar. Why should I delude myself?

Sop. You are young and happy, and may hope every thing.

Mar. Hope! Oh, that sweet, only balsam of life often enchanted my soul. Delicious dreams of youth hover round me, associated with the beloved image of the incomparable being who is now mine again!——O, Sophia, how charming he is! Since I saw him he has—I don't know how to express it—all those great talents, which formerly were concealed by his diffidence, have developed themselves. He is become a man; and with those pure feelings he possesses, which appear so entirely devoid of

pride or vanity, he must attract all hearts.—And he is to be mine!—No, sister; I was never worthy of him,—and now I am much less so!

Sop. But take him and be happy.—I hear your brother!

Enter Beaumarchais.

Beau. Where is Guilbert?

Sop. He has been away some time already, he cannot remain much longer.

Mar. What is the matter brother?—(*Springing up and falling on his neck.*) Dear brother, what is the matter?

Beau. Nothing! leave me, my Maria!

Mar. If I am your Maria, then tell me what affects you?

Sop. Let him alone. Men often put on grave looks without exactly having any thing at heart.

Mar. No, no. Ah! I have seen your face only a short time, but already I read in it every sentiment—I perceive each feeling of your ingenuous, uncorrupted soul, upon your brow. There is something perplexes you. Speak—what is it?

Beau. It is nothing, love. I hope there is nothing in it. Clavigo——

Mar. How?

Beau. I called at Clavigo's. He is not at home.

Sop. And that disturbs you?

Beau. His porter said he was set out upon a journey, he did not know whither! no one knew for how long! If he caused himself to be denied! If he is actually gone upon a journey! What does it mean? Wherefore?

Mar. We will wait and see.

Beau. Your tongue belies you. Ha! your pale cheeks, your trembling frame, speak and shew that you cannot await it. Dear sister! (*Takes her in his arms.*) On this throbbing, agonized, trembling heart I swear. Hear me, thou just God! Hear me, all his holy saints! You shall be avenged—if he——my brain maddens at the thought,—if he relapse—if he has made himself guilty of a twofold horrible perjury, and mocks our misery——no, it is not possible—cannot be possible—you shall be avenged.

Sop. You are so precipitate. Spare, her pray, brother. (Maria *sits down.*) What is the matter? you are fainting.

Mar. No, no. You are so apprehensive directly.

Sop. (*Reaches her water.*) Take the glass.

Mar. Pray forbear! it will be of no use.—Now proceed.

Beau. Where is Guilbert? Where is Buenco? Send for them, pray. (*Exit* Sophia.)

Beau. How is it with you, Maria?

Mar. Well, quite well! Do you think, then, brother?—

Beau. What, my love?

Mar. Ah!

Beau. Do you feel a difficulty in breathing?

Mar. This violent beating of my heart takes away my breath.

Beau. Have you no remedy, then? Do you take nothing to abate it?

Mar. I know a remedy, for which I have long prayed.

Beau. You shall have it, and I hope from my hand.

Mar. It is well.

Enter Sophia.

Sop. A courier has just left this letter; it comes from Aranjuez.

Beau. It is the hand and seal of our ambassador.

Sop. I asked him to alight and take some refreshment; but he declined, because he had other despatches.

Mar. Will you, love, send the girl for the doctor?

Sop. What ails you? Good God!—what is the matter with you?

Mar. You have so alarmed me, that I have scarcely strength to ask for a glass of water—Sophia!—brother!—What does the letter contain? Look how he trembles!—how all animation forsakes him!

Sop. Brother—my brother! (Beaumarchais *sinks speechless into a chair, and lets the letter fall.*) Brother! (*takes up the letter, and reads.*)

Mar. Let me see it!—I must—(*attempts to rise.*) Alas! I feel it. It is the last, sister—in mercy, the last, swift death-stroke.—He has betrayed us!—

Beau. (*Springing up.*) He has betrayed us! (*striking his forehead and breast.*) Here! here!—all is as dead, as withered in my soul, as if a thunderbolt had struck my brain. Maria! Maria!—you are betrayed! and I stand here!—Whither?—what? I see nothing—nothing!—no way!—no deliverance! (*Sinks into his chair.*)

Enter Guilbert.

Sop. Guilbert! Advise! Help! We are lost!

Guilb. Wife!

Sop. Read! Read! The ambassador informs our brother that Clavigo has indicted him capitally, of having stolen into his house under a false name, of having presented a pistol to him in bed, and compelled him to write a disgraceful explanation; and if he does not instantly quit the kingdom, they will drag him to prison, from whence the ambassador himself perhaps may not be able to free him.

Beau. (*Starting up.*) Yes, they shall!—they shall!—shall drag me to prison. But they shall tear me from his corpse!—tear me from the place where I shall have glutted in his gore!—Ah! I burn with a fierce parching thirst for his blood!—I thank thee, O God of heaven! that thou sendest men, in the midst of insupportable and fiery trials, a cordial, a restorative!—Oh! how my heart swells with vengeance!—how this glorious feeling, this eagerness for his blood, eats up all dull irresolution, all thoughts of my own destruction—wrenches me from myself!—Revenge!—How joyous I feel!—my very entrails yearn after him, to clutch him, to annihilate him!

Sop. You are terrible, brother!

Beau. So much the better. Ah! no sword, no weapon!—Be mine the bliss with these hands to strangle him!—wholly mine this thought;—I have destroyed him.

Mar. My heart! my heart!

Beau. I could not save you; but you shall be revenged!—my nostrils widen to scent out his footsteps, my teeth crunch for his flesh, my palate aches for his blood!—Am I become a rabid animal!—I glow in every vein, every nerve trembles with convulsive eagerness to reach him!—I should hate that man eternally who would now rob me of him by poison, or snatch him from me like an assassin!—O, help me Guilbert, to seek him out!—Where is Buenco?—Help me to find him!

Guilb. Save yourself! Save yourself!—You have lost your senses!

Mar. Fly, my brother!

Sop. Take him away—he will destroy his sister!

Enter Buenco.

Buen. Come, Sir! away! I foresaw this—I warned you of it.—And now! they are in pursuit of you—you are lost, if you do not leave the town this instant!

Beau. Never more!—Where is Clavigo?

Buen. I do not know.

Beau. You do know; on my knees I entreat you, tell me.

Sop. For God's sake, Buenco!

Mar. Ah! air! air! (*falls back*) Clavigo!

Sop. Help, she is dying!

Mar. Forsake us not, God of heaven!—Away! brother, away!

Beau. (*Falls down by Maria, who, notwithstanding every effort, cannot be restored*). Forsake thee! forsake thee!

Sop. Stay then, and ruin us all, as you have killed Maria. You are gone, O my sister! through your brother's indiscretion.

Beau. Hold, sister!

Sop. (*Ironically*) Deliverer!—avenger!—help thyself!

Beau. Do I deserve this?

Sop. Restore her to me! and then to a dungeon, to the scaffold!—Go, shed your own blood, and restore her to me!

Beau. Sophia!

Sop. Ha! and is she gone, is she dead!—then preserve yourself for us! (*falling upon his neck*). My brother, preserve yourself for us! to our father! haste, haste! This was her fate! she has fulfilled it! There is a God in heaven—to him leave vengeance.

Buen. Away! away! come with me, I will conceal you until we find means to convey you out of the kingdom.

Beau. (*Falls upon Maria, and kisses her*). Sister! (*They force him away. He clasps* Sophia, *who disengages herself.* Maria *is borne away, and* Buenco *with* Beaumarchais *exeunt*).

Enter Guilbert, *with a Doctor.*

Sop. (*Coming out of the room into which* Maria *was carried*). It is too late! she is no more! she is dead!

Guilb. Come yourself, Sir, and see! it is not possible! (*Exeunt*).

ACT. V.—Scene—*Street before* Guilbert's *House.—Night. The house is open. Three men, wrapped in black cloaks, stand before the door with torches.* Clavigo *enters, enveloped in a cloak, with a sword under his arm. A servant going before, bearing a torch.*

Clav. I told you to avoid this street.

Serv. We should have been obliged to go a great way round, and you are in such haste. It is not far from here that Don Carlos waits.

Clav. Torches yonder!

Serv. A funeral. Come, Sir.

Clav. Maria's house! A funeral! My blood curdles with horror. Go, inquire whom they are going to bury.

Serv. (*Goes up to the men.*) Whom are you going to bury?

Men. Maria Beaumarchais.

(Clavigo *sits on a stone and covers his face*).

Serv. (*Returning.*) They are going to bury Maria Beaumarchais.

Clav. (*Springing up.*) Must thou echo it, betrayer! Echo the harrowing word that dries up the very marrow in thy bones!

Serv. Be calm, Sir—come. Think of the danger you are in.

Clav. Go to hell! I will not stir hence.

Serv. O Carlos! O that I could find you, Carlos! He has lost his senses. (*Exit.*)

Clav. (*Mutes in the distance.*) Dead! Maria dead! Torches yonder! Her mourning attendants!—'Tis an illusion—a vision that affrights me—that holds a glass before me—wherein I may see by anticipation the end of my treachery. Still there is time! Still!—I tremble—my heart melts with horror! No! no! thou shall not die. I come! I come!—Vanish, spectres of night—terrific objects who interrupt my passage.—(*Goes up to them distractedly*) Vanish!—They stand! Ha! They gaze upon me!

Woe! woe is me! They are men like myself. It is true—True?—Canst thou conceive it?—She is dead—the feeling seizes me with all the horrors of night; she is dead! There she lies, flowers at thy feet—and thou—have mercy on me, oh my God!—I did not kill her!—Hide yourselves, ye stars, shine not down here, ye who so often saw the criminal quit this threshold with sensations of the most exquisite happiness—even through this street saw him with lute and voice making the air resound to golden phantasies, and kindling his listening maid at her secret lattice with blissful hopes!—And thou now fillest the house with lamentations and grief! and this scene of thy happiness with a funeral dirge!—Maria! Maria! take me with thee! take me with thee! (*Solemn music sounds from lutes within.*) They begin to move towards the grave!—Halt, halt! Close not the coffin! Let me once more behold her! (*Goes up to the house distractedly.*) Ha! whom—whom do I venture to appear before? whom to meet in the bitterness of their anguish?—Her friends? Her brother? whose bosom is filled with frantic grief? (*Music begins again.*) She calls me! she calls me! I come!—What awe encompasses me! What shuddering holds me back!

(*The music begins a third time and continues. The torch bearers move before the door, three others advance towards them, who range themselves on each side the funeral procession which proceeds from the house. Six carry the bier, over which the pall is thrown.* Guilbert *and* Buenco *in deep mourning.*)

Clav. (*Coming forward.*) Halt!

Guilb. What voice is that!

Clav. Halt! (*The bearers stand.*)

Buen. Who dares to interrupt this solemn procession?

Clav. Set it down!

Guilb. Ha!

Buen. Wretch! Is there no end to thy hideous crimes? Is thy victim not secure from thee in her coffin?

Clav. Cease! Do not drive me mad! The unhappy are dangerous! I must see her! (*He removes the pall and the lid.* Maria *lies in the coffin with folded hands dressed in white.* Clavigo *starts back, and hides his face in his hands.*)

Buen. Would you awake her again to kill her?

Clav. Poor scoffer!—Maria! (*He falls down before the coffin.*)

Enter Beaumarchais.

Beau. Buenco has forsaken me. She is not dead, say I must see, spite of the devil! I must see her. Torches! Funeral! (*He runs up to them distractedly, sees the coffin, and falls upon it speechless; they lift him up, apparently in a swoon.* Guilbert *sustains him.*)

Clav. (*Standing on the other side of the coffin*). Maria! Maria!

Beau. (*Impassionedly*) That is his voice! Who calls Maria? What burning fury rushes through my veins at the sound of that voice!

Clav. I am he. (Beaumarchais *looking savagely at him, and grasping his sword.* Guilbert *holds him.*) I fear not your flashing eyes, nor the point of your sword! Look here at these closed eyes, these folded hands!

Beau. Dost thou show me that? (*He disengages himself, rushes upon* Clavigo, *who draws; they fight.* Beaumarchais *thrusts his sword in* Clavigo's *breast.*)

Clav. (*Falling*) I thank you, brother! You have married us. (*He falls upon the coffin.*)

Beau. (*Dragging him away.*) Away from this saint, accursed monster!

Clav. Woe! (*The mourners support him.*)

Beau. Blood! Look up, Maria,—one glimpse at thy bridal ornament, and

then close thy eyes for ever. See how I have consecrated thy grave with the blood of thy murderer! Beautiful! Glorious!

Enter Sophia.

Sop. Brother! O God! what is this?

Beau. Come nearer, love, and see; I hoped to have strewed her bridal bed with roses; behold the roses I have adorned her with on her way to heaven.

Sop. We are lost!

Clav. Save yourself, inconsiderate youth! Save yourself ere the day breaks. God, who sent you for an avenger, protect you.—Sophia—forgive me.—Brother—friends, forgive me.

Beau. How his gushing blood extinguishes the burning vengeance in my heart! how my rage expires with his departing life! (*Goes up to him relentingly.*) Die, I forgive you!

Clav. Your hand! and your's, Sophia!—and your's! (Buenco, *lingering.*)

Sop. Give it him, Buenco.

Clav. I thank you; you are the same as ever. I thank you; and if thou still hoverest here, spirit of my beloved, look down—behold this angelic kindness; bestow thy blessing on it, and forgive me also!—I come! I come!—Save yourself, brother! Tell me, did she forgive me? How died she?

Sop. Her last word was your unfortunate name! She departed without one farewell.

Clav. I will follow her, and give her yours.

Enter Carlos *and a Servant.*

Car. Clavigo!—murder!

Clav. Hear me, Carlos! You see here the victim of your prudence; and now, for the sake of the blood in which my life is fast flowing out, save my brother!

Car. My friend!—You stand there? Run for a surgeon. (*Exit Servant.*)

Clav. It is in vain. Save—save my unhappy brother!—Your hand upon it. They have forgiven me, and I forgive you. Accompany him to the boundaries, and——Ah!

Car. (*Stamping with his foot.*) Clavigo! Clavigo!

Clav. (*Making an effort to approach the coffin, upon which they place him*) Maria, thy hand! (*He unfolds her hands, and takes her right hand.*)

Sop. Away! my unhappy brother, away!

Clav. I have her hand!—her clay-cold hand! Thou art mine—and now this bridegroom's kiss. Ah!

Sop. He is dying. Save yourself, brother! (Beaumarchais *falls upon* Sophia's *neck; she embraces him, at the same time motioning him away.*)

A. T.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

COMMENTATORS ON "DINERS OUT."—The dinner given to Earl Grey, at Edinburgh, has been the most fertile subject of the month for the exercise of political partisanship; and, it is truly amusing to read the various speeches of the illustrious "diners out," with Editorial illustrations. Never was Shakspeare as curiously interpreted by his ingenious commentators, than have the words of noble lords been warped into various readings by the conductors of political warfare. We read the speeches attentively, and being no diver into hidden mysteries, fancied them intelligible enough for after-dinner orations; but we were speedily admonished that every phrase bore something significant, and every comma its cunning. The noble speechmakers must have derived a fund of instruction from the perusal; beauties are pointed out, of which they were, doubtless, unconscious; and defects of which they had no previous knowledge—admissions which they never contemplated, and mystery never meant.—Envious individuals! who thus utter with a thousand tongues; whose every accent unconsciously contains an oracle; with understanding surpassing most, yet all too confined to comprehend its own wisdom,—verily, you speak "with most miraculous organ." Largely indebted are we to those who pluck from worthless oysters such pearls of price. One thing, however, appeared pretty clear to our obtuseness that the meeting was a triumphant exhibition of the strength of the Whigs; a convincing proof, if it were wanting, that the moderate party possess the confidence of the strength and intelligence of the country; however individuals may advocate the interests of their respective cliques, they cannot deceive themselves in that particular—The absurdity of the Tory cry of "reaction" was never more manifest.

SENDING "CIRCULARS."—Since the commencement of the shooting season the papers have teemed with the miraculous exploits of sportsmen—with "moving accident by flood and field"—of gentlemen being laid up by wet feet, and interesting victims to colds by damp jackets. But such perilous vicissitudes in the life of a *true* sportsman cannot damp his ardour. The hero that pants for "mimic war" rushes to the field, fired with a noble enthusiasm; he is altogether regardless of rheumatism. Behold a fine specimen of a race of heros—a very Herod among the Innocents:—

"SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Monday last, Sir Richard Sutton commenced shooting on Colonel Peel's manors, at Buckenham, near Thetford, at ten minutes past seven, and finished at eight minutes past three, taking half an hour for luncheon, and shooting all the time from a pony. The return of killed was one hundred and ten brace of partridges. This feat is without precedent."

Gallant Sir Richard! we can imagine the noble knight sallying out at break of day eager for fame. But why, Sir Richard, give yourself

so much trouble? why, armed and mounted, do you scour the country in search of feathered caitiffs? By a single word the objects of your wrath might have been secured and brought to you in cages, and in your easy-chair might you have taken them out and comfortably wrung their necks, with all the practical dexterity of a poulterer's apprentice. Such a proceeding would have deteriorated from the merit of your deeds. But who hints at inglorious ease to the soul of a hero? One who in eight hours can destroy two hundred and twenty living creatures! whose noble ardour would only allow him to snatch half an hour from this bloody business for *luncheon!* What a noble and industrious candidate is here lost for a Newgate slaughter-house, where talents for destruction is tested by time! What would Michael Scales give for such an operation?

Such sport and such sportsmen sickens us with the very name. Butchering against time is the business of professional slaughtermen, and any gentleman who can take pleasure in such occupations has the heart of a ruffian. *Battues* and such bloody matches have been introduced into England by foreigners, and have no manly or English feeling belonging to them. Any man who is not satisfied with his fair bagful of game is an amateur *bourreau*, and would not scruple to earn his bread by the halter.

Scotch Corps of United Trenchermen.—On Monday, the 14th ult., the members of this distinguished company, which includes nearly the entire population of Edinburgh, honoured the grand Edinburgh dinner with their presence, to testify, by an extraordinary exhibition of their matchless masticatory eloquence, their high sense of the importance of the occasion for which they were met together, and of the high character of the Statesman, whose visit the dinner was meant to celebrate. In what manner these gentlemen acquitted themselves, we will quote the report of a morning paper to describe:—

"The dinner, which was a cold one, was placed upon the tables long before the company took their seats. Some time before the dinner hour, all the upper places were occupied; and long before the arrival of the distinguished visitors, the tables were full. It was then that a scene ensued, which, to the eyes of Southrons, seemed singular enough. The effect of the delicacies (cold beef and salad) upon Scotch appetites, rendered doubly keen by previous abstinence, begun to exhibit itself by sundry signs and tokens. Carniverous glances at the viands, and furtive abstractions of stray pieces, plainly told the state of matters. Huge slices begun to disappear without the assistance of fork or plate, until success emboldening enterprise, the work of demolition became pretty general. It was here that a gentleman, who has been in London, and by some strange accident had come back again, leaped upon one of the tables, and intreated his countrymen to desist, appealing most energetically to their *honour as Scotchmen.* Whether it was the oddness of the nature of the appeal, or the manner of the orator, it is hard to say; but it was acknowledged by bursts of laughter, and, as if it were a signal, there arose such a clang of knives and forks, never before equalled in the 'memory of the oldest inhabitant.' In twelve minutes, not the vestige of an eatable remained upon the tables; the skewers were cut up into toothpicks, and, with that fellowship for which Scotchmen are so remarkable, were kindly passed from one to the other.

In about three quarters of an hour afterwards, their noble and distinguished guests arrived to *dinner.*"

This manifestation struck Lord Grey and his friends as singular enough; but when his lordship understood that it was the Scotch way of shewing respect, he acknowledged the delicacy of the compliment. In fact, the dull decorum of our London public dinners, is admirably rebuked by our northern friends, by thus disembarrassing themselves of all absurd restraint, and giving way to a natural ebullition of joyous feeling, so characteristic of that gay and lively people.

Fashionable Movements.—We are happy to find that the exclusiveness of fashionable life is beginning to be abandoned—a more liberal feeling is taking its place; and talent and station are now sharing the distinction heretofore monopolized by rank. The *Court Circular* people will have something else to do besides recording the movements of mere lords and ladies; they must keep a watchful eye upon the errant peculiarities of the aristocracy of talent, and they will not have such an idle time of it. We found the following announcement a short time since in one of the evening papers, after the intelligence of the arrival of the Marquis of Hertford and suite:—

"We understand that the talented comedian, Mr. Frederick Yates, with his amiable and accomplished lady, are still enjoying the gaities of the French capital. *They may be seen* every evening, joining the company on the Boulevards."

This is an amiable condescension indeed, and liberal too; for we cannot obtain a sight of them in London of an evening for less than a shilling a piece. Doubtless there must have been a great rush of Parisians to see the "distinguished foreigners." Another fashionable arrival is promised, which we copy from an Exeter paper:—

"We are given to understand that Mrs. J. Langridge, the eminent stay-maker, from London and Paris, intends visiting our city again."

What a happy announcement for the people of Exeter. Amiable Mrs. J. Langridge!—travelling, if the truth could be known, with philanthropical views, touching the shapes of the rising generation. What a pity it is, that we have no "Gravesend Gazette," where we might have the arrivals at that interesting locality. They would run much as follows:—

"Arrived late last night (in consequence of a blow up in the Fly's boiler) Napoleon Chummy, Esq.—the humane chimney sweep—with his amiable family. We are sorry to learn that Master Chummy and the younger branches were somewhat inconvenienced by the voyage; but we trust they will be speedily restored by the fresh sea-breezes of this truly delightful and fashionable resort. We understand that this gentleman's practice is conducted solely by mechanical appliances, and so effectual are the means used, that Mr. Chummy guarantees all flues subjected to his process, not to ignite within a week after the operation."

These, though trifling instances, are all "signs of the times."

AMATEUR HANGMEN.—While we are endeavouring to abolish the lash in every other country, how much longer is it to disgrace our own? How long are our ears to be insulted with the sound of the cat-o'-nine-tails, and the groan of its victims? A great disgrace is it to the late administration, that, while they took the case of all classes under their consideration, the dreadful sufferings of the soldier were entirely overlooked. They were left to the mercies of petty tyrants, who cling to torture as the only remains of despotism left them. We do not hesitate to say that the punishment of the cat is the most atrocious specious of torture ever invented. No man who has ever seen the mangled bleeding body of a man cut to the bone by that bloody instrument but must loathe the perpetuators of such a murderous punishment. It is worse than all others, because it is both barbarous and humiliating. No man having undergone that ordeal can look upon his fellow with equality—he carries the brand of infamy upon him, and will carry it with him to the grave.

We understand that the prevalence of this diabolical system is mainly to be attributed to the opinion of a Colonel Bowater, commanding one of the battalions of the Fusileer Guards, that no man can act honourably without the fear of punishment. Doubtless this gentleman's opinions of human nature are matured by a continued and close communion with himself; but does it follow, because this unhappy gentleman has chosen one of the very worst specimens, that human nature is to be judged by such a standard? His majesty, one of the most humane and kind-hearted men breathing, surely can know nothing of the savage propensities of this gallant gentleman, or he never could make him so intimate a companion. We should be glad to know what has been done with those two men confined so many weeks in the guard-house previous to the battalion leaving town; surely they were not reserved for a *bonnebouche* to the military appetite in the country—for a carnivorous meal, safe from the vulgar inquisitiveness of the press.

MAGNANIMITY OF WARRIORS.—Some years since the British government granted honorary rank in the army to the Prince of Orange, intended, no doubt, by the pliant individuals of power in those days as a compliment to the heir-apparent of the throne of Holland; but Mynheer no sooner got his brevet than he, with the thrifty spirit of his illustrious father, inquired into the proceeds, and not understanding empty compliments, regularly from that moment touched his "compensation" with the precision of a gazetted and garretted half-pay. Nothing like royal example; witness the following:—

"The *Courier Belgé*, of the 17th inst., states that the illustrious hero, the Duke of Wellington, has made a claim of the Belgian government to the amount of 270,000 florins, being three years' pay as Field-marshal of Belgium and Inspector-general of fortifications."

These appointments were made in the good times of Dutch rule, and if the Duke wants his money he had better apply to his old friend the Dutch king; but he is aware that at the Dutch treasury pickled herrings are more plentiful than piastres, so he is trying to "come the old soldier" over the "brave Belges." It happens, however, most unluckily, that the Duke's appointment has

not been recognized by the present Belgian government, so that his Grace might as well apply to the King of the Sandwich Islands as far as hope of coin is concerned, and with about as much right.

Good-natured Friends.—We remember something of a proverb which cautions the heedless, where there is a choice of seats, to beware of a fall. We fancy ourselves in a somewhat similar predicament amidst the friendly struggles of good-natured gentlemen, all eager for the public good. Mr. Buckingham, at the head of a posse of elderly gentlewomen, declare fermented liquors to be rank poison, and insist on it that tea is the only true reviver; when, behold, a meeting of the *faculty* is forthwith convened, and tea is voted to be as deleterious a concoction as ever was invented by the arch-enemy. See the following report of the Medical Society of London:—

"Mr. Cole said he would not then state his views on the subject at any length, but this he would observe, that throughout the course of his practice he had uniformly found the habit of tea-drinking in the highest degree injurious, debilitating the stomach, and bringing on a train of nervous disorders which baffled the power of medicine.

"Mr. Proctor confessed that to a certain extent he was becoming a convert to Mr. Cole's views; still he could not go so far as that gentleman, but thought that the constitution of the patient, and the time at which the tea was taken, materially influenced its effects. He had made inquiries of a large tea-taster as to the effects on his stomach after tasting *great quantities*, and had been informed that, usually after so doing, he found his stomach *somewhat disturbed*. If the tea be taken in a morning on an empty stomach, in *large quantities*, it will most *probably* prove injurious,"

We are very much inclined to be of Mr. Cole's way of thinking, and consider tea-drinking to be totally at variance with the "greatest happiness principle," backed at is is by Mr. Proctor's friend the tea-taster's experience. But soft—while this argument is proceeding we are athirst—this foaming tumbler of Barclay's bottled stout is not to be resisted:—thus then—"off with *its* head; so much for Buckingham!"

Another Hug from the Ursa Major.—The tender mercies of the Muscovite government are again displayed by the following account of the ameliorated treatment of their victims.

"The administrative council of Warsaw have regulated the weight of the *chains* to be borne, in future, by the Polish *convicts*. The men are to carry seven pounds of iron, and the *women* six!"

These convicts are those men, who won the admiration of civilized Europe, by their heroic endeavours to free their country from barbarian taskmasters; and the women are they who encouraged them in noble deeds by their influnce, and even example; of this are they *convicted* and condemned to linger out a wretched existence in slavery and chains. How much longer will Europe permit this heroic nation to groan beneath the scourge of those bloodthirsty Tartars? To be the slave of the brutal and debased Muscovite, is the lowest of all human degradation, for they possess not one attribute of superiority. They are the least interesting of all savage tribes, possessing the cunning and duplicity, without the sole redeeming quality of the brute—its courage. Where did they ever display magnaminity in the field

before European adversaries? They fled before the French even in their own land, and yielded to the enemy the capital of their forefathers—had not a higher Power willed it otherwise, the French might have been there still. But, when the enfeebled quarry was hunted down by the pack, who so forward as the Russian to plunge his spear into the dead boar? It would be amusing, were not the effects so fatal to the liberties of mankind, to see how this impostor among nations has managed to magnify himself into a first-rate power to the eyes of Europe. But it is truly absurd to witness the influence possessed over their cabinet by a horde of impotent savages inhabiting the most worthless and remotest wilds of Europe. Some day, unless, happily, the march of mind stay the march of armies, the gilt will be licked from this gingerbread giant, and its true materials be made manifest to the duped and half-witted crowd.

Magazines and M.P.'s.—The fracas last month between our contemporary *Frazer* and the member for Finsbury has been food for waggery. Mr. Duncombe's eager desire to gain a name in arms was counteracted by Mr. Frazer's Scotch principle of discretion—he of the north being early instructed wherein consists the better part of valour. But if gentlemen concerned in such publications will interfere with private character, the least they can do is to provide means to give all the "satisfaction" that injured gentlemen are in the habit of requiring. We would recommend that every publication touching on so combustible a material as reputation, should engage a person, at a moderate salary, to take all the consequences of excited wrath. How many gentlemen are lately arrived from *Portingal* with scarcely money enough to oil their whiskers, who would be delighted to "take service" in so honourable a cause as that of the liberty of the press. Some martial-looking individuals from the Junior United Service might perhaps be willing to add an honourable trifle to their income by "accommodating" the enemies of free discussion. The thing is not without precedent.—When the *John Bull* first started, many gentlemen felt offended with the freedom of their remarks. Epithets not carefully chosen are sometimes taken amiss, and process by law is tedious and disagreeable. A gallant colonel, therefore—a near relation of an illustrious house—taking amiss some innocent freedom of the editor, determined to curb his wit by a smart application of the horsewhip. In those days it must be remarked that editors were only deemed worthy the horsewhips of gentlemen: thanks to the Lord Chancellor, we have stolen a march on the colonel since that afflicting time—like the niggers, we are emancipated from the lash.—Well, the colonel, full of martial fury, walked himself off to the *John Bull* office in Fleet-street, burning with revenge, grasping in his right hand the riding-master's whip of the regiment. Intimating his wish to see the editor, he was politely shewn into a room, and informed that the editor would wait upon him instantly. Like a chafed lion, he walked up and down the room during the interval, flourishing his weapon of vengeance; when the door opened, and in marched an individual of the Brobdignag species, clad in a thick white fuzzy great coat, his chin buried in a red cotton handkerchief, with a broad oil-skin hat upon his head, and a most suspicious-looking oak stick under his arm.

"What might you want with *me*, Sir?" asked this engaging-looking individual. "I wished to see the editor."—"*I* am the editor, Sir, at your sarwis," said the Brobdignag, taking from its rest his stick of about the thickness and size of a clothes-prop. "In-deed!" ejaculated the colonel, edging away towards the door; "oh, another time."—"Whenever you pleases, Sir;" and the parties politely separated.

MATERIALS FOR THE HORRIBLE.—Whatever may have been the justice of the old gentlewoman's complaint—"Doctor, I don't enjoy my murders now,"—there is little question of the events of the past month being sufficient to stimulate the most languid appetite. Since the butchery and roasting of the poor man in Leicester, our sentimental hypochondriacs, whose digestive powers are unequal to ordinary homicides, have been solely sustained by the remembrance of departed atrocities, or the conjurations of the catchpenny. But a *bonâ fide* monstrosity of unparalleled diabolism has provided a compensatory banquet of blood for a very epicurean of the horrible. Steinberg and the Chancellor have monopolised the newspapers between them since our last. But the keeper of His Majesty's conscience threatens vengeance on his maligners; whereas, the other unfortunate maniac has guaranteed the peace of the community so far as he is concerned. A little of the quintessential pleasure derivable to some refined minds from the perusal of this deed of blood, was, no doubt, abated by the circumstance of Steinberg being a German. It made the matter savour somewhat of manufactured villany. It smacked of the banks of the Rhine and Ballyshannon. Lest there should be any diminution of the dreadful, however, the jury who investigated the business, found that Steinberg was *perfectly sane* in committing murder and suicide—it betokened much wisdom that a man should destroy all he held dear on earth, and fill up the measure of his enormities by turning his ensanguined hands on his own existence. In the evidence, too, it appeared that he was of benignant habits; therefore, in the estimation of the sages, it was obvious that he was perfectly rational in belieing the whole tenor of his life by the concluding act. This verdict of *felo-de-se* involved, of course, the edifying consequence of midnight burial, and all its raw-head-and-bloody-bone terrors. The mangled bodies of Steinberg's children and his paramour were exhibited to the admiring gaze of the enlightened British public of Pentonville, at so much per head; and the clothes of the suicide distributed at a remunerating price. When his remains were interred by torchlight, the corpse was taken from the parish-shell, swung round by the neck and heels, and dashed face-downwards into the grave! One man of mind more zealous than his fellow-monsters, descended and broke the skull of the wretched German with a mallet, whereat the spectators shouted with satisfaction—shaking their flambeaux, and exulting in their exuberant virtue! This took place in London—London the seat of wisdom, and the nucleus of knowledge! Fuseli is said to have supped on underdone pork and bottled porter, when he wished to have "gorgons and chimeras dire," companions of his pillow. The remembrance of poor Steinberg and his interment will be a supper fit for the stomach of the most delicate cannibal.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More. By Wm. Roberts, Esq. 4 Vols, 8vo. London, 1834.

We must confess that we have been egregiously disappointed in these four bulky octavo volumes. We think we had a right to expect—although our private opinion is that the world is not at present inclined to exhibit any remarkable interest about the matter—a somewhat more connected and perfect view of the life and works of Mrs. Hannah More. The reader shall judge whether we were not justified in looking for a somewhat careful and elaborate performance, after reading the conclusion of the editor's preface.

"Having endeavoured," he says, "with as much assiduity as pressing occupations of a very different kind would allow, to do justice to the character and merit of the distinguished person he has brought before the public, and having anxiously studied to avoid offending the feelings or delicacy of any of those whose names occur in the course of the ensuing correspondence, if the editor cannot say with Johnson that he dismisses the work 'with frigid indifference,' he can at least say with truth, that so long as neither the fame of Mrs. Hannah More, nor the cause with which it stands connected, has suffered detriment by passing through his hands, he dismisses the work without any unbecoming anxiety (unbecoming at his time of life) as to the result of his trial before the dispensers of critical justice."

The allusion to the apathy with which Johnson presented his Dictionary to the world, and the sight of Mr. Roberts's four volumes, led us, perhaps unreasonably, to infer that the editor had exercised a degree of labour akin to that of the great lexicographer in the compilation of his dictionary; but we find that we were mistaken. The editor has devoted a few pages of his first volume to a meagre account of Mrs. More's life before her first appearance in London, and then proceeds to insert her voluminous correspondence, occasionally putting in a line or two here and there for the purpose of making fresh pegs, lest the whole machinery should break down together. Again, although the editor informs us, that "his difficulty has consisted in reducing his materials within the present compass," we cannot but think that had he, in the first place, devoted sufficient time to the biographical portion of his work, and set it apart from the correspondence, he would have found no difficulty in rejecting at least one half of the letters now published. He appears to have whispered to himself—"pressing occupations of a very different kind will not permit me to digest these vast materials; I shall, therefore, retain all that may give any account of the movements of Mrs. More from year to year, which will be a very convenient substitute for a biography. I have it. Her correspondence shall include her life."

The consequence is, that we have a great deal too much of the correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More. Indeed, so small a portion of labour has been bestowed, or so little discretion has been exercised with regard to this correspondence, that we are frequently presented with almost duplicate copies of the same letter—that is to say, Mrs. More having, perhaps, written two letters in one day, expresses the same sentiments in almost the same language; and Mr. Roberts, on a principle of selection accordant with the modern system, has chosen to give us both.

There are, however, a great many letters in this collection well worthy

of publication. We do not particularly refer to the letters of Mrs. Hannah More herself, which are more remarkable, perhaps, for their sobriety of tone and good sense, than for any brilliancy of colouring or felicity of expression. We would refer our readers to the few letters by Miss Sarah More, describing the reception of her sister at the tables of the learned—of the flatteries of Johnson and of Garrick; and of the attentions of the illustrious and the titled. There are some beautiful letters by Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Boscawen; and the contributions of Sir W. Pepys are invariably enriched by eloquence of diction and correctness of taste.

We have been very much disposed, during our perusal of the correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More, to encourage certain reflections upon the manner in which a literary reputation was established sixty years ago. Mrs. Hannah More was a lady of respectable, and, for a woman, unusual acquirements, when she entered the literary world; she wrote many works, as she proceeded calmly along to the end of a very long life; and, we find that all these works were received with extraordinary favour by the public —and called forth from her friends a degree of praise and flattery perfectly astounding.

We are far from wishing to deny that Hannah More was a most estimable and excellent woman, or that many of her works do not desreve, on the score of their practical utility and candour, as much popularity as they have met with; but we do, indeed, wonder, when we behold such a tragedy as "Percy" extolled to the skies by persons who "ought to know better,"—and, indeed, a degree of fulsome flattery bestowed upon works; many of which have sunk into deserved and irretrievable oblivion.

Mrs. More was a lady of the most excellent sense—which sometimes might even be called fine sense,—and for many years she devoted her talents, her time, and her property, to the improvement, moral and intellectual, of the lower orders of this country—but she has not the slightest pretensions to the title of Genius. The combination of such moral and intellectual qualities as Mrs. More possessed, is indeed remarkable; and her unceasing endeavours to render them subservient to the great cause of religion are beyond praise, and may well justify the affectionate admiration with which we find many of her correspondents addressing her.

The class is numerous to which these volumes will be acceptable, and the motives to the publication of the work (the proceeds of which are destined to charitable purposes), would have held us silent with respect to its imperfections,—had we not thought that the end might have been better attained by a work of half the size.

The Literary Life and Miscellanies of John Galt. 3 Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London, 1834.

The first volume contains the literary life, and the last two the miscellanies of our author. The former is a psychological curiosity. It consists partly of an endeavour to trace the mental process in the mind of Mr. Galt, by which his conceptions were formed into shape and substance. We are besides presented with criticisms by the author upon his own works; in which we see that however little he may be biassed by self-love or vanity, our author is by no means the best judge of his own productions. We wish Mr. Galt had not written the few pages in conclusion, called "An Estimate of Myself." It is far too low an estimate (the same thing in such matters as being no estimate at all), and we do not know how it was to be otherwise. Besides, it has forced us to come to this conclusion—that Mr. Galt possesses a higher opinion of himself than he chooses to acknowledge; and we should very much wonder if he had not. An author can hardly be supposed to exist without a private opinion of the extent of his powers;

but we can venture to assert that no author ever did exist whose estimate of himself—were he sincere—would be found to be so much below the position in which the world had placed him, as this of our author.

The Miscellanies, which are more than usually miscellaneous, include poetry and prose—a little novel, in Galt's own style—several dramatic pieces—a short history of the seven years' war in Germany, and many smaller essays;—all exhibiting that restless and energetic character of mind which some have pronounced to be the invariable attendant, if not the peculiar characteristic, of genius.

We cannot close our notice of these volumes without expressing our earnest hope, that the excellent and able author may yet live for many years to delight the world with his extraordinary talents, which, exercised in his own way, are altogether unique.

ENGLISH SCENES AND ENGLISH CIVILIZATION, OR SKETCHES AND TRAITS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. 3 VOLS. 8VO. LONDON, 1834.

We much regret that the accomplished author of these volumes was induced to invent so clumsy a machinery for the conveyance of his opinions upon men, manners, and literature, as the one he has fabricated. He has evidently not the slightest dramatic power; and yet he has called into buckram existence a set of beings, the like of which were never seen before. Our author's characters consist of the gentry of an opulent country neighbourhood—many of whom, being in close intimacy, meet to talk in a desultory and rambling manner of books and men, and this, that, and the other—and every thing in the world—and all that—and all to very little purpose. The worst of it is, that sometimes, when he would be justly severe upon the paltry exclusiveness and the arrogant pretensions of some of the second-rate, monied gentry, he transfers his strictures to the mouths of his favourite characters, who forthwith begin to lay bare the whole paltriness and baseness of this spirit, in a style so exceedingly *con-amore*, as to impress us with a feeling of their own tittle-tattle littleness and love of scandal.

The author says in his preface—"This desultory work consists chiefly of scenes and conversations, or mere sketches of people and things as they commonly are. Its figures have no extraordinary *relievo*; and, for the most part, its details, whatever their truth and interest, are not meant to go far into the depths of human nature, or to dwell on any of those profounder passions which originate overwhelming events."

We wish the author had tried his hand at a volume of essays, in which the same materials, apart from the machinery, might have been popularly presented; or that he had followed the example of Mr. Landor (whom we are glad to perceive he has taste to appreciate), and given us "Imaginary Conversations"—with this difference, that they should be merely dramatic *in form*, and not consist of characters which, we fear, our author would be unable to manage.

In the present volume our author's personages not only do not possess extraordinary *relievo*, but are indebted to him for an extraordinary family likeness;—a result which must be always expected, when a writer employs several characters merely as vocal vehicles for the enunciation of his own opinions. And yet, after all, there is no ordinary degree of merit in these volumes; and there are many who will feel not only much amused, but greatly instructed, by their perusal.

Tales for the British People. Ridgway.

This work is written by a gentleman from the "sister isle," and invites attention by a dedication to the "man of all people!!" a preface, introduction, and an address to the British people.

It is unfortunate that a gentleman who means well should have taken this method of proving his patriotism. He appears to feel the pressure of a cord about his wrist, and instead of endeavouring quietly to disencumber himself of it, he holds it up with the triumph of a martyr, anxious before all things to prove to the "united British people" that the puny impediment is a manacle of torture. He stamps frantically about the stage to the clank of massive fetters, and raves at his wrong with all the incoherence of a whipped bedlamite. Tales there are none, unless a few scandalous anecdotes are intended as such! and the strength of their narrative consists in the notes of admiration, italics, and ill-judged epithets with which they are so liberally illustrated. Dublin is stigmatized as the vilest city upon earth—the chosen abode of envy and slander; and yet our author has benefitted so little by the hideous portraiture, that his book is literally a "Scandalous Chronicle." While others are willing to admit the merits of adversaries, the enemies of this gentleman seem to have not one redeeming point. The only good word he gives is to the Kerry militia, and that is of so singularly Irish a nature that the corps will have no reason to thank him for his good word. Speaking of the "Kerry boys," he gives a few touches of character such as the following:—"In many respects nature is to that people most bountiful."—"They are richly indued with an *innate civility*, of sincerity, and *kindness*."—"We have uniformly observed them gay, generous, *confiding*;"—"at the *worst* exhibiting something *amiable, attractive, respectable*."—"Surpassing all other people in *love of learning*, love of kindred, *natural politeness*, and hospitality." After such an eulogium we should know where to find a "perfect people;" among the "Kerry boys" would we pitch our tent; but unfortunately in the next page, by way of illustration to the foregoing, he tells us of two regiments of Irish militia quartered at Chatham, one called the "Northern Redoubts," a most vile, infamous crew, who hardly can "stir out of their barracks;" while of the others, composed of these delightful Kerry boys, so *amiable, attractive*, and *respectable*, surpassing all in *love of learning* and *natural politeness*, he says:—"In their walks they always kept the middle of the street in groupes of six or seven, seldom fewer; large athletic men, with huge shilelas in their hands, shouting and brandishing." We must confess that this proof of the *love of learning* and *natural politeness* of this interesting race somewhat staggered us; but the following exhibition of these *amiable, attractive*, and *respectable* gentlemen warns us never to take an Irishman's definition of *innate civility* in our common English sense:—

"Accordingly at dusk, when Nox was preparing to spreading her sable wings over the chickens of Chatham, and all other weary mortals, the Kerry boys sallied forth to the number of *fifty or sixty armed men*, scoured the streets, the highways and byeways. Wherever they paced, *terror and consternation preceded them!* * * * They then rushed on, shouting, menacing, hurraing, routing all before them. * * * Not a being was to be seen; the streets a desert: the frighted inhabitants rushed for safety and for succour into their houses, which they barricadoed as if *against the common enemy*."

Such is the Irish illustration of *innate civility* and *kindness*. We cannot be too grateful for the following advice:—

"To those who would sneer at the Kerry man, and through him at the native Irish, *of which he is so perfect a specimen*. * * * To those we say, and earnestly say, '*go you and do likewise*, do as the *true-born* Irish-

man does. * * * Look at him—but not with a gorgon's eye—in all their *bright and beautiful light;* cease to revile and calumniate him; have the courage and the grace to *cherish and imitate* him; *adopt him as your best model;* and again we exhort you, *for your own sakes,* to *do likewise.*"

Good Mr. Candide, for *our own sakes* we had really better do no such thing. We humbly submit that the genius of our country is but ill suited to such *amiable* exhibitions. Any heroic attempt to imitate one of your "perfect specimens" might be rewarded by a three months' sojourn in the tread-mill.

We have always felt for the distresses of the Irish people, and have urged their rights to the best of our ability; it is, therefore, with great regret we see such intemperate and absurd effusions, and we would entreat such as the author of the "Tales" to leave their cause in the hands of their more discreet and more talented advocates.

MIRIAM COFFIN, OR THE WHALE FISHERMEN. 3 VOLS. WHITTAKER AND CO.

In the little tale before us, entitled "Miriam Coffin," we are happy to find none of those misapplications of sea-terms so common with American novelists, particularly Cooper, who abound with techinal inaccuracies. The pictures of sea and sailors are generally speaking, vivid, and place before the reader the action or person. The story itself contains but little interest, from its want of truth and nature,—we have no restless, ceaseless energy in the plot, so necessary to keep the imagination awake.—It must rest its claims for praise, chiefly upon the insight it affords us into the manners of the early settlers, in what is now a colony of some importance. This, and the account it gives us of the youthful days of Sir I—— Coffin, is the extent of its interest. We must, however, decidedly object to anything that tends to enervate the minds of youth, and hold out an inducement to credit absurd superstitions. In Miriam Coffin, some itinerant impostor is made to prophesy the death of two young men at a particular time, and, in a particular manner. At the conclusion of the tale we find her prophecies are verified to the letter. This shows the very worst possible taste in an author whose tale is "founded on fact."

DES DEVOIRS DES HOMMES, DISCOURS A UN JEUNE HOMME. PAR SYLVIO PELLICO. TRADUIT EN FRANÇAIS PAR N. A. ARETATI, PROFESSEUR DE LITERATURE MODERNE AU COLLEGE DE WINCHESTER. PARIS: CHEZ MADAME VEUVE MARIE NIXON, QUAI CONTI. 1834.

It is quite delightful to turn from the dangerous mysticism of such books as the "Paroles d'un Croyant," to the little volume before us, and not the less so, as it must shew, even to the intolerant and incredulous, that the true sentiments of liberty are those of practical conservative religion and morality. Silvio Pellico, the author of this treatise, is a martyr to freedom. Mr. Areatti has rendered to society an important service by his very elegant and spirited translation of this little work. It ought to be in the hands of all classes of readers. The Pope might take it for his text-book; and from it the Archbishop of Canterbury might compile his homilies. Italian being comparatively little read, it might have remained to a certain degree unknown, but having been translated, and so *translated,* into the most universal language in the world, it must become a standard manual of morality. Mr. Areatti deserves the best thanks of the rising generation, to whom it is addressed, and amongst whom it must be widely circulated. By his own more immediate pupils, to whom it is dedicated, it will be duly and

gratefully appreciated; and no Englishman will rise from the perusal of his simply elegant preface, without admiration of the talent of the author, and the feelings of the man.

THE WORKS OF THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL INTRODUCTION. 2 VOLS. HOLDSWORTH AND BALL.

THE appearance of this edition of the Works of Burke, is a striking sign of the times—as well in the fine spirit of enterprise which conceived it, as in the splendour and completeness with which it has been produced. These volumes are worthy of being the casket of the brilliant productions of the great and varied mind of Burke—the register of the industry and enthusiasm, the poetry and philosophy, the knowledge and genius of that extraordinary man. It is an edition in all respects worthy of his name, as the portrait that adorns it is worthy the illustrious original. It is from Sir Joshua's painting—a noble work of art, as the head itself was noble. The engraving (by Edwards) has done justice to both—for finer, richer, or more perfect it could not be. This is succeeded by an introduction, biographical and critical, which impresses itself on our judgment, as by far the most masterly, moral, political, and intellectual portraiture of Burke, that has yet been given to the world. It is a production that leaves little unsaid that can be said with justice and certainty, of the genius and character of the subject of it. It is, manifestly, written by one who has drunk of the stream, "the well of pure English undefiled," that runs through the writings of Burke, with a lucidness, a loveliness, and a vigour, which has scarcely been equalled, and is not to be transcended. The author of this admirable essay has been kindled by his subject, and has studied the glowing pages of Burke, until his own have become tinctured with their eloquence. It is of "outward form elaborate," and of inward not "less exact"—nothing seeming to be said for effect, but all bearing the stamp and impress of the writer's settled conviction of its truth. The subject is divided into three parts; a brief but satisfactory sketch of Mr. Burke's life, an analysis of his character, and observations on his principal writings. In each of these divisions, the writer evinces a minute and profound acquaintance with his subjeet, and a determination to judge for himself of the result of his researches, unswayed by party prejudice, ignorant commonplace, or vulgar report. He has widely abjured the maxim, *aut Deus aut Diabolus;* he paints his subject as he sees him, and neither magnifies nor diminishes, to suit the taste of a *clique*, whether it be of adulators or depreciators. It is true he defends Mr. Burke upon points which have been thought to admit of no good defence—he proves him to have been strong, where he has been ignorantly or perversely judged to have been weak; but then this is done fairly, candidly, and successfully, and with no sacrifice of truth for the sake of deifying his hero. This is what we particularly like throughout this able and discriminative essay; and its rarity makes it the more valuable. Yet, while some very striking, and we believe, some very novel points are brought out, illustrative of Burke's stern integrity, and unaffected simplicity of character, his biographer has dealt as unsparingly as his judgment is clear, and his sense of truth strong, with the defects that are freely mingled with the excellences of that singular man. Of the critical enquiries into the writings of Burke, and the review of the many and opposite qualities of mind which they display, we have only space to say that they are powerful and penetrating to a degree that enables us to fathom, with no insufficient exactness the fountains of that mighty flood of intellect, that, flowing into the Propontic, "ne'er knew retiring ebb."

Burke is in the truest sense of the word, a writer for the many, let the aristocracy claim him as they will; and when we see his writings brought into this compass—two dozen volumes compressed into two handsome, double columned, well apparelled, and finely printed ones—we cannot but wish the undertaking a success proportioned to its value and utility. All that is wanting to make the work perfect, by rendering it as easy of reference as its contents are important, is a copious index; and this, we believe, is in preparation.

PARADISE REGAINED, AND OTHER POEMS. BY MARK BLOXHAM, A.M. LONDON, 1834.

IT may appear extraordinary to the uninitiated reader that Mr. Bloxham should have chosen for the subject of his poem, adopting the self-same title—an argument that has been put into immortal verse by Milton. But let our author explain why he has been induced to do so:—

"My reasons for selecting the subject were these—as a poet I desired to be all or none—Milton stood at the head of English poetry—he was said to have failed in the PARADISE REGAINED—I had never read his work, nor have to this day—the subject suited my taste; was of the kind which alone, by its magnitude and dignity, filled the cravings of my mind—in consequence of having been already treated by Milton, met my views of emulation, as a poet—having been unsuccessfully treated by him, (a result, in my opinion, the necessary consequence of its requiring a sameness of machinery, more or less, with that in which he had been previously triumphant) the field was open for the erection of a building, to harmonize with his, and perfect the general effect, without detracting from the PARADISE LOST—I also considered and do consider the subject, as affording the amplest materials for poetry of the highest order."

Now, we think it might have occurred to Mr. Bloxham, even admitting for a moment that Milton had failed in his "Paradise Regained," that the consequence of such failure on his part being to be attributed, on our author's shewing, to the necessary sameness of machinery, is a result to which Mr. Bloxham himself was equally liable. But the feeling which prompts a man to undertake a subject to which he conceives Milton to have been incompetent, is not to be reasoned with. We remember something like it described by a poet of the latter end of the last century. He says,—

"So might an ill-conditioned flea,
Upon its lusty limbs descant,
And cry with saltatory glee,
'Lord bless us! I'm an elephant.'"

We assuredly shall say very little of our author's "Paradise Regained." We are withheld from casting ridicule upon it, by the sacredness of the subject. It may be as well, however, to give one specimen. It is rather gritty, and awkward for recitation; but it must serve for want of a better:

"Before him stretched, a wild and dismal view,
Lay Hell outspread—her darkly burning lake
Of fluid brimstone—on whose lurid heave
Of mountain cylinders, with unbroke crest,
In sweltering ridge succeeding other, lay—
Mid fiercest lightnings darting, vengeful, round,
And hoarsest thunders harsh, astounding roar,
Like mighty hulks dismantled, tempest-lost,
That once Armada formed, the length of some
Who glorious erst held heaven—but now their turn,
That periodic comes, to feel their crime."

We would propose a subject to Mr. Bloxham, and, indeed, to many of our modern poets; and we do not know that it would not be well to institute a prize for the successful competitor. Let the poem be called "The Murder of Time;" and they might then not only write the poem, but also (the name of the poem constantly recurring to the mind) be pretty certain of doing the deed as they went on.

But what are we to say of Mr. Bloxham's "Minor Poems?" Why, we shall say that they are worthy of the author of "Paradise Regained." Here is an exquisite little gem—all tenderness and feeling!

TO ANNA,

ON SEEING HER UNEXPECTEDLY AT A PUBLIC ASSEMBLY.

"Ah why, my heart, that bursting throb,
Why this fever in my veins—
Ah, wherefore is that maddened sob,
Tell me what this tumult means!

"Ah, wherefore is that thrilling shock,
Why my brain be all on fire—
Ah, why my knees, convulsive, rock,
What—emotion such inspire!

"Ah, why my trembling limbs refuse
Their tottering load to bear—
Why mists and clouds my sight suffuse,
Objects, all, confusion wear!

"'Tis she herself!—ah, see that face—
Once it fondly beamed on me,
'Tis she herself, her every grace,
Oh, help! I faint ———."

Oh! that last line! There is undoubted genius in the conception of that last line. We can imagine the author vainly scratching his head for the concluding rhyme, and so, in a glorious burst of poetic phrenzy, immortalizing the scratch upon paper.

But if, in the elegant-sentimental, Mr. Bloxham has thus shewn himself beyond compare, not less remarkably successful has he proved himself in the plaguy-funny. Here is a specimen:—

EPIGRAM

On the Correspondence which took place between the Earl of Mount-Cashel and the Bishop of Ferns.

"The loss of Ferns as his Suffragan
May Dublin's Bishop weep,
For *Arch*-Cashel in his diocese
Doth visitation keep.

"Nor this be all the change to mourn,
What further do we see—
The temporal Lord become the spiritual,
The spiritual temporal be."

Oh!

History of British Costume. Library of Entertaining Knowledge. London, 1834.

This work is published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and the author, Mr. Planché, appears to

have borne in mind that useful knowledge intended for diffusion need not necessarily be diffused over a quarto volume. To speak plainly, we scarcely remember at any time to have seen a process of compression so satisfactorily and successfully achieved as in "The History of British Costume." In ordinary hands, a volume of this size would have merely comprised a dry and tedious reference to authorities; whereas, Mr. Planché has made them subservient to his purpose;—and has given the public a book, which it will be delighted to read.—It is valuable, as a popular history for general perusal, and invaluable to the artist, the poet, and the novelist, as a book at once of authority and of reference.

Not very deep in these matters ourselves, we must confess that we were rather surprised at the omission, amongst the list of the authorities quoted by Mr. Planché, of Pepys's name—that quaint old secretary to the admiralty in the reign of Charles II. A remarkable feature in the diary of that pleasant worthy is, (and Pepys was the son of a tailor,) that he is perpetually informing us of the dress in which he went forth;—and every variation in the fashion at court is noted down by him with the most praiseworthy scrupulosity.

Can we, for a moment, suppose that Mr. Planché overlooked this great authority; as, sometimes, when a man is counting on his fingers the list of his acquaintance, he omits the name of his intimate friend.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGY APPLIED TO THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH. BY ANDREW COMBE, M. D. 8vo. EDINBURGH, 1834.

We should have been contented to have left the merits of this volume to the decision of journals, whose more immediate province it is to discuss such matters; but, upon looking over the book, we have found so much to interest us, and so much that it is of importance to our readers to know, that we feel we should have neglected a duty, had we omitted strongly to recommend it to the public.

The object of Dr. Combe has been to lay before the public a plain and intelligible description of the structure and uses of some of the more important organs of the human body; and to show how information of this kind may be needfully applied both to the preservation of health, and to the improvement of physical and mental education. "In selecting the functions to be treated of," says our author, "I have preferred to examine those which are at once most influential in their operation on the general system, and at the same time least generally known."

In a word, Dr. Combe has successfully attempted to convince his readers that their general health is very much in their own keeping; and that, by following the excellent rules he has laid down, they may avert a vast catalogue of disease,—and very much alleviate such maladies as are hereditary or constitutional. There is too much reason to fear that, in all the affairs of life, what is sometimes considered unavoidable, might have been easily avoided; and if there be any blessing in this world worth perserving, and worth taking pains to preserve, surely health is the most invaluable.

THE DEITY. A POEM; IN TWELVE BOOKS. BY THOMAS RAGG. LONDON, 1834.

We took occasion about a year ago, when we noticed the tenth book of this poem, which was published separately under the title of "The Incarnation,"—to tender some friendly advice to the author.

Mr. Ragg is a working mechanic; and, although we are aware of no reason why a working mechanic, supposing him to have attained a sufficient

knowledge of his vernacular tongue, should not write as good poetry as a mechanical gentleman who does not work; yet the wonder is,—how the author should have devoted so much of the little time he enjoys, to the cultivation of his poetical taste; and how he should by any means have attained the perfect mastery of his language, as evidenced in the present production.

Had this poem been published forty years ago, it would have produced the author fame and profit; we very much fear that now-a-days it will obtain for him neither.—We know that, in these times, poetry, which does not, or will not, directly appeal to the passions, has very little chance of success. We, however, strongly call upon the public to read this poem, which, every circumstance considered, may be pronounced a wonderful performance. It is not only "no vulgar strain;" but (which is saying much more for it) it has dared to commune with a sacred and sublime subject—and has not degraded it.

Mr. Ragg would not thank us, were we not unreservedly to state, that there are some defects in his poem. There is too much mere dry reasoning throughout, unrelieved by poetical illustration or imagery. We know how difficult it is to reason in verse; but, like all other difficulties, it ought to be overcome. The following, for instance, is not poetry. It might have been said much better in plain prose.

> "To this conclusion therefore must we come,
> If love's an attribute of Deity,
> (And God is love!) and His perfections are
> Immense, eternal, and immutable,
> (And as existing by necessity
> They very evidently must be so,)
> He must exist in personality;
> That love, within the Essence increate,
> May flow in one immense, eternal stream.
> And as He must exist in Unity
> As well as in distinctness, these His modes
> Must be confin'd to three; the third of which
> The other two conjoins; and shews blind man,
> What Revelation's sacred page declares,
> A Godhead TRINITY-IN-UNITY."

We, however, leave our author, with an assurance of our respect for his talents, and our admiration of his piety.

WILSON AND SINCLAIR'S SPECIMEN OF BOOK TYPE. EDINBURGH, 1834.

Most assuredly there is a phisiognomy in every thing. Even as the old physicians fancied, that every herb of the field, and every tree of the forest, was divinely impressed with its peculiar signature, revealing to what member its medicinal virtues were applicable, so is every other work of nature and of intellect inscribed with a character—a type—which all may not be capable of reading, but which, to those who can, conveys most certain intelligence. A man's expression, for instance, is not to be found solely, as Mr. Shandy would have it, in his nose; nor, as Gall and Spurzheim maintain, in the prominencies and declivities of his cranium; nor, as Lavater, with greater approximation to truth, has assumed, in his facial angle; but there is a meaning in all these things, so there is in his voice, his gait, the hanging of his coat-laps, his hat (especially if he be a poor poet), his handwriting (if he has not been instructed by a fashionable calligraphist), in his laugh, his cough, his manner of taking snuff, or smoking a pipe, wiping his

spectacles, if he uses them, hitching up his breeches, and, in fact, every thing he does. Take us quietly to a man's bedside when he is asleep, and we will form a good diagnosis of his character, even by his snore.

Now, since all other things, and man himself, have their appropriate signatures, would it not be inconsistent if a printed book, which, after all, is the only express image of himself that a man can leave behind him, should be utterly without phisiognomy? And yet such is the case with a book printed in a dull, muddy, every-day looking type, which has either no expression, or an expression which grossly belies authors, unless, indeed, he happens to be a blockhead,

But any person, on looking over this Book of Specimens may select a type exactly suitable to the matter he has to communicate: by using it he cannot fail to leave a living likeness of himself to after times.—There is the full sonorous small pica for sermons, a size neither obstrusively large nor bashfully diminutive for history, essays, novels, and epic poetry; the most delicate italics for sly hints and inuendos, and all shades of love type, from the firm language of hope, to the smallest sigh of despair, We must not forget that in the selections, great taste has been exercised to accommodate every author with the type best suited to his style; and the arrangement on the whole is good—though some people might purse up their mouths to find Don Juan and Tom Moore flanked on each side by a chapter of the Bible.

Gutzlaff's History of China will be reviewed at length next month.

Mr. Blunt's excellent work on Civil Engineering shall appear in the review of our ensuing number.

We are obliged to omit notices of various works this month, among which we regret is Professor Rosetti's. The little volumes sent to us by Messrs. Wakeman shall have our early attention.

FINE ARTS.

We have received four sketches of Female Heads by J. Inskipp, the style and execution of which reflect great credit on the artist. They are sketched with a bold hand, and display a freedom and originality which remind us of some etchings of the old masters, whose vigorous outlines cannot be superseded by the sentimentalities of the modern school. We understand that they are all portraits, which adds considerably to their interest. Mr. Tilt picks up some gems of art.

FARCICALITIES. By A. GRAVER. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

This artist is an aspirant for *Cruikshankerian* fame, and is no unworthy disciple of the great master. He gives us several delicate dashes of wit, and many examples of broad comic humour, which are irresistibly ludicrous. Real comic talent is rather a scarce commodity; we therefore hope that A. Graver will find abundant encouragement to proceed.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE. BULL AND CHURTON.

This work, considering the names of the artists engaged upon them, is the cheapest ever yet offered to the public. The Scriptures present a nobler field for the talents of the artist than any other book; and the publishers, by giving eight engravings for one shilling, have placed the ability to enrich their Bibles within the means of those who have been hitherto prevented by the expense. We sincerely hope the circulation will recompense the proprietors for so large an outlay.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

DESTRUCTION OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The destruction of both houses of parliament by fire has been the engrossing topic of attention during the latter half of the past month; and the greater part of the public seem to look upon it as a calamity that is greatly to be lamented, and to feel much anger at those by whose carelessness (to impute the least culpable supposition) it has been occasioned. Now we will neither dispute their blame, nor much less the guilt of the incendiary, if such there were; but we can by no means join in the lamentations for the event. There are assuredly but *two* views in which it can be regarded as a loss—the expense entailed on the public for the reconstruction of those edifices, and the loss of the records there contained:—there are many reasons for which it may be regarded as a good.

It will perhaps be said that if there is not much to regret, there is at least nothing to rejoice at in the event.—We are by no means sure of this. It may also be said that a new House of Commons might have been built with the materials of the old, at a much smaller expense; but the question is not what *might*, but what *would* have been done. Now, though this question had been proposed already, there was no general disposition shewn to meet it—some opposing it from respect to its antiquity, and others from economy. It is, therefore, probable we should have gone on for many years with the late building. Besides, there is a strange—perhaps, not strange—disposition in men to be unwilling to *do* that which, nevertheless, they are glad to have *done for them;* and this not merely in cases of conscience, where the reason is obvious, but in many of pure calculation—like the present. The same may be observed of the burning of the papers. Though some among them may have been worth preserving, yet the great mass of them were such mere lumber, that serious thoughts were entertained of destroying them. This event has saved the perplexity of indecision; and probably no one individual in the kingdom will be the worse for it. As to the pictures and other ornaments, they seem to have been of no great value, and their very existence was probably known to few. But there is one far more important and interesting view of the subject than any hitherto mentioned.

It is in a POLITICAL light, and with a view to the FUTURE, and not the present or the past, that this can be looked upon as an event of national, and we may add, of lasting importance, for either good or evil to the kingdom. It might be for evil—it is, we are persuaded, for good. Had this happened ten years ago, it would have been looked upon with comparative indifference, and have attracted far less attention than the burning of the Custom House, or any large warehouse. But happening just at the present time, after the greatest political changes that have ever taken place in this country (with the exception of the short period of the Commonwealth, which left no trace behind it), it is impossible not to connect it with far greater and

more interesting reflections. Let us, therefore, view this event in its intrinsic probable results.

The parallel of a material and moral demolition of the old houses of parliament, viewing the former as an allegory of the latter, was too obvious not to attract attention at once; and accordingly the circumstance has already been taken advantage of by a part of the public press, and the insinuation thrown out pretty plainly that this was a good opportunity of getting rid of the House of Lords altogether, while the House of Commons should be reconstructed politically as well as physically. But these are not the changes that are wanted, and if they were, it would be long before they could be attained. They may appear desirable to those whose whole delight is to pull down, without ever troubling themselves about building up, and yet who have not the power of realizing even those destructive theories which they are so fertile in devising. But this surely is not the taste of the great body of the English people, who on the contrary more probably think with Mr. Burke that "the English constitution is like a good old watch, that wants not to be reconstructed, but only cleaned and repaired and set a-going"—a metaphor strictly appropriate, and (we are persuaded) no less true. We can even go further, and declare our firm and sincere conviction that it is the most perfect constitution in all respects, both for church and state, that has ever existed or can be imagined, combining every possible excellence that could be expected or even desired. We not merely are content to retain the present form, and only ask for improvement in its administration, but, had we even the option of changing it to any thing else whatever, we would prefer retaining the present, as uniting, in the most perfect manner possible, all the advantages of every other simpler form of government; while yet the different parts of it, though complex, are so well arranged and defined, as to be perfectly within the comprehension of every tolerable intellect. These being our sentiments as truly—perhaps more truly—than of the staunchest self-styled "Conservative," and wishing, as all friends of their country must wish, to see the energies of all parties united for its common good, instead of being wasted in rancour and hostility against each other—a very different thing from that fair and honourable *opposition* which always will and ought to exist between parties in a free country, and which, in the opinion of the great statesman above quoted, are rather beneficial than injurious to the community; wishing to see this, and believing it possible to attain, we would call upon all who have the interests of their country or any part of it at heart, to profit by this one great unique opportunity—or let us rather say *invitation*—that has been offered to them to begin a new æra for the country, not new in its constitution, or institutions, or laws, but in the SPIRIT in which its public men shall act, to PREVENT THE NEED OF A POLITICAL BY A MORAL REFORM, and to give a practical, and therefore unanswerable proof, that the British constitution, beyond every other in the world, attains that which is the highest object in every government, to give to every individual, of every rank and condition, the power *of filling his proper place in society*, with comfort to himself and advantage to the com-

munity, including along with this as full protection of person and property as any other form of government could give.

If it is true that "words are things," it seems equally reasonable to believe that allegories are realities—that events which are not causes in their nature become causes of important changes from the *impressions* they produce on the mind, disposing it to a different course of action. Equally great events with that here anticipated have arisen from much lighter causes. The emperor Charles V. was led, by observing the impossibility of making two watches exactly agree, to reflect on the hopelessness of the great object in which his life had been spent, that of endeavouring to make all men of one creed; and would that the same application of the fact, whether as to religion or politics, were made on the present occasion! not extending their liberality to indifference, but learning that degree of moderation which, with a very decided preference of its own opinions, can yet endure the existence of very different ones in others, and not think, with many of our time, that they must never be at peace till they have *put down* all who differ from them. This applies more peculiarly to Ireland, where this difference is the most marked, and a perfect union the most impossible; but it is applicable, more or less, to the whole kingdom; the main difference being that the subject of it in the one case is religion, and in the other politics. It is most fervently to be hoped that the new parliament will avoid the gross errors of the late one, wasting their time (which belongs to their country) in frivolous questions and personalities, which have nothing whatever to do with that which is the only proper business of parliament, the interests of their country, and (as far as is within their influence) of the world at large. The fault of this does not merely fall on those who bring forward such questions, but those who condescend to answer them; and if they would only make this rule, never to give a place to a trifling question when there is a weighty one to be considered, they would do a great deal towards raising the character of the future parliament over the late one, the reformed parliament having been equally superior to all preceding ones in integrity, and inferior to all or most of them in talent and dignity. Here, therefore, there is an opportunity for them to unite both, or at least to avoid the evils of each, which would itself be doing a great deal towards raising the character of the House in the public estimation. The same applies in some degree to the House of Lords; and in both cases it is more particularly to the Whig party that we address ourselves, on many accounts: both because it is the most well-meaning of any, the most true to the real spirit of the constitution, and, happily for the country, has at present the upper hand, and may always retain it, if it would but unite to its own integrity and patriotism something of the talent and tact shown by its opponents, both in speaking and acting. Whether they would restore the name of their party to the dignity it once possessed—for instance, in the time of Burke—or even rescue it from the contempt it had fallen into for the last half century, is no great matter: if they could raise the dignity of the party and its representatives, or in plainer language, of the good and patriotic part of the community over the selfish and unprincipled, they would do

quite enough. And one of the most certain ways of doing this would be to drown all mere party considerations, and to favour and promote and trust the former in preference to the latter; making their particular opinions quite a matter of secondary consideration. Aristotle, in speaking of the *characters* necessary to a dramatic poem, instead of classing them by their age, nation, &c., in the minute detail that Horace and most critics do, says, with that large and discriminating comprehension of his subject which distinguishes him above all other critics in either poetry or philosophy, that they can be only of three main classes—*good, bad,* or *indifferent;* showing in this his superior knowledge of poetry as well as philosophy. But if this is true in poetry, how infinitely more so is it in politics, which is really only philosophy brought into action, and has been admirably defined by the great philosopher himself, as "the art of rendering men *happy*" (just as moral philosophy is the art of rendering them virtuous, and theology of rendering them religious), a definition equally felicitous, both for its comprehensiveness, simplicity, and truth, with that mentioned just above.

One last piece of advice which we would strongly urge on all friends of their country is, that each would fairly weigh his own talents and importance; and not only choose that province for which he is most fit, but know when he can best serve his country by keeping in the background altogether; and imitate the wise conduct of one of their party (Mr. Blackburne), who deserves to be recorded for having, as he said to his constituents, always given his vote, but never his speech, when he had found his sentiments better expressed by another; a rule which it would be even for their own interests to observe, since thus, whenever they did speak, they would be listened to with attention.

To conclude, with recurring to the subject we set out from:—it has been remarked that after the great fire of London, not only was the town rebuilt better than before, but was never again visited by the plague. Let us hope that both parallels will be renewed in this case: that the new building when it is erected will be one worthy of its object, both in its exterior and interior; and that in the very next meeting of parliament, we shall no longer see it disgraced by fooleries, and animosities, and party-hatreds; and that, that worst of plagues, corruption, which has till lately been the ruling principle of both Houses, will be still more completely banished from those august, important, and interesting assemblies; that all the three powers of King, Lords, and Commons, will know and be content with the bounds of their own prerogatives, which are quite ample enough without trenching on each other; and raise this country to that state of unrivalled prosperity and happiness, *not nominal and apparent, but real,* both at home and abroad, which it is so pre-eminently qualified above all other countries to attain.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A SPANISH LIBERAL—No. V.

DON PEDRO—PALMELLA—SILVA CARVALHO—SALDANHA—MENDIZABAL—MINA—MADAME ZUMALCARREGUY—RODIL.

"Pedro grande deu aos Russos. Artes et civilizacam,
Pedro quarto deu aos Luzos a liberal constituicam."

"THE king of terrors has again levelled his fatal dart at the house of Braganza," said I, addressing my Spanish friend; "Don Pedro D'Alcantara has closed his eventful career, and sleeps with his fathers."

"The life of the ex-emperor and liberator," he replied, "was indeed as eventful and romantic as any that the page of modern history can present. Driven in early youth by the insatiable ambition and the victorious arms of Napoleon across the Atlantic, his subsequent career offers a splendid and instructing example of the vicissitudes of fortune. He founded one empire—dismembered another—*octroya* three constitutions—abdicated two crowns—plucked another from the brow of his usurping brother; and, after liberating the land of his birth from tyranny and oppression, after nobly propelling her in the great route of freedom and civilization, he terminated his eventful and glorious life amid the scenes of his infancy and youth—sinking into the arms of death in the very same room in which he was born."

"Yes," I remarked, "with all his faults—and his warmest admirers cannot be blind to them—the pen of the future historian will award a proud place to this prince in the page of history."

"The life of Don Pedro," continued my companion, "must be divided into two parts; like a pendulum it vibrated between good and evil; but the last two years of his life have shed so bright a halo around his memory that it casts into the shade the faults of his youth. His career in Brazil exhibits all those dark phases, which the examples of his family, and his own neglected and vicious education, were so lamentably calculated to produce, and neutralized the many fine qualities, and allowed to remain undeveloped the talents, with which he was so liberally gifted by nature.*

* His tutors, the Padre Antonio d'Arrabida and Mr. Rademacker, used to speak in the highest terms of the natural abilities of this prince. By the former he was impressed with that sentiment of piety which so distinguished him through life. He evinced a very early taste for mechanics, and several specimens of his skill are shewn at the Rio; but his most decided talent was for music. Among other pieces, he composed a mass and an opera. Don Pedro possessed great muscular strength, and an iron constitution. After the proclamation of Brazilian independence at the Villa de Piranga to the province of Merino, he rode to Rio de Janeiro in an almost incredible space of time. When it is considered that the road lay across mountains, over boundless plains, and through dense forests, beneath the scorching rays of a tropical sun, an Osbal-

"Nursed in the cradle of absolutism, haughty, impetuous, and self-willed, a slave to all the fiery passions of youth, that had never felt the reins of discipline or control—we saw him, at one time, leading a revolutionary movement; at another, yielding with an ill grace to his own concessions, when the spirit of the times rendered it imperative to bow to the revolutionary exigencies of his people; and, finally, he abdicated in a pet his imperial crown, like a second Sylla, disgusted with the love of sway, and abandoned, really without any adequate reason, his Brazilian empire. Up to that moment, Europe—and with just reason—had conceived no very favourable opinion of the imperial Maestro, who used to distribute with one hand his own productions to an orchestra of negro and mulatto slaves, and with a whip in the other, to stand over them and punish any blunder in their execution. Again, his conduct to his amiable consort, the empress Leopoldina—

"Proud Austria's mournful flower;"

the open disregard of all delicacy and propriety he exhibited in his *liaison* with the celebrated Condessa dos Santos, whom he created the first lady of honour to her whose feelings it was his duty to respect, rouses the indignation of every generous mind; but, since his return to Europe, from the very moment that he repaired to the ocean rock of Terceira, that last asylum of Portuguese liberty—from the moment that, to use the expression of the gallant Villa Flor, 'he threw aside the imperial mantle for the uniform of the grenadier,' the conduct of Don Pedro was the antithesis of his former life, as magnanimous, moral, and brilliant as it was before dark, selfish, and depraved. To his firmness and activity, the successful issue of the Portuguese struggle may in a great measure be attributed; harassed by financial difficulties which exercised so marked an influence over the fortune of the campaign; assailed by cabal and intrigue; exposed to ingratitude, and accused of ulterior designs, which he never for a moment entertained, he alone was firm, and never despaired of success. When all appeared lost, when the further protraction of the struggle was considered madness, he obstinately refused to evacuate Oporto; and to the urgent remonstrances of his ministers and his staff, he nobly replied that he would conquer or die;—and nobly did he consummate his holy enterprise; while his end was as heroic as his life had been unfortunate. How touching, how affecting, were the last moments of the dying emperor! His adieus to the army breathed the spirit of a gallant soldier. His advice to his daughter to celebrate her assumption of the reins of government by a general amnesty, betrayed Christian charity, and deep political wisdom. As the tide of life was fast ebbing, the scenes of his past existence appeared to flit before the imagination of the dying prince. He confessed to his physician the efforts he had made to overcome the evil effects of his vicious education, and pointed to himself as an example of the danger of neglecting the moral and intellectual

distone or a Count Sandon might be proud of this imperial feat. For the information of our sporting readers, we shall just say, that during his gallop the emperor repeatedly took baths of *strong rum and water*. Only one of his suite could stand the pace and the fatigue, and he died a few days after reaching Rio.

culture of youth. It was his own funeral oration which the gallant Pedro pronounced; and posterity, while it laments his faults, will do ample justice to his numerous virtues."

"Peace to his ashes!" I here ejaculated. "The death of this prince will, I fear, produce great changes in the affairs of Portugal, and *par contre coup*, in that of the whole Peninsula; for in spite of the national antipathies and rivalry of the two people, their destinies are very closely connected. I am far from thinking that all is yet over in Portugal, although some people there are who now look upon that kingdom as a political *El Dorado*, in which all the miracles of a constitutional monarchy are to be realized. Up to this moment the constitutions given to that kingdom, good or bad, complete or incomplete, have produced nothing beyond a large display of national vanity and inflated and turgid parliamentary eloquence. Hitherto, the Chambers have played no very distinguished part. Again, the system of finance imposed upon the administration of a country so long a prey to civil war, is one which, in states whose fortunes and credits are well established, would produce serious consequences. The queen's party, too, is torn by faction—the Miguelites, active, numerous, and burning for revenge. While in the midst of this state of things, the only spirit who could exercise a decided influence in the march of events, and repress the aspirations of rival factions, has been snatched away—I say the only, for I do not consider Palmella *à la hauteur des circonstances*."

"Nor are you mistaken," replied my Spanish friend. "Palmella is, I admit, one of the most astute diplomatists in Europe, but one more calculated to shine at a congress of sovereigns, to be the ornament of an ultra-diplomatic clique, presided over by that Tallyrand in petticoats, Princess Lieven, than to control the fury of contending factions, or to lead a grand political movement. His genius is more familiar with the tortuous wiles, the Machiavelism of diplomacy, than with the bold, liberal, and comprehensive views of an enlightened statesman; for Palmella is a disciple of the Metternich school, was one of the framers of the Holy Alliance, and long one of the most devoted champions of absolutism, at whose very name freedom trembled. His total deficiency of what the French call *force de caractère*, was strikingly evinced by his abject cowardice at Oporto in 1828. His superb No! to Napoleon at Bayonne, in the year 1808, proved the grave of his energy."

"His superb No! I am ignorant to what you allude."

"During the conferences in that city, at the period when Napoleon meditated the conquest of the Peninsula, and uniting it under one crown, he one day asked Palmella if he were one of those Portuguese prepared to become a Spaniard? 'No!' replied the Count, sternly. Napoleon was not displeased with this blunt firmness, and he said the next day to Cambaceres,—'Certes, the Count de Palmella gave me yesterday a superb No!'"

"Then," I remarked, "with the Duke de Palmella at the head of affairs, we must expect to see the *juste-milieu* the order of the day in Portugal, which, after all, considering the defective political education

of the Portuguese people is, perhaps, the best that could for the present be adopted."

"I am sorry to see," said the Don, "that you share in that popular fallacy—that political sophism, which maintains that the rational enjoyment of freedom requires the exercise of such consummate sagacity and ripened intelligence. What is there, let me ask of you, either in the theory or in the practice of a constitutional form of government which the sound common sense of mankind cannot easily master? The obstacle in Spain and Portugal, and almost every where, lies not in the ignorance of the people, but in the venality and corruption of the higher classes. Of the aristocracy of rank, of the aristocracy of wealth, to whom may be so justly applied these remarkable words of General Foy,—'*L'aristocratie au* 19^me^ *siècle, c'est la ligue, c'est la coalition de ceux qui veulent consumer sans produire—vivres ans travailler —tout savoir sans rien avoir appris; envahir tous les honneurs sans les avoir merités—occuper toutes les places sans être en etât de les remplir.*'— If there are any elements of political regeneration left in the Spanish Peninsula, they will be found among the peasantry—I fear among that class alone. With Palmella at the head of affairs, the march of regeneration will be slow; it will encounter at every step, from this temporising master of expedients, a treacherous support, more dangerous far than open opposition. Palmella, however he may assume the tone of a liberal, is an absolutist at heart."

"The hope of the country then," I said, "are in Jose da Silva Carvalho?"

"Most unquestionably," said the Spaniard; "Jose da Silva Carvalho, the modern Pombol of Portugal, is a man of vast and comprehensive genius, and perhaps the only one in that kingdom capable of regenerating her. He is a lawyer by profession, was a distinguished member of the Cortes in 1821, and the author of several political works written in a style of great elegance, and remarkable for their bold and enlightened views. He was long in exile, and latterly, I have been told, reduced to great distress."

"In which," I replied, "he was not singular; one and all of your Spanish and Portuguese leading liberals have drank deeply of the cup of adversity. Torreno, reduced to beggary in Paris, was relieved by the romantic generosity of a courtezan, formerly a favourite of Napoleon's. Palmella, so long accustomed to the luxurious profusion of our Tory patricians, was latterly, to use a sporting phrase, 'without a dump,' and as no credit is ever given at the 'Travellers,' was reduced to do penance—dining it cannot be called—at a little *restaurant* kept by a Frenchman, who was formerly his cook; while Silva Carvalho, it is said, was actually obliged to dispose of part of his wardrobe, *pour se mettre en route* for Oporto."

"Well," said the Spaniard with a smile, "*tempora mutantur;* Torreno has become a millionaire by his recent operations in the funds. Palmella also, it is said, has pocketed from thirty to forty thousand pounds by his *speculations bursales*, and has moreover received confiscated conventual property, to the amount of two hundred contos, to indemnify him for his losses in the sacred cause of liberty and his country. And I hope Silva Carvalho, too, has also taken care of himself."

I made for answer—"Giaffer, the most incorruptible of viziers while in office, never failed to send one thousand pieces of gold every day from the treasury to his own home; and '*Virtus post nummos*' has so long been the creed of your Portuguese employés, that they looked upon peculation as the French do upon the violation of chastity. *Etant connu c'est peu de chose, n'étant pas connu ce n'est rien.*"

"But a truce to this *mauvaise plaisantrie*—What is your opinion of General Saldanha, who, with the Conde de Taipa, now heads the Portuguese opposition?"

"He is a brave and a good soldier," replied my companion, "but a *mauvais politique*, rash and impetuous; he would carry every political question as he would a redoubt *la baïonette en avant*. He is no match for the wily Palmella, who has fairly outmanœuvered and driven him into the ranks of the opposition."

"There is one man whom in your *catalogue raisonné* of Portuguese *distingués* you have most unaccountably passed over in silence; one, too, who after all is the *real hero* of the Portuguese revolution."

"And pray who is he to whom you award that distinguished and honourable title?"

"Mendizabel the financier, whom I believe is a countryman of your own."

"—— *Tienes razon amigo!* Mendizabel is a Spaniard and an honour to his country, and it must be confessed that his zeal and his skilful financial combinations were mainly instrumental in bringing the contest to a favourable issue. You perhaps recollect that no sooner had Don Pedro put himself at the head of the Portuguese emigration at Terceira, than negotiations were opened with the bourses of London and Paris, in order to raise the sinews of war. Louis Philippe, who saw in the cause of Donna Maria the eventuality of a crown for one of his sons, promised assistance, and even—*Mirabile dictu!*—to open his own strong box on the occasion. But when he found that the young Duke of Leuchtenburg was preferred to the Duke of Nemours, the ardour of the citizen-king suffered a *reffroidissement*, which soon degenerated into neglect and insult.

England, on the other hand, in deference to Ferdinand, played the neutral.—Thus abandoned by these two powers, it was the London and Paris stock exchanges which decided the fate of Portugal; and here it was that Mendizabal, by his consummate skill in finance, and by his straight forward and honourable bearing, proved a host in himself; but it is not in that point alone that Portugal owes to this generous Spaniard a deep debt of gratitude. It was by his advice that she has entered on that financial career which forms so splendid a contrast with that of Spain. Mendizabal has shewn himself as profound a politician as a skilful financier—again he has constanly stood forward as the advocate of the claims of the numerous foreign adventurers in the Queen's army whose services have been so soon forgotten, and by the assistance he rendered her government was the means of preventing a serious *émeute* that might have led to the most disastrous circumstances."

"It would be fortunate for Spain," I remarked, "had she the benefit of his advice. What a melancholy feature does the aspect of that country present!—the follies, the baseness, nay the downright

dishonesty of her legislature, has disgusted Europe. And it is at this untoward moment that after an obscurity of eleven years, Mina is then going once more to appear on the theatre of events! Will you refresh my memory by a rapid sketch of the life of this far-famed *guerillero?*"

"Francisco Espoz y Mina," said the Spaniard, "was born in 1784, in a small village near Pamplona, and in spite of all that has been urged to the contrary, is the son of a poor labourer or little farmer. Of the infancy and education of this extraordinary man nothing certain is known. He was cultivating in peace the little field left him by his father, when the ambition of Napoleon drew him from his obscurity. His nephew who first took up arms for national independence acquired some celebrity, and afterwards fell into the hands of the French. His uncle rallied and put himself at the head of his band, and by his daring bravery, the rapidity of his marches, his intimate knowledge of the country, and above all, his rigour towards his prisoners, he became the terror of the French. At one time he commanded a force of 5,000 men. He was appointed colonel in 1811, and raised to the rank of brigadier in 1813 by the regency, in which rank he was confirmed by Ferdinand on his restoration, and decorated with several military honours; but a few months after disgusted with his tyrannical master, he raised the standard of revolt in Navarre and making an unsuccessful attempt to seize Pamplona, then took refuge in France, and on his arrival in Paris was arrested at the instigation of the Spanish minister. Louis XVIII. immediately ordered him to be liberated, and dismissed the commissary of police, who had arrested him. Mina was not ungrateful for this conduct; on the return of Napoleon in 1815, he refused a command and fled to Ghent—and with General Alava was, if I am not mistaken, present at the battle of Waterloo. Until he quitted France in 1820 to rally round the banner of the Constitution, he received the half-pay of a French *general de brigade*—during the constitutional regime he was appointed captain-general of Navarre, and afterwards of Catalonia—while in the latter government his operations were distinguished by great cruelty—he stormed and carried the town of Castel-Follet—put the garrison to the sword, and rased the town, marking the place where it stood by a stone with this inscription: 'Here once stood Castel Follet!' Some time afterwards he surrendered to Marshal Moncey, and embarked for England, where he resided until 1830. The glorious three days once more drew him from his retreat; for you must know that the recognition of the King of the Barricades being somewhat tardy on the part of Ferdinand, he was threatened by his nephew with a second edition of that glorious event; a confidential agent was dispatched to London, to induce Mina to effect a rising in Navarre; promises of money and covert support were made to the general, who lost no time in repairing to France; but before he reached the Spanish frontier the recognition of the Spanish government had arrived. This quite altered the state of affairs; the assembling of the Spanish liberals on the frontier was now prevented by the French authorities; and to Mina it was intimated, that if he persisted in his enterprise, the French police would proceed *aux voies*

de fait, and transport him across France to the northern frontier *in irons*. Burning with indignation, disgusted and betrayed, the general returned to England; so great is his hatred of the present King of the French, that the mere report of an intervention of his in our affairs would throw him into the arms of Carlism. In the meantime, Mina is now on his way to assume the command of the queen's forces. Whether he will effect more than his predecessors, time will shew; but I think not. Rodil, though he failed, displayed considerable military talent; he constantly baffled his active adversary, and never experienced either a surprise or a check. It was the two surprises of the Baron Carandolet's cavalry division, of which he was entirely blameless, that paralyzed all his operations. Mina is an admirable partisan, and possesses moreover an intimate knowledge of the theatre of war; but he has never effected any thing worthy of the operations of *la grande guerre*. Zumalacarreguy, on the other hand, is not only an active guerilla, but a skilful tactician. Mina in the ranks of the Christinos, making war on the *fueros* which Navarre have taken up arms to defend, will derive no benefit from the *prestige* of his name. Mina, I repeat, I much fear will not be able to put down the revolt in the Basque provinces, for the result of the struggle depends upon something more than the mere skill of the general, either on one side or the other; still I do not despair of the destinies of Spain—there is good stuff in the nation. During the late attack made on Vergara, some ladies of the town, not satisfied with animating the combatants from their balconies, actually conveyed ammunition to them under a a very heavy fire. The queen has distributed a medal to these amazons, bearing on one side her effigy, and on the other an inscription commemorating their heroic conduct."

A few days after this conversation I met my Spanish friend again, who was then coming to seek me, with a budget full of news, fresh from the seat of war. He informed me that he had, the day before, accidentally encountered an old acquaintance, a Carlist, who had just arrived from Spain, and who was the bearer of some important mission to the friends of Don Carlos in this country. I expressed some surprise that the Pretender had friends in England, at least of sufficient consequence to render it necessary to communicate with them.

"You are mistaken," replied the Spaniard, "he has friends more powerful than you suppose; he has, likewise, English agents in France and Spain; ay, and who are paid well for their services; for it appears there is no want of money."

"And what did you gather from your friend the Carlist? What have they done with Madame Zumalacarreguy?"

"The French government have ordered her off to Blois; and very properly, for her presence at Bayonne afforded a pretext for the meeting of the disaffected; in fact, the Carlists have established a junta, or council, at Bayonne, with Madame at their head, where they discuss all measures for *the cause*, and are in continual communication with the head-quarters of Don Carlos in Spain."

"What sort of woman is she?"

"He describes her as a middle-aged woman, dark complexion, not handsome,—but possessing a tolerable figure. She conceives it ne-

cessary to enact the part of a heroine, without having much capacity for it; and expresses her sentiments in warm, almost vehement language. One day, when it was intimated to her the possibility of an amicable adjustment of the difference, she replied with energy, 'Rather than see my husband make terms with the hated Christinos, I would gladly see him a corpse at my feet! Let him die; but not dishonour his king!' She does not appear to have any fear for the General. Two infant daughters are with her in France; her son is in the hands of the Spanish Government. Some one expressed a fear of harm happening to the boy from such treacherous guardianship. 'Let them dare to kill him,' she exclaimed, 'Zumalacarreguy will know how to avenge him!'

"The Carlist," continued the Spaniard, "was, of course, upon terms of intimacy with the council at Bayonne, and describes them as not being very particular about disposing of those who they may happen to suspect. They frequent the *restaurateurs* and coffee-houses, and obtain intelligence when any traveller is about to enter Spain; his motives are then immediately discussed, and intelligence sent across the frontiers. It will depend on the resolution which the council arrive at, what sort of reception the unlucky wight may happen to meet. As a specimen," continued my friend, "of this sort of summary judgment, the Carlist related the following to me:—'There was a Spaniard of rank,' said the Carlist, 'the Viconte Ponce de Ledas, who was in the habit of dining at the table d'hôte at Bayonne, which I likewise frequented. One of the Carlist junta pointed him out to me as a suspicious character; he said that he was going to see Don Carlos, with an introduction from the Bishop of Leon; circumstances, however, brought him under the ban of the junta, and they forthwith dispatched an order to the head-quarters (then at Elisonda), to arrest him immediately on his arrival. No sooner did the unfortunate Viconte arrive, than he was arrested and searched; in one of his boots was discovered a letter of introduction to Rodil; and upon him was likewise found a physician's prescription, which was immediately proved to be—by the summary process of Elisonda justice—a recipe for a most diabolical mixture, *intended to poison Don Carlos!* The poor Viconte had ten minutes allowed him for a priest, and was shot without further ceremony!'

"There was another individual, the Carlist told me," continued my friend, "who was unfortunate enough to be taken notice of by this self-elected junta. He was a young man of very reserved habits, who was going to the head-quarters of Don Carlos. He excited the suspicion of the junta—'What do you intend doing with him?' asked the Carlist of one of the council. 'He must be *bagged!*' replied the other. In a few days intelligence was brought that he was shot immediately he had passed the frontiers!"

"All this is very shocking," I observed; "it is worthy of the most savage and uncivilized times of Europe; the barbarous Muscovite could hardly exceed this."

"It must be confessed," said the Spaniard, "that Rodil has set a fearful example. Every man he takes he puts to death without

ceremony, and this conduct has created a most bitter retaliation. This species of atrocity on either side nothing can defend; to what extent this spirit is carried the following instance will shew:—At the battle of Los Campos de Larion, Zumalacarreguy defeated a division of Rodil's army under the command of General Carandolet. Among the prisoners taken by the Carlists were the Conde de Villa Manuel, a grandee of Spain, and several officers of rank. Zumalacarreguy, who has not the reputation of being a blood-thirsty ruffian, immediately despatched a courier to Rodil, informing him of these noblemen and officers being in his custody, and offering to exchange them for several officers of his own who had been taken previously in Biscay and Guipuscoa. In the meantime the prisoners shared the table of their captor, and were treated with all the respect due to their rank. In two days the courier returned, and found the general seated with his prisoners at his mess—over a *puchero*. Rodil's letter was instantly opened, and contained the following laconic reply—'*The officers you require I have already shot!*' The fate of the unfortunate nobleman and his officers is soon told. 'Gentlemen,' said Zumalacarreguy, throwing the letter to them, 'I am sorry it is so, but there is no alternative. Blood for blood! Send for the confessor; for you have but a few minutes to live!' And, in effect, they were dragged from the very table at which they had been seated together, and shot in the court-yard!

"Another act of butchery was perpetrated at Bilboa. The people of the town expected the United Kingdom to arrive laden with arms and ammunition for the troops of Don Carlos, when the Spanish frigate, the Pearl, standing towards the harbour, being mistaken for the vessel in question, five boats, containing ninety-five individuals, immediately put off to welcome her. They were trepanned on board, and every soul put to death in cold blood! Among the sufferers were General Arana, a very brave officer, and the companion in arms of General Rodil in Peru, and one of its latest defenders, many gentlemen of distinction, a priest, and the major-domo of the Marquis of Valdepenas.

"This ferocious system of warfare has now been carried on upwards of twelve months, and there is scarcely a Basque family in the four provinces that has not to mourn the loss of a child or a parent thus savagely slaughtered. The consequence is that the people of these provinces, the most generous and gentle in all Spain, seem to have changed their nature; they have become ferocious, and seek revenge against the Castilians and Andalusians with the blood-thirsty spirit of banditti. Many years must elapse ere the vindictive feelings aroused by this civil war will subside; and the consciousness of crime, the stain of innocent blood, must cling to those who have provoked and abetted this hopeless and wicked contest."

THE THREE RAVENS.

" The ravens he croaked as she sat at her meal,—"—SOUTHEY.
" Croak, croak, croak!"—ARISTOPHANES.

IN the midst of one of the most beautiful vales in the west of England stands a small country town, called by popular consent or traditionary custom, Greystone; a corruption (so it has been surmised by some of the more learned antiquarians of the place) of its original, if not appropriate name of Gravestone. And here I may as well inform the topographical inquirer that no search, however diligent, will enable him to discern the town in question defined upon any map of England and Wales with which I am acquainted. He must, accordingly, take my word for it that such a town does exist; and must be constrained also to believe that the characters which I am now about to introduce to his notice, enjoy an actual individuality and existence apart from that "many-coloured life," which the *vrai semblance* of fiction is sometimes supposed to confer.

Not far from the town-hall, contiguous likewise to the market-place, and the corner house of —— street (this last particular *must* remain a secret), lived, or rather was not yet dead, Mr. Simon Raven, the undertaker. Mr. Raven had at one time superadded to the post-mortem branch the more lively avocations of auctioneer and appraiser; but whether he had met with small encouragement in these minor branches, or to speak figuratively, twigs of profession, or whether (which is more likely) his genius led him to prefer the former to the entire exclusion of the other two, I cannot satisfactorily determine; certain, however, it is that at the time of which I now treat Mr. Raven was solely, and I may also add soully and bodily, an undertaker.

What's in a name? A great deal if it be a good one, and there was something in the name of Raven thus happily, by descent or otherwise, appertaining to the individual in question; it was in all respects appropriate. In the first place he was as *black* as a raven, clothed perpetually in sable. In the next place he was *like* a raven, constantly hovering over the dead with professional impatience; and lastly, he might be said to *be* a raven, since he was ever on the croak, doling out the most lugubrious tidings.

Raven belonged to a benefit society, more with an eye to his own benefit, by the way, than with any philanthropic glimpses towards the benefit of the society. It was at the monthly meetings of the club that his peculiar temperament or idiosyncracy was most remarkably set forth. Here he would show how the country was ruined, contrasting it with its prosperity of ten years ago, at which period (but this he had forgotten) he had also lamented its downfal. Here he would tell of the failure of crops, of the dearness of prices, of the epidemic that had taken off so many, of the many taxes that were never taken off. He would also foretel speedy death to the sick

members, and suggest probable apoplexy to the more robust; and by dint of this *hearse* language (as a wag in the town termed it) he had succeeded in making himself an object of mortal terror and aversion to a great portion of the inhabitants of Greystone.

But, in the science of direful prognostication and Acherontic prophecy, Mrs. Raven was assuredly Simon's better half. She might cry out in joyous and successful emulation of her husband's peculiar talent, "I too am an Arcadian;" for me, it will be sufficient with more calmness to state that they were "*Arcades ambo*"—both Arcadians.

It was Mrs. Raven's delight, habited in a black velvet cloak (a pall in former days), every morning to descend her door-steps (two obliterated gravestones, a present from the sexton), and to go forth with the humane intention of visiting the sick. She had acquired, by dint of incessant practice, a wonderful skill in the closing of eyes, and the folding together of shutters; and "coming events cast their shadows before" so distinctly to the vision of Mrs. Raven, that she would often bespeak the mutes, and hoist the funereal feathers, before the breath was out of her friends' bodies.

This worthy couple delighted (but their joy was of a grave and solemn character) in the existence of a daughter, Miss Niobe Raven. This young lady partook largely of the mournful merits of her respected parents. Her reading was choice, and her accustomed resort was the church-porch. Here she would pore over the exhilirating pages of Drelincourt, Sherlock, Hervey, Mrs. Rowe, and Dr. Dodd; and sometimes, to interpose a little ease, she would solace her soul with the lighter effusions of poetry. It need scarcely be added, that Young's "Night Thoughts" and Blair's "Grave" obtained and secured her preference.

"——— Passing well
She loved the passing bell,"

and her favourite musical performance was the Dead March in Saul.

But one thing was calculated to encourage the growth of this melancholy disposition. Miss Niobe Raven, for a much greater length of time than she could have anticipated, had been floundering in the unpleasant slough of celibacy. She had long wished to obtain a settlement in the parish, or neighbourhood, or indeed any where; but it so happened no one came forward to win or to wear her. No one would stick this branch of cypress in his bosom. Young Mangle Wurzel the farmer, indeed, some years before, had bethought him that the church-yard was a field out of which Mr. Simon Raven had probably reaped more profitable crops than his father had been enabled to do from his own acres; but, like a discreet shepherd, he had never ventured to go beyond sheep's-eyes in his attentions to Miss Niobe Raven. Midge, the magnanimous but minute barber, as he strutted from chin to chin, like a self-satisfied bantam with a fine comb stuck upon his head, had sometimes lingered on his way to exchange compliments with her; nay, he had once presented her with a silver-wire tooth-brush and a many-coloured wash-ball; but from this time forth he never would speak word. Neither by sign look, or gesture had he even hinted a wish to establish her as

Mrs. Midge. Something, therefore, must be done, and Miss Niobe Raven had concocted a cunning plan. She had too long toiled to obtain a husband by fair means—she must now endeavour to catch one in her toils. Let us relate the sequel.

Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch, the linendraper, lived exactly opposite the evil-boding abode of the Ravens. No vulgar swain was Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch. No person in the town carried his head higher than he—and yet he was but a yard and a half high by his own measure, and some were base enough to say it wanted an inch. Neat to a fault, he had no other. When he stood at his door betimes, alternately rubbing his chin and his hands, one might have surmised that he was merely scenting the morning air; not so, he was sagacious of his quarry from afar. The tyrant custom usually kept him in doors during the day; but there was one particular pane at the shop-window end of his counter, through which he occasionally stole a glimpse at the on-goings of the neighbourhood. Through this counter-pane (for so it must be called) he contrived to behold the world; being himself as securely hidden as though he were shrouded by the blanket of the dark. From all the world, I say, was he effectually shrouded—except from one individual in it. Miss Niobe Raven had long cast her lynx, or rather links, regards upon him, for her glances were so many links, creating a strong chain of interest, which irresistibly drew her towards him; but which, as yet, had not succeeded in drawing him towards her. That mournful person had long mused over his many advantageous requisites, considered as a connubial votary; she with a sad earnestness contemplated his desirable qualities; she desiderated his stock in trade, lease, and fixtures; in a word—

"Melancholy marked him for her own!"

It was a fine evening. Dowlas, the corpulent apprentice, was preparing to shut up shop, and his master had retired into the back parlour, to relax his mind after the laborious avocations of the day. At this moment he was engaged in amiable sport with a puppy of a pug-dog, which had been recently presented to him as a mark of friendship and esteem, and which strongly resembled a Bath brick, running about on four knife-handles. Thus amiably and innocently employed, Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch was not precisely in a situation to heed the first interruption of his assistant, who tendered him a letter, which had been just delivered into the shop; but the whitey-brown parcel of caninity commencing a headlong assault upon the protruded leg of the apprentice, recalled his owner to the consciousness that there was another presence in the room.

"Any answer required, Dowlas?"

"None, Sir. Mr. Stoat's clerk left it on the counter, and I saw him afterwards call over the way—at Raven's."

"Oh! very well."

Left to himself, Nonsuch broke open the letter, with the air of one who is about to peruse the various items of a profitable order: instead of which he read as follows:—

"Sir: I am instructed by my client, Mr. Simon Raven, to acquaint you, that unless you instantly fulfil your engagements with Miss Niobe Raven, proceedings will be commenced against you.

"I remain your obedient servant,

"CAYMAN STOAT."

It may be unnecessary to state, that this epistle acted as an aperient upon the linendraper's mouth and eyes; indeed, so marvellously were they extended by wonder, that his face for the time lost that significant sagacity of expression which some have been pleased to ascribe to it. His first impulse, however, when reason was partially restored to him, was to re-peruse the document which, in the first instance, had so strangely discomposed his equanimity; and now he became tossed about in a sea of doubts and fears, out of which he emerged with a wet skin (for he was now perspiring copiously), to wander in a mazy labyrinth of conjecture. What could this letter mean?—what engagements had he ever contracted with Miss Niobe Raven? What proceedings were to be had against him in consequence of his non-fulfilment of this mysterious contract? Oh! it was a joke—a pleasant deceit practised upon him—a funny thing, contrived by that arch wag Raven, and that rum fellow Stoat. But soft!—Raven was any thing but an arch wag, and not the least like a rum fellow was Stoat. Conscience came to his aid at this juncture, a powerful auxiliary at all times, but particularly efficient as an agent to smooth down the ruffled soul of Nonsuch at the present moment. "Never!" and he arose with dignity; "*never* in thought, word, or deed, have I trifled with the peace of Miss Raven; never have I gone about to blight the happiness of that young lady."

Nonsuch was soothed and somewhat affected by the speech he had just concluded; and, taking his hat, he proceeded through the passage to the private door. "I will see Stoat, instantly, at all events," said he, "and learn what this letter means."

The fresh air slightly cooled his feverish gills, as, standing for a moment at the door, he sucked in a draught of the salubrious element; and now he went his way towards the residence of the attorney, with a studied and difficult steadiness, as of a conscious drunkard, purposely avoiding a glance at the opposite window, where he felt assured two evil eyes were employed in taking his likeness in one minute upon their several retinas. It was, as I have said, a fine evening; and doubtless the genial influence of the air and sky contributed to calm his inward perturbation; and by the time he had reached the field, which it was necessary to cross ere he might arrive at Stoat's door, a sentiment of tranquil peace was glowing in the bosom of Nonsuch.

It was a pretty paddock, over the sward of which he was now hastening; and yet at times he lingered—for the scene invited admiration. A few cows were picturesquely grouped in reclining attitudes, making, as it were, side faces as they ruminated;—standing silently at right angles, the head of one resting over the neck of the other, were two horses, looking like one clothes-horse; and by the side of the

hedge, on which clean linen had been laid to bleach, a skittish foal played his pranks—like an emancipated washing-stool overjoyed at the conclusion of its laborious duties.

"Innocent beasts!" exclaimed Nonsuch, with emotion, "how happy ye appear!—and is there then no happiness for me? Oh! yes, yes ——"—and as he strode over the stile and sprang into the road, another "yes" was jerked from his bosom—"I will soon put this little matterto rights."

"Good evening, Mr. Stoat," said the linendraper, entering the private office of the attorney, who appeared deeply engaged in letter-writing. "What do you mean by this?" and he handed him the note;—"'twas an absurd joke—indeed it was. Ha! ha! you'll get no six-and-eightpence for this, Stoat—no go, my old boy."

"You may call it an absurd joke, Mr. Nonsuch, if you please; but I am afraid you won't find it one," said the lawyer, solemnly; "but I would much rather be referred to your legal adviser: *we* can settle the business much better between ourselves."

"What do you mean?" faltered Nonsuch.

"We have the most incontestible evidence," resumed Stoat, "the most conclusive evidence, that you have gone so far in your attentions to Miss Raven, as to be unable to recede without rendering ample compensation."

"What do you mean?" reiterated Narcissus. "What *do* you mean?" and he sunk into a chair; "oh! tell me—how is this? what is it? how can it be?"

"The damages are laid at five thousand pounds," said the relentless lawyer; "young men should be discreet, Mr. Nonsuch—but now I fear it is too late."

There was an awful sincerity in the tones of Stoat, that fell like conviction authenticated upon the ears of the linendraper.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with the vague vacancy of a lunatic; "very good! Five thousand pounds! ha! ha! but tell me——"

"You are not in a situation," interrupted Stoat, "to listen to reason at the present moment. Who is your solicitor?"

"Ferret—Ferret—" said Nonsuch, waving his hand. "Ferret of Street End."

"We will consult together," cried Stoat, opening the door. "Good evening, Mr. Nonsuch."

"Good evening," said the other, and he departed with a mechanical motion worthy of an automaton.

A very different aspect did nature present to the linendraper, as he sneaked over the paddock, which, but a few minutes ago, had called forth the finer feelings of his nature. The cows were evidently making grimaces in ridicule of his forlorn plight; the two horses stared at him intently, as though about to burst into horse-laughs; and the foal, as he approached, kicked up its long, straight hind-legs with an air of unfeeling contempt.

"That foal is a fool," muttered Nonsuch, with bitter emphasis. "But, oh! what a conspiracy is now brought to maturity—let me, however, meet it like a man."

Thus saying, he deviated into a kind of canter, and, by these means soon brought himself to the door of Raven's house.

"Are Mr. Raven, Mrs. Raven, and Miss Raven within?" demanded Nonsuch, with astonishing firmness of utterance.

"They are, Mr. Nonsuch," said the servant; "will you walk in?"

"I will," cried Narcissus, and he sprang upon the mat; "conduct me to them instantly."

The servant tapped at the parlour-door; and, presently, a confused sound of voices broke upon the linendraper's ear.

"Bid Mr. Nonsuch to come in."

With a palpitating heart and a low bow did Nonsuch attend their summons.

"Oh! Sir," said Mrs. Raven, with a distant air, "we have been expecting you for some time.—But, Niobe, my child," and she turned towards her daughter, "what *is* the matter? I have to beg you will compose yourself."

Miss Niobe projected her hand deprecatingly towards her mother.

"No—no—I can never more be happy," she sobbed, as she buried her face in her pocket-handkerchief. "Oh! it is too much—too much, indeed!"

"Retire, my love, retire," urged the mother, with the face of an affectionate shark.—"You see, Mr. Nonsuch—" and she turned towards our hero, "how tremblingly sensitive the poor girl is!—Take your shroud with you into the drawing-room;—you can finish it there."

Nonsuch turned an oblique eye upon her as she retired. "Horrible goule!" he muttered; "'take your shroud into the drawing-room, and finish it there!' Would she could betake herself in her shroud to the drawing-room of death, there to be finished—unholy cannibal!"

"We are making shrouds, Mr. Nonsuch," said Mrs. Raven, with a simper; we have several funerals on hand, and business must be attended to, you know; will you excuse me for a few minutes? Mr. Raven will attend you directly."

"Certainly—certainly," exclaimed Nonsuch; and as he watched the diligent needle of Mrs. Raven, plying at the ghastly head-gear of the deceased unknown, and heard the monotonous ticking of coffin-nails from the back shop, a superstitious horror pervaded his frame. But the entrance of Raven dissipated in some measure this unmanly weakness.

"Well, Mr. Nonsuch, you are come at last," said Raven, with a cavernous croak; "but you look ill."

"I *am* ill—very ill," cried Nonsuch; "my mind has been harassed by a letter I have received."

"Oh!" exclaimed Raven, "you are very ill, are you?" and he gazed upon the other with a silent intensity of speculative expression, as though he were calculating how many square feet of oak, and how many gross of nails would be sufficient to furnish forth a genteel eternity packing-case for his victim;—"you may well be ill, considering how you have treated our poor Niobe."

"Indeed he may," sighed Mrs. Raven, crimping the border of the deadly night-cap she had then in hand.

"How I have treated your poor Niobe!" cried Narcissus, starting up. "What the devil—I beg pardon—what the deuce do you mean?—I have paid her no attentions—don't wish to do so—don't like her—won't have her."

"Oh! you won't—won't you?" said Raven, approaching with a malignant grin,—"but you shall have her—we will make you have her—you must have her."

"I'll be d——d if I do!" said Nonsuch, between his teeth, buttoning his breeches-pockets with the air of one who *will* not be overreached.

"And I'll be d—— d if you don't!" retorted Raven, bearing away the now completed shroud towards the door.

"Fie! fie! gentlemen," interposed Mrs. Raven; "Mr. Nonsuch, compose yourself.—Mr. Raven—Simon, my dear, be calm—for mercy's sake be calm."

"What does it all mean?" cried Nonsuch. "Raven, come back—explain, explain!"

"The short and the long of it is," said Raven, "that you must marry my daughter, or let the law take its course—we have your own letters against you—several."

"Affectionate and tender letters," interrupted Mrs. Raven.

"Affectionate—tender letters!" and Nonsuch staggered towards the door; "letters!"—he repeated, while his eyes rolled about in their sockets with melodramatic rapidity,—"vile counterfeits—base forgeries!—But Ferret shall see to this, depend upon it."

"I thought he'd say as much," said Raven, addressing his wife,—"but let him prove it if he can."

"It is a vile world, Mr. Raven; and Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch is as bad as the rest," remarked the wife.

"Well, Sir, we have nothing more to say to you," resumed Raven, pointing to the door—"we have these letters against you—we have you in black and white—good evening."

"Oh! very well, very well," said Nonsuch with affected stoicism, and muttering some unintelligible announcement respecting Ferret, he retired from the house, carrying over the way a burden of anguish, such as the most brawny martyr must necessarily have tottered under.

Once more within the silent secrecy of his little back parlour, did Nonsuch con over the eventful proceedings of this unfortunate evening.

"To what have I been destined by a cruel and merciless fate!" he apostrophised,—"they say, the Ravens say, that they have got letters against me; they have taken out letters patent, as it were, for the purpose of making me their peculiar property—they have me in black and white—the Ravens say they have me in black and white—Ha! ha! a magpie between three ravens—a precious chance of coming off with good colours.—But, hilloah! who's there?"

The door opened, and a head made its appearance. "Are you alone?" inquired its possessor, as the rest of his person made itself visible in the parlour. He was a short stout man, in a huge neck-cloth and whiskers, with large calves upon very short legs, and small

feet like flat-irons, stuck at the end of them. It was Captain Trigger.

"Come to have a rubber at cribbage with you," said he. "But what's the matter?—you look ill."

Nonsuch gazed earnestly at his visitor. "No, no; I'm not ill," he replied; "but there's something *here*." And he placed his finger upon the centre button of his Valencia waistcoat.

"Take Gargles's stomach pills," cried the other, handing down the cribbage-board from the mantel-piece; "they'll set you to rights, I warrant you."

"Throw physic to the dogs!" said Nonsuch, waving his hand, and tossing fretfully in his chair.

"To the dogs, eh?" rejoined Trigger.—"Bark is the thing for dogs—ha! ha!" and he laughed vociferously.

Nonsuch heaved forth a heavy sigh; and, with much apparent deliberation, replaced the cards and cribbage-pegs into the small box, which, when open, also officiated as a board.

"Can you be secret?" said he, advancing solemnly towards the captain; "for, oh! Trigger—can you be secret?"

"As dead men are; or the watchman who helps to put them into the sack," cried his friend.—"But go on—don't gasp in that unusual manner; you look hideous—upon my soul you do.—Let's have some grog."

"Mix for yourself; I know you like it cold," said Nonsuch, with woeful emphasis; and, as the captain proceeded with his agreeable employment, and sucked in the congenial cordial, the linendraper imparted the full nature and extent of his present woes.

The captain took a pinch of snuff at the conclusion of this narrative, and pounced upon the spirit-bottle; and as he gazed long and earnestly at his friend, in like manner as long and as earnestly did his friend gaze upon him.

"It is very strange!" at length remarked Trigger.—"Did you never love this young Raven, Nonsuch?"

"Never!"

"Nor paid your addresses to her?"

"Never!"

"Nor addressed letters to her?"

"Never!"

"Nor to any body else?"

"Nev—— ha! ha! ha!" and now suddenly starting up,

> "Like moody Madness, laughing wild
> Amid severest woe,"

Nonsuch discharged an unintelligible ecstasy of mirth fearfully prolonged.

"Oh! Trigger—you good fellow," cried he, at length, capering towards his companion; "you have hit it, my boy;—I have addressed letters to Penelope Pincroft, which——"

"They have got into their possession," interrupted Trigger.—"Sit down—where does Pincroft live?—I'm off to her house at once—d'ye think she's at home?"

"She's at her long home!" said Nonsuch, mournfully.—"She died six months ago."

"Poor Pincroft!" ejaculated the captain. "That's unlucky; but stay—the letters were addressed to her, of course?"

"No, they were not," replied Nonsuch, alarmed; "they were conveyed through a servant, without any address, lest they should fall into the old lady's hands."

"Oh Lord! oh Lord! that's worse still," said the captain, scratching his head; and a pause of some minutes ensued.

Intense thoughts appeared to be travelling hastily athwart the brow of the captain, as leaning forward towards Nonsuch, he demanded:—

"Has old Raven feathered his nest?"

"I believe so.—He has plenty of money."

"Any settled on the daughter?"

"Oh yes!—lots.—Two thousand pounds."

"Ha!" cried Trigger, significantly, "then why don't you marry her?"

"I marry her!" cried Nonsuch with emotion; "live in a family vault! No, no; I should soon be a job for my father-in-law, depend upon it. Why, they live upon the dead; they're jackals—hyenas—"

"Not laughing hyenas, at all events," cried the captain; "but Nonsuch, my boy, upon second thoughts, it will be the best thing you can do. You'll never be able to prove that these letters were not addressed to her; they'll get swinging damages, and I don't think that will be money well laid out."

"I'll be laid out myself first," exclaimed Nonsuch, in a rage; "I would shroud it with pleasure rather than put up with that spotted spinster—that gawky giraffe—"

"I say, Nonsuch, do you know," said Trigger, after a pause, playing with eighteen pence which he had got, all in sixpences, in his pocket, "do yo know that I am steeped in poverty to the very lips, into which a very unsatisfactory portion of provender finds its way; do you know that life is dear, and living not cheap; and do you know that money is important to me, and that I must have money?"

"Captain!" expostulated Nonsuch, somewhat affrighted,——

"Listen to me," interrupted the other; and now in a voice of secrecy did the captain pour into the ear of his host a well digested plan, which it is not expedient at present to disclose.

Various were the emotions that seemed to agitate the linendraper during Trigger's recital. Hope, fear, doubt, expectation, uncertainty, rapture, coursed over his expressive countenance with inconceivable rapidity.

"It'll do, won't it?" inquired the Captain with a knowing wink, as he concluded.

"I think it will," returned Nonsuch.

"You'll go through with it without fail, 'pon honour?" asked the other.

"I will."

The two friends here indulged themselves in a burst of exhilirating laughter, and shaking hands with enviable cordiality, separated for the night.

With a very peculiar flourish did Nonsuch jerk the razor over his beard on the following morning; and with a more than usual attention was every appointment of the outward man arranged and disposed. Leaving his shop to the management, *pro tempore*, of the corpulent apprentice, Nonsuch sallied forth with almost fairy lightness of footfall, bending his way towards the churchyard. He was not mistaken. Miss Niobe Raven was already there; she started, and turned blue with a slight admixture of green, and prepared to flee, but Nonsuch detained her with his persuasive tongue.

"Am I then so odious, dear Miss Raven?" he murmured, and seizing her hand, he led her to a convenient flat grave-stone, under which reposed (perhaps) the remains of Wiggles the surveyor—"sit down one moment, I entreat, and let me confess all."

"Your meaning is mysterious, Sir," said Miss Raven, inclining her ear towards him—"explain yourself."

"Let me elucidate," cried Narcissus;—"you love me—nay, deny it not—else why that excusable fiction concerning the letters—you blush; but perhaps there was no other method of loosening my tongue-tied diffidence. Why, however, did your respected parents—why did that worthy couple refer the matter to Stoat?—there I am destroyed."

"How so, Mr. Narcissus?" demanded the lady.

"Let not that cold word 'Mister' be permitted in your discourse; call me Nonsuch—dear Nonsuch—I have loved you long—let us elope."

"Elope!" screamed Miss Niobe, opening and anon closing with sweet confusion her eyes, which, in the latter predicament, looked like two black gaiter button-holes—"Oh! Mr. Nonsuch, fie! fie!"

"What would the world say," cried Nonsuch, with animation, "should I be tamely led to the altar like a sheep to the slaughter? The neighbourhood is, no doubt, already aware of the contemplated proceedings against me; let us mystify them—let us consult our own inclinations—let us tie the knot at once—let us proceed with the ceremony without any ceremony."

Miss Raven was balancing the matter upon the point of her mind, when Nonsuch destroyed the prudential equilibrium by a *coup de main*.

"I have no time to wait," he cried, "the shop requires my presence. She smiled with grim satisfaction—"*your* shop," he added, tenderly taking her hand, which he pressed devoutly. A reciprocal pressure assured him.

"Say that you consent," he whispered.

"I do," was the soft and complying response.

"Meet me then," cried Nonsuch, eagerly, "at the end of Gafferlane to-morrow morning, six o'clock; a license, and a licensed post-chaise shall be ready for you. Here comes Gargle, the apothecary—Farewell!"

Darting down the yew-tree walk, Nonsuch was out of sight in a moment.

On the evening of that eventful diurnal period, the sun took a cold bath as usual (for he is very regular in his habits), and arose "with shining morning face," punctually at four o'clock on the following day.

It was about half-past five when Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch was seen to emerge from a post-chaise that drew up at the end of Gafferlane. With an anxious uncertainty, as he sniffed the morning breeze, did he look into vacancy for the object of his expectation; and, at length his best wishes were realized. Miss Niobe Raven was approaching with hasty steps the scene of projected flight.

"Are you ready?" inquired the linen-draper.

"Perfectly," was the tremulous rejoinder.

"Then let me hand you to the vehicle in waiting," cried he, as, in a style of his own, he handed her over the stile of Mullins the grazier, and escorted her to the carriage.

"Will you allow me?" cried a voice from within that convenience, —a voice which it was plain did not belong to Nonsuch; and a hand was put forth at the same moment, which, it was equally evident, was not his property.

The repetition of that polite question, put, as it was, in politest accents, appeared in no slight degree to unsettle the serenity of Miss Niobe Raven; but a somewhat unmetropolitan thrust from behind, and the sudden sliding of the steps under the vehicle, precluded further parley, and the carriage drove off without such satisfactory explanation, as, in common cases, might have been deemed respectably indispensable.

Nonsuch lingered for some moments in the high-road in a pleasing reverie, and a face disclosed itself at the miniature window in the rear of the post-chaise, which appeared to be pleasing unto him; waiting, therefore, till the bobbing up and down of the postilion ceased to be discernible by the naked eye, he retraced his steps, and soon found himself at the door of Mr. Simon Raven, the undertaker.

That dolorous individual and his exemplary sleeping partner were at this moment in the pleasing pursuance of their respective dreams— narcotic avocations which they usually enjoyed without molestation till eight o'clock; but Nonsuch, bursting without ceremony into the chamber, caused them suddenly to erect themselves in their bed; where they sat arranging their nightcaps, with visages of extreme perplexity.

"Are you not a precious pair?" cried Nonsuch, drawing aside the curtains at the foot of the couch, and revealing himself to their gradually extended gaze; "are you not a pretty pair?" and he projected his hand like an Athenian orator, "to connive at these doings on the part of your daughter."

"What do you mean, Mr. Nonsuch?" cried the parents conjunctively.

"What do I mean?" ejaculated the other, poking his fore-finger towards each, "why, that Niobe has eloped with Captain Trigger."

"Gracious goodness! God bless my soul!" and other outcries followed, as the two tumbled out of bed, and Nonsuch closed the bed-curtains, and retreated to the door.

"Shall I order a hearse and four directly?" cried he, through the keyhole, "we shall be able to overtake them at Gravelstone, doubtless. I know we shall catch them at the Spilsbury Arms."

"Will you step down," said Raven, hurriedly, through the same medium, "and see my horse put into the chaise-cart directly?"

"I will;" and Nonsuch trotted down stairs with serene composure.

It was a sorry animal whose energies were now about to be called into requisition. Guiltless of oats, it seemed very little better acquainted with hay; and the state of the rack evinced the lamentable fact, that the forlorn steed had been fain, occasionally, to solace its digestive organs with timber.

After a brace of shakes, however, on the part of the paralyzed palfrey, he suffered himself to be attached to the vehicle; and the two Ravens, having by this time adjusted their plumage, and followed by Nonsuch, took their seats in the chaise-cart, and were soon seen goading the debilitated brute towards the Spilsbury Arms.

A clean-napkined waiter met them as they hurried into the passage.

"A lady and gentleman!" demanded Raven.

"A lady and gentleman!" urged his wife.

"A lady and gentleman!" echoed the linendraper.

"You'll find them in No. 4.," said the waiter, pointing with his finger; and as they rushed past, the wind of their garments lifted with undulating motion the clean napkin of the much marvelling retainer.

A scene presented itself as the three made their way into the room which may easily be conceived, and with no less facility described. Captain Trigger had been fighting with hunger, and having called toast to his aid, had now commenced the second round; while Miss Niobe Raven was enacting imitation woe on the sofa. At the sight of her family, however, the young lady shrieked hysterically, and rising suddenly, tossed herself into the arms of the maternal branch.

The old lady heaved a groan, but whether caused by corporal or mental trouble, did not at the moment appear altogether evident.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried Raven, advancing towards the table; "restore my daughter instantly: she is contracted to Mr. Nonsuch."

"No such thing!" returned the Captain, coolly, decapitating an egg; "she is mine—she must be mine. Call your good lady hither, and let me explain. Come hither, Mrs. Raven."

The old lady approached, and being politely handed to a seat by the Captain, prepared herself for the statement, which it was evident, by sundry clearings of the throat, he was now about to make.

"Do you see my injured friend yonder?" said he, pointing towards Nonsuch, who during the preceding arrangement had opened a conversation with Miss Niobe; "and do you remember poor Penelope Pincroft?"

A ghastly derangement of the facial organs made itself manifest in Mr. and Mrs. Raven.

"We have the most conclusive evidence to prove," continued Trigger, "that the letters you proposed bringing in evidence against my friend, were addressed to that deceased person. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. We will have—that is, *I* will have Miss Niobe

—or we'll take five hundred pounds—or we'll indict you for a conspiracy."

"What do you mean?" stammered Mr. Simon Raven.

"Oh dear me! only think of that!" faltered Mrs. Raven—and a pause ensued.

"He has loved you long and deeply," urged Nonsuch, at the other end of the room; "why, Lord bless you! he's a military man, and only wants a little money to obtain a colonelcy. Brave as a badger, hang me if he isn't!"

"Well, what do you both say?" resumed Trigger; "I have loved your daughter long and deeply, as my friend observes, but my confounded modesty has prevented an earlier disclosure of my sentiments."

"Do you hear that?" insinuated Nonsuch.

Miss Raven smiled through her tears.

"We will consider about it," cried Raven, more calmly; "there's plenty of time, Captain."

"You military men are so pressing," observed Mrs. Raven. "Niobe, my love, walk this way. Do you object to Captain Trigger for a husband, my child?"

"Dear me, mamma, what *can* I say?" said Miss Raven, and a glance towards the Captain conveyed the rapturous remainder of the assent.

"I see how it is," said Trigger, in an under-tone to his friend.

"Come, then, let us all have breakfast together," exclaimed Nonsuch, in an ecstasy; "and if Miss Raven will permit me, I shall be most happy to present her with a wedding-dress—white gauze, of the finest manufacture, over white satin of equal richness: a very stout article, I assure you."

"I would much rather it should be black satin," observed Mrs. Raven.

"Black, of course," said Raven, decisively.

"Let it be black, if you please," simpered Miss Niobe; "I would much rather, as mamma says, have it black."

"Black be it then," cried Nonsuch; "and now let us sit down to breakfast."

OMICRON.

COQUET SIDE,

AND THE LEGEND OF ROUGH-RIDING WILL.

"There's mony a salmon lies in Tweed,
And mony a trout in Till;
But Coquet, Coquet still for me,
If I may have my will.
Full freshly from his mountain-holds
Comes down the rapid Tyne;
But Coquet's still the stream o' streams,
So let her still be mine." T. D.

If there be a stream in the United Kingdom on which an angler would bestow his best affections, that stream is assuredly the Coquet. If one of our border valleys is richer than another in the remains of antiquity—if one is hallowed more than another by the "hills where dwelled holy saints"—if one is rendered more romantic than another by the visible presence of those old stone-keeps and impregnable fastnesses, whence the moss-troopers issued to harry the herds of their foes, that valley is Coquet-dale; and from Cushit-Law and Cheviot, which look down on the infant fountains of the pastoral stream, to Warkworth, where, sweeping round the base of one of the noblest strongholds of the old border barons, it calmly seeks the sea, in wildness, in savage and stern beauty, in soft and pastoral sweetness, or in warmly wooded and cultivated richness, there flows not the stream whose banks we have trod which can surpass those of the salmon-haunted Coquet. At the head are the first breed of the pepper-and-mustard terriers, immortalized by Sir Walter, kept and bred by a few of the finest specimens of border-troopers that ever trod the heather; at the foot exists one of the finest salmon and trout fisheries in the world,—down all the vale, remains of the Romans and Celts, old abbeys, keeps, castles and caves, crags, scaurs, cataracts, wild mountains and broad moors, with the wind "howling in the wilderness," combine to render it a favourite haunt of the poet and the antiquary;—black pools, which the breeze, winnowed through the cool alder-leaves, curls into forms which the angler loves, stream-throats and circling eddies, where the monarchs of the stream lie sullenly, —eagles and ravens among the cliffs—plovers, moor-game, red and black, down the heathy hill sides—and the speckled trout springing in the smaller burns, that roll down into the maternal bosom of the Coquet,—all, all are here;—and here, too, is the old famous hospitality which makes the rambler forget his fire-side, and soothe the hours of weariness and depression, which violent sports and mental excitement leave behind. The border sports and spirit are here; and here, many and many a time, you will fall in with some old crone, who, in the pauses of her pipe, will recite you in a dreamy voice, that sounds like the echo of the olden time, snatches of ballads which Dr. Percy, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Sir Walter himself seem never to have

heard. There she sits, and seems Tradition; the ample chimney recess half hiding her form; her palsied hand, with the short pipe, resting on her knee, and the thin blue wreaths of smoke scattered into fantastic forms by the tremulous motion of the shrunken limb; her feet beating time to the ancient chant, her dim blue eyes lighted up by the memory of other days, and her thin gray hairs escaping from her coif; there she sits, till you feel the awe of old age stealing over your spirit; and the weak withered creature, in her wild animation, seems to you something unearthly, from whose fascination you fear, yet are wishful, to escape. She tells you of a hundred deeds of blood which have been committed on these hills—of troopers borne down to the ground, fighting desperately even when transfixed with the spear—of stubborn strokes and subtle skill combating against each other;—in dolorous strains she chants the ballad of "The Woeful Wednesnesday of the Wreckhill," when the Scots slaughtered every soul of that doomed place; or, changing her measure to one more sprightly, she tells you that,

"The Umfranvilles of Coquet-side,
And down the dale of Reed,
Are lords of mickle power and pride;
A stern and stalwarth breed.
From Elsdon down to Warkworth-keep
Their wide domains extend;
A thousand troopers stanch and true,
At their bugle blast attend."

Listening to the old beldame's chant, you almost see before you Robert with the beard, the first Umfranville who received all Redesdale, with the castle of Harbottle, which stands on the Coquet, upon the condition of "defending that part of the country from enemies and wolves," which grant he received from William the Conqueror, in the tenth year of his reign; you hear the gathering of his troopers in his castle court, the clang of the drawbridge, the rattling of spears and shields, and the ringing of bits and stirrups as the wild warriors fall into order at the approach of the stern Norman; your blood mounts up at their gallant array, and you feel "the spirit breathed from dead men to their kind," the spirit of wild adventure and rushing into combats, and grappling in mortal struggles with fierce foes, the battle-shout, and the cry of victory booming over the hard-fought field;—but, lo! the tale is done, and with it the vision has departed, your blood resumes its equable flow; and now, with a smile half of scorn, half of regret, you remember that the family is gone, the lands and forests past into twenty different hands, their very memory forgotten, save by some frail old creature like that now again sunk into a state of almost fatuity before you. "Such is the moral of all human tales!"

But we must keep to our original purpose, which was to introduce every one who can tie on a bob-fly, or holla to a hound, to the sports, men, and banks of the Coquet. Let the reader then accompany us in an expedition down the valley.

Leaving the Chevy-chace coach at Elsdon, Carter-bar, or Reidswire, where the famous battle was fought between the Scotch and

English wardens of the marches, the rambler, with fishing-rod in hand, and creel on back, containing a pair or two of stockings, a shirt, and the volume he loves best (say Childe Harold, for it is fittest for the mountains and streams), in a few hours finds himself among the verdant hills of Kidland lordship, with the immense heights of Cushit-Law and Cheviot, looking down upon his solitary path. Coquet is yet but a burn, though the hill-streams, which, at every hundred yards, leap into her embrace, will presently make her a very respectable matronly river. From the top of Cheviot, or of its rival in loftiness, Cushit-Law, the view is grand beyond description. Lie down, or kneel, for that is the posture the overpowering magnificence of the scene causes you to choose, and look round, above, and beneath. What a tumbled tempest of mountains! as if the waves of some mighty ocean had been arrested in a storm, and fixed for ever, silent and motionless, in the forms which they now wear. Such the poet, if not the philosopher, may deem was the manner of their formation. Vast and powerful,—but calm and peaceful, they seem to repose, their crushing energy and massy strength quiescent, like that of sleeping lions. The small silver stream of the Coquet pursues its course far down the winding valley; and the mind, overpowered with the magnificence around, loses its image with regret as it escapes from the sight among the distant hills. A thousands rills are seen sliding into it on both sides, till the river seems like the trunk of some tree, of which the innumerable silver branches are formed by the smaller streams. What sound is that a hundred feet beneath, and what form is it that breaks away from the cliff with the rapidity of thought, and dives deep down into the dark valley? See! he has stopped in his sheer descent, and hovers for a moment ere he rises into the clouds. It is a gray eagle; he has sped away from his eyrie, as if he spurned the presence of man, and was enraged that his solitary retreat was polluted by human footstep; and now he rises in circling rounds, as if by a spiral aerial staircase, until the gazer's eye is dazzled by the sunlight which *he* can look upon, and his form seems to have melted away in the overpowering radiance. But lo! what is this? he has again come into sight, and is descending with fluttering wing and shrieks that echo through the hollows of the neighbouring cliffs. Rapid, rapid, his fall increases in speed as he nears the earth; and there, at length he has struck the hill side within twenty yards of his nest, and after a rebound from the elastic sod, which of itself must have killed him, he lies still and stone-dead. Wonderful! he has been stricken with death even when at the pinnacle of his proud flight, and hurled down to the earth from the very gates of heaven. It is not so. Look at the small dark animal, which lies beside him, its body crushed to a mummy, but its teeth still fixed in the throat of the regal bird, whence the blood is yet flowing. That insignificant reptile, whose form declares it to be one of the weazel tribe, has slain the monarch of the air. It must have fastened upon him in his own eyrie, and clung to him during his descent and his long flight upwards, until at last it reached a vital part. We remember once to have skinned a red deer with a pen-knife on the summit of Ben-a-Venochar in the forest of Athole, and to have carried the hide and

the head for four miles to the first forester's hut. The animal died at our feet, having been reduced to extreme debility by the *bots*,—a species of worm which infest them, and after quoting the speech of the melancholy Jaques, and mourning over it after our own fashion, we fairly set to and took off its "incarnate skin." We, therefore, shall perform the same office for the eagle; that we may thus have two characteristic remembrancers of Cheviot and the Highlands. Meantime, yonder are the hills of Yarrow and Ettrick; and surely that particular mountain where the sunbeams are sleeping is Borehope, for near its foot dwells the dear old Ettrick Shepherd. Meet and fit it is that his hills should glow with a proud consciousness of the immortality which he has bestowed upon them. From the topmost height of Cheviot, darling old bard! we waft a blessing on thy declining years, such a blessing as thou hast a thousand times bestowed upon thousands. Though poor in worldly goods, thou art rich, and thou knowest it, in the kind wishes of grateful hearts; and thou knowest that for thy sake the little cottage that stands by the Yarrow and the scenes around it will become the pilgrim-shrine of many an unborn generation. Blessings be upon thee and thine,—"Bard of the wilderness, blythesome and cumberless!"

After some difficult dissection about the muscles and tendons of the eagle's thigh, and the upper vertebræ of his neck, and after skinning the stoat, for such we find the slayer of the eagle to be, let us give another look to the east, where stretches in a dim line the German Ocean—to the west, where the Atlantic gleams like a rich lace border to the shores of Ayr,—to the south, where broad Northumberland is spread out at our feet—and to the north, where, far over the plains and hills of Scotland, old Benlomond rises like a pillar, on which the blue arch of heaven is erected; and then, depositing our natural curiosities in our creel, let us descend once more into the valley of the Coquet.

The hills and the glens here are such as no other part of the island possesses; from the higher mountains they look like verdant hillocks regularly disposed in ranks,—or like so many natural pyramids covered with green sward; but enter their recesses, and the endless variety of the hollows and elevations, of brushwood, of mossy banks, cliffs grown over with lichens and ivy, or standing bare like the skeleton of the world partially uncovered, falls of water and broad peaceful pools, is such as to seduce the rambler for hours from his path, lest he should lose one beauty concealed in the windings of the well-nigh endless labyrinth. The huts of the shepherds stand in every glen, always upon the banks of a stream, and it is surprising what stately, buxom, fine-looking women these sturdy herdsmen have generally prevailed on to share their solitary lot. There is one new-married girl in particular at the foot of Kidland Lee, who wants nothing but the crown upon her lofty white brow to form the very *beau ideal* of an eastern queen. Such a throat and arms we never beheld before, either upon lowly maiden or lady of high degree. At the same time let us advise no one under six feet, and who cannot lift a hundred-weight in each hand, and strike them together three times successively above his head, to behave in any other than the most

respectful manner to Menie Temple; for setting aside that she herself might possibly be able to chastise any town-bred impertinence, she possesseth in her husband a stalwarth young shepherd, who has at least a score of belts and medals to show as tokens of his success in athletic exercises. The myriads of sheep which find, among the sweet short herbage of these verdant hills, the food which seems to be peculiarly favourable for the breed denominated "the Cheviot," are never counted but once a-year; *viz.* at shearing time. Yet, though this seems to give one the idea rather of the "wild flock that never needs a fold," and that depredations might with ease be committed upon them undiscovered, the fact itself is widely different. The shepherd's dog is here found more sagacious than in any other district. The shepherd sends his dog through among the flock, and in storms or sunshine he will know, by the expression of the faithful and sagacious animal, on his return, whether all is well or not with his flock. If a sheep or lamb is dead or in distress, and the dog himself cannot extricate it, he leads his master to the spot. The anecdotes of the sagacity of these animals among the Cheviots are innumerable, and surpassing the belief of those who only see him in towns and sophisticated by human society alone. But here, at the bend of this burn, is a record of the terrible calamities which sometimes befal the flocks among the mountains. Here the bones of at least half a hundred sheep are scattered about, having evidently been swept into the burn in a flood, and deposited by some former eddy of the swollen waters. The storm has burst unexpectedly upon the hills, and while doubtless many of the poor animals were overwhelmed in the snow-drifts, others have sought the shelter of the steep mountain-side at a little distance. A rapid thaw has succeeded, a thousand streams have at once torn down the descent, and the helpless flock swept down and drowned in the boiling and foaming depths of this very burn which now trickles clear and shallow over the scarcely covered pebbles.

Here is Milkhope-spout! Hark, through the din of the falling water, how the hoarse raven croaks; and lo! at that shout what innumerable "corby caws," hawks, kites, and other birds of prey have issued from their unhallowed retreats and darken the very air. In the maws of these voracious birds will be the grave of many a tender lamb before June is out. One would think the souls of all the most ferocious moss-troopers were winging about us in these obscene fowls, condemned to perform for ever, in successive shapes, the deeds of blood and butchery which formed the occupation of their human lives. A deadly hatred does the Cheviot shepherd bear to Milkhope-spout, and to the vulture inhabitants of its dark and terrific recesses.

The shadows are now striding over the valley, and beginning to creep up the sides of the mountains. The curlew is filling all the hollows with his long musical melancholy wail, and the moorcock is calling his family to evening prayer. The "bonny lucken-gowan has faulded up her e'e," and the sheep and lambs are lying on the mountain side, grouped like the stars in the firmament. The young moon is peering pale over the edge of the hills, waiting timidly, like an eastern bride, till her lord disappears, that she may shine out in

all her glory among her attendant stars—the maidens of her harem. The fitful lullabies of distant torrents is hushing Nature into repose; and it is time for the rambler, unless he wishes to lie on the hill-side in his plaid, to seek out some shelter for the night.

At a turn in the glen we meet with an old shepherd, carrying in his arms a lamb, whose birth has cost its mother her life. He is taking it to his cottage, where, on the green plot of grass between his door and the fresh brook, like Wordsworth's pet lamb, it will be "by a slender cord tethered to a stone," and may haply meet with some "child of beauty rare," like Barbara Lewthwaite, twice a day to bring it fresh water from the running stream; and twice a day, when the dew is on the ground, draughts of warm and new milk. Into his cottage the shepherd will welcomely receive us for the night; ham and eggs, with a fresh trout or two taken from the brook before his door, and washed down by a draught from our own pocket-bottle, will form our repast; and an hour or two's converse with the intelligent old man about his flocks, or the storms that occur among the mountains, will furnish a proper prelude to the prayer with which we seek our places of repose. There is in the language of such men as our host—one who has lived a long life in solitary places, and who feels his utter and immediate dependence upon the Ruler of the elements, a solemnity and natural piety, which the inhabitants of populous districts can never meet with, and scarcely imagine. The aspects of Nature in her wildest, sternest, and loveliest forms, have all and each been so vividly before him—in the magnificence of his mountains, the terrible storms to which they are subject, and the deep hush and holy repose which at other times they wear, that his very voice has caught a solemn gravity, and his features an expression of reverence that reflects the influences which sink down into the heart of the "dweller out of doors." He speaks and looks like one in the visible presence of some awful and yet beloved being. He is the very spirit of Wordsworth's poetry individualized. To the light and frivolous his manner and converse seem austere; but beneath that grave outward show, for austerity it is not, there beats a heart warm, glowing, universal in its love to nature and man—there dwells a spirit devout and philosophical, in the best and most ample meaning of those terms. Such men there are—many such men, among the solitary glens of the Cheviots; and such a man the rambler, if he chooses to follow the margin of the Cairnpeth burn two or three miles upwards from the Coquet, will find in old Kenneth Ross. But we have bid the old shepherd farewell, and are hastening to the Coquet. The grass is "dewy with Nature's tear-drops;" the early sounds of mountain and valley are abroad, the streams are singing down with a merrier din than before, and, dearer than all to the angler, they wear that swollen and slightly discoloured appearance which insures him a creelful of the best and the biggest. The glorious morning and the sport it promises demand a song; as we lash together, therefore, the pieces of our rod (for never shall brass-rings or steel-screws cramp the elasticity of water-whip of ours), let us shout aloud to the mountains an old fisher's song.—

The merry morn is waking to the throstle's roundelay,
Upon the bosom of the stream the fresh'ning breezes play;
A night of showers has steep'd the flowers in the jolly angler's path,
As cheerily he wends his way by greenwood hill and strath.

Hurra! the streams are up, and from their mountain-hold so green,
Come rapid down in foamy falls, with blackening pools between;
The breeze sweeps through the alder's bough, and curls the wave beneath,
Where the sullen trout leaps fiercely out, and plunges on his death.

The brown drake wing my foremost fly, the heckle deadly black,
The hare's ear gray to sweep the stream, the blue wing on his back;
Then oh! for Coquet's waters dark in the merry month of May,
And the deadliest hand with any man 'tween Tynedale-Head and Tay!

Let others toil for power and fame, or crouch to rank and wealth,
Give me the angler's gentle sport, the angler's ruddy health;
To meet the sun upon the lake with a bosom light and free,
And sink to rest when the glowing west drops down the distant sea!

Disciples of dear old Izaak Walton! ye who are only familiar with catching "a brace" of trout in a day, and who lug them from their mud holes like lumps of lead—ye who hang heavily over the canal-like banks of a muddy river, with nought but fat cows feeding in fat pastures around you, and a lazy current, that seems Lethé, flowing, or rather seeming to flow, past you; how shall we ever convey to you the dimmest idea of the continual, free, wild delights of a rambler and an angler among our moorland border streams? Here is little save silent mountains, and silent clouds flitting across their sides, and but for the bleating of the lambs, or the whistle of the *whaups*, you might deem the world was dead. You and the trouts seem the only living things left from out the beings created at the beginning. You seem the last of your race, waging a war of extermination against the only creatures yet undestroyed. The running stream before you is Time, and you are Death, your rod is the scythe, and you are mowing down——Ha! your reverie is cut short, you drew your tail-fly round that bend in the bank; the sullen curl you knew not to be the natural eddy of the water; you struck, and the sudden spring upwards into the air of the terrified trout, displaying his brawny back and yellow belly, shows you have hooked the demon of the deep, whom no three pounds, fair fisher's weight, will weigh down between Teviot and Tyne.—Whirr! bizz! turrh! goes the wheel with the sound of a winnowing machine, your rod bends and quivers, the rings make sweet music as the line flies through them, your hands and arms tremble; and there you stand, your frame quaking with delight, every hair and pore alive with excitement; and for ten minutes you feel all the stormy joys and fears of an angler; till at length, every shift of your finny foe exhausted—every old haunt visited—every twist, turn, tumble, plunge, and convulsion defeated, you have him on the bank, walloping the daisies; and now, awaking from the ferocious dream, you take off your hat, wipe the big beads of sweat from your forehead, look around you, and discover that the hills and the skies are still in being, and not annihilated in the madness of your late sensations. You feel that Livy lies not in the tale of the "earthquake reeling unheededly away," when

the Carthaginians and Romans fought at Thrasimene, for since the first plunge of your captured enemy you believe it may have happened to yourself. A few hours pass away, and throwing back the small trouts you have a creelful of half-pounders, which, with your first great prize, makes your creel-strap cut your shoulder; and putting up your rod, you saunter down the margin of the river in search of some place of refreshment and repose.

Where a mountain-stream meets the Coquet, you find the ruins of a border-keep, standing on a rocky elevation, whence two vallies stretch away in lengthened vistas. A huge black cloud darkening in the southern sky, together with the portentous stillness that settles down upon all nature, tell you that a thunder-storm is approaching. Every dimple is gone from the dark pools of the river, the winds are dead, the voice of the curlew is hushed, the air itself seems sickening, and not a sound disturbs the awful silence save the plaintive bleating of the flocks on the mountain side, conscious of the coming convulsion. You seek the shelter of the old walls, and look around with wonder at their enormous thickness, their narrow loopholes to admit the light, or to serve as "coigns of vantage" against an approaching enemy; the holes in the stone jambs for the bars which secured the massive gate, the remains of the steep winding stair which once led to the upper apartments, and the projection near the fire-place above the vault door for pouring scalding water, hot sand, or melted lead upon the moss-troopers who might be assailing the entrance. All these monuments of former lawlessness and insecurity carry your mind back into the regions and times of romance.

> "Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
> Power dwelt amid her passions; in proud state
> Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
> Doing his evil will, nor less elate
> Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
> What want these outlaws, conquerors should have?
> But history's purchased page to call them great;—
> A wider space, an ornamental grave;—
> Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave!"
>
> *Childe Harold.*

But now the black thunder-cloud has closed in upon the valley, and hangs like a pall over a corpse, so still and dead seems the whole earth. At last a bright flash pierces through the darkness, and flames over hill and vale; and, almost before the livid gleam has vanished, a terrific crash of thunder bursts throughout the air, and proclaims the awful proximity of the deadly fluid. There is yet a more terrible proof of the danger being near—for see! on the opposite hill side, not two hundred yards from the spot where we are now standing, a sheep has been struck by the lightning, and lies a scorched and blackened heap upon the sward. Hear how the thunder rolls through the recesses of the mountains—dying, dying—far, far away, till another burst swallows up the sound, and startles the listener to a sense of his immediate danger. Big, black, sullen drops now strike and rebound from the elastic turf; the lengthened intermission between the flash and the report proves that the elemental convulsion is removing to a distance; and at length the heavy clouds

let slip their burthen, and the "big rain comes dancing to the earth," streams, and hisses along the ground, and gushes into every hollow, as if one vast water-spout had deluged the whole valley. By-and-by the wind rises, and down the two glens which the eye commands, you see the clouds of rain, driven by the gusts like tall columns, following each other—impetuous, yet disciplined into divisions, until at the angle where they meet they rush together, howling and combating like demons in the regions of darkness. The discoloured streams rise in a few minutes into torrents which it would be dangerous to ford, a thousand new channels are formed in the mountain side, and before the storm is past, the Coquet, from a pleasant pastoral river, has become a turbid torrent, foaming, eddying, tearing away her banks, and whirling round every rock with frightful impetuosity. Such is a faint description of a thunder-storm among the mountains.

"Whoop! Have at him! down! Mustard, damn ye, down! ech whow, Sirs! but this is an even down pour!" Such are the sounds that, with the yelping of dogs, the heavy tramp of feet, and quick bursts of laughter, salute our ears; and the next minute the whole troop, dogs, men, and boys, tumble headlong into the old keep in search of shelter; they are fox-hunters who have been out among the neighbouring hills. In half an hour the rain has abated; we are already on terms of perfect good fellowship with the sportsmen; our creel is transferred to the back of a boy, who is sent home with it, and we have accepted an invitation to join in the sport, and stay a few days among the hills with a jolly young farmer, who acts as huntsman. We mention the cravings of our inner man, and are answered by the rough borderer—"Hunger, man! ay, hunger's bad to bide, but I'll shew ye a tod (fox) the noo that'll gar ye forget there's sic a thing as hunger amang the hills. Ye maun tak a dram, and wait or we win hame for mair sensible victual. Now, callants, we maun try the Gulley Scaur, and if he's no there, he's not in Coquet." A few brief directions are given by the huntsman, and the party is presently scattered along the edges of the neighbouring hills, each body having with them a greyhound (or *grew*, as it is called here) or two to let slip at the fox should he pass near them, two or three couple of fox-hounds, and half a dozen terriers of the true pepper-and-mustard breed—long bodies, covered with wiry, dun or yellow hair, a white ring round their neck, and faces that look as if they would grin at the very devil. How would one of the "dwarfing city's pale abortions" stare to see those rough sturdy dalesmen, drenched to the skin, and having been out since daylight, still springing with unabated vigour from rock to rock, toiling up the mountain side, and shouting incessantly to their companions from height to height, as if their lungs were made of impenetrable steel, and their muscles of adamant!

Chirp goes one of the hounds, and the huntsman slaps his sturdy thigh, and cries, "Odd! that is Teviot's tongue, and he never tauld a lee that I ken o' Be canny now, be quiet now, hinnies; to him Teviot! to him, old dog!" Old Teviot vindicates his veracity; another chirp—another and another, and by-and-by his tale is corroborated

by the other hounds; at length the very terriers take it up, and yelp in concert. Away they go, and the whole valley, now clear, and bright, and glittering after the rain, rings to the glorious melody. "Weel, that's maist extraordinair!" cries the huntsman; "the thief maun hae been out since the thunner, or never a hound in Coquet could hae spoken till him. But they'll no gang lang that way." As the sportsman predicts, it happens; one grand and final crash, and the music is suddenly hushed; and on coming up we find the hounds have run him to ground, and are there heaving up their heads and howling to the skies, while half-a-dozen of terriers are already snarling, worrying, and struggling to get into the earth. One little dog, which the huntsman calls Dandie, is already out of sight, and barking with a tongue that proves the fox is at his nose; while another scarred veteran, called Dinmont, stands yelping and shivering with impatience, but, trained to perfect obedience, awaits his master's order to enter. "That's it, Dan, lad! hie, Dan, my wee man! at him Dan! kill him and eat him!" cries the young farmer, in a voice that makes the very echoes quake and quiver; then, after a pause, in which he listens knowingly to the sound of his dog's voice, "Na, Dan canna do't; an' that's extraordinair too! Gang awa', Dinmont, ye auld thief! an' pu' the tod out for him.—He's Dan's father," continues he, "and as auld as Teviot; but I believe he wad squeeze himsel' through a hole nae thicker than a leester shank to get at a tod.—The young dog canna win at him." Meantime, Dinmont has shot into the earth, and immediately issue sounds such as never dog and fox created before. The old dog's savage snarl, and fierce worry, mingles with howls of the most terrible agony from Dandie; then, in a short time, both cease; then the sharp yelp of Dinmont, proclaims he is at the fox; at last, every sound is dead—we wait for a while—call out the dogs—but neither of them appear. "Odd!" cries the huntsman, with his usual phrase, "that is maist extraordinair!—we maunna leave them, however; I wadna lose old Dinmont for a' the tods in Cheviot and Keyheugh Scaur* to boot." Pickaxes and spades are therefore procured from the nearest hut; an hour or two of toilsome digging succeeds, and then the terrible reality of things is seen. The young dog lies positively torn limb from limb; the fox is dead, and over his body is stretched old Dinmont, scarcely able to wag his tail at the caresses of his master. Dandie, though younger, and even smaller bodied than his father, had got himself jammed in his passage to the fox; and the old dog, enraged at the obstruction, had absolutely torn him to pieces, and, by dint of superior resolution, had gone in and killed his enemy. Whatever the stranger to these rude sports feels at this spectacle, he finds it necessary to conceal; for the whole of the huntsmen join in extolling the bottom and fierceness of the old dog to the skies. The young farmer says nothing; he puts the limbs of poor Dandie decently together, and heaps a little earth and stones over them; then, taking up the old dog in his arms, he gives orders for

* A famous breeding place for foxes, among the scattered cliffs of a huge rock about seven or eight miles south-west from Rothbury on the Coquet. The southern sportsman must bear in mind that it is the object of the store farmers and shepherds among the hills to destroy as many foxes as possible; in the breeding-season, therefore, they still pursue them.

the hounds to be coupled up, and invites as many of the sportsmen as choose to accompany him "to gang wi' him, an' see if there's ous (any thing) in the bottle at Ryehope Hill." As he turns away from the spot, however, he mutters, "I'm wae for poor Dandie; but naebody can deny that Dinmont's the maist varmint dog in a' Coquet dale!"

A wide ample kitchen, that might almost be called a hall; huge oak joists, extending from wall to wall, hung thick with flitches of bacon, hams, dried sides and legs of mutton, kippered salmon;—guns of every bore, liesters of every size, fishing tackle of every kind, an old broadsword suspended above the yawning chimney-opening, and a hundred other matters which decorate the otherwise naked sides of the room, attract the attention of the stranger in entering one of those substantial farm onsteads, which, in former times, served as towers of defence against the moss-troopers. A chain of them extended formerly from Coquet-head to Warkworth, and many of them still stand nearly entire, chiefly in Rothbury Forest, where they are known by the name of Bastile Buildings. At least a score of sportsmen have accepted the invitation of our host, and now clatter over the stone floor to their seats, round a huge deal table, whereon are already, smoking, beef, mutton, greens, and potatoes, while at the head is presently placed a dish of our own trouts. Three sturdy, ruddy-cheeked and ruddy-armed wenches ply about between the table and the fire, and supply in profusion all the necessaries that men who have fasted and hunted for twelve hours require. Dreadful is the clattering of knives, forks, and trenchers for at least half an hour, when the vast, savoury round of beef has shrunk into a wafer, mountains of greens have disappeared, old Dinmont is slobbering up the last of the trouts, and the guests having each swallowed a dram, throw themselves back upon their chairs or *settles* in easy postures, and while the water boils for the toddy, begin again to resume the faculty of speech. Strange it is, to see these sturdy dalesmen seated in rude groups round the relics of their as rude feast, wanting nothing but the jack-boots and leathern under-dress frayed with their armour, to offer the same appearance which this apartment presented two hundred years ago. The thick oaken joists, the arched doorway, the rugged walls, are the same as then; and the fish-spears and guns ranged around them may supply the place of the weapons of warfare, which formerly occupied the very hooks upon which the more peaceable implements now hang. At the head of the table, in a most massive and ancient carved arm-chair, sits our stalworth host, his giant frame, and rough, but good-humoured face, forming a favourable representation of one of the nobler freebooters of these wilds. Among the curious relics of the olden time that meet the eye on every side, there is one more incomprehensible than all the rest: it consists in the broken pieces of some iron bars, which are fixed into the stone jamb on one side of the vast chimney, and which have evidently, at a former period, passed across to the other side, like a grate placed above the fire. The story, which is somewhat relunctantly told by our host, in explanation of this curious relic, is altogether so original, and so horribly characteristic of the ferocious manners of the border troopers, that we shall give it in his own words:—

The Legend of Rough-Riding Will.

"In the auld riding-times on the border, there lived in this tower ane of my forbears, who went by the bye-name of Rough-Riding Will o' the Rye-hope Hill. A ready hand they say he had, and a hard grip to keep what he got, as every man on the border was forced to hae in these troublous times. I'm no saying it was ony fault o' Will's bye other folk. A gay few o' the loose lads about Coquet keepit aye about Will, and were ready to run and ride at his bidding, though it were to the verra gates o' hell. For ye maun understand, Will was a lang-headed loun, and lucky in a' his raids, for some way or other he aye kenn'd mair about the ongangings o' the Scotch border lads than his neebors, and wan aye aff wi' a hale skin and a hale hirsell. Naebody could tell Will's sources o' information. Some said he gat it frae the auld enemy himsel; but that was doubtless a lee, tauld by those wha envied him his greater skill and success. Dour as he was though, it was never said that Rough-Riding Will shed blood except in fair fight, nor wad allow amang his lads ony insulting o' women, spearing o' bairns, or killing o' troopers, but in the lawful way of his profession, and this was nae small praise to a moss-trooper. Of a' things that Will should love best, what could it be but his mear and his wife; and till this day ye may hear stories o' the speed and spirit o' the ane, and the beauty o' the other, that wad shew his affection was but natural. The leddy was ane o' the gentle Clennells—the 'Lily o' the Alwin' she was called for her beauty, and she married Will out o' gratitude for his saving her auld father's life frae ane o' the fierce Pottses o' Warden in a quarrel about the marches. The mear was black as night, except one spot o' white upon her brisket, that they say had the shape o' a horseshoe. Word gaed that the devil had planted this mark on the mear, and that nae bog could sink her, nor nae spear nor sword make a dint on her hide. And faith there might hae been some truth in the tale, for it is weel kenned that Will crossed the Boddlemoss at the foot o'Simonside on her back, that never man before or since could get through; and that he gallopped clean up Alwinton Scaur beside Harbottle, a place that I wadna like to speel on my ain shanks. He ca'd her Sin, and he had a fierce bloodhound bitch that went wi' him in a' his raids that he ca'd Death, whereby the auld biggin we're now sittin' in gat the name o' Hell; but that was just the rough way o' speech that belonged to the border. Weel, to make a lang tale short, after a hantle o' good fortune, an awful mischance at last fell upon poor Will. He had been away about Otterburn on some business wi' the warden o' the marches for twa or three days, and when he cam' back there was a toom house and an empty stable where he had left peace and plenty. Nothing was standing of his house but the auld wa's. His bonny wife was herried awa', and her youngest bairn, no a year auld, burnt to death amang a heap of ashes in an outhouse. The black mear that he had left at hame was away too; and Will sat down on his cauld hearthstane a moody well nigh heart-broken man. Ye may think what an outcry this savage deed raised in a' Coquet and Redesdale. Clennells, Selbys, Snowdons, a' the clans o' Coquet, nay, the verra Pottses themsells, cam' to comfort Will, and to offer him help to get revenge. When the first dunt o' his strang grief was ower, Will roused himsel up, for he wasna a man to sit pinging in the chimney neuk when such a bloody wrang was to be righted. But after that he was a changed man, and folks say he cared as little to shed blood, aye, the verra blood o' weans and women, as the maist cruel trooper between Tweed and Tyne. I'm no defending it, but it canna be denied that he had been hardly guided, poor fallow. Weel, they scoured the border frae Newcastle to Berwick, but de'il a word o' Will's mear or his wife could they hear. A twalmonth past away, and Will had maist given up

a' hope o' hearing about them, and had sunk down into a sullen, savage, bloodthirsty border-trooper. It fell out, however, on a Lammas night, that Will was out amang the hills wi' his bloodhound Death; for there was word that the Scotts o' Yarrow had held a football match about Benger, and that its like was aye the beginning o' the raids in the auld times. He had been through about Ridland and the Reidswire, and up maist to Jedart, but had neither seen nor heard tell o' the Scotts; sae Will was ganging his ways hame again, when, stopping at change-house, and calling for a stoup o' brandy, his voice was answered by a nicker frae the stable that he kenn'd must be his mear's, if she was above ground. I said before, Will was a wily loun, and his wit didna fail him at this pinch. He slipped off his horse, set his bloodhound to keep ony body frae coming out o' the change-house, and gaed away into the stable. Odd! it was Will's mear sure enough, and ye may think that as he wadna hae scrupled much to hae taken anither man's mear, he wad think nae sin to take his ain; so he stooped down lo loose the halter, when, bang! came down some deadly weapon upon him, and Will felt cauld steel creeping atween his backpiece and his back-bone. Then there was sic a struggle in the stall as never was—the mear biting, and screaming, and plunging, and the two troopers grappling at each other, and blaspheming God in the dark. At last they got warsled out to the foot o' the stall, and then Will, keeping his grip wi' one hand, and watching his time, touched the mear in the flank wi' the other—up went her heels, and away flew the trooper like an arrow frae a bow. His armour clashed against the opposite wall, and the next moment he was lying a bloody corpse at the far side o' the stable. Sma' time had Will to think, and sma' time he needed. He gaed straight into the house, and naebody was there but the gudeman and the gudewife. Now Will kenn'd fine that the gudeman o' the Slymefoot was but an unfriend to the Coquet lads, and he had lang, it seems, suspected that he carried intelligence to the Scotch bordermen. So he says till him:—

"'Sandy Dors, *ye* ken and *I* ken that the Yarrow men are amang the Cheviots, and that the lad in the stable is ane o' Dickie o' Dryhope's troopers. Now, Sandy, I winna be camsteary wi' a man I've drucken as often wi' as you; but ye see here's the bitch and me, we're two to ane, and ye maun do as I want ye the day, whatever ye do the morn. If ye'll gang wi' me quietly, so be it, let the dame bring a stoup and we'se be gane; if not, see ye, Sandy, I'll pin ye to your ain door-cheek afore ye can swear an aith or say a prayer.' So Sandy was of needcessity obligated to gang wi' him, and presently Will brought him to the glen where he had left all the Coquet-dale callants, for they had turned out to meet the Scots. Weel, it was wrung out o' Sandy wi' the thumbscrews, that the Scots were in a dell not three miles off, waiting the return o' their scouts before they poured down upon the villages at the head o' Coquet. But what was mair than a' that, Will discovered that Frank Scott, o' the Douglas burn, was the man that had in the last foray, while the others were plundering, thrown his bairn into the flames, and it was thought had made away wi' his lady after violating her. Think ye whether Will's blood boiled at having the incarnate devil, who had wrought him the grievous wrang, within his grasp or no. They tell that he opened a vein in his arm, let out some blood into his steel cap, garr'd each o' his men taste it, and swear that they wadna turn their backs on the Scots that night, and that they would do all in their power to take Frank Scott alive. Weel, the upshot of a' was that they cam upon the Scots by surprise, and slew them almost to a man. After the butchering was over, the names were ca'd, and Rough-Riding Will was na to the fore. It turned out that he and the murderer o' his wife and bairn had come together almost at the beginning o' the struggle, and that the Scot, pricked by his bad conscience, had fled away down the burn

side. Will, however, was on his black mear again; and, in spite o' the darkness and the dodgings o' the fause loun, he could na win away frae him. Away they flew down the hollow towards the Coquet, Will calling to his enemy to stand and fight like a man, and Frank slipping first this way and then that, like a hare doubling frae a greyhound. That's the way the old ballad says—

"'Come on, come on,' says Riding Will,
'And fight with a man so free;'
'O no, O no,' says the coward Scot,
'For I would rather flee.'

"At last, as if Providence meant to take the matter into his ain hand, Frank Scott's horse, that never stumbled afore in the roughest ground, fell upon the fair level sward, and he lay helpless wi' his thigh-bone snapped in two. Will tied his hands, set him up and buckled him on his ain mear, and was at Ryehope in the verra room we're now sittin' in, lang before the rest o' the lads had come back frae the fight. There were twa or three mason lads in the tower wha had been employed in biggin some outhouses, and it is maist probable their presence had put it into Will's head to fix upon the horrible death which he inflicted upon his enemy. He garr'd them dig holes in that stone jamb, and fix strang iron bars across the whole breadth o' the fire-place. The work was na weel done before the troopers cam frae the fight in search o' Will. They found the gate barred, and the mason lads just thrust out, standing terrified before the entrance. They could hear naething but the low moans o' the wounded man, and whan they listened, deep thick sobs bursting from some one's breast that seemed to be suffering the extremest anguish. At last Will—for it was himsel'—spoke to them from the loophole above the gate, and there was something so unyearthly and hollow in his voice, that even the fierce troopers hot from the bloody fight bore back from the entrance. 'Gang down to Heppel, Charlie, wi' the lads,' he said to the leader o' the troop, 'and leave me alane wi' my enemy. Fareweel, Charlie; fareweel, a' o' ye!' and he retired from the loophole, nor could all their entreaties cause him to utter another word; so at last they took the gate and gaed awa' wi' the Snowdons. What passed between the desperate man and his crushed enemy nae mortal can tell; but Will's brother, a young lad that lo'ed him weel, crouched down behind the walls, and after a good deal o' murmuring an' speaking that he could na mak out, he at last heard the Scot cry out for 'Mercy!' in screams that shook the haill tower; but Will's voice above a' broke in and drowned his wi' 'Sic mercy as ye showed, Frank Scott, sic shall ye hae!'—and the poor callant, terrified out o' his reason, ran away clean up the glen, and was found the next day wandering about amang Snowside mosshags, screaming out the terrible words o' his brother. Next morning the men cam up to Ryehope, the gate was flung open, and not a saul left in the tower; but, horrible to hear tell o', there was stretched out on the iron bars abuve the smouldering embers of the fire, the shrivelled and black body o' Frank Scott roasted till a cinder in his ain armour. What cam o' Will naebody can say; he was seen about Newcastle by a border lad the next day after the deed was committed. Some think he gaed into France and turned monk: others again haud till the rumour that says he joined wi' the Spaniards that were then ganging ower till America to fight the blacks. Whilk story's true I dinna pretend to say, but maist likely the last, for wherever there was fighting there wad be, if possible, Rough-Riding Will o' Ryehope."

Such was our host's tale, which seemed to have produced a bad effect upon the convivality of his guests, for, after a few exclamations and characteristic commentaries on the circumstances of the story,

they sank into silence. The night had now completely blosed in, and the sportsmen finishing their glasses, were about to leave the board, when a man of the tallest size, straight as an arrow, though evidently up in years, entered the door. He had a fishing-rod in his hand, and a creel of vast dimensions on his back. His hair was white, his features ruddy, more perhaps from good living than the mere effect of exercise, his shoulders and chest immense, and the sturdy calves of his legs corroborated the tale of undecayed vigour, which his firm steady tramp told to the listener. "Bill Green, the Northumberland Piper! by a' that's gude!" burst from a dozen voices, almost before these little obvious facts could be noticed; and the next moment the whole company were astir, to disencumber the new guest of his creel and rod, to ask him a hundred questions, and in every possible way to show that he was a welcome guest. A burly chiel is Bill, and a rough customer he must have been in his younger days. Six feet one in his stocking-soles does the Northumbrian piper stand, all, even yet, clean muscle and sinew, barring the small adipose deposits which will gather about the best men after they have crossed the equator of a century. In his younger days, if any body could match Bill for speed in two hundred yards upon the level sward, let the remains of the old Northumbrian militia tell,—and now that threescore years have laid their snows upon the mountains (for Bill's head is a perfect Chimboraza), if any can come near him for dropping a fly, like down, upon a given spot in any water; or for slily slipping his bait through the bushes, behind the old tree-roots, in the clear pools of a drouthy June; or for trolling, or for dressing, or for catching any thing, from a flat to a goldfinch—but, dearer, better, and above all, for touching up his moorland pipe, till melody seems the natural language of the soul, and Bill Green the great philologist thereof;—if any one can or dare offer to equal our piper in any of these things, let him speak to the first lad he meets between Felton and Cheviot, and he may make his wager, and lose his money, whenever he chooses, and to any tune. Often, often, and we are thankful for it, have we listened to Bill's inimitable chanter, and more than once hath the melody of his moorland music made us sit till the tenth glass of brandy was pouring its influence into the recesses of our soul. In brief, we have at divers times been intoxicated by his pipe, though drinking alcohol to an enormous extent in order to counteract the magical influence.

And now the Northumbrian phenomenon has devoured in silence a plate of ham and eggs, he has deposited two caulkers of smuggled whiskey where no exciseman can seize them, and he looks solemnly around upon the company, like one who knows his importance. "Ye'll maybe hae your pipes, Maister Green?" asks some one, in a timid tone. The colossus throws back his ample coat, touches the silver-rimmed ivory chanter of his instrument, and uttering no word, betakes himself to concoct a glass of toddy, strong enough to make a cockney faint to look at it alone. The hint, however, is enough for some of the dalesmen, who know the musician's manner; they slip out, and before he has finished his first glass, and recounted his angling adventures, they reappear, bringing with them from the neighbouring homesteads half-a-dozen lasses, ruddy as clover in June, wild as highland deer, and each one an individual Terpsichore. The

reel is set, the lads are mad, the wenches fain—what can Bill do but lug out his pipes, and strike up "Felton Loanin'?" Away they go!—Bill gets primed, his pipes grow glib; he bursts through the old border tunes, "flies from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" now *staccato* reels, now sliding softly among among the delicious mazes of "Roslin Castle," or the "Birks of Invermay;" now furious he rattled over "Dorrington Lads," or "Yellow Walls," or "Through his dear Strathspeys he bears with Highland rage;"—when! who can resist it? we jump up, forget our fatigue, secure a partner, kick our heels among the borderers against the flags, till the whole house reels; drink toddy, and squeeze the moist hand of our partner; dance again, drink more toddy, and talk unutterable nonsense; till, at last, Bill's pipes seem playing the Dead March in Saul, the dancers appear demons flying through brimstone fumes, and Rough-Riding Will sits on a *winnock bunker* pointing to the bars where he roasted his enemy, and chiming in with a voice that sounds marvellously like the big drone of a Northumberland bagpipe. Discreetly do we seek our bed, and after long listening to the continuous din underneath, at last fall asleep to dream of diabolical crimes.

A badger-hunt the next day, athletic sports in the evening, leaping, running, wrestling, putting the stone and throwing the hammer, another set-to at the whiskey, and again finding it necessary to betake our conglomerated faculties to repose before the borderers had half finished their debauch;—such were the circumstances that occupied the second twenty-four hours of our stay at Ryehope. Neither want of sleep, toil, nor whiskey seems capable of affecting these sturdy sons of the mountains, and on the evening of the second day they all returned home, "staccering whiles, but taking tent aye to free the ditches." On the third day matters were conducted in a more rational manner. The sportsmen having gone off, and the piper being down at the river, we accompanied our host in a quiet ride among the hills to look after his flocks. It was astonishing to mark the difference in the young farmer's manner as soon as he had shaken off his loose companions; he seemed now to fall back on his original character. He discovered not only a considerable fund of information and shrewdness, which no one who had seen his wild reckless manner the day before would have imagined to exist, but displayed a depth and delicacy of feeling for the nobler aspects of nature, which it was the more pleasing to recognize and delightful to sympathize with, in that the familiarity with these aspects of nature too often destroys all admiration for them. The respect which he paid to the suggestions of his older shepherds, and the consideration in which he was evidently held by them, was very pleasant to contemplate, for the reflection could not but occur that it was infinitely better these men should be bound together in peaceful interests and occupations, than in steel caps and jackboots, banded as of yore for the purposes of plunder and bloodshed. With feelings of respect which will not be easily eradicated, we left the worthy descendant of Rough-Riding Will, and again sought the banks of the river.

From Windyhaugh to Shiel Moor are the finest fishing streams in Coquet—the whole distance, in fact, a perfect angler's paradise. The trouts are not in general large, neither are they so fine as are to

be found in rivers that run through cultivated grounds, but the number is amazing, and now and then you get hold of a bull trout, or, if you have extraordinary good luck, a salmon, even with the minnow trout fly, or dew-worm, a fact which many anglers are not convinced of. Many noble mountain-streams fall into Coquet hereabouts, the Usway and Alwin in particular, which will richly reward the angler for an hour or two's sauntering with his rod up their banks.

Passing the village of Harbottle, with the ruins of the old castle looking down upon the river, we now enter a more cultivated country, and one richer in antiquities than perhaps any other on the borders. The remains of the towers of the troopers are now more frequent; the ruins of monastic buildings occur here and there, and there is scarcely a hill whose summit does not bear marks of the Celtic inhabitants.

Rothbury forest bears the records of three different races of people on its scathed and rude bosom. The quantities of scoria which have been found prove that iron and lead have been procured here at one time; and it cannot be doubted that the Romans, who wasted so much blood and treasure to procure supplies of the useful metals, must formerly have wrought these rich mines. Circular entrenchments, with fosses and rampiers, bear witness to many places having been fortified by the ancient Britons; and the strong holds of the later inhabitants still (as has been said) stand in great numbers, and in many places in excellent preservation. Whitton Tower, near Rothbury, the residence of the rector, is perhaps the most perfect of all the old border-keeps, and well worthy the attention of the antiquary.

At Rothbury, one of the most romantic of border villages, surrounded by rocky hills on every side, and having the Coquet flowing pleasantly past, the rambler may with infinite satisfaction spend a few days in examining the records of the olden time, which abound in the neighbourhood, or in trying the splendid streams below and above the village. Numbers of odd characters are there about Rothbury—sly, shrewd, sporting originals, such as can only be bred upon the banks of a good fishing stream, and among hills abounding with foxes. If cleanliness, attention, and good feeding, with the pretty daughter of the dame to look after his comforts, can make the rambler pleased with himself and all about him, let us advise him to put up at Mrs. Dors' inn, at the west end of the village, for there assuredly he will find all this. Moreover, if the time hangs heavy on his hands, or he wishes to have some sensible sporting conversation, his excellent landlady can procure two or three good fellows to help him to pronounce upon her whiskey, and to enlighten him on all things relating to the river.

Low down in a woody vale, about four miles from Rothbury, stand the romantic remains of Brinkburn Abbey, with the river washing its feet. Within the body of the building, against the north wall, stands the coffin of the last abbot, who from the date can scarcely have been laid in his grave ere the robbery of his house was committed by the ferocious and unprincipled Henry.

It has been said that the finest streams in Coquet are between

Windyhaugh and Shiel Moor, high up the river; but that all men are not of this opinion is proved by the spirited ballad of "an old fisher."

"Let me begin at Brinkburn stream,
Fast by the ruins gray,
And end at bonny Eelyhaugh
Just wi' the ending day;
My foremost flee the heckle red,
My tried rod springing free;
And creel to creel with any man
In all the north countrie!"

Through hanging woods and rich meadows the Coquet now descends to the sea, past Weldon Bridge, through the delicious grounds of Felton, and so down to Warkworth; every inch of which is good fishing water, while the scenery is "beautiful exceedingly." But as this part is better known and more accessible, we do not particularize. At the little hermitage scooped out of the living rock, made known to all lovers of song by Dr. Percy's exquisite ballad of the "Hermit of Warkworth," let us take leave of thee, gentle reader! a fit place of parting for those who have traversed the lovely stream before us, from its fountains to its mouth. Above, are delightfully waving woods; below, the laburnum hangs down to lave her golden tresses in the clear flowing river; on the opposite bank, the noble remains of Warkworth castle, with towers and battlements still standing almost entire; the sea, island-spotted, stretches away in the distance; a blue serene sky bends over all.—Here then, gentle reader, let us bid thee heartily adieu, not without a hope that our rude sketches of Coquet-dale will induce thee again to seek the pleasant banks of our favourite stream. D. M.

THE FROGS AND THE BULRUSH.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

Close by the banks where Tagus steers,
A frog of rather tender years,
Praised the bulrushes growing there,
How strong, and smooth, and green they were!
It chanced, just then, a wind there blew,
That snapp'd the tallest rush in two;
The frog's wise mother hopp'd up to it,
And call'd her son to come and view it;
"You see," she said, "how rash it is
To judge from outward qualities,
Without—'tis round and smooth enough,
Within—all emptiness and puff."

If this sage frog had read some rhymes,
That pass for poems in our times,
I know not how she could express,
In better terms, their worthlessness.

A TALE OF A TAR.

"AVAST there!—haul taut the slack of your jaws, you niggers!" was the polite hint given by Jack Rattlin to two or three score of brown and sable laundresses, who had set up their pipes to the annoyance of the poor tar. He had been employed on-board a West Indiaman; but a few days previous to his ship's sailing, he was attacked by that inflammatory disease known by the name of the "yellow fever." Having been brought on shore for medical advice, and his case appearing desperate, the ship sailed without him. The captain, who was part-owner, little to his credit, left but a scanty supply of money in the hands of a poor *mustiff** woman, in whose house Jack was lodged, declaring that, as small as the sum was, it exceeded his wages! This lasted but a few days, and when it was exhausted, his kind landlady supplied him with most of the necessaries his forlorn situation required, waiting upon him as nurse with as much care as though he were her son. Nor did his physician neglect his patient because he saw no prospect of being paid; on the contrary, had he been the governor of the island he could not have been better attended by Dr. C., who not only made his visits gratuitous, but brought him medicine, wine, and other things necessary for his sustenance. This, most will think, was only performing an act of humanity; but of all men I ever had intercourse with, West India physicians, generally speaking, are the most charitable. The professors of the healing art of Europe, I doubt not, deserve as warm an eulogium; those of the Antilles, I know, merit it. But to my story.—

Rattlin being of rather a spare habit recovered from his fever, and as soon as he was strong enough, got employ in the coasting-trade. The drogher on board which he sailed belonged to a negro slave, who, like most persons in his situation, when "dressed in a little brief authority," tyrannize most cruelly over the unfortunate sailor. This he bore patiently until he saved a few dollars to pay his benevolent hostess; when he discharged himself, and went on-board to fetch his chest.

"Wha' you want on-board my 'cooner, you dam white cockroach, after you discharge me from your employer?" said the slave tyrant who owned the vessel. Jack answered mildly, that he had come for his chest.

"An' wha' for you no pull off your hat to me, 'board my own vessel; tho' you been da sea all you life, you hab no more manners dan quank † in a wood; I hab mind for gie you one lick da shall send you in a sea to mak' nyam *(food)* for shark," said the black petty tyrant, putting himself in a threatening attitude.

"Look you, shipmate," said Jack; "I've borne your slack jaw all this time because you were the skipper and owner of this here craft; but if you give me any more of your palaver, I'll soon have both your

* The descendant of a mulatto by a white father.

† Quank, the musk-hog.

eyes into one;" displaying what our negroes call "two man-o'-war dumplings," whose appearance seemed to indicate that they would not sit light on the slave captain's stomach. So the latter appeared to think, for his manner all at once changed to extreme civility, and he tried to persuade Rattlin that he was only jesting. Jack's anger was immediately appeased; and with the frankness of a British seaman instantly gave him his hand, and they parted on good terms.

His next care was to look out for employment; but as his stock of clean apparel was exhausted, and he had no money, he did not wish to go on board any vessel without that appearance of neatness for which an English sailor so much prides himself; these circumstances made him determine on washing a pair of his trousers himself, a job which sailors are in the practice of doing on ship-board. To accomplish this, he went about half a mile from the suburbs of the town, and commenced operations beside a stream (for washing-tubs are here unknown), wherein, and on the banks of which, stood some fifty or sixty yellow and dingy laundresses, thumping away with their beetles at the apparel of the inhabitants of the town. These ladies were shocked and scandalized at seeing a man attempting what they conceived to be their peculiar calling, and accordingly commenced a violent set of *philippics* against the unfortunate sailor. All the terms of reproach in their language, English, French, and Spanish, were exhausted by those dark declaimers, who may be classed among the most accomplished female orators in existence.

These diatribes were pouring out against him when he exclaimed, "Avast there—haul taut the slack of your jaws, or clap a tomkin on your muzzles, for your tongues are running fourteen knots an hour, spinning a yarn with your double Dutch coiled against the sun; what tho' I be a poor sailor, and am obliged to scrub my own trousers, because, d'ye see, I am hard up in the clinch, without never a knife to cut the seizing.—I desires none of them here black squalls."

Of this speech the sooty laundresses scarcely understood one word; they knew it was in reply to their tirades, and concluded, naturally enough, that he was paying them back in their own coin; as, often, when spoken to in a language they do not understand, they conceive they are abused, or as they call it, "*cursed.*" Jack's reply drew many a severe rejoinder from the sable ladies.

"Look he yie (look at his eyes), dem like two dollar," said one.

"And him nose, like one two-barrel pistol," said another.

A French negress exclaimed, "Gardez le! le pas becca! le matelôt!"—That is, "look at him! he is not a white man, he is *only* a sailor!" For the French negroes never class sailors and soldiers as "beogées" (white men).*

"Why you buse poor sailor, 'cause him 'bliged for wash him own trousers, for? You no hab pity for him—you no saby (know) 'spose him hab mother, wife, or sister, such a handsome buckra neber hab for wash him own clothes," said a mild-looking mulatto girl; and

* The French negro word *begué* and English term *buckra* are perhaps both corruptions from the Spanish *blánco*.

the appeal to the sable damsels had the effect of silencing their din. She added, addressing herself to Jack:—

"Neber mind dem, massa, dem foolish too much; go in dat shed yonder, sit down there, and I go wash your trousers."

"Thank'ee, my good blackee," said the sailor, "I can scrub them myself, because I'm used to it; besides, I've no money to pay you, my lass."

The girl informed him that she required no payment; that she would conceive it a favour if he would allow her to perform the proposed trifling service, as those employed in washing were a little piqued at seeing a man rivaling them at what they conceived was their sex's peculiar employment. This was spoken, not in the most eloquent language, it is true, but with perfect natural politeness; for she possessed what was the first requisite of genuine politeness, namely, a kind heart and good sense.

The offer of Nancy was accepted by Rattlin, who retired to an *ajapa* (a shed). The girl finished her voluntary work, and hung the habiliments on a bamboo to dry; this, a tropical mid-day sun and a breeze that proceeded from the neighbouring mountains, shortly accomplished; but in the interim, Nancy came into the *ajapa*, and entered into conversation with the sailor.

"How do *all* the people do in England, Massa?" said the brown damsel.—This is a friendly sort of interrogative generally asked of new-comers from "*Home*," as Creoles call Britain. Jack had been long enough in the West Indies to understend the question, which was, however, too comprehensive for him immediately to reply to. After a pause, he answered:—

"Why, since the war, seamen's wages have been more than 3*l.* 10s. out of England, my lass."

"Me mean, how your fambly, you father and mother do?" said the mulattress.

"I have neither father nor mother," said the mariner; "they died ever since I first went to sea, which was when I was a little boy."

"Me sposed you no hab mother, or you no 'blige for wash your own clothes; but neber mind, poor massa, luck go change, and you go get plenty money. But wha' can I do to 'muse (amuse) you, till you trousers dry?—Yes, I go make one little dinna ge (for) you."

Rattlin, though not a man of keen penetration, had the sense to comprehend this delicate and hospitable proposal; and the state of his appetite and purse induced him to accede to it. In a few minutes, Nancy spread a little table with a cloth as white as snow, on which she laid a cake of cassava, a wholesome kind of food (extracted from a root, which, in its natural state, is a deadly poison), some pound plantains, fried eggs, a dish of *cascodoroes* (a small delicious kind of river fish,) and by way of beverage, a jug of water, a bottle of syrup, and some weak claret.* These viands, though her common fare, Jack surveyed as luxuries; but he could not prevail on his humane hostess to sit down and partake of them with him. No; she knew he was *but* a poor sailor, but yet he was a WHITE MAN;—consequently,

* Vin de Côte is almost as cheap in the Colonies as porter is in London.

she conceived him her superior: so that all he could say or do, could not induce her to join him in his repast. His meal being ended, Nancy brought him his trousers. She had smoothened them, but regretted that she had not the means of ironing them on the spot. While she was explaining this, a voice was heard outside, inquiring the way to town. Rattlin went to the entrance of the shed, and called out:—

"Bear down to leward, gemmen; and when you get to yonder tall tree, tack to the larboard, and you'll be in parallel latitude with town."

"You give us our sailing directions like a seaman," said the querist, who, together with his companion, were two midshipmen belonging to a frigate lying in port. They had been up the country, shooting; but, being no ornithologists, had shot at the first birds they came within distance of—these happened to be three turkey-buzzards, or tropical vultures, which are most useful birds; insomuch, that there is here a heavy fine imposed on any one who destroys them, and, being protected by the law, their tameness is astonishing; of this, the middies were not aware, and bagged their carrion carcasses as excellent game.

"You give us sailing drections like a seaman." Jack replied that, until lately, he had been in the merchant service; but that at present, he was without a ship.

"A good-looking lad like you," replied the midshipmen, "should never need be in want of a ship, while his majesty's navy requires hands. Why don't you volunteer on board our frigate, The Bull-dog?"

Jack held down his head, brushed his napless hat with his ragged jacket sleeve, and, with a scrape of his left-leg, that he intended for a bow, said, "He would be glad to volunteer, if any body would *press him;*" for, like many more sailors, he conceived it more degrading to enter freely on board a man o' war than to be impressed. The midshipmen smiled; and one of them said:—

"Well, Jack (he hit on his name by chance), since you appear to wish it, I'll press you."—This settled, Rattlin took leave of his generous hostess.

"But, before I go, lass, tell me your name."

"Nancy, Sir."

"Nancy what?"

"My mistress' name is Worthy; and I call my second name after her."

"Nancy Worthy!—Can either of you gemmen lend me a pencil and a piece of paper?—thank you, Sir; and, as my hand is rather better used to the narling-spike than the pen, I'll thank you, Sir, to write down, 'Nancy Worthy,' for me; for, when I gets on board, I mean to mark it on my arm with indigo and gunpowder. But what's the use of a man writing the name of a good friend on the skin, when it is written already by gratitude here?" said the seaman, placing his hand on his breast.

"My good fellow, you are quite sentimental!" said one of the midshipmen.

"*Sentry—sentrimental!* O no, your honour; I never stood sentry, or sarved as a marine, in all my life. I am a seaman as can hand, reef, steer, sound, and mend sails;—aye, I even know how to take a meridian altitude; only the numbers and round *o's* puzzles me a bit in the working of it—but all is as one for that: the officer to his quadrant, the boatswain to his call, and the quarter-master to his helm. Good bye, my kind lass!—He who rules aloft will mark down your charity in his log-book—he'll reward you when we are all paid off for your goodness to a poor friendless seaman.—Good bye!"

"God bless you, massa!" said the kind-hearted girl, whimpering at Jack's address. "I'm sure you go come back."

"How are you sure of that, my lass?"

"Because you ha' eat cascadoroes," she replied; alluding to a common superstition of the island, which many believe, that any one who eats of the cascadoroes (mailed fish,) and quits it, will return.

"Good bye, massa! I wish you may kill plenty rascal Frenchmen," she added; for poor Nancy, like most English colonial slaves, had a great hatred to the enemies of Britain. It is a fact that, when Sir Ralph Abercombie made a descent on this island, much of the success of his enterprise was owing to the good guidance, and accurate information he obtained from an English negro, named Sharper.*

The parties left the hut—Nancy to her work; the midshipmen to carry their game to a gig waiting for them; and Jack to the same boat, to ask one of his future shipmates to help him down to the wharf with his chest.

Some years after this little event, and when Nancy had nearly forgotten it, her mistress was sitting in a kind of gallery, over a piazza, when in ran Buonaparte, a little, deformed negro, and what is called, "a pet" of his mistress; for Creole ladies often select from amongst their young domestics the ugliest they can find for their favourite, and allow it far more liberties than the spoilt son and heir of most European families. This urchin came in, and bawled out:—

"Missis, missis, there is a sailor abottom (below) asking for you."

"A sailor!" said Mrs. Worthy; "what can he want with me?"

"Me no know; but he hab a *ribbin* round him neck, and a whistle tied to it. I axed him to gi' it to me; but he no been gi' me."

"Shew him in."

The black dwarf "vanished," and ushered in a good-looking sailor, clad in neat, white drill trowsers, fringed with blue, a white cotton jacket with blue cuffs and collar, and white shirt, tastefully braided with a kind of blue cord; a black silk handkerchief was loosely thrown round his neck, and fastened to the edges of the opening of his shirt with blue tape; a silver call, or whistle, was suspended from his neck by a ribbon; a narrow-rimmed Panama hat, blue striped stockings, and long quartered pumps, completed his equipment, which set off to advantage a handsome, though rather weather-beaten countenance, and a good figure, and withal accorded with his profession and the climate. The crooked urchin eyed him with some

* This man is yet alive. Sir R. A. purchased his freedom on account of his services, and he is still allowed a small pension.

curiosity, not unmixed with childish fear. At first, he ran behind his mistress, and partly held her gown before him, while he stole a glance at the sailor; but his appearance soon made so favourable an impression upon the black letter of humanity that he ran between his legs, and put forth all his strength to lift one of them off the ground, exclaiming:—

"How de', massa sailor?"

"Come here, you imp of darkness!" said his mistress; "is that your manners?"

"Yes," said the boy, grinning like an ape.

"Have you any business with me, my good man?" asked Mrs. Worthy.

The sailor doused his Panama, made his best quarter-deck bow, and said:—

"I axes your pardon, ma'am, but is your name Worthy?"

"It is, Sir."

"Hadn't you a slave-girl, a yellow neger, called Nancy?"

"I have her still."

"Please Ma'am, I wants to buy her."—Mrs. Worthy was not a little astonished at the abruptness of the proposal.

"My good friend," said she, "if I wished to dispose of any of my slaves, Nancy is the last I would part with: she is the best conducted domestic I ever owned; but I hope never to sell any. I am a widow without children; and such of my servants as behave well to me during my life, shall never serve master or mistress after I am gone.—I will bequeath them their freedom."

"God bless you, ma'am, for it—"that's what I call acting like a Christian."

"But, tell me, what can a man in your line of life want with a slave?"

"Why, ma'am, I doesn't want Nancy as a slave, I wishes to buy her discharge."

"What can make you wish to do that?" said Mrs. Worthy, whose curiosity began to be excited.

Jack, who was not much of an orator, told as briefly as he could how poor Nancy had befriended him in his misfortunes; he also related his adventures after he entered on board his Majesty's frigate the Bull Dog; how he had been fortunate enough to be promoted after ten years' service to the rank of boatswain. He told her that lately the Bull Dog had taken three rich prizes out of Guadaloupe.

"And so you see, ma'am," said Jack, "we drew a good part of our prize money from the navy agents at Barbadoes; and as Nancy knew I must pass again through the Bocas,* because, do you see, I ate some *cask o' dollars*, as she called them.—'So,' says I to myself, I says, 'I may as well save my money as join the lads of our ship in their larks of frying watches."

"Frying watches!" ejaculated Mrs. Worthy.

"Yes, ma'am, in Carlisle Bay they broke up and fried two or three hundred watches in frying-pans that they bought in Bridge

* *Bocas (mouths)*; the different entrances of the Gulf of Paria are so called.

Town, and a good many of them ate bank notes between *soft-jack* (bread-and-butter); but I saved all my dollars, joes, and doubloons, 'because,' says I, 'I must pay my doctor and the old woman in Trinidad; besides, I'll see if I've enough left to buy poor Nancy.' Now, I find old Sall is dead, she as took care of me when I was sick with the yellow fever; and as to Dr. C——, he would not touch a dollar, but squeezing my hand, said I was an honest tar, and an honour to my country. Howsomever, that's neither here nor there. I'll cut my yarn short; indeed I'm sorry you won't sell Nancy; but since that's the case, I'll give her the money, and she may do what she likes with it. Could I see her, ma'am?"

Mrs. Worthy sent the deformed boy to call Nancy, who happened to be a short distance from home. In the mean time she told Rattlin that, were she so inclined, she could not keep Nancy in slavery if any one offered her value for her manumission. Such was the decree of the Spanish colonial law, at that time in force in the island.

"However," she added, "it shall never be said of the widow of John Worthy, who was the kindest of masters, that any one had recourse to law to make her do justice to her slaves. I have frequently been offered 600 dollars for the girl Nancy, so well is she known for an excellent servant; but if you can give me 400 dollars she shall be free."

"I think I have about that 'ere sum, ma'am; let me see," said he, taking out a canvas purse, pretty well filled with Spanish gold; "how many dollars is this worth?" producing a doubloon.

"Sixteen," was the reply.

"Sixteen and sixteen"——he paused—"yes, is thirty-two; and what is this?"

"A joe, eight dollars."

"Thank'e, ma'am—thirty-two and eight's—forty—no, I'm out in my dead reckoning—thirty and eight makes—I axes your pardon, ma'am, but I wish you'd count these yellow boys for me; if they were all the same size I could manage them, but some are little and others big. I wish all doubloons passed for ten dollars, and then I could manage to reckon them easy enough, as it would be all plain sailing."

She took the purse and counted twenty-six doubloons, a joe, and a two dollar piece.—"There are twenty-six dollars over 400, and now, if you please, we'll send for Mr. Itchpalm, the lawyer, to draw up the manumission."

"No, no, ma'am," said Jack, "no land-sharks for me;" for Jack, like most sailors, had an aversion to gentlemen of the profession; "besides," he added, "I've no time to stop, for the gig must be ashore by this; get the warrant of freedom made out yourself; I know by your good looks you wouldn't cheat a poor slave, or an honest sailor of the value of a bit of oakum."

"You are a generous man," said Mrs. Worthy, evidently pleased with the compliment, "and have too much honour yourself to suspect that others may want it; here, take back seven doubloons, and now I only accept half what I was offered for my Nancy, and about one-tenth of her value to me." She gave him the seven doubloons;

when Nancy entered, and, without noticing the boatswain, inquired of her mistress if she was wanted.

"What, my old friend, Nance! doesn't thee know me?" The brunette eyed him with some curiosity at first, then she seemed partially to recognize him. "I say, Nance, don't you recollect the poor sailor whose trousers you washed, and who you victualled when he was on short allowance?"

"Ah, is that you, master Jack! I'm really glad to see you for true!" exclaimed Nancy, while a tear gathered in her eye. "How you're altered! you look older, but much better; you dress very pretty," examining him from head to foot, "I knew you would come back; I am very glad to see you once more."

Rattlin grasped her hand, and placed in it the seven doubloons that her mistress had returned—"Here, my lass, I've bought your freedom, and paid for you; here's a part of the price your mistress wants me to give you."

Nancy at first looked astounded, and when recovered a little, shewed as though she thought he was jesting. Her late mistress put an end to her incredulity by briefly informing her of the fact of Rattlin's assertion; when, overcome by her feelings, she let fall the money placed in her hands, burst into tears, and would have sunk on the floor, but that Mrs. Worthy and her benefactor supported her.

"Oh, my dear mistress, and my dear master sailor, this too much kindness to poor girl, only for doing what she ought for every body; but God bless you—bless you!"

"Holla, boatswain! is that you? I've been looking for you this half an hour; there's a signal for all hands to repair on board. But I'm sorry to spoil a scene—" said a voice in the street. Jack looked out from the gallery, and saw his lieutenant below; the same gentleman who, when a midshipman, induced Rattlin to enter on board the Bull Dog.

"Ay, ay, Lieutenant Quadrant, I'll be on the wharf before the boat can hoist her sail. Good bye, God bless you! I shall never see you any more, but I shan't forget you; and when you say your prayers, put up a word or two by way of petition for poor Jack Rattlin!"

The boatswain then quitted the gallery, hastened to the wharf, and got on board, where his late grateful act was told much to his advantage, and got him into general favour with both officers and men. Mrs. Worthy instantly legally manumitted Nancy; the latter, however, would not quit her "*old*" mistress, by whom she was reared from childhood, but remained with her as an humble friend to the day of her death. She never prayed without interceding for her benefactors. Her prayers seemed to be efficacious, for within a month the Bull Dog, cruizing off Porto Cabello, took an immensely rich prize; and after that, sailing through the Carribean Isles, they took three other vessels. Jack, whilst amassing money to manumit the mulatto girl, had learned prudence, so that he saved the whole of his prize money; and being wounded while cutting out a merchantman from under the batteries of St. Pierre, Martinique, he obtained a pension, which, together with his savings, rendered his circumstances easy for life.

JOHN MILTON.*

In considering the genius and productions of Milton, and the impression they have made on the public mind, great as his renown is, we cannot but be struck with the inequality of his fame with the transcendent eminence and variety of his merits. It is a fact, we fear, as true as mortifying to our national pride, that John Milton's prose writings, sublime in themselves, and ripe with thought-exciting energy, are so little known, and still less studied, that in strict justice they cannot be said to constitute more than a very small portion of the basis on which rests the unsurpassed reputation already accorded to his name. The might and vigour with which he wielded the champion's pen—the fiery, unquenchable zeal with which he espoused the cause he deemed to be just—the quail and terror which his very name struck into the hearts of his opponents, are known, we fear, to the majority, even of the reading world, only from the faintly-sounded echo of a far-derived tradition. As the public mind acquires strength, we may anticipate a corresponding change in the character of its appetites; and we hail with joy this substantial proof that, to the eyes of some, a change of this kind either has taken place, or is about to occur.

The writings of Milton constitute a rich treasury of diction, grandly embellished, of thoughts nobly conceived, and of principles weightily argued. This eloquence, like the imitations of a musical composer, whether employed to express anger or ridicule, still vibrates within the limits of pleasure, and delights by the beauty and melody of its modulations. When from distant ages and regions he calls in the aid of those chosen minds with whom he held habitual converse, and adduces from the poets and sages of antiquity, those moral maxims with which his pages are studded, he seems to speak with the name and no longer mortal voice of the assembled wise and good in the elysium of worthies. A strong sense of justice, a daring pursuit of duty, a love of the fair and good, the high consciousness how greater far than rank or wealth are the gifts of genius and virtue—such are the lofty sentiments he is able and calculated to inspire. One rises from his books dilated, as it were, and purified—may it long form the manual of our youth, the canon of the patriot!

Milton may, however, be designated a religious jacobin. For deliberate hostility to church and king, he yields not to the disciples of Volney. They lean more to democratic sway, he to aristocratic—they display abhorrence at Christianity; his shudders are excited by popery and infidelity, to a degree which can be as little acquitted of prejudice and intolerance. This yet remains to be done for the diffusion of Milton's desirable influence on national opinion—to separate those finer passages, which preserve their interest and their value,

* The Prose Works of John Milton, with an Introductory Review, by Robert Fletcher. London: Westley and Davis. 1833.

from the transient matter; and to publish apart, in a cheap compendious edition, the beauties of Milton's prose. Such extracts would become a popular classic, and invite to the perusal and possession of the whole.

"Milton, in particular," says Richard Baron, the editor of the Iconoclastes, "ought to be read and studied by all our young gentleman as an oracle. He was a great and noble genius; perhaps the greatest that ever appeared among men; and his learning was equal to his genius. He had the highest sense of liberty, glorious thoughts, with a strong and nervous style. His works are full of wisdom—a treasure of knowledge. In them the divine, the statesman, the historian, the philologist, may be all instructed and entertained. It is to be lamented that his diviner writings are so little known. Very few are acquainted with them; many have never heard of them. The same is true with respect to another great writer, contemporary with Milton, and an advocate for the same glorious cause; I mean Algernon Sydney, whose 'Discourses on Government' are the most precious legacy to these nations."

The massy theatres and granite temples of antiquity, which survive the successive demolitions and resurrections of the contiguous habitations, are examined anew by every generation of travellers with undiminished curiosity and awful impression. And shall pillars of the literary world, which have remained from age to age so majestically conspicuous, and which attest to a remote posterity the intellectual wealth of the builder, not be viewed and reviewed by the passing critic with a like courageous vigilance and admiring solicitude? We shall notice, one by one, the leading traits here brought together; it would be an impiety against taste to pass them unregarded.

The first consists of the two letters or books treating of Reformation in England. They vindicate Calvinism—they teach that puritanism of moral taste—that preference of a naked and metaphysical to a sensual and pompous worship—and that zeal for a presbyteral, rather than an episcopal organization of church government, which distinguished the more successful of continental reformers. Milton attacks, under the name of libertines, the favourers of Sunday sports and human enjoyments; under the name of antiquarians, the apologists of Roman ceremonies and fine arts; and under the name of politicians, those who were for weighing the different schemes of hierarchy, not by their expediency for the people, but by their expediency for the crown. It would have been worthy of the scrupulous and accomplished mind of Milton, to choose a religion for itself, and to become the herald of an eclectic and peculiar system. But he follows the track of his party with a subserviency which gives to his treatise the appearance of bespoken work, of composition by command. Nor has the style any of that catching glow, of that eager spring towards its goal and purpose, which gives to the anxious overmuchness of Baxter its animation and effect. One of the most original portions is the fable of the men, but it is not fortunately narrated. The record book greatly surpasses the former; the republican passages are more heartfelt than the theological passages.

The "Treatise of Prelatical Episcopacy" is less artificially composed than the preceding. The metaphors are not so mixed and far-sought;—the periods not so stately, capacious, and echoing, nor are they inlaid so gaudily and minutely as to present, like some others, an appearance of rhetorical mosaic work. It was no doubt written on the spur of the occasion, and is the better for the lack of burnish. It was an answer to a production of Archbishop Usher, "Concerning Prelatical Episcopacy," and bears weighty evidence of the superiority of Milton's mind over that of his antagonist. The insufficiency, inconveniency, and impiety of quoting the fathers and excluding the apostles—the method adopted by the episcopalians (as formerly by the papists) to establish any part of Christianity—is plainly, strongly, and fully shewn. "Whatsoever," says our author, "either time or the heedless hand of blind chance has drawn down to this present in her huge drag-net, whether fish or sea-weed, shells or shrubs, impelled and unchosen, those are the fathers." And so he chides the good prelate for divulging useless treatises, stuffed with the specious names of Ignatius and Polycarpus, with fragments of old martyrologers, to distract and stagger the multitude of credulous readers. The piece is highly worthy of perusal, as an exposure of the claims of tradition.

The "Reason of Church Government" urged against prelates, is the most finished of Milton's writings on church affairs: it contains mystical passages, but it displays all his learning, with less than his usual pedantry. The flowers of his diction and imagination blossom up at every step; and some sweeps of a sublime and pathetic eloquence recal into no unequal comparison the orators of antiquity.

The forms of church government are four;—independency, presbytery, episcopacy, popery. When a preacher or writer first publishes opinions which are to found a sect, they are immediately embraced only by the contiguous public. By degrees the doctrines spread; a few are converted in several congregations, and, at length, a majority in one or two. The converted church or churches, if a reform is to be introduced, must assert a right of private judgment to belong to each church, a congregational power to decree articles and ceremonies for itself. A nascent sect cannot justify its own conduct without defending *independency*. When a considerable number of congregations has received the leading principles of a sect, the priests and more eminent laymen of such congregations are led by a natural sympathy to associate; their opinions become amalgamated; in little things each yields a little to his neighbour; and the cohesion is strengthened by voluntary discipline, tending to superinduce uniformity. The ministers whose talent and learning, the laymen whose opulence and benificence, fit them for the superintendence of the spiritual and charitable concerns of the embodied interest, gradually become a permanent committee, and call in the aid of the most venerable pastor, to lend sanction and authority to the general will; and thus every adolescent sect comes to be governed by a practical *presbytery*. So soon as a sect becomes sufficiently important to make its alliance valuable to political parties, it begins to listen to such parties in the election of its superintendent, or episcopal presbyter. The election is still from below, but the *congé d'élire* from above. From

the moment such a political faction acquires the administration of public affairs and establishes itself in power, a real bishopdom prevails in the allied sect. Thus all religious parties tend in their manhood of strength to *episcopacy*. When a sect has passed the limits of a single nation, when successive generations of its disciples have multiplied in distant places, when missions have extended its conquests among barbarians, a common centre of union, distinct from and independent of the patriarch of any particular country, becomes expedient. France is not to decree ceremonies for England, nor England for France; but if these two countries each depute their proportion of learned men to a college of cardinals, if the other European nations do the same, such a standing committee of Christendom may form an impartial and a fit tribunal of decision. The president of such committee, the common father of the church, will naturally be called on to sign his name and affix his will to the award. Thus a practical *popery* insensibly arrives in all sects, whether they spread from Tibet or from Italy, if the adherents are distributed under various national governments. But popery announces the old age of a sect, for the civil governor, finding inconvenience from that ecclesiastical allegiance, which is often stronger than the patriotic, and which then gives occasion to traitorous intrigue, takes the earliest opportunity of encouraging native domestic heresy, which has sympathies beyond the limits of the empire. And thus a papism crumbles once more into a multiplicity of rival independencies, some one of which repeats the original progress through presbyterianism to episcopacy. The forms of church government are all natural alike. They are successively applicable to every doctrinal sect of extensive force. Wisdom of choice consists in adopting each at the right time, and in always preferring that ecclesiastical organization which corresponds with the stage of growth attained by the opinions.

"Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymmius, and an Apology for Smectymmius," are laborious defences of a pamphlet which is no longer valued. The first is thrown into the form of a dialogue, and contains awkward attempts at humour. The familiar idiomatic dialect of conversation is the best adapted for ridicule; Milton always wrote, as if he thought, in Latin. The second defence, "The Apology," is a more interesting composition, because it wanders more from the subject. But even here Milton laughs like a comic mask dug up at Herculaneum, with all the caricature of satiric grimace, and in the chosen forms of antique sculpture, but with none of the catching glee, the sleek moveable muscles, the narrowed eyes and echoing jaws of living laughter.

"The Tractate of Education" is a singular plan for a polytechnic school, which displays more curious erudition than practical good sense. Latin and Greek are keys to the best model-rooms of fine art; but they are not keys to the best repositories of science; it would be time mispent to study agriculture, as Milton recommends, in Columella and Hesiod.

"Areopagitica."—This is one of the most perfect compositions of Milton, both for matter and manner; it ranks among the best specimens of solemn oration, handed down to us from ancient or

modern times; it is a masterly speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, which accomplished its great object, and was worthy to attain it. Yet, if one were about to include this work in a collection of chosen harangues, one would strike out some comic passages, as below the dignity of the occasion, and some excursive declamations, as foreign to the purpose; and one would wish for a verbiage less copious. Lord Bacon already complains that the admiration of ancient authors, the hate of the schoolmen, the exact study of languages, and the efficacy of preaching, had brought in an affected eloquence; and that the bent of the times was rather toward "copia" than weight. "Men begin," he says, "to hunt more after words than matter, and more after choiceness of phrase, and the round and clean composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their works with tropes and figures, than after soundness of argument and depth of judgment." Milton did not overlook worth of subject or strength of plea; but his sentences are distended to exuberance, and the lustre of his ornaments often intercepts the attention which should settle on the work within the frame.

We next come to his four treatises on the subject of "Marriage and Divorce." The mind dwells upon these with less of pleasure than on any other of his productions. His wife deserted him a few weeks after his marriage; he, finding entreaty and command equally ineffectual to bring her back, resolved, without further ceremony, to repudiate her: these four treatises form an elaborate exposition of his reasons. Spurned, galled, hot with indignation, he levied upon his whole realm of thought and knowledge for forces of argument to support his resolution.

"The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates" is the triumph of Milton's pen; we may add, of modern pamphleteering. The precedents of erudition, the illustrations of fancy, the arguments of reason, are employed with a readiness which leaves nothing to be supplied.

It may be doubted if Cicero could have composed for Brutus a better defence. Maturer taste or aroused feeling here gives direction and an energy to the march of the author's mind, which forbids it to saunter in search of gay decoration, or to waste words in idle entertainment. The cause of nations, the traditional morality of past and future ages, the eternal interests of human kind, are at stake, and they are weighed as in the balance of the universal Father. By the citation of those solemn apophthegms, which the poets and historians, the orators and philosophers, have consecrated, a jury is impanneled, from distant times and places, of the collected leaders and teachers of mankind, to vote in the great cause then pending within the precincts of this country. The shades of the illustrious dead form assemblies around the genius of Britain, to sanction his awful severity.

This pamphlet, by substituting for the ancient doctrine of tyrannicide the modern doctrine of royal responsibility, has given security to sovereigns, and has thereby favoured the mild exercise of power. The Greek held a private individual entitled to remove, by violence, a bad ruler; they defended, in their schools, the assassination of tyrants. Since the book of Milton the verdict of the community has

been held requisite: the right of private judgment, of personal determination, of individual decision, about the fate of a monarch, has been denied even to a Brutus. We now disapprove a Corday who removes a Marat. We expect from the historian a resolute censure of parties, who by abrupt violence endeavour to take off an hereditary ruler; and we claim that the extinction of a monarch should always be accompanied with formalities which may necessitate the concurrence of many men reputable among the people, and responsible to posterity. "Long bleeds the wound by which a king is slain:" we ought, therefore, to deter the discontented from the repetition of such acts, without mighty motives of national expediency. That trial ought to precede punishment, however great the difficulty of apprehending the culprit, is become a maxim in the law national only since this treatise.

"Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish."—These are a series of comments of secondary value, more factious than philosophic.

"Iconoclastes."—This tract is written with a spirit and a fluency far more animating than the trailing affectation of the juvenile compositions. Milton's first manner, to transfer a painter's phrase, smells too much of the schools: his second manner begins with the "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," and pervades all his subsequent writings. This latter style has more of nature and of real life, and is more worthy of the man of business than his first manner; it is less dilute. While he was learning to write, he copied others too anxiously; as soon as he wrote off-hand, his own way, he wrote well. To a fastidious writer the loss of leisure is a cause of excellence.

Of the "Defence of the People of England," we shall quote Mr. Fletcher's own words, in the introductory review:—

"The eventful year of 1649 had not yet closed, when Claude de Saumaise, latine Claudius Salmasius, the most celebrated scholar of the age, published his 'Defensio Regia pro Carolo Primo ad Carolo Secundo,' or a Royal Defence of Charles the First to Charles the Second. This insolent attack on the English Government and people, produced at a critical juncture of affairs, by a man of unrivalled eminence in letters, and at the especial solicitation of the illustrious exile to whom it is dedicated, must have attracted attention both at home and abroad, and required refutation. The achievements of a handful of heroes in England had roused the fears of despotism; and a willing ear was probably lent by the Continental potentates to the present invocation of their interference on behalf of the then Pretender. The Council of State thought it desirable to issue a reply to this libellous and dangerous manifesto, and their determination is recorded in the following laconic order of the 8th January, 1649-50:—'That Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius, and when he hath done it, bring it to the Council.'

"Milton was present at the discussion which led to this characteristic direction, and though warned that the loss of sight would be one certain consequence of obeying it, he magnanimously undertook, and in spite of constant interruptions from increasing ill health, nobly performed his honourable task. 'I would not,' says he, in the Second Defence, 'have listened to the voice of even Esculapius himself, from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution (to undertake the reply to the defence of the

royal cause) was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty; and I called to mind those two destinies which the oracle of Delphi announced to the son of Thetis:—

> "Two fates may lead me to the realms of night;
> If staying here, around Troy's walls I fight,
> To my dear home no more I must return,
> But lasting glory will adorn my urn.
> But if I withdraw from the martial strife—Il. ix.

I considered that many had purchased a less good by a greater evil—the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by a little suffering; that though I am blind, I might discharge the most honourable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem. I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy, as beneficial as possible to the public interest.' Early in the year 1651, out came 'Something in Answer to the Book of Salmasius'—the immortal 'Defence of the People of England'—the most costly won and brilliant achievement in the annals of controversy.

"It is allowed by all that the triumph of Milton was decisive, and the humiliation of his adversary complete. Salmasius, like another Milo, but without his strength, attempted to rive the British oak, and his presumption was rewarded by a fate equally miserable and ridiculous. Great was the advantage which, in all encounters, Milton had over his enemies, in the consistency of his moral and political character. 'I again invoke the Almighty to witness, that I never, at any time, wrote any thing which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre, or of praise; it was only by the conviction of duty, and the feeling of patriotism, a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty.'"

The "Defence of the People of England" may be considered as a continuation or second part of the "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates." No higher praise can be given to this work than to say that the continuance is worthy of the commencement. It is the last of Milton's *writings*—the last work which he wrote with his own hand. Before the end of the year in which he completed it, he became quite blind. The English version (for Milton provided only the Latin original) is ascribed to Mr. Washington, a gentleman of the Temple.

The "Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes" is more remarkable for the display of a mystic theology, than for any definite circumscription of the rights of the magistrate to legislate concerning religion. The encroachments of the state on the church form the objects of Milton's jealousy: he was no disciple of Hobbes.

The likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the church are, in Milton's opinion, to withdraw wholly the salaries of preachers. This plan of leaving religion to its own resources has been admirably defended by Adam Smith, in his fifth book (art. 3.) of the "Wealth of Nations." Milton denies the moral obligation of the Sabbath, and thinks every tenth day as proper as every seventh. He recommends to inculcate religion by the occasional mission of itinerant preachers; and to leave the intervening perpetuation of it to lay-elders, who are to be provided with homilie and liturgie books. Surely in all this

Milton is the sophist of government; he is recommending a measure of finance with the arguments of fanaticism; at least, there is a one-sidedness in his point of view, a cold overlooking of the comforts of the clergy, of the rights of property, and of the interests of learning, which in our opinion does not result from a sour bigotry, but from a statesmanlike resolution to conceal the wrong side of the question.

"Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth."—This letter does not display to advantage the political opinions of Milton. He writes, no doubt, to General Monk, in a moment of anarchy; he says to the leader of the army, which was, in fact, omnipotent, "The things to be insisted on are—(1.) Liberty of conscience, and—(2.) The abjuration of a single person: but whether the government be an annual democracy, or a perpetual aristocracy, is not a consideration." An oath of hatred to loyalty is here, as well as in the three following essays, made of more importance than a provision for the periodical influence of popular choice on the constitution of parliament. There is a false sense of proportionate value in this estimate; and a contempt for the multitude, as if it were incapable of any other liberty than liberty of conscience. Dissent from the Church of England, and oligarchic republicanism, are principles from which Milton never swerves; the importance of an elective constitution to the stability of liberty he seems not to have perceived, nor the importance of a constitution partially hereditary to the stability of an hereditary one.

He recommends the establishment of a "Grand or General Council of the Nation," whose existencc is to be perpetual, and whose wisdom is to be exercised in the arrangement of peace or war, in the formation of general laws, &c. As a check upon this body, and as a local administrating power, is to be formed "a standing council in every city and great town," whose authority, within a certain bound, is to extend to all matters, social as well as judiciary, even to the "ornaments of public civilities, academies, and such like." Popular opinion, however, was now reverting to its bias in favour of monarchy; Milton, therefore, in an agony of despair, lest his countrymen should obstinately determine to return to what seemed to him worse than Egyptian bondage, resumed his pen, a few months after the publication of the letter on a Free Commonwealth, and endeavoured to infuse in the nation at large his own stern anti-monarchical spirit. His manner of writing in this piece, partakes of the strength and fervidness of his feelings.

"Accidence commenced Grammar." The Latin grammar of Milton may claim rank for its conciseness, for the command displayed of classical example, for the original notice of some laws of language not usually recorded, and for greatly surpassing the grammars then extant.

His "History of Britain to the Norman Conquest" still remains the best extant account of that obscure period of our annals. In general the execution of his task is every way so worthy of his learning, of his eloquence, and of his moral spirit, that patriotism and posterity must alike regret the early termination of his toil. A national his-

tory, a national epopea, were the two everlasting possessions which he aspired to bestow upon his country.

The "Discourse of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, and Toleration," has this of objectionable—that it proposes to withhold toleration from popery, under the insufficient pretext that papists necessarily form a pernicious foreign faction, bearing allegiance to the Roman see, not to the national metropolis.

"A Brief History of Muscovy."—This is one of the many proofs of Milton's great attention, while he was in fact secretary of state, to the commercial and prospective interests of Great Britain. He has here condensed and promulgated that information concerning Russia which the age could supply, with a view to predispose the government and the people here to cultivate a friendly, profitable, and civilizing intercourse with that vast empire.

"The Letters of State."—The various state papers here collected, exhibit the strong sympathies of the republican government, with the private and personal interests of the subject, and with the European interests of protestantism. Almost every letter is to solicit redress from the courts of international law, or to heal differences hostile to the protestant interest. This plain policy is wise and great: the subjects of a state can every where conduct concerns to more advantage, if assured of the ready interference of the supreme power to protect them from wrong; and a nation can in no way so well aspire to the rank of a leading power in Europe, as by heading one of the great European parties, and taking in tow the adherent potentates or the adherent population.

Then follow the Latin works of Milton. Of the Prolusiones Oratoriæ, the best is that entitled "Beatiores reddit homines ars quam ignorantia." To these orations succeeds a system of logic, accommodated to that of Ramus, of whose life Milton has given a sketch.

A translation of the "Second Defence of the People of England," by Mr. Robert Fellowes, comes next, but why separated by so long an interval from the translation of the first, we cannot divine. To all the merits of the first, this superadds the interesting character of mingling more among men. The leaders of the British revolution are marshalled in proud array; their several features are sketched in that heroic style of delineation, to which the sublime fancy of Milton was accustomed. The panegyric of Cromwell is peculiarly well managed: it is a model of what Lord Bacon calls *laudendo præcipere;* and under the pretext of telling the Protector what he is, puts him in mind of what he should be. In the scented robe of flattery, truth is ushered into the very presence-chamber of power. The translation does great honour to the pen of Mr. Fellowes.

The last division comprises a translation of thirty-one familiar Epistles, as they are called; they are chiefly parade letters to men of celebrity, intended to be shewn about among the learned, and composed with all the anxiety of a sonnet. They want that idiosyncrasy which constitutes the charm of correspondence; they do not display Milton in undress, but Milton in court-dress, When Johnson composed a paper for "The Rambler," he employed an eloquence so

magnificent, that the effect seems over-proportioned to the object and to the effect. A similar feeling is excited by this epistolary composition.

Our analysis completed, we feel bound to recognize and express our admiration of the skill and care of the printer, Mr. Childs, of Bungay, in Suffolk. The volume is printed with a neatness and taste commensurate with its importance; and its convenience is considerably enhanced by the appendage of a copious index.

THE ZAMANG OF GUAYRA.

["On leaving the village of Turmero we discover, at the distance of a league, an object which appears on the horizon like a round hillock or a tumulus covered with vegetation. It is not a hill, however, or a group of very close trees, but a single tree—the celebrated Zamang of Guayra, known over the whole province for the enormous extent of its branches, which form a hemispherical top 614 feet in circumference. The Zamang is a beautiful species of mimosa, whose tortuous branches divide by forking. Its slim and delicate foliage is agreeably detached on the blue of the sky. We rested a long while beneath this vegetable arch. The branches stretch out like the spokes of a great umbrella, and all incline towards the ground, from which they uniformly remain from twelve to fifteen feet distant. *The inhabitants of these vallies, and especially the Indians, have a great veneration* for the Guayra Zamang, which the first conquerors seem to have found nearly in the same state as that in which we now see it. Since it has been first noticed attentively, no change has been observed in its size or form. It must be at least five or six hundred years old, and seems likely to live many centuries."—*Humboldt's Travels.*]

Oh mighty—glorious fane! almost immortal tree!
Age after age the Indian comes—bows down, and worships thee;
A simple faith—a splendid shrine—one built by God's own hand,
That murmurs forth its living prayer o'er all that sunny land.

How sweet—how gentle is thy voice! are angels singing there?
Or is it but thy feathery leaves—stirr'd by the playful air?
Or is it that thy million tongues in choral sweetness sing,
While round a world of breathing flow'rs their speechless odours fling?

Within thy breathing arch, an Indian girl is sighing,
Tears gem her sun-stain'd cheek—her warrior love is dying;
Prostrate she bends, she prays—then hears thy seer-like voice,
Whispering, it seems to say—"Thy warrior lives—rejoice!"

There kneels a weeping mother—a fever'd child she bears;
Such eloquence as mothers have, she pours to thee in pray'rs;—
Eas'd by thy cooling breath—hush'd by thy soothing voice,
The mother hears thee whispering round—"He lives—he sleeps—rejoice!"

Now comes a troop of dwarfish elves, palm-crown'd in nature's garb—
What have ye done, ye little ones—what sorrows have ye shar'd?
Why seek the shrine—why kneel—why ask its prophet voice?
What can it answer, joyous ones—but, "Go, ye must rejoice!"

Taught by their sires, in homage pure, to seek the temple's shade,
Now at its foot their knees are bent—their palm-crowns humbly laid;
High waving, stirr'd by passing breeze, it shouts with louder voice,
It sounds upon the children's ears—"Go forth—rejoice—rejoice!"

There tottering stands a patriarch—Time's snows are o'er him flung,
High deeds are his—a warlike fame—a hut with trophies hung;
Gazing, he stands beneath the dome—he dimly hears thy voice,
It mutters low—"Thy father's home—the spirit-land—rejoice!"

With bounding tread, with flashing eyes, in manhood's early pride,
Here comes, in warrior's panoply, the glory of their tribe;
In feather'd tunic—war-stain'd skin—they seek to hear thy voice,
Thy trumpet-shout rings wildly round—"The battle-field—rejoice!"

Now timid as a startled fawn, a trembling maiden stands,
With braided hair, with cinctur'd waist, with lote-flowers in her hands;
Fast coming blushes tinge her cheek—what says thine awful voice?
In odorous whispers round it creeps—it sighs "He loves—rejoice!"

Glorious, majestic fane! magnificent, vast tree!
Who wonders that thy votaries bow down and worship thee!
How mighty is thy power!—fancy translates thy voice,
To all who seek thine augury, thou murmurest—"Rejoice!"

Far from the green savannah's breast—far from the mountain's side,
Far from the vallies' rugged homes—far from the foaming tide,
The Indian seeks thy verdant shrine—he prays—he hears thy voice,
The breeze is ever whispering there—Bright tree, dost thou rejoice?

Far better than the Grecian's trust—purer than Delphi's caves,
The wind of heaven breathes freshly round—no madden'd priesthood raves;—
Wave, ever wave thy silvery leaves—for ever sound thy voice,
For ever let thy million tongues in chorus sing—"Rejoice!"

G——

GEMS FROM THE POLISH CAMPAIGN.

The Battle of Grochow.

After the brilliant affair of Wawer, which convinced Diebitsch even with his 100,000 men that the defeat of the Polish army would be something more than the mere "hurrah," which the Russian officers so arrogantly prognosticated, the Polish army fell back upon Grochow. The position was strong; our right rested on the Vistula and the marshes—our left upon a pine-wood, which was the key of the position; and the front of our line, covered as it was with marshes and ditches, presented obstacles difficult to be overcome, notwithstanding the intense frost had rendered them passable. Again, Warsaw at the distance of half a league, as a *point d'appui* and grand depôt, offered immense advantages to a defensive army; but, on the other hand, when it was recollected that, in the event of defeat, our only line of retreat was across one solitary bridge, defended by a weak *tête du pont*;—again, that it was every moment expected that this bridge would be destroyed by the ice, and all communication cut off with the capital and the left bank of the Vistula, the most unmilitary reader must see that nothing could be more perilous than the position of the Polish army.

The position, on the other hand, of the Russians was extremely strong, resting likewise on the Vistula and the marshes, inclosed by woods, the ground in front of which was most favourable for the play of their artillery. Thus our artillery was opposed to a force not only three times more numerous, but also occupying a position that gave them every advantage. The Polish general was therefore reduced to the necessity of either becoming the assailant, with a very inferior force, or of witnessing a combat of artillery, in which his own must inevitably be destroyed.

On the morning of the 20th the Russian general commenced an artillery action, which lasted the whole day. Our divisions were deployed in two lines; the 4th rested upon Grochow, and formed the right wing; the 3d formed the centre, and was posted to the right of the pine-wood—the 1st division occupying its left; the 2d was posted in the second line, and the cavalry in the rear as a reserve: a part of this arm, with a battery of horse artillery, was distributed upon our extreme left, and occupied the hills in front of Kawenczyn. At twelve the Russians attempted to carry the pine-wood; their efforts were principally directed against the left side, defended by the brave 4th of the line and the 5th. Both sides fought with that fury which national animosity can alone inspire. At last the Russians were driven out of the wood with immense slaughter, many of their regiments being reduced to mere skeletons. Diebitsch saw that, in spite of his formidable artillery, he was not in sufficient force to carry the Polish position; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of awaiting the arrival of Szachowski's corps. On the following day a short suspension of arms was concluded to bury the dead.

In the meantime, Szachowski's division was rapidly approaching; on the 23d he had reached the bridge of Zegrze upon the Narew, which was only defended by the 4th battalion of the 8th regiment, detached from the garrison of Modlin; but the ice being sufficiently strong to allow the Russian general to cross the river with his infantry, the Poles were obliged to fall back. Thus the entire Russian corps crossed the Narew and advanced upon Nieporent. The Russian field-marshal was so apprehensive that this corps might be cut off by the Polish army, that he sent out to meet it a brigade of lancers and two battalions of infantry.

Early on the morning of the 24th, the Polish general, Jankowski's division of cavalry, with the 3rd battalion of the 6th of the line, was detached, in order to reconnoitre Szachowski's corps: this detachment fell in with the Russians at Nieporent; but, too weak to impede their advance, they, in consequence, fell back upon Bealolenka, where they found in line General Malachowski's division, composed of two regiments and six pieces of cannon. Suddenly, Szachowski's corps took the direction of Nieporent, instead of marching upon Kobylka, to effect its junction with the grand army, which, by this latter movement, was rendered now extremely difficult. On the other hand, the Polish general, alarmed for Praga, which this movement of the army seemed to menace, immediately covered the route between Bealolenka and Praga. Had he have left it open, and occupied Konty-Groddzeskie, a very strong position, the whole of Szachowski's corps would have been cut off and destroyed, had it hazarded even a demonstration upon Praga. However, Szachowski's Russian corps, 15,000 strong, with sixty pieces of artillery, was approaching Bealolenka, the remainder of his corps remaining at Pultusk and Lomza. To hold him in check, General Malachowski had only Jankowski's division of cavalry, a brigade of infantry, composed of six battalions, and one battery of horse artillery, and six pieces of foot artillery. One battalion of the 6th of the line occupied Bealolenka; the cavalry was deployed on the right of that village, and on its left, towards the woods, two battalions of the 2nd of the line were posted; the skirts of the wood were occupied by another battalion of the same regiment; the left wing was supported by two squadrons of Mazary's, and the right, by two battalions of the 6th. The action commenced about three o'clock, P. M. The enemy's masses were directed upon Bealolenka, which, after three repulses, he carried. Three regiments of Russian hussars then debouched from that village, and made a furious charge upon our battalions posted between it and the woods. The enemy advanced with the greatest impetuosity and intrepidity; but they were steadily received, and gallantly repulsed. Exposed both in front and flank to a tremendous and well-directed fire both of infantry and artillery, their loss was immense. Notwithstanding this check, the Russians began to press our battalions very hard; and Jankowski's cavalry having quitted the field without any adequate reason, the destruction of the Polish division appeared inevitable. With admirable coolness, and in excellent order, did our gallant fellows fall back upon the hills before Praga; when, suddenly, the

arrival of General Krukowrecki, with fresh troops, arrested the advance of the Russians, and saved our shattered battalions.

On the following day, Diebitsch resolved to recal without delay Szachowski's corps, and in order to facilitate their junction, he detached by Zombki a brigade of lancers, and the brigade of Lithuanian grenadiers. The Russian was in motion as the dawn broke, which Krukowreiki perceiving, made an attack along his whole line, which was executed with the most determined gallantry and impetuosity. The village of Bealolenka was recaptured at the point of the bayonet by the 6th of the line; and the enemy, in the greatest disorder, was flying in the direction of Konty Groddzeskie. Nothing could have saved the Russians from total destruction, had not Krukowreiki imprudently dispersed his forces instead of following the enemy *en masse*. To this alone did Szachowski's corps owe its safety; but, what was worse, it escaped to reinforce the grand army, while the Polish army was deprived of an entire division, which remained in a state of inactivity as if all had been over. Our general, Krukowrecki, at Grochow, played exactly the part of Grouchy at Waterloo. And his conduct had a decisive influence upon the issue of the battle of Grochow—consequently upon the destinies of Poland.

Diebitsch, on receiving the information of our attack upon Szachowski's corps, resolved to hasten the battle, although his original intention was not have attacked our position before the 26th of February. He accordingly drew out his army. Pahlen's corps was posted on the left; the 1st division upon the Chausseé, the 2d and 3d farther to the right; each division formed in two lines, according to the Muscovite mode of war. Rozen's corps occupied the left. The 3d corps of cavalry and the guards were held in reserve in the rear of the centre. The 1st brigade of lancers and the Lithuanian grenadiers had been detached, as we have seen, to Zombki, to support Szachowski. Six regiments of cavalry, in columns of squadrons, were posted in the rear of Pahlen's corps.

On the other side, the Polish army, weakened by the departure of Krukowreiki and Jankowski's division, had its right wing resting upon the Vistula, and occupied Grochow with the 4th division. The The pine wood was held by Zymirski's division; Skrzynecki's formed the reserve. The cavalry was in part in columns behind Grochow, and the rest *en observation* in the direction of Zombki, under Uminski. The army was reinforced during the night by the arrival of the 20th regiment, composed of two battalions, and also by a battalion of the 19th regiment, but which was armed entirely with scythes.

Such was the disposition of the two armies on the morning of the battle of Grochow, that battle which dissipated the illusion of Russian invincibility, which, since the memorable campaign of 1812, had hung like a black pall over the military world, and by its influence, was forging chains for Europe.

The morning was dark and gloomy—the sun hid its glory from the scene of coming carnage. A cold north wind, almost intense enough to freeze the red current of life in our veins, blew keenly upon us. But our men felt it not; they were warmed by the glow of patriotism. Many a veteran grenadier was observed to quiver with rage, as he

beheld the dense masses of his country's hated oppressors darkening the opposite line of hills.

About half-past eight o'clock General Chlopecki rode down our line; the aspect of the gallant old veteran was calm and dignified.—"Remember Suvarof!" said he to the 6th of the line; and pointing towards Praga, "what will be the fate of our wives and sisters if we are beaten by yon Russian barbarians!" And as he rode off after this short but stirring address, the cry of "God for Poland!" ran along our whole line, and the bands of the different regiments struck up the national air.

Precisely at nine in the morning the Russian field-marshal gave the signal for the attack. He first directed his efforts against the pine wood, which was the key of our position. The whole length of the Polish line did not exceed a mile, and this same wood enclosed its entire left wing, covered all its movements, and rendered it madness in the enemy to think of advancing by the causeway, so long as we continued to be masters of it. Diebitsch accordingly resolved to carry it *coute qui coute*, and for that purpose he destined Rosen's brigade. The wood was occupied on the right side by General Roland's brigade, the 3d and 7th regiments of the line, and on the left by General Cyzeweski's brigade of light infantry, composed of the 2d and 4th regiments. The enemy directed against this position the entire strength of his 24th division, but observing that the combat was obstinately maintained without any advantage to his troops, the Russian field-marshal despatched fresh reinforcements to their assistance, which enabled them, after very hard fighting, to carry the right of the wood. The loss on both sides was tremendous. General Zymiki fell in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men with his latest breath; and Roland's brigade, reduced to a mere skeleton, was obliged to fall back upon the second line; but Cyzeweski's desperately maintained their post, and repelled the enemy with immense loss. Chlopecki, feeling all the importance of that point, resolved to repossess himself of it, cost what it might; and therefore putting himself at the head of Bogulawske's brigade, composed of the 4th and 8th regiments of the line, he dashed into the wood. The conflict was now terrific; foot to foot, and hand to hand did they fight, neither yielding but with life; each man thought the cause his own, and fought as though the struggle depended on his single arm. No quarter was given! A young Russian officer, who lay wounded at the foot of a tall pine, begged hard for life, but in vain.—"Dog of a Russian! never have thy countrymen shown mercy to mine!" said an old grenadier, as he buried his bayonet in the bosom of the Muscovite. The Russians were at length again driven from the wood, after a most desperate defence. Diebitsch, on his side, did not relax in his efforts; fresh masses were brought forward and hurled against the wood, in which the 25th division succeeded in making a lodgment, in spite of all the efforts of Bugulawski's brigade, while three other regiments were directed against the opposite side. These last were received by such a tremendous and well-directed fire of grape that they almost immediately went to the right-about, while the brave old Chlopecki, at the head of the regiment of grenadiers

again succeeded in carrying the right side of the wood at the point of the bayonet. The whole of the 24th Russian division now fell back in complete disorder, and communicated a momentary panic to the Russian army. The eagle eye of Chlopecki saw that the decisive moment was arrived. "Ride off to Lubienski," said the gallant old man to one of his aide-de-camps; "tell him to fall on those Russian dogs with his cavalry, and the day will be ours!" In the meantime, he led on in person the light brigade of the 2d division, and was on the point of taking the Russian artillery in flank, when suddenly the aspect of affairs changed. Lubienski refused to charge without a positive order from Prince Radziwill, alleging the unfavourable nature of the ground. General Chlopecki, wounded by the bursting of a shell, fell from his horse; and, at the same time, all the superior and field-officers of the light brigade were either killed or wounded; the victorious advance of the Poles was paralysed, and the favourable moment escaped. It was already half-past two o'clock, and the battle had raged for five hours without intermission. Diebitsch now brought up all his reserves. Two brigades of grenadiers advanced once more against the wood, while Szachowski's corps debouched from Zombki; and with its artillery enfiladed the Polish columns posted in the rear of the wood; this position was then no longer tenable, and the pine-wood at length remained in possession of the Russians.

The Russian line now extended far to the right, from the Chaussée to the village of Zombki. Pahlen's corps occupied its original position near the Chaussée; Rosen's corps and 2d division of grenadiers occupied Kawenczyn and the pine-wood, which they had just carried; while Szachowski's corps was fast approaching Zombki. The Polish army was quickly reformed, and now presented a new front; their line extended from Grochow to Zombki, towards which latter point Roland's brigade was marching to support Uminski. In the meantime, the Russian field-marshal, surrounded by a brilliant staff, was seen from a neighbouring height reconnoitering with his glass the Polish position. He felt that the decisive moment had arrived for hurling his masses of cavalry, which he had hitherto held in leash behind the wood, against the Polish line; and he imagined that our battalions, thrown into confusion, would be either driven back upon or cut off from the bridge.

For this purpose he deployed into line on the left of the pine-wood sixty pieces of artillery, and immediately opened a most destructive fire upon our squares, preparatory to the grand charge of cavalry, on which depended the fate of the day. Beneath this iron tempest the Polish battalions rocked like the pines of their native forests when agitated by the furious blasts of winter; but, nothing daunted by the deadly shower, our brave fellows closed up their shattered ranks over the bodies of their dead and dying companions, and with stern composure prepared to receive the desperate charge of the Russian horse. As the smoke cleared off, they were observed debouching from the pine-wood and forming their columns of attack opposite to the Polish right wing. When all was ready, Diebitsch himself gave the signal, and with headlong speed the Russian horse, in columns of squadrons, charged the Polish line. The division of cuirassiers—

Prince Albert's regiment—with those of St. George, Novogorod, and Starodub, advanced along the Chaussée, having a division of lancers on their left and a division of hussars on their right. While Pahlen's corps were ordered to support the attack on the left, and the Lithuanian grenadiers and a brigade of the 2d division of grenadiers on the right, the Russian hussars made a furious charge upon the 1st and 3d light battalions of the 4th division, who were thrown into confusion, some retiring upon Praga, others driven into the marshes of the Vistula, crossed the river on the ice and spread terror through the environs of Warsaw.

Grochow was evacuated, and the whole right wing forced back. The charge on the right was led by the lancers of the Russian imperial guard. Carried away by their ardour, and burning to bathe their lances in Polish blood, these haughty pretorians, confident of success, rushed forward at a furious rate, leaving the remainder of the division far in their rear. To their cost, however, they encountered the celebrated 4th of the line, which had been thrown into square to receive them. Three times, with loosened rein and loud hurrahs, did the Russian lancers dash at the Polish square; three times did every squadron of the regiment in succession gallop fiercely up to the bristling bayonets of the kneeling front rank, and, receiving the murderous and well-directed fire of the rear ranks, opened out to the right and left, and retired by either flank to the rear to reform their broken ranks for another charge. But fruitless were their efforts; the Polish square stood firm as a mountain rock; with stern composure they withstood the whirlwind charge, and, reserving their fire till the foe was within a few yards of them, they poured on the Muscovite horsemen a shower of death which soon covered the front of their iron formation with a rampart of men and horses. It was in vain now that the Russian trumpets sounded the charge; in vain did their officers, with a self-devotion worthy of a better cause, exert themselves to rally and bring back their men; the lancer-guard of the imperial autocrat broke and fled, and communicated their panic to the rest of the division—not a squadron of which dared couch a lance against the gallant 4th!

But the principal charge reserved for the cuirassiers along the the causeway, was the most disastrous of all. Prince Albert led the attack, and galloping through the intervals of the first line, rode furiously against the second, where it created considerable disorder; but a battalion of the 8th, commanded by Major Karski, checked their furious onset, by a cool and well-directed fire. At this moment the 2d regiment of Polish Lancers, observing the confusion of the cuirassiers, dashed impetuously at them. The melée was terrific; and deeply, in that short space, did the formidable lance of Poland drink of Muscovite blood—*the steel-clad cuirassiers were to a man annihilated!* If at this moment Krukoweski and Sanowsky's divisions, as they ought to have done, had appeared upon the field, the battle would yet have been a glorious victory; but they never came;—a single brigade of Gielgud's corps alone reached Zombki towards the evening, and reinforced General Uminski, who, in spite of the immense superiority of Szachowski's corps, had not lost an inch of

ground. Thus this bloody battle terminated by a cannonade on both sides, the last shots being fired by the Poles.

Generals Szembek and Skrzynecki proposed to fall on the Russians during the night with all our infantry; but Prince Radziwill ordered the right bank of the Vistula to be abandoned, which was effected during the nights of the 25th and 26th of February.

Thus terminated the ever-memorable battle of Grochow, in which an army of 120,000 Russians, with 400 pieces of artillery, were unable to conquer 35,000 Poles, with only 100 pieces of cannon, who, in spite of their great numerical inferiority, were more than once on the point of achieving a decisive victory. It is said when the official accounts of this battle reached the Grand Duke Constantine, the pride of the Martinet got the better of the despot;—and the Russian rubbing his hands, with an air of pride and satisfaction, he exclaimed to some of his staff, "Gentlemen, those Poles are my men; I formed them!"

PANORAMA OF MANCHESTER.—ERA OF MECHANISM.*

THE complaint, so long and so often made, that London absorbed too great a portion of the wealth and population of Great Britain, is not likely to continue. The "Modern Babylon" has a rival, which is hastening after her with rapid steps. In amount of population, the Metropolis of Manufactures may be fairly said to equal London already; for, although Manchester, considered *per se*, contains little more than a quarter of a million of people, yet, looking at it as a section of a connected series of towns and populous villages immediately surrounding it, the statement is perfectly true. Let the London Post Office and the Exchange of Manchester be taken as centres of two districts, fifteen miles every way, and we have no doubt that the number of inhabitants will be found to be greatest in the latter. There is indeed this peculiarity about London—that it is London, and nothing else. Leave its suburbs a mile behind us, and we might be a hundred miles from a great city—every thing is so quiet and even solitary. This has arisen from its size and influence preventing any other town springing up near it. Not so Manchester and its neighbours; and a drive of a few miles in any direction only serves to shew us hives of human beings.

Liverpool and Manchester are at the present time as much parts of the same town as Poplar and Chelsea, or Camden Town and Camberwell, are parts of London. "Oh dear!' exclaims some Bow-bell man, "only just look at the map—why they are thirty miles apart." So they are; and yet it is easy to get from Manchester to Liverpool as from Poplar to Chelsea, and the distance, great as it is, may be tra-

* "Panorama of Manchester, and Railway Companion." Everett, Manchester. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.

velled over nearly in the same time. Thus, in point of fact, and for all purposes of social and commercial communication, they are equally one town with the extreme points of London. A proof of the readiness and easiness of the journey is found in the fact, that upwards of 1,300 people pass backwards and forwards every day.

Manchester boasts to be one of our very oldest towns; and yet it is singularly deficient in remains of antiquity. Long before the invasion of the Romans, it was a native fort; and when England was conquered by "Imperial Rome," a cohort was stationed on the same site, and it became a regular camp. It never, however, attained any particular celebrity as a town, though noted for its manufactures—known under the names of "Manchester cottons," which were in fact woollens—as early the 14th century.

We must not look upon the present population of Manchester as limited to the number of men, women, and children contained within its crowded streets. It is the grand focus of mechanical contrivance, and mechanical adaptation, and every machine stands in the place of a human labourer. In this point of view, the town with its immense and magnificent factories and work-shops, becomes a scene of wonder and of speculation. The facilities indeed given by machinery to production are utterly amazing. According to a report made in 1833, the number of "hands" engaged in the cotton mills in Manchester was above 30,000, and these, aided by machinery, represent the labour of five millions and a half of human beings. This result, which places the productive power of our country so far beyond its actual population, forms an important subject of political consideration. It is a subject which is becoming daily of more weight as machinery has not only outstripped hand-labour, but threatens in a great measure actually to destroy it.

Manchester has therefore a vast population—partly human and partly mechanical, and we must suppose that there must be heads to contrive, and purses to support both the one and the other. Accordingly the town has many wealthy people in it—people who have grown rich, but who have not yet learnt the right use of riches. Here indeed—

"Et genus et formam, regina pecunia dedit,"

and the banker's book is the only pedigree. We are far from quarrelling with this condition of things—nay, we rather consider it as providential. It has been said by high authority in such matters, that great men are born for great epochs—we, on the contrary, assert that particular epochs and trains of events call into action minds framed for their direction, the capabilities of which would otherwise have lain dormant. Thus the present inhabitants of Manchester are great men *in their way*—that is, they are men fitted to superintend mules and jennies, and to get rich—a very high praise, quite equal to the fame of a Cicero or a Wellington.

The Panorama of Manchester shews that it has not only wealthy people in it, but that it has likewise persons of taste—persons imbued with a love of the fine arts, and who, with laudable *amor patriæ*, are wishful to make their towns striking and grand as well as

convenient. In this spirit several public buildings have been got up—amongst the rest the Town-hall stands conspicuous. According to Mr. Everett, this is built in the "same style as the temple of Erecheus at Athens, and the dome in the centre is after the model of the octagonal tower of Andronicus, generally called the Tower of the Winds. In the niches in front," he continues, "are figures of Solon and Alfred, and in the attic are medallion portraits of Pythagoras and Locke—Solon and Judge Hale." Truly the taste governing this *consommé* must be pronounced to be admirable; but we rather wonder that the "Tower of the Winds" remains quiet amidst its incongruous neighbours.

We grieve to learn, from the same authority, that the interior decorations of this splendid building are unfortunate in their execution. The simplicity and *bonhommie* displayed by the author in this part of his work is one of the best hits we have for some time seen. "These four paintings," he says, "represent the four cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude!" But, he adds in a foot-note, "it is a singular proof of the different impressions produced in different minds by the same representation, that these figures are supposed by Mr. Baines and others to represent the '*four quarters of the globe!*'" Very singular, indeed, and to avoid such confusion in future, we would strongly advise the gentlemen of Manchester to insist upon their artists labelling their works.

The English are proverbial for being a portrait-loving people: every man and woman, of whatever degree, having the same desire for posthumous remembrance. Dryden, when in a caustic humour, said, in his beautiful verses to Kneller—

> "Good Heaven! that sots and knaves should be so vain
> To wish their vile resemblance to remain!
> And stand recorded, at their own request,
> To future days a libel or a jest!"

This disposition the Mancumans seem to enjoy, according to Mr. Everett, in an extraordinary degree. Over the fire-place in the public room, and meant as the lion of the place, is the grand picture, intended to represent the meeting of the Allied Sovereigns at Carlton House, in 1814. Such a picture, one should naturally suppose, would be historical, and commemorate the men who were actually present. No such thing, the opportunity of being immortalized in such illustrious company was too good to be lost by the men of Gotham, and—*O! infandum*—the officials of Manchester, of all sizes and ages, occupy the canvas. The perversion, gross as it is, would, we have been told, have remained a secret to the world at large, had not the vanity of one of the "pictured heroes" overcome his prudence. Like poor Dennis, who could not hear the thunder praised without exclaiming "Zounds! that's my thunder!" when somebody was admiring the rubicond visage and portly abdomen of a worthy burgher, he was so delighted that he called out "that's me!"

Lancashire has for ages been famous for the wit of its inhabitants. In their own rich Doric dialect "they ha' been 'cute folk sin' Adam

wur a childt!" and we have an intention of giving new vigour to Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering of next year by an infusion of a few Bolton "bites." So determined is the spirit of wit in the natives of Manchester, that it breaks out upon the most solemn occasions, and its works are visible in the most sacred edifices. The Collegiate Church, we are told, is a fine pile of building, but, like most of our ecclesiastical structures, somewhat marred by numerous alterations and additions, little in unison with each other, or with the style of the original building. Many of the stalls are embellished by carving, and it is here the *genius loci* shews itself. "The seventh stall," says Mr. Everett, p. 76, "is inscribed Archidasculus, as being appropriated to the head master of the grammar-school, and is most grotesquely ornamented, as if in contrast with the supposed austerity of his profession. On the centre of the under part of the seat is seen a fox, decamping with a goose on his back, while a woman, with a child clinging to her petticoat, appears at the door of a cottage, as if for the purpose of crying 'stop thief!' In the circle on the right hand is an old fox, in a sitting posture, with a large birch rod over his shoulder, apparently teaching two young cubs to read, and on the left-hand side is another old fox in the same attitude, intently occupied in reading." Then "the thirteenth stall has a boar standing on his hind-legs, and playing on bag-pipes, while four young pigs are dancing in a trough to his music." How exquisite is the wit, and how appropriate are the situations selected for these works of art, and what powerful provocations they must be to devotional feelings!

Lest our readers should suppose that the spirit of fancy is defunct or less vigorous at the present time than in by-gone ages, an occurrence connected with this same carved work will best illustrate. The interior of the church a few years ago was undergoing some repair and beautifying. The "factionaires" for the time being were determined on doing their duty, anxiously looked out to see that all was right, when the brilliant idea struck one of them of painting the cornice, which was crowded with carvings of saints, angels, and fiends. And here his fancy was roused into play, and he caused the "frighted group" to be painted, some like soldiers, with red coats and white gaiters, and some like one thing, and some like another; and to crown all, lest such a benefactor to the fine arts should go to his tomb unrecorded, he had his name and the date of his exploit inscribed in large characters near his handiwork—

"Tempora mutantur—*sed non* mutamur in illis."

If there be little in Manchester, therefore, to delight the lover of architectural and pictorial excellence, there is a great deal to interest the politician, and the observer of mankind. It can admit of no question but that when the era arrives in which mechanism and human labour are brought into actual collision, Manchester will be the theatre of great events—of events which will probably completely change the face of society. Many men think such a collision to be remote, or possibly not likely to happen. The history of mechanism, brief as it is, and its effects upon production, con-

sumption, and labour, would, however, tell a tale replete with forebodings.

It is to be wished that some better account had accompanied the Panorama of Manchester of what chiefly interests strangers—namely, the interior economy and management of the mills, which are the only curiosities in the town. These are indeed congregations of mechanical and moral wonders, and cannot fail to fill the mind with the most singular emotions. The stories of our childhood, as to magic and supernatural power, dwindle into insignificance before the strange realities which are presented to us.

In viewing these most wonderful works of human ingenuity the question forces itself upon our attention, what is to be the result of mechanical adaptation upon the labouring population? Will it gradually force human power from the field; and if so, what is to become of the millions of hands now dependant on this branch of industry? It is acknowledged on all sides that there is already a considerable pressure upon the labouring community, and that it is in a state of feverish excitement any thing but satisfactory. This uneasy state is evidenced too openly by combinations and turn-outs, in all of which the men inevitably suffer. This result, though perfectly natural, and though gratifying to the lover of order and social union, will before long teach the men a painful and dangerous lesson. They will learn from the iron hand of poverty that they are the weaker party, and that in many branches of trade they have a rival daily, nay hourly, treading upon their heels, and swallowing up their resources. This is mechanism. This lesson once taught, the struggle will begin—a struggle which will either make or mar us as a manufacturing country.

It unluckily happens that the great political writers of the present day are dealers in abstract propositions and generalities—and too often mere 'doctrinaires,' who frame theories, and then—simple souls—good-naturedly imagine that the wants, the wishes, and the crimes of their fellow-men will accommodate themselves to their peculiar opinions. The leading writers in the great periodicals, which, generally speaking, express the prevailing opinions of the political parties which they represent, one and all agree in declaring that every new application of mechanical power must benefit the labouring classes in some way or other. Nothing is so easy as to make an assertion; but we wish some of these closet philosophers had condescended to point out how such a desirable consummation is to be brought about.

It is true that some of them talk of waste lands, some of emigration, and some of abstinence from marriage, in order to check the increase of population. Writers of this last class evidently know nothing of human nature; and we beg leave, with all modesty, to hint to them, that if people do not marry, still children will be born. This is doubtless a natural phenomenon they cannot understand; but it is true nevertheless.

> ———"Rupiam vincula, dicas
> Num luctata caius nodum arripit, at tamen illa
> Cùm fugit, à collo trahitar pars longa catenæ."

It thus appears that there is a darkling idea in existence, that mechanism and steam power will displace human labour; but it is strenuously insisted upon that the labourers are to be the better for being deprived of the means of support. This is a curious problem in political economy, and we candidly confess that we do not understand it.

In opposition to it, we as strenuously maintain that the labourers will suffer, and that too to a deplorable extent, from the rapidity with which mechanism is superseding them. The time is not very remote when wages will fall so low from the amount of production, and from its cheapness, that the maximum will fall short of supplying the wants of the labourer. If this assertion does not harmonize with the dogmas of political economy, it has, at least, one merit, which is, that it harmonizes with common sense and with truth. But we will not confine ourselves to a mere assertion—we will, and that at no distant day, satisfy our readers, by means of facts and of dates which cannot be disputed, that we are right; and that the universal pressure and discontent so widely existing, and imputed to surplus population, arise from machinery.

From this it may, perhaps, be supposed that we are enemies to machinery—that we would check its progress, and that we should rejoice in seeing the distaff and spindle again occupying the place of the mule and the steam-engine; and the condensed population of our towns again scattered in village-homes. For the sake of the labourers themselves we might, perhaps, wish that it were so; but the wish would be childish. No; it is to mechanism we owe much that we now enjoy—it is to mechanism that we are indebted for a producing power, which is making us the most wealthy and powerful people in modern times; it is mechanism that places us in advance of all other countries as a manufacturing and commercial state; and it is to mechanism that our stability in the present scale of nations will be owing.

Yet the era of mechanism is one that has been, and will be, attended with incalculable suffering. Already our population is leaving its native country in thousands, and a mass of pauperism, poverty, and discontent meets us in whatever direction we look. It is a state of things imperatively demanding the wisest legislative measures; for, if the mischief come upon us unprepared, if no remedial agency be ready when wanted, most assuredly a social war will attend its ultimate progress.

These are considerations which invest the Panorama of Manchester with an interest quite at variance with its intrinsic merits, and which direct the eye of the observer towards it as a focus in which the element of important events are busily at work. * * *

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—Sixth Yarn.

We were now at sea, and the dull monotony of a sea voyage made me more anxious than ever to save myself from *ennui* by attending the galley gatherings. It is the usual custom on board ships of war to allow the men half-an-hour to their supper; but it is not an uncommon thing in hot climates, with fine weather, and little to do, to extend the meal time to an hour. Such was the case at the time of which I am speaking. The moment the Phillimore was served, I made no delay in taking up my old station, Jack Murray having given a half promise to finish his adventures; and knowing that he required very little to induce him to spin a yarn, he priding himself upon his capabilities to perform that, as well as every other part of a sailor's duty, I expected a good hour's amusement. On my arrival I found I was just in time. The most important yarners had just taken their seats.

"Well, lads," said Will, "what's it going to be to-night? we are at sea, now, good luck to it; give us something to take the taste of that Phillimore out of my mouth. Sink me if I don't wish the old banyan days would come back again, and let's have our old allowance of grog. What do you say, Jack."

"Ay! sure I do, lad; d—n the purser's slops, says I."

It may be well here to remark that, although Jack now and then gives way to a little abuse of Sir John Phillimore, his plan of substituting tea for an extra allowance of grog is universally approved of by the sailors; indeed, the good effects of the new system of provisioning are so obvious, that nobody can be otherwise than pleased.—But to resume.

"But I say, lads, come let's have a bit o' a yarn: what shall it be? I say, you Harry Somers," said Will Gibbon, turning to a man who had come down from Navarino to join us at Malta, having volunteered to sail with his old captain, "you've just come from the Hadmiral, and were at the battle o' Navarino; can't you spin a yarn about it, and so teach Jack Murray how to talk, and then mayhap he'll spin us the rest o' that yarn about his sweetheart."

"I suppose that's a hint, Will," said Jack, "and I'll take it; so if Harry Somers will spin us a yarn about the haction first, I'll take up the cudgels afterwards."

"Come, that's fair," cried all at once; "go on, Harry."

"Well, lads, I ar'nt got much to tell; but, mayhap, you never heer'd about Captain Spencer in the little Talbot, twenty-eight, bullying the whole Turkish fleet."

"No, never, let's have it—heave a-head, we've got an hour."

"Well, lads, just afore the Turkish fleet run into the harbour, the Talbot and Asia were the only ships in the Gulf; I belonged to the Talbot then, it was afore I joined the admiral. And one morning at about ten o'clock, the whole Turkish fleet of about five-and-twenty sail was in sight, coming right down the Gulf. The admiral made the signal for the Talbot to run under senior hofficer's stern, and speak.

Well, we was on his weather-quarter, o' course the place for all frigates when in company with the admiral, so we bore up, and just as we got under the Asia's stern, we hauled to the wind, and the skipper went fored (forward) on the fauksle (forecastle), to speak to the admiral, who was standing in his stern gallery. 'Spencer,' says he, 'do you just run down to the Turkish squadron, and tell them if they attempt to come up the Gulf, I'll sink every one of them.'—'Ay, ay, Sir,' says our skipper, so away we went—'bear up, and set stunsails, beat to quarters, take out the tomkins (tompions), and double-shot your guns,' and by the time we had done it we were in the middle of the Turkish fleet. Well, just as we got on the starboard-bow of the Turkish admiral, our skipper says, 'Now, pilot,' says he, 'stand you up on that signal locker and say what I tell you.' The pilot didn't stir a peg, but stood staring at the skipper. 'Why don't you do as I tell you, Sir.'—'Ah! Lord, Sir,' says the poor pilot, who was in a deuced funk, 'if I tell 'em that, they'll fire at us directly, and sink us.'—'Well, what's that to you?'—'They'll shoot me, Sir.'—'Well, I'll tell you what it is, they'll shoot you if you do, and I'll be d—d if I don't shoot you if you don't, so now take your choice whether you'll be shot by me or the Turks;—oh, you needn't look at me, you cowardly rascal, for I'm in earnest I assure you.—Steward,' he says, says he, 'bring me my pistols.' Up they came, and he took up one.—'Now,' he says to the pilot, 'quickly, and make your choice.' So when the old cowardly rascal saw the pistol, he jumped up on the signal locker, not very fast, shivering like a ship in stays.—'Now, lads,' says the skipper, 'keep your trigger lines in your hands, and stand by to fire directly I tell you; we'll give her one broadside before we go to the bottom, for I expect she'll sink us.—'Quartermaster,' he says, 'keep us well on her bow, so that we may rake her.' By this time we were close to her, so we hove to, and the skipper says to the pilot—'Now repeat after me, if the Turkish admiral with his fleet attempt to pass up the Gulf, the English admiral will sink every ship.' Well, directly he had said this we all expected they'd fire, so we stood all ready looking at the captain, who was standing abaft on the quarter-deck, looking as if nothing was going on, except now and then smiling at the pilot's funk. At last, after they'd waited to consider a bit, they answered that the Turkish admiral wanted to speak to the English admiral. So our skipper answers that he would ask his admiral's permission, but in the mean time they must not attempt to move, or he should fire into them. Well, they didn't, and after we had signalised to the admiral he agreed to see the Turk; and so with one eighty-four and one eight-and-twenty we had kept the whole Turkish fleet at bay."

"Ay, lad, that was rum work, and dangerous work to, o' your skipper to run down with such big words from such a little mouth," said Will.

"Ay was it, lad, but though we had but a little mouth we had a good set of teeth, and good jaws that knew how to use them."

"I don't doubt it, lad, I don't doubt it at all; you proved it, lad, for you all fought like Englishmen as far as I can hear," said Will

Gibbon; but is that all you have to tell us about Navarino? I expected a good twister."

"Oh, lads, I went into the admiral's ship afore the action was fought as a supernumerary to join this here ship, so if I spin you a newun about Navarino it must be in a new ship, and I ought to have a fresh night for a fresh ship, so now let's have Jack Murray's yarn."

"Oh, sartainly, sartainly, that's nothing but fair,'" cried all hands; come, Jack, heave a-head."

"No, no, I shan't, lads, there arn't time to-night for me to spin you a yarn; when I get on a bowline I mean to make a long leg, I can tell you that, my bo's; so you, Mr. Bob Short, let's see if you can make any use of that long tongue of yours, that's rolling over your under-lip like a carrot; come, you haven't spun us a yarn for a long time—it's your turn now, arn't it, lads?"

"Ay, that it is; come, Bob, tip something to pass away the time till to-morrow night, when we'll get Jack Murray under weigh, as he says it will be a long time before he comes to again."

"Well, lads, you know I haven't got much to say, 'cause I arnt seen much myself; so if you will have a yarn you must have one that I heard my father spin once about a captain as is now one what was made from before the mast.

"It was in the Seringapatam, a forty-six, one o' the large frigates, as he entered aboard of in the war-time, and went to cruise in the Channel; when he got aboard he was made quarter-master, though he was a young man, for he was a smart sailor. Well, you know, there was a little boy about thirteen years of age as was messenger-boy abaft, as it might be here; well, they noticed the little fellow was always asking questions about seamanship of the quarter-masters as were not at the conn, and teazing them to teach him to knot and splice, and all that sort o' work; so they got tired of him always bothering them, and used to tell him to be off, and perhaps give him a knock on the head, all except my father, who thought him a fine promising young fellow as would turn out a good sailor, so he paid great attention to him—taught him the marks in the lead-line, how to heave the lead and take the helm—where all the ropes led, and how they rove; and, in short, he did every thing he could to make him a sailor. The young feller noticed this kindness of my father, so different from the treatment he received from the others, and he was very grateful for it, and attached himself very much to my father, doing a number of little things for him, and always paying attention to what he told him; although he was a very hot, headstrong, passionate youngster, he was so fond of my father, that a word from him would quiet him at once in his hottest passions. At last my father asked the first-leaftenant whether he should take the youngster into his mess, telling him at the same time that he thought him a very promising young feller, and all that. The first-leaftenant says, 'Do, Short,' says he; 'I wish,' says he, 'all men would take the trouble you have done with the boys; it does you great credit, Short,' he says, says he; 'if you come down to my cabin to-night,' he says, 'I'll give you a glass of grog.' So after this my father had him in his mess, and took every opportunity to teach him his duty;

he was a very quick little feller, and always remembered what he was told; at last the ship was rigged, and away they went to cruise in the Channel to protect the homeward bound merchantmen; it was the month of August, and they had rather blowing weather; all one for that. Little Watts, that was his name, was always on the maintop-sail yard at reefing topsails, blow high or low; and sometimes, when he could get the captain of the maintop in the line to let him, he used to lay out on the maintop-gallant-yard to furl the topgallant-sail; o'cause he was no use there, he was so little—only thirteen. At last, one night it came on to blow a heavy gale of wind; they had close reefed topsails on her at four bells in the middle watch, and at about six it came on to blow so hard they were obliged to furl the fore and mizen-topsail, and heave her to under a monkey-topsail and storm-staysails; well, all the time, young Watts was on the mizen-topsail-yard, furling the mizen-topsail, and hard work they had of it, blowing like blazes, thundering and lightning, with a Scotch mist right in their teeth; but this warn't enough to send the youngster below; he was out at the starboard railing all the time, and the last in off the yard; at last he came down out o' the mizen rigging, and as he past my father, who was at the cabin, 'Well done, younker,' says my father, 'you've done pretty well for to-night.'—'I haven't done half enough yet, though,' says young Watts; 'this is the sort o' night for me; I'll do something soon, I hope;' and sure enough he did, lads. The skipper was standing in the signal locker abaft, carrying on, and aft went young Watts and stood close alongside on him. Well, presently there was a cry from the maintop of a man overboard. 'A man overboard!' cries the skipper; 'good God, nothing can save the poor feller such a night as this.'—'I will, I will, Sir,' says young Watts; and before the skipper could stop him, he had thrown his hat down on the deck, and overboard he went. 'Let go the life buoy,' says the skipper; 'make the end of the main-brace fast to it, that's their only chance. What boy was that went overboard? he's a fine spirited feller; I'll take care of him if he lives.' Well, the life buoy had been let go, and the men kept trying it to see if it dragged; at last it did, so they sung out—'Somebody has got hold of the life buoy, Sir!'—'Haul up gently then, lads,' says the skipper; at last they hauled it up right under the quarter—'Now let go the starboard Jacob's ladder—who's the man,' says the skipper, 'that will go down that Jacob's ladder, with a rope's end, to assist the poor feller?'—'I, Sir,' says my father; for he thought it was young Watts. Well, so he made a bowline knot, and down he went; so when he got nearly to the lowest step, he says, 'who's that?'—'Ah, is that you, Short?' says young Watts. 'Thank God, you are safe, you d—d fine spirited young rascal; but I'll thrash you when you come on-board, you brave little scoundrel;' for my father hardly knew what he said, he was so glad to find the little feller safe; so he managed, after a good many trials, to pass the bowline knot under his arms, and then told them to haul up gently on deck, at the same time my father caught hold of his legs, to prevent his swinging against the ship; at last they got him on deck.—'Take him into my cabin, and tell my steward to give him a tot of brandy; and do you take one too,' says the skipper to my

father, 'and then let him change his clothes, and bring him up on the quarter deck—I'll flog you, you young rascal;' so down he went, and when he was gone, thes kipper turned to the first-leaftenant, and said, 'that's a noble boy, I'll put him on the quarter deck.'—'He deserves it, Sir,' says the first-leaftenant, 'if we may judge by his beginning, he'll be a very hornet among the Frenchmen.—'Ay, that he will,' says the skipper; 'but here he comes, let's hear what he's got to say for himself.—Well, young scamp, come here, did you think you would be of any service, that you jumped overboard to-night?'—'No, Sir,' says the boy, as bold as possible.—'No! well then, what made you jump overboard?'—'Because, Sir,' says he, 'I want to be an admiral, and I thought if I did any thing to attract your attention you'd make me a midshipman, and if you do that, I'll answer for it I'll be a post-captain before long.'—'You did, did you,' says the skipper, 'then I'll be d—d if I don't make you a midshipman this very minute; send the clerk here,' he says, says he, 'and tell him to rate Mr. Wm. Watts, midshipman; but my boy,' says the skipper, 'suppose you had been drowned?'—'If I had, Sir,' says he, 'I shouldn't have wanted a rating, and you would have said there dies a brave fellow, and I wouldn't wish any thing better to be said of me.'—Well, so after he was rated, and things had got put to rights a bit, the skipper went below and the watch was called, so down went Watts and my father, and when they got below, my father says, 'Mr. you're Mr. Watts now, but don't think,' says he, 'because you are a reefer, you are going to get off the thrashing I promised you for trying to throw away your life that way, and leave me all alone without a son.'—'You shall be my father still, Short,' says he, throwing himself into my father's arms; 'for I have neither father or mother. But I say, Short, promise me one thing.'—'What's that?'—'Why if ever I'm a captain, will you sail with me?'—'That I will, my boy, never leave you again as long as I live—if ever you are a captain I'll be your coxswain, so there's my hand on it.' He shook my father's hand heartily, and they then turned into their hammocks. The next morning, when they turned out, they found the weather had moderated, and the ship had got double-reefed topsails and top-gallant-sails on her. When the skipper came on deck, he said, 'Quarter-master, tell Mr. Watts I want him.' So down went the quarter-master, and found him with my father, eating his breakfast in the berth. 'Mr. Watts,' says the quarter-master, laughing, 'the captain wants you, if you please, Sir.'—'Up you go,' says my father, 'and I hope this will be the last time you'll ever set cheek-by-jowl with me over a basin of cocoa.' When he got on deck, the skipper says, 'Hallo, Mr. Watts, what do you mean by coming on the quarter-deck without your uniform?' 'I haven't got any uniform, Sir.'—'Oh! you haven't, haven't you?—very well; you shall have one very soon. Send my steward, and the ship's tailor here.'—'Ay, ay, Sir.' Up they came. 'Steward, go into my cabin, and fetch up one of my jackets; and you, tailor, measure this young gentleman for a jacket.' Well, all this was soon done; and young Watts was soon walking up and down the quarter-deck as an officer. 'And now, my fine little feller,' says the skipper, 'directly we get into harhour, I'll

give you a fit out myself; and I'll allow you twenty pounds a year; and depend upon it, as long as I live, if you conduct yourself properly, I'll treat you as my own son.' Well, little Watts was comfortable enough now—settled in the midshipman's berth, taken notice of by all the officers, and sure of the captain's favour, he was a great deal better off than most midshipmen, for they were not then as they are now—all of good property and good friends; there were lots of 'em, I've heard my father say, that crept in at the hawse-holes; but now a-days, they jump slap in at the cabin windows. Well, lads, so they went on, cruising, till one morning they made out a vessel on their lee-beam, looking like a marchantman; and it being their duty to speak all homeward bound merchantmen, to see if they were in distress, and wanted anything, they up with the helm, and bore down upon her; when they came near enough, they both hoisted their colours, and hove to; the lee-cutter was lowered, and the skipper ordered the third-leaftenant to board her, and told Mr. Watts to take charge of the boat; away they went, and found she was an English brig, bound for London, laden with silks from Trieste. After she had given all the information she could, she said she saw that morning, a great distance off, a vessel, looking like a frigate, and she thought a French one, steering S.S.E. The third-leaftenant hurried on board to tell the skipper; and as it was a fair wind, every stitch of canvas she would bear was soon crowded in chase; that was Saturday afternoon, and night closed in; but they saw nothing of her. For all this, the skipper wouldn't alter his course; he said it was better to keep that course than run a wild goose-chase, and miss her after all. Well, the next morning, Sunday, no sail was in sight; still they continued their course; and, as the Seringapatam was a fast sailer, they thought they might overhaul her. Well, they went to prayers, as we always do on a Sunday, and, as they had no chaplain, the captain always read prayers. Just as he was in the middle of them, the signal-man cried out from the mast-head, 'a sail! a sail!'—'What direction?' — 'Right a-head, Sir, steering the same way as we are.' Up jumped all the men from church, when they heard this, and were running on deck, when the captain called them, and said—'My men, if that is the ship we have been looking for, she is too far off to render it necessary for us to go to quarters directly, and in the meantime none of us will be less determined in the hour of trial by having asked assistance from aloft!' and he pointed with his finger to heaven. So all the men sat down again, and after having read two or three prayers he got up, and said 'Now, my men, to quarters; I need not tell you to fight bravely, for that you have always done, and I don't think your courage will fail you now you want it.' Well, they were soon ready, for men don't take long to prepare when they have the chance of a good action before them. All this time they were overhauling the stranger like the d—l, and they soon got near enough to see she shewed a good row of teeth, just about a match for them in size. As they got nearer they made the private signal, which not being answered, they were sure she was a Frenchman. Up went the colours nailed to the mast, and directly the Frenchman saw this, up went his colours, and he hauled on a bow-

line; they did the same, and so o' course they kept the weather-gage of her, and gently edged down. Directly they came within gunshot the Frenchman let fly, but did little damage, except to the rigging, and that's always the way with 'em; they fire too high—they always fire on the roll up, and we on the roll down. The Seringapatam kept her fire till she got close alongside, when she let fly her whole broadside at once right into the Frenchman's hull. At last they fell right on board, their main-yards locked each other, but owing to the sea they could not board from the deck, so up sprung the first luff up the main rigging, crying 'Follow me, first division of boarders.' Young Watts was the first to follow; up they ran, bullets flying about their heads like hail, and the men falling down from the rigging as fast as they got up; still Watts kept close to the first-leaftenant; at last they got on the main-yard—they were too late, the yards had cleared themselves, and were parted. 'Nothing can be done here, I'm afraid,' said the first luff; 'never mind, we'll lay out, and try what we can do. Out they went. Still Watts was second. The Frenchman's main-lift was slack. 'Nothing can be done,' cried the first luff, 'we must try the deck again.'—'One trial here first, Sir,' said Watts, and making a spring, he caught hold of the bight of the Frenchman's main-lift. 'By G—d!' said the first leaftenant, 'that boy teaches us all,' as he made a spring to follow, but missing his hold, dashed his brains out on the Frenchman's deck. My father followed, and several men after him. All this time they were firing away on deck, and from the tops, and from their smoke nobody had observed the boarders on the main-yard, so they reached the main-top before they were seen; then a desperate struggle took place for the top; at last Watts' party gained it, after he had been wounded, fighting like a young tiger. 'Now, sir,' says my father, 'you had better send one of the men on board our ship, to tell the captain, for we shall have the Frenchmen upon us directly.'—'Go yourself, Short,' said he. 'No, sir, that I won't leave you for a minute, without you orders me, and then o' course I must.'—'Well,' he said, 'send any one of the men.' So down went one of the men, and poor little Watts layed down in the top, quite exhausted from a wound in his left arm. My father stanched it with his black silk handkerchief, and the captain, when he heard the top was taken, for they had not been able to board from the deck, said 'Well done, my brave boy;' and then turning to the second luff, he says 'Take the second division, and board her from the deck.' He did so, and in half an hour the Frenchman was theirs; and how young Watts got promoted I'll tell you after Jack Murray's yarn to-morrow night, for there's stand by hammocks."

"Well done, Bob," said Jack Murray, "I thought you could use that great tongue of yours. We must have you wag it again to-morrow night."

"Not without you set me the example," retorted Bob.

"Well, I will lad, depend on't."

Jack kept his word, and so did Bob.

THE PHANTOM LAND.—Part III.

The angel answered not, but led me thence
To where one, resting on a riven rock,
Drew my keen gaze: his features to my sense
Seemed exquisitely chiselled from some block
Of pure, pale marble; and his brow immense
Rose over eyes whose brightness was intense.—
He claimed no kindred with the vulgar flock.

The desperation of sublime despair—
Remorse, that eats its way into the soul—
Scorn's lofty look, and Hate's malignant glare,
And stubborn Pride which nothing could control,
Dwelt in his eye, and lip, and haughty air,
And trembling hand effeminately fair.—
He wept, but answering tears had ceased to roll.

He seemed to think himself alone, though round
There stood a gloomy-melancholy throng;
He saw them not, or else with pride profound
Would not appear to see them. But ere long
He snatched his harp that lay upon the ground,
Swept its loud chords, and singing to the sound,
Rolled from the rock a cataract of song.

Wild was the measure of his lofty lay:
And such fierce wrath, such anger malcontent,
Such wounded pride, such scorn, such deep dismay,
And poignant pathos filled his loud lament,
The phantoms lingering round to hear him play
Could not endure it—and so slunk away.
Impetuous was his song, and thus it went:—

"Is this, alas! the soul's eternal sleep?
Is this death's tranquil and unconscious dream?
The cloud is past away!—the mystery deep
Is rent to its foundation—and 'twould seem
That death is nothing other than a leap
Into more full existence from life's steep.
What men call death is life—and life the dream.

"This is no region of forgetfulness:
This is no bed of down for my sad ghost:
Millions of bitter thoughts my soul distress,
And those I would forget torment me most,
And like fierce dogs that round their keeper press,
Bark in my ears with fury merciless,
Heightening the horrors of the infernal coast

" I am a lonely rock, that rises far
Out in the dreary main, where tempests deal
Their rude vindictive bolts, as if to sear
A front that scorns to flinch; and thunders peel,
And the blue everlasting surges jar;
While over head gleams my pernicious star.—
Would I were like the rock that cannot feel!

" My years are spent—my day is past—my sun
Is sunk in the horizon—and my name
Will no more be remembered but as one
On which to heap the bitterness of blame,
No prize in virtue's school my hands have won;
I lived, alas!—then died,—and nought have done
Towards building me a pillar of true fame.

" Like a mysterious comet, riding fast
Along the top of heaven's cerulean wall,
A strange unwonted light o'er earth I past,
With Pestilence before me; so to call
Vice, whose sole pleasure is to blight and blast,
And in one grave both youth and beauty cast,
Without a coffin and without a pall.

" The world ran after me with fond acclaim,
E'en as a child; but with deceptive art
I scorned to seem delighted with my fame,
Till joy at length for ever left my heart:
I mimicked woe till woe itself became
A principle entangled in my frame;
A coiling snake from which I could not part;—

" A tooth-envenomed snake, whose sinewy hold
Sent the blood shivering to its last recess,
While round my limbs its pliant length it rolled,
Till to the pitch of agonised distress,
Lapping inextricable fold on fold,
And nature struggling, though the heart was cold,
I sank to earth in utter helplessness!

" I feel it crush me now!—O Death! thy sting
Is balm—is comfort—is a pleasure's source—
A sweetness wafted on the summer's wing—
To the eternal gnawings of remorse;
The dull, slow torture—the enduring wring
Which to an end not even Time can bring;
No! nor yet Death from its dominion force!

" Men sought to unlock the sanctuary of my heart,
And pry into its secrets; and a few
Thought they saw all, who only saw a part,
Yet dared presumptuously to boast they knew
What was not to be known with all their art,
And tossed their heads, and thought that they were smart;—
Men who from me their own existence drew.

" But I was not of them. The darksome caves
Of the eternal and mysterious sea
Are not more hidden by incumbent waves
Than were the undiscovered depths in me—
The caverns of the soul—the living graves
Of pride that blights, and passion that enslaves—
Depths that were never known, and ne'er shall be.

" My pleasures were not those that charmed mankind,
I scorned to seek them in the beaten track;
And if they failed to satisfy the mind,
And only served——but why should I look back?
Alas! I must look back; for O! I find
The memory is a power too strong to bind.
Ah! who can shun confession on the rack!

" My pleasures only served to sacrifice
Health, comfort, calm content, and fireside joy;
My powers I wielded to confound the nice
Distinctions between good and ill—destroy
The character of Virtue—and make Vice
Apppear an angel fit for paradise.
Yes! such was my detestable employ.

" O happiness! men roam from land to land,
Search lordly palaces, frequent the mart,
Gaze on the bright, the beautiful, the grand,
To find thy dwelling, till they fear thou art
A phantom of the soul, nor understand
That thou art nowhere if not close at hand.
Thou dwell'st not in the world, but in the heart.

" But all is lost to me. Then hail! my bane—
Hail! misery, and wretchedness, and woe;
The storm may howl itself to rest—the main
May cease to bellow when the wind falls low—
The captive's wrist may rot out of its chain—
And the child fret itself to sleep again,
But I must still this anguish undergo!

" Morn here brings no relief—there is no morn!
And proud misfortune cannot rise above
The pressure of a thousand ills with scorn;
Nor Sorrow fret itself to death, like Love
Leaning her breast on the sharp-pointed thorn;
Where, weary, wretched, hapless, and forlorn,
She mourns in secret like the riven dove.

" And thou, my harp! whose music, loud or low,
In other and in better days would charm
My angry spirit for a while, when woe
Weighed down my feverish heart, alas! no balm
Thy music to my soul can now bestow;
Thou canst not mitigate one mental throe,
Much less the terrors of these depths disarm.

" Thy wild notes rather would appear to me
To aggravate the pangs which I deplore;
O! better had I cast thee in the sea
Than that thy tones should render worse a shore
Peopled with no associates for me,
And thou in my distress shouldst ever be
My solace and my comforter no more.

Farewell then, my companion! we now part;
This is thy last—this is thy last sad strain!
Thy agonizing tones make my tears start—
I little thought thou e'er wouldst give me pain;
Thou hast deceived me, and I find thou art
A foe that I have folded to my heart.
I never more will touch thy chords again."

With that he threw his harp upon the ground
In sullen wrath; like one that had applied
To the last source of joy still left—and found
Sorrow instead of joy—solace denied—
And his last hope cut off. Darkly he frowned,
And cast a shivering sense of terror round;
Whereat I pressed the closer to my guide.

Anon the phantom turned his eyes on me
With a stern, steady glance, and fiercely said,
" I recognize this stranger; thou art he
Whom I pursued, while yet above the dead
I rode upon the storm a spirit free;
And well nigh sunk thy bark in the deep sea,
And rolled the eternal billows o'er thy head.

" What art thou doing here? I fain would know.
Art thou come hither as a secret spy?
Or com'st thou to reproach me, and bestow
Thy taunts on one who lately soared so high,
But now by sad reverse has sunk so low?
I warn thee hence—I counsel thee to go:
Dost thou refuse?—Once more I bid thee fly."

I stood unmoved: with that deep wrath and pride
Wrung his expressive face—though fallen, still fair;
And in the warmth of malice dignified,
He would have sprung from off his rocky lair
To drive me from him; which, when fate denied,
He turned his face, and strove his wrath to hide;—
A more than earthly chain transfixed him there.

The angel then conducted me away
Out of that angry phantom's sight, and said,
" My son! so fares it when the mind's clear ray
Is darkened and perverted, and instead
Of bursting forth into the light of day,
Burns to the socket in its urn of clay,
Like a faint flickering lamp that lights the dead.

" And when the ray divine at last goes out,
At once the passions burst into a flame;
Fancy no longer soars on wings devout,
And Reason leaves behind each noble aim;
While heaven-taught principles are tossed about
Like tangled sea-weeds on the waves of doubt,
And Vice stands forth and glories in her shame.

" He who to mark mankind roams to and fro,
May see some blessed above the common lot,
Who seem exempt from every care below,
And all the luxuries of life have got,
And yet are miserable, because they know
That they are rich, and full, and overflow,
And therefore should be happy—but are not.

" O beautiful, beyond Night's gentle bride—
O pleasing, beyond aught the eye can find,
When affluence, and rank, and influence wide,
And the gigantic energies of mind,
With high and holy fervour are applied
To one grand object—let what will betide—
And that one object is to serve mankind!

" Thou hast seen much, my son, of this dim place,
And of these mournful beings wandering here,
The darksome refuge of the human race;
Say, art thou satisfied? the coast is near,
Where we may re-embark." I bowed my face,
And answered, " Further yet I fain would trace
This lower world, before from hence we steer."

K. V. W.

CHINA AND ITS TRADE.*

As commerce discloses its resources, and reveals the character of its singular people, China is becoming daily an object of increasing curiosity and importance to the nations of the western world. The little knowledge hitherto possessed by Europeans of its real condition, as regards its domestic policy and presumed hostility to foreign intercourse, has been gleaned from sources manifestly either so strange as to startle the credence of the most confiding, or so mystified as to be unintelligible, that we may be said to know absolutely nothing concerning it. Those who would afford us correct information, had not the means of doing so, or were incapacitated through inability to separate veracity from fiction; while it was the interest of the few who possessed the necessary knowledge to propagate the erroneous opinions already current at home. The circumstances which tended to keep things in this state have ceased. It is no longer an object of solicitude to any party, that incorrect notions of affairs in the East should be disseminated in England. The uprooting of the leviathan monopoly of the merchant-monarchs of Leadenhall-street, has overthrown the fabrics of false facts, which so long outraged the common sense of the millions who paid the revenues of those regal traders. Though the benefits immediately accruing from the removal of the East India Company's domination may not be exactly in accordance with the expectations of the public, it is already apparent that the evils to which we were exposed, under the old system, cannot be perpetrated after the same fashion now. The men who were most deeply interested in cloaking the frauds of the late order of things, are, for precisely the same reason, impelled to give the greatest possible publicity to any covert proceedings under the present arrangement; and a knowledge of the existence of abuses is now all that is wanting to insure their speedy removal. The proceedings attendant on the sale last month of the first free tea trade evinces the philosophy of the proverb, which says, that "honest men profit from the squabbles of the thievish." Notwithstanding the systematised chicanery then developed, so long as affairs are not carried on in the dark the public must ultimately be advantaged.

Attention being directed to the tea question, it necessarily follows that an increased desire to be more than superficially acquainted with the people whom we trade with must be pretty generally felt. The volumes now under notice will be found peculiarly suited to assist this spirit of inquiry. The author has resided amongst the people, whose character he undertakes to portray, for many years. And his profession is pre-eminently adapted to enable him to view domestic life in the greatest possible diversity of circumstances. Mr. Gutzlaff has executed his task with great apparent fidelity, so far as a mere narration of facts that came under his own observation goes, or that

* Gutzlaff's History of China, 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

he gathered from authorities, upon the accuracy of which he was competent to decide. But with many of his opinions we could very conveniently dispense. Though living so long beyond the pale of European civilization, he possesses all the ascerbity of the most bigoted intolerant towards his catholic precursors, in sowing the seed of the gospel. So far, indeed, does his rancour in this respect carry away his better judgment, that he pronounces catholicity to be opposed to Christianity, and maintains that the paganism of the Chinese is preferable to the religion of men who doubted the propriety of leaving the solution of the mysteries of the New Testament to the untutored brains of tea-gathering savages. Mr. Gutzlaff's abhorrence of all things papal induces him to hazard a multitude of paradoxical aphorisms on the subject of religion. He lays down an axiom, and in the very next sentence demolishes it; asserts as a fact, what he forthwith hastens to prove a syllogism of his own; and ends, by leaving the reader to deduce an inference the reverse of the author's. It is to be regretted that a man, though a prey to petty sectarian prejudices, should be unable to divest himself of the feelings of an embittered polemic in the discussion of a nation's welfare. Mr. Gutzlaff has, it is true, accumulated much novel matter respecting the people among whom he has resided: he has told what he knows without any affectation of pedantry, and produced a very readable and instructive work; but he has also maligned a body of men, who, however mistaken in the peculiar form of their faith, were as good Christians as Mr. Gutzlaff, with a greater portion, we should hope, of that very necessary ingredient in the formation of a follower of the Redeemer—charity. This being the only objection of importance we have to make against our author, we deem it as well to do so at once, and thereby avoid the necessity of interrupting the tenor of the subjoined remarks.

All writers on the affairs of China, however they may differ in other respects, are unanimous in declaring that nation to be of very ancient origin. But that it existed anterior to the period from which we date the beginning of all things, is not only contrary to our received notions of things, but is contrary to fact. Chinese chronology is a subject about which little is or can be accurately known. But, if we regard the period preceding Confucius (B. C. 550) as altogether uncertain, we shall arrive near enough to the truth for all purposes of utility. The pretensions of the Chinese to an antiquity 4,000 years older than the Mosaic account of the creation, are based on the alleged superiority of their astronomers; though, notwithstanding all subsequent experience and intercourse with Europeans, they are still childishly ignorant on many essential points of this difficult science. Their cycle—we forbear giving the original unpronounceable names—consists of sixty years; their year of twelve lunar months of twenty-nine and thirty days each; and their day and night of twelve periods, each of two hours. Their calendar, as is usual with all oriental nations, is interlarded with much astrological nonsense.

From the earliest history, the Chinese regarded their own country as the only one properly so called in the world. All other nations were regarded with the utmost contempt, and indeed only suffered to exist by courtesy. The emperor was supreme lord of all created

things, and of the Chinese people the greatest of sublunary matter. European writers, influenced by the splendid account the celestial historians gave of themselves, took care to repeat their authorities, or to deny them *in toto*, and thus has China been alternately pictured a paradise and a pandemonium. Mr. Gutzlaff acknowledges himself indebted for the geographical knowledge of China contained in his book to the jesuits, who constructed the best maps. The superficial area is about 1,298,000 square miles. The defensive military resources of this vast empire have generally been supposed to be proportioned to its population and extent, but the great wall on the Tartar frontier, about which we have been always hearing so much, is wholly inadequate to resist modern tactics. On the east its ports are open to any petty maritime power, and the country through many of its rivers perfectly defenceless. China is intersected by an infinity of canals, all of which are connected with navigable rivers, so that the natural advantages in some measure compensate for the absense of an improving spirit. So extensive a kingdom must possess almost every possible variety of climate, but it is on the whole much colder than any western territory in the same latitude. The produce of its soil in variety and quality is inferior to that of Europe. Rice is the principal article of cultivation; fruit and vegetables are not numerous, and are all indigenous, owing to the jealousy of adapting any thing foreign. The potatoe is unknown to the natives, as is also our bread, though wheat is partially grown. Tea is not common to all provinces, though cultivated in many. China is the *beau ideal* for such of our politicians as regard machinery with horror. All things are performed among the celestial population by hand, and even the labour of horses and cattle of all descriptions is rarely resorted to. Little animal food is consumed, so that graziers are not very plentiful.

We have no inclination to particularise the names or peculiarities of the various provinces, cities, and towns. In stating the population at the enormous number of 367 millions it is our author's belief that the amount is under-rated. The Chinese are naturally a very prolific people; bachelorship is rare, and early marriages almost universal. "May you die childless!" is one of the bitterest anathemas a Turk can pronounce; and barrenness is regarded with equal abhorrence in China. The wants of the people being few, and their industry converting every spot of earth to account, population steadily increases, and the means of subsistence is afforded to all.

The will of the emperor is the law of the country. His most despotic enactments are designated paternal chastisements, and his most rigorous behests admonitory suggestions for the well-being of his children. There are censors appointed to investigate and report on his conduct, but his imperial majesty is seldom influenced by apprehension of their dissent. A prodigious revenue is devoted to the due maintenance of the dignity of the crown. The homage usually awarded to the Supreme Being is paid to the occupant of the throne. On court days the mandarins come to "*cow-tow*," literally "knock-head," whether the emperor be present or not. His majesty unites the office of high-priest to his temporal functions, intercedes with heaven when any calamities befal the nation, and has

himself celebrated in his daily Gazette. He seldom departs from the established laws of his ancestors, who as implicitly followed the decrees of their progenitors through ages; but if these enactments interfere with the will of the reigning monarch, a sufficient excuse to have them set aside is seldom wanting. From the throne downwards peculation and tyranny universally prevail. Several female members of the imperial family intermarry with Mongul chiefs, to bind the unruly tribes by ties of blood, and are pensioned for life from the Chinese treasury. All law proceedings are carried through a multitude of channels previous to receiving the emperor's assent. The capabilities of every functionary of the state is measured not by the superiority of his attainments, but by his intimacy with the writings of Confucius. All business is done by precedent, and the tendency of the people is to remain as their forefathers. No conservaties like the Chinese.

The government, or rather its head, employs an extensive police through all classes, so that the minutest action is observed and commented upon; every man believes his neighbour a spy, and consequently mutual distrust prevents an interchange of kindly feeling to a considerable extent. The standing army of the celestial empire is nominally more than a million, and the naval force numerically enormous. But cowardice is the principal characteristic of the Chinese belligerents, who are totally unacquainted with scientific warfare on either element. The soldiery resemble the ancient janissaries of the Ottoman empire, and are not solely dependent on their valour for the wherewithal to support life. So accommodating are the criminal laws, that a man who commits an error deserving of death is allowed to be hanged by proxy!

Theoretically every plebeian in the empire has the premiership in perspective; but, though there is no hereditary nobility, exalted station is seldom achieved without wealth. An absence of truth is common to almost all Asiatics, but the Chinese are particularly distinguished in this respect. Like most cowardly people, they are despotic when they can be so with impunity, and their capacity to endure punishment is equal to their alacrity in enforcing it. Coarse in their enjoyments, they are unaffected by the sight of distress. They are incapable of mental pleasure in this life, nor do they anticipate it in the next. To have enough to live on without toil, and to be the parents of male children, is all they desire; their ambition is satisfied by the exercise of any sort of official employment; and their proverbial industry ensures them against the horrors of *ennui*. Filial piety is their greatest virtue; hospitality is not rare, nor are they strangers to the courtesies of life. Women are regarded with true Eastern contempt, though intellectually they are equal to the sterner sex, were they afforded the means of cultivating their faculties. Conjugal fidelity is generally pretty well adhered to on both sides, though the marriages are for the most part conducted by negotiation, the bridegroom seeing his wife for the first time on the wedding day. Drinking wine out of each other's cups renders the ceremony binding for life. Second wives and concubines are allowable. Infanticide is perpetrated by the husband only; and the pretence made use of on

such occasions is, that a continuance of life would be to the disadvantage of the victim. Female children only are thus disposed of, though the destruction of males also is permitted.

There is an astonishing uniformity in the personal appearance of the Chinese throughout their vast empire. Their ideas of loveliness and ours are very far from being similar. With them corpulence in a male, and peculiarly diminutive feet in a female, constitute the essentials of beauty. Their features are principally characterised by an absence of expression; but still they are accounted handsome when contrasted with their hideous neighbours of Tartary. A Chinese stomach has prodigious digestive capabilities; the lower orders are far from being epicurean in their culinary propensities, but devour all things edible. They indulge in opium to the greatest excess, so long as the means of procuring it can be obtained; and the effect of this drug is equally demoralising and destructive to health as the most fiery alcohol. On the death of relatives the most extravagant demonstrations of grief are evinced by the survivors; the emperor mourns his parents three years, and his subjects follow his example in a corresponding ratio. Their domestic comforts are not enhanced by cleanliness; filthiness pervades every thing. Agricultural occupations are deemed less disreputable than mechanical pursuits. In the manufacture of silks, lackered ware, and embroidery, the Chinese greatly excel. Disdaining to improve, and strangers to machinery, they are now unable to compete with Europeans in porcelain, for which they were once so famous. The acquirement of their language is difficult in the extreme. Every district has its peculiar *patois;* even the natives are frequently unable to express themselves intelligibly to each other, without having recourse to writing. None of their standard works are comprehensible without a commentary; and as no one presumes to think different from his fathers, it is highly improbable that a material alteration will be effected for many years to come. Myriads of schools are established for the sole purpose of teaching the language, which being without a regular grammar, and the written essentially differing from the conversational phraseology, is only to be learned by years of indefatigable plodding.

Literature and science in the celestial dominions are unacquainted with the visits of the schoolmaster, and are consequently not particularly flourishing. Physicians treat all diseases on the supposition that the body is composed of five elements—water, fire, metal, wood, and earth; success, it may be reasonably supposed, is not a constant attendant on their prescriptions. In religious matters the Chinese are strangely remiss; it is not well known what they believe or what they deny. Confucius, their great theologian, did not question the existence of one Supreme, but he did not inculcate his worship, nor the immortality of the soul. In the ceremonies that are observed in China the most absurd superstitions are practised, but the performers therein do not seem to be cognisant of their meaning. Christianity is, however, gaining ground; and Mr. Gutzlaff anticipates the happiest results from its adoption. For historical details relative to innumerable dynasties, we are referred to the *Ming-she,* in sixty-eight volumes!

Perhaps there is no country in the world about which we know less than of China, and what we do know is much disfigured by error. It is almost universally believed in England that the Chinese have the greatest abhorrence of Europe, its customs and produce; whereas, instead of shunning commercial intercourse with foreigners, they are most anxious to engage in it, though restrained to a certain extent by their rulers. A mercantile spirit pervades the whole nation; no country in Asia carries on so large a traffic, or can boast of half so great a number of merchant craft. It would be futile to say to what an extent trade must be benefitted by throwing open its ports to the unshakled industry of British enterprise. The absurd laws of restriction in China counteract their own mischief, because opposed to the evident good of the many, and, as trade continues to increase, must daily become less and less potent; perhaps no one act could confer a greater boon on English commerce than the opening of the India trade. A very few years will, we trust, exemplify the truth of this; but in the mean time it behoves all interested in it to acquire the most authentic information respecting the people who, with ourselves, are we hope about to participate in the advantages of unlimited national intercourse.

LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

THE SWAN AND THE LINNET.

PIQUED at the linnet's song, one day,
The swan exclaimed, "Leave off, I say!—
Be still, you little noisy thing;
What—dare *you* challenge me to sing,
When there's no voice, however fine,
Can match the melody of mine?"
(The linnet warbled on.) "D'ye hear?
This impudence may cost you dear.
I could, with one harmonious note,
For ever stop your squeaking throat;
And, if I do not choose to try,
Respect my magnanimity!"
"I wish," at length, the linnet said—
"I wish to Heaven, the proof were made!—
You can't imagine, how I long
To hear that sweet and flowing song,
Which, though so rich by fame averr'd,
I know not who has ever heard."
The swan essay'd to sing, but—whew!
She screech'd and squall'd a note or two,
Until the linnet, it appears,
Took to her wings to save her ears.

'Tis strange, when some of learned fame,
Will prove their title to the name,
How oft the ill-placed praise they mar,
And shew the world what fools they are!

THE GOAT AND THE HORSE.

A GOAT, one day, was drinking in
The music of a violin,
Which, struck by some harmonious bow,
Re-echoed from the vale below;
Enchanted—to the gentle sound
Her feet kept time upon the ground.
It chanced a certain horse was near,
Whose head, thrown back, and prick'd up ear,
Show'd that he likewise listening stood,
Absorb'd and thoughtless of his food,
Whom, on the music's lengthen'd rest,
The goat, advancing, thus address'd:—
"Hear you the sounds so soft that flow
From yonder violin? then, know,
Those strings did once the belly line
Of a late dear-lov'd friend of mine.
Oh! may I hope as blest a fate
Will at some time myself await!
When my intestines too may please
With cadences as sweet as these."
The nag turn'd round, and thus replied:
"I think those strings from your inside
You think so highly of, would be
Of little value but for me.
What but my tail the hairs affords,
Which wake the else all-silent chords?
The anguish which I underwent,
I think no more of now, content
To see how useful they are found
In bringing forth so sweet a sound.
But you—I think you have not said
What pleasure *you* will feel when dead."

But authors thus, who vainly strive
Applause to gain while yet alive,
Trust to posterity for praise,
And wear prospectively the bays.

THE MULE AND THE TRAVELLER.

FULL to the mouth with hay and corn,
A hack-mule left the inn one morn,
And ran as if a race to win;
The rider scarce could hold her in,—
Not doubting he should soon alight
Safe at his quarters for the night.
Not far, however, had they gone
Ere she began to flag—"Get on,"
He said, "you can go if you will;
Tck!—tck!—come up!" the mule stood still.
"How now! come let us try the spur."
He did—no use—she would not stir.

" Perhaps this switch may do her good."
Slash—slash!—the beast seem'd made of wood.
" I'm half afraid she'll try a fall,
Or she's knock'd up—perhaps, that's all."
Again he spurr'd—the curb he drew—
When, on a sudden, up she flew—
Kick'd right and left—curvetted—rear'd—
And, as the traveller had fear'd,
Finding his legs grasp'd tightly round,
She tumbled with him to the ground.
" You beast," the man was heard to say,
As groaning on the earth he lay,
" You who went on so well at first—
Die of the glanders—and be curs'd!"

I'd never trust a mule—not I—
That starts at once so friskily,
And when I see an author, in
A lofty-sounding style, begin,
" Softly, good man! take care," I say,
" Look to your paces all the way,
Or, like the mule, you may be found
At no great distance on the ground."

THE BEE AND THE CUCKOO.

A CUCKOO, near a hive, one day
Was chanting in his usual way,
When to the door the queen-bee ran,
And, humming angrily, began:—
" Do cease that tuneless song I hear—
How can we work while thou art near?
There is no other bird, I vow,
Half so fantastical as thou,
Since all that ugly voice can do
Is to sing on, cuckoo! cuckoo!"
" If my monotony of song
Displeases you, shall I be wrong,'
The cuckoo answer'd—" if I find
Your comb as little to my mind?
Look at your cells—through ev'ry one
Does not unvaried sameness run?
Then if in me there's nothing new,
God knows, all's old enough in you!"
The bee replied—" Hear me, my friend
In works that have an useful end
It is not always worth the while
To seek variety in style;
But if those works whose only views
Are to give pleasure and amuse,
Want either fancy or invention,
They fail of gaining their intention.

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDFINCH,

A FABLE FOR BALLAD-MONGERS.

A GOOSE, with other poultry fed,
Inhabiting a farm-yard shed;
So vile a bird was never seen,
Her nest was litter'd and unclean:
If she had eggs, 'twould sure befal
She'd overlay and smash them all;
Or, if she ever hatched a brood,
She let them die for want of food:
Besides all this, from morn till night
She ate with monstrous appetite,
And yet, for all her stuffing in,
She still was nought but bone and skin:
To sell her for the smallest gain,
The farmer having tried in vain—
(For none to buy a beast was willing,
That was not even worth the killing)—
He turned her out, one dreary night,
To seek her fortune as she might.
The goose, ere long, began to feel
The want of her accustom'd meal,
When, as she wander'd on, she heard
The voice of a melodious bird,
Who, with some others, sang a lay
In honour of the dawning day.
"Ha," mused the goose, "the thought will do—
Why should not I turn singer too?
No doubt my voice is sweet enough,
And art, and science—are all stuff!"
Waddling to where the songsters stood,
She'd sing all day, she said, for food;
Spoke of her lonely voice, and then
Gave a long hiss, as specimen.
A sober goldfinch was at hand,
Who on that day had led the band:
"Fool that thou art," he said, "to think
Upon such terms, to eat and drink.
What!—thou—a goose in ev'ry thing—
Dare to presume with us to sing,
Why there's no art, be what it will,
Demands such genius and skill.
Leave us to sing alone, I pray.
And seek your food some other way."

How many without power or worth
For any useful end on earth,
When every other hope has past,
Resort to poetry at last;
As if *that* only can dispense
With talent, skill, and common sense!
This tale to such may be of use—
Let them take warning by the goose;
Consider what the goldfinch said,
And seek some other way their bread.

R. A.

THE RED TARTANE;

A TALE OF THE SPANISH COAST IN 1760.

Chapter II.

The guarda-costas followed the example of the Tartane by tacking and bearing up for the point as speedily as possible—certain that the Gitano could not have made much way on them. The Spaniards were anxious to have their chase again in sight, and gazed eagerly along the coast as it gradually opened to their view; but when at length they beheld the Tartane close under the rocky shore, nothing could exceed the astonishment both of officers and men—she had made at least twice the distance the most liberal imagination had allowed her. The seamen regarded her with wonder and distrust, attributing to supernatural aid her rapid progress; and the officers, unable to account for it in a more rational way, were strongly inclined to the same opinion, it being evident to all that without *other* than her apparent resources, it could not have been accomplished.

The Tartane, indeed, possessed a great superiority over the luggers in point of sailing; and the officers, who scrutinized her with the glass, declared she rode higher in the water and made greater way than she did before doubling the point; but even allowing the inference to be correct, that she had actually thrown overboard the heavier part of her cargo, still even that would by no means have enabled her to traverse so vast a space.

The lugger that had received the rover's fire, or "The Shrine of San Josef" as she was called, now exchanged signals during several minutes with "The Benediction of our Lady" (the second lugger), after which the helm was put up, and both stood off shore, with the hope of intercepting the Tartane ere she cleared the land, and for nearly half an hour the three vessels continued to maintain their present course, their relative positions changing in some degree in favour of the luggers, as, while they held on thus, they were steadily getting more to seaward of their chase. The rover was not long in perceiving this important advantage; putting his helm a-port, and hauling aft the sheets, he stood boldly across the bows of the Spaniards, until the Shrine of San Josef was scarce a mile distant.

The wind continued to blow a gentle breeze from the east; nevertheless it was extremely difficult for the Tartane to clear the land ere her superior enemy would intercept her, and on the near approach of the luggers she was compelled to resume her former course, the Spaniards still maintaining the advantage of being to seaward, but in a much less degree than before.

But, however rapidly she now gained upon the guarda-costas, searoom had become too important to permit her long to continue this course, and the manœuvre already described was repeated this time with complete success; for though the Shrine of San Josef was sufficiently near to use her guns, the attempt to bring them to bear would have occupied too much time, as the Tartane, having now gained an offing, was standing boldly out to sea.

Gallantly, but hopelessly, did the Spaniards continue the chase until sunset, when the Tartane was several miles a-head. As night drew on she became more and more indistinct, and was finally lost sight of in the increasing darkness; in fact, during the last hour there had been more attention paid to certain indications abroad that were not to be despised, than the rover's vessel, there being every reason to believe that that scourge of these coasts, "the levant," was coming on to blow.

The levant is an easterly wind that blows with dreadful fury at particular periods; the waves do not, however, rise mountains high, its force being so great as actually in a considerable degree to level them with the ocean; but it requires the utmost care and attention on the part of the helmsman to enable a vessel to resist its terrific squalls. If the danger is great during the day, at night it becomes imminent, particularly when beating about near the coast, which in other respects is by no means safe, being surrounded by currents running at the rate of four or five miles an hour. * *

* * * * * * * *

It was now midnight; the levant blew somewhat less violently on the rocky coast of La Velda, than at the time of the memorable gale of 97, when every vessel anchored in Cadiz roads foundered; but it was nevertheless one of those tremendous gales during which seamen turn pale and believe in Providence.

The stars shone forth brightly; the waves dashing against one another, disengaged so many thousands of twinkling, blueish, phosphoric lights, as almost to illuminate this black and vast expanse of water; and but for the dreadful roaring of the wind, the scene would have been most splendid.

The two coast-guard luggers were tossing about almost at random on the angry element under reefed mizens alone, the unskilful Spaniards having taken in the gib, fore and mainsails, and lashed the helm; then becoming paralysed by fear, with incredible cowardice entirely abandoned the decks, the whole of both crews being below either at prayers, or, in the absence of a priest, confessing one another. Confession at sea! in the midst of a howling tempest—when the utmost exertion of human energy is necessary to escape from imminent death—when the waves break with headlong fury over the vessel,—when every moment part of the rigging is giving way,—when the masts bend and crack like reeds,—when a vast wave dashing over the deck, carries with it bulwarks, sails, and boats,—confession, we must allow, is but ill-timed then!

We have said the helm had been made fast on board both luggers, and with a total neglect of discipline and seamanship every soul had left their decks; the vessels were therefore left absolutely to their fate, which, with respect to one at least, soon proved to be sufficiently tragic. The Shrine of San Josef, from the angle her rudder formed with her keel, bore right down upon the stern of the Benediction of our Lady. The terrific shock started the stern-post, transom, and timbers with a most horrible crash, and caused her to spring suck a leak as rendered it extremely doubtful whether she could float even for another quarter of an hour.

The superstitious and miserable crew of the Shrine of San Josef, already in the utmost terror, were thrown into a state of consternation scarcely conceivable upon experiencing the concussion, and several minutes elapsed before even a boy could be compelled to mount on deck, from the thorough belief that possessed their minds of its having been caused by supernatural agency, and through the medium in some way of the accursed Gitano.

The boy crawling along the deck, soon perceived the bowsprit and cut-water were entirely carried away; but, as fortunately the bows of a vessel are much stronger than the stern, the damage had happily ended here. Gazing a-head, he discovered the Benediction of our Lady scarce a half-pistol shot distant, the stern already under water, and the forecastle crowded with the crew. The captain of the sinking vessel shouted to him with all his force, holding his hands to his mouth to convey the sound stronger, but as he was unfortunately to leeward, the terrified boy heard not a word, and after regarding them with stupified wonder and fear for three or four minutes, he descended to make his report.

The captain on being informed of the critical situation of the other lugger, at once divined the cause of the fearful shock they had sustained; and explaining it to the crew, he commanded all hands on deck. After some doubt and hesitation, the crew obeyed; but when the captain, straining his eyes in every direction, sought the unfortunate Benediction of our Lady, she was no longer on the ocean!

* * * * *

An hour later, the wind blew with less violence, and the night was rather clearer; the larboard watch was set on board the Shrine of San Josef, and an active seaman was placed at the helm, while they continued to run westward under close reefed fore and mainsails. They had held on steadily in this direction some time, when the looker out forward cried out sharply—"Sail on the starboard bow." The watch rushed immediately forwards, and perceived by the light of the lanterns the Tartane that they had chased the previous evening—the source of all their disasters—seemingly a mere hulk, riding entirely dismasted.

"God is just," shouted the captain Massareo; "holy Virgin protect us! At last, accursed wretch, I have thee, and dearly shalt thou pay for the death of our brethren;" and notwithstanding the violence of the wind, he immediately issued the command to heave to, exclaiming to his lieutenant—"Jago, Jago, my second self, place the gunners at their pieces."

"Captain——I——"

"Why one would think you trembled, Jago."

"No, captain; but the levant has made me a little nervous."

"It is well, Jago; for I should be sorry to see my first-lieutenan trembling like an aspen leaf in a breeze. Brace up the main-yard; we will take the wind of the Tartane, and rake her as we pass—the accursed dog!"

The worthy Massareo clenched his fist at the disabled vessel, which continued to ride silently, and without other motion than that caused by the waves.

"By our Lady! she floats like a buoy; but still I fear some diabolical stratagem," exclaimed Massareo—then glancing at the helmsman, he shouted, "Helm there! bring her to the wind—luff, man, luff, or we shall have to put about."

The levant had now sensibly diminished; and from the clouds that rapidly advanced from the horizon, and the shifting of the breeze, it was evidently drawing to the southward, while the night, which had been hitherto clear and fine, became almost suddenly thick and hazy. The form of the Tartane was somewhat obscured by the mist; but a light, placed apparently in the cabin, sufficiently denoted her position, while it threw the other parts of the vessel into greater gloom. Not the slighest noise could be detected on board, nor was a living creature to be distinguished upon her deck.

Captain Massareo, being now well to windward, bore down upon the Tartane, until within pistol shot: he then called for his lieutenant, but the latter believing the attack was about to comence, disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

"Jago," demanded the Captain.

"Señor captain," said a seaman, "the lieutenant is in the hold, to see to the distribution of the powder, by your orders."

"The fool! let him be brought on deck, dead or alive," exclaimed the angry captain.—"Alvarez, pass me the speaking trumpet."

Turning the enormous mouth of the instrument towards the disabled Tartane, he hailed her with "Tartane, Tartane, ahoy!" then placing his hand to his ear, he listened several minutes attentively, but without catching the slightest sound.

"Well, quarter-master, what heard you?" asked Massareo of Alvarez, somewhat surprised.

"Nothing, Senor Captain.—Hail him no more; but let us try him with a few round shot—that is an universal language he will be sure to understand."

"Peace! something appears to me to be moving in the bows;" and again, placing his speaking trumpet to his mouth, he shouted:—

"Tartane, ahoy! send your boat a-board, or I sink you."

"Like cursed dogs, as you are!" muttered Alvarez.

"Silence, Alvarez! your tongue makes as much noise as a rusty pump-bolt; they may answer."

For the third time, Massareo hailed her—"Tartane, a—h—o—y! answer, or I fire."

This time, a prolonged sort of groan, unlike anything human, was heard, causing, while it lasted, a thrill of horror through the veins of the listeners. The blanched countenance of Alvarez was turned eagerly to his commander, as he exclaimed:—

"Captain, be advised; give him a broadside, and put about. By the fire of Saint Elmo, now dancing behind us, it will not be well for us to stay!"

"It is too much!" cried Massareo.—"San Paolo, pray for us!—Men, to your stations—port the helm—in the name of heaven, FIRE!"

The volley was discharged, and the flashes lighting for an instant the Tartane, threw upon the waters a bright reflection of light; and

when the whitish smoke had passed away, she was again seen dark and silent, the light in the stern being occasionally obscured by a form that passed and repassed in the cabin.

"Senor Captain," said Alvarez, "all the shot took effect; and, though the accursed vessel stirs not, I would swear there is some one on board."

"We will tack again," replied Massareo, "while you and I, with Peres, and that poltroon Jago, who, however, can counsel well, determine what shall be done." And putting about, the vessel ran gently eastward, while the four officers were deliberating.

Several plans were proposed and rejected; when the prudent Jago exclaimed:—

"With the protection of our Lady, here is what I would briefly advise:—arm the launch well, and send ten men quietly on board her; what think you, gentlemen?"

The others had thought of this plan too—the most reasonable that could be employed—but suspecting that he who proposed it, would naturally be charged with its execution, had carefully abstained from mentioning it.

The inconceivable temerity of Jago relieved them from this embarrassment, and with one voice they praised and extolled so excellent a proposition, the lieutenant seeing too late in what a dangerous position he had placed himself.

"Brother Jago," said Alvarez, "you are indeed a fortunate fellow! Such a chance of gaining promotion is not to be met with every day!" and humming a tune carelessly, he disappeared by the gun-room ladder.

"But," exclaimed the unhappy lieutenant, in the utmost confusion, "I did not say ——"

"You will have the best chance for boarding to starboard," said Peres; "to board to larboard is unlucky.—And this is what will probably happen:—You arrive within a boat's length—they fire;—you run alongside—they sink the boat;—you cling to the chains, and whatever you can lay hold of, to get on deck—very well; but while you are climbing on deck, other ports are unmasked, and you find yourself muzzle to muzzle, with a dozen of *tromblous évasés* crammed full of balls, nails, and iron, which, as you may suppose, give you the devil's own reception—killing three-fourths of the men you have left; those who remain, rush forward like wild cats, and fight man to man;—you are probably killed; but it will be gloriously, and that is sufficient.—Ah! why am I not in your place!" And with a profound sigh, the malicious Peres quickly disappeared down the gun-room scuttle.

"But, by the holy Virgin," exclaimed Jago, "though I gave this advice I did not intend to execute it myself, and as they envy my place——"

"No, Jago," interrupted Massareo, "as you have sown so you shall reap; this mission is yours by right, and you shall have it. The boat shall be well armed and manned, and you shall want for nothing; did not my station compel me to remain on board, you should not have commanded this expedition. Go, my son, and

behave as a brave man; God and your chief have their eyes upon you!" and taking the same road as the others he was moving off, when Jago, retaining him by the arm, exclaimed—"No, captain! no! I would sooner remain covered in church—not kneel to my patron saint—deny the holy sacrament itself, than go on board this accursed Tartane, where Satan holds his court in person. I—I——"

"Jago, my friend, I have the right of life and death over every man here who refuses to execute my orders," replied Massareo, taking up his pistols significantly from off the capstan. Having no other alternative Jago descended into the launch with the air of a man being conducted to execution.

The wind by this time had lulled considerably, allowing the fog to become extremely dense; the boat having received the lieutenant pushed off and was soon lost to the view of the lugger; nevertheless the position of the Tartane could be distinctly discerned from the light which was still visible through the mist, occasionally as before obscured by a passing form, but otherwise dim, motionless, and silent.

Anxiously did Massareo and the rest of the crew listen to learn if possible the reception their boat would meet with; twice the time necessary for it to reach the vessel elapsed without the slightest sound meeting their ears; already were they congratulating themselves on the peaceful issue of the affair, when a loud crashing noise, followed by a sharp rattling discharge of fire-arms, broke upon the still night air, and all was silent as before.

BOARDING AN ENEMY.

(FROM MISS SHERIDAN'S COMIC OFFERING.)

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

GRAND DOINGS AT WENTWORTH HOUSE.—It appears that Lord Fitzwilliam's eldest son, Lord Milton, is come of age; and that a splendid entertainment has been given in consequence of that extraordinary event.

Far be it from us to profane by the plebeian scratchings of our pen the aristocratic festivities recently in progress; particularly as one of the fourth estate has found a correspondent so poetical, and at the same time so precise—so figurative in language, and yet so evidently in full fig—so able and, withal, so willing—that were we rudely to attempt to snatch the glorious argument from his hands, it might haply be compared to the endeavour of a satyr to prig a posy from a sylph, or of a pork-butcher to take precedence of Mr. Rundell—in other words, it would be throwing swine before pearls.

Let us, however, admire, although we may not and cannot imitate—let us play second kit, although we cannot play first fiddle.

The correspondent thus describes the illuminated mansion:—

"Amidst the blaze of light which was poured forth from every part of the noble residence, the grand façade, and all its architectural auxiliaries, were seen with even more effect than in the open day. The entire darkness of the mass by which it was surrounded; *and from out of which it seemed to spring*, gave it the appearance of a fairy palace suspended in mid-air."

This is truly poetical. We have heard of "castles in the air," but they are usually built by persons who have nothing to eat, except the element on which they erect their habitations; but here we have a *bonâ-fide* brick and mortar leaping mansion—a palace with a pirouette—a vaulting villa. Only put bowels into the great master builders, and lights into Fishmonger's Hall, and you shall see that now stationary building spring over the Monument.

But the company is arriving; let us, therefore, get out of the way, and make room for the correspondent.

"Returning to the living throng, amidst the splendour of which all other thoughts became gradually absorbed, the approach to the illuminated mansion became more and more overpowering in its brilliance; every window in its extended front pouring forth a flood of light, and the effect of this being greatly heightened by the intense darkness of all the surrounding space, through which, however, could be descried from afar meteors flitting along one level line in pairs, marking the onward progress of interminable lines of carriages, nothing of which could be seen but the lamps, as beacons harbingering their approach."

Why, this must really have been a grand scene! "meteors *flitting* along in pairs"—cheek-by-jowl, as it were—marking the progress of carriages, nothing of which could be seen but the *lamps*, as *beacons*.

Here, we confess, we are at a non-plus; were not these meteors the lamps which were now officiating as beacons? the meteors, it seems, flitted into the lamps, and the lamps erected themselves into beacons; which, unlike other beacons, were not contented to stand

still, but taking a hint from the springing mansion, reversed their functions, and harbingered the invisible carriages,—

"Anon the distant murmur swelled into more distinct and audible rumbling sounds, and these again were succeeded by the impatient pawing of the consciously proud and animated courser, who, like the war-horse of Job, seemed 'to rejoice in his strength as he goeth on to meet the armed men—who mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted—who saith, among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting; whose neck is clothed with thunder, and the glory of his nostrils is terrible.'"

The correspondent here reaches the sublime—"audible rumbling sounds, succeeded by the impatient pawing of a courser, like the war-horse of Job." Being impatient, he was not like Job, although, probably, a *job*-horse. This is, indeed, admirable—but not less so what follows:

"It was thus, when each striving for the mastery, some more bold or more fortunate than the rest, plunged through the contending waves, which ebbed and flowed, advanced and receded, with more and more sudden and violent oscillations as the goal was approached, and there stood panting; while the carriage door was thrown open, and rich liveries, and gay garments, and blazing gems, and nodding plumes, so mingled their hues together, as the various groups descended from their chariots, that one could almost commend the pride and exultation of the noble animals, who seemed to erect their necks and shake their manes with almost patrician dignity, at having borne so rich a freight of rank, and wealth, and beauty to the scene."

We have no doubt that these noble animals really did feel the exultation ascribed to them by the correspondent; indeed we have authority for stating that, having deposited their fair charges, they collectively and individually burst into a horse-laugh, and walked off to their respective stables with *oat*-a-*cat*ian transformations of mouth.

"On ascending the spacious staircase," says the correspondent, "there were seen the grave and elderly dowager, who advanced with solemn and stately step, as to a sacrifice; while young and blooming sylphs, impatient for the dance, seemed to bound from step to step, with the lightness and elasticity of the antelope, and wing their airy way past all competitors."

Imagine the sacrificial dowagers hobbling along, while young and blooming sylphs, like *antelopes, wing their airy way past all competitors!* This were a fit subject for Edwin Landseer. But who were the competitors of the blooming sylphs—the grave and elderly dowagers? for we are not informed of any other candidates for the race; we do not wonder that the sylphs distanced the dowagers, particularly as the latter proposed to go at a sacrifice.

We conclude with a description of the noble host:

"At the entrance to the great saloon stood the noble Earl Fitzwilliam, just within the portal, turning to the right, where he received every guest who was announced, and with an almost timid and retiring, but at the same time with an evidently unaffected simplicity of manner, grave without severity, and kind without pretension, had some word of affability, and some look of welcome for every one who came."

The discriminating spirit in which this last paragraph is written

would do honour to a Johnson.—"Timid and retiring, *but* grave without severity, and kind without pretension!" that is to say, alarmed but harmless, cordial but not conceited, serious but not savage.

Well, we *do* wonder how all these fine things are written; but it is marvellous how a penny a line, and all expenses paid, will brighten the faculties of correspondents!

Acute Distinction—Among the marvellous discoveries made by the drunken committee in their late investigations, that touching the heinousness of the gin-palaces was the most momentous in the estimation of the inquisitors. Gin consumed by the blaze of a couple of gas lights was found to be of twofold the malignity of that swallowed by the light of a single burner; and stout vended from mahogany counters infinitely more pernicious than the same commodity drank from deal or oaken shopboards. A pretty barmaid tendering a coalheaver his tipple, brought more evil on the swarthy one than if she were fourteen stone, and didn't curl her hair; and doors swinging on patent hinges admitted vice with twice the facility it could enter through portals grating on rusty iron. A liquid found to be a genial stimulant when imbibed from dusky pewter proved hemlock juice if quaffed from chequered glasses; and every thing connected with the larger juniper temples partook of iniquity in the same ratio. This philosophic medium of magnifying vice by the colour of its garment is sufficiently indicative of the wisdom of the sages who undertake to think for the rest of mankind. Ordinary individuals deduce arguments from facts; but our wise ones discard this plebeian process. We should be glad to be told by what means a puncheon of gin drank at one house is a whit more noxious than if it were drank at ten in the same space of time. Gulliver was as effectually secured by the threads of the Lilliputians as if he were bound with a cable. One gin palace uproots half a dozen minor shrines of the fiery deity, and it says much for the taste of his votaries that they wish him worshipped "as befits a god," though the sum total of their offerings be not increased. Drunkenness is a great evil; but if a man is a gin-drinker, tying his arms will not cure him of it.

Historic Morceau.—Among the deaths of the month we find the following:—

"Lately at Amsterdam, at the age of nearly seventy, the celebrated poet Grinheus Von Loots, knight of the order of the Dutch Lion."

What would the bearded compatriots of the illustrious dead think of us if they heard us avow our utter ignorance of the existence of the *celebrated* Von Loots? It is certainly no laughing matter for Grinheus' admirers that his immortality should be confined to Amsterdam; we were not aware that the portly burgomasters have lately taken to practical jokes, but assuredly this looks amazingly like an attempt to smoke us. A celebrated Dutch poet! we should as soon think of extracting harmony from a galvanized donkey as of

finding it in the spluttering of a piece of blubber from the Zuyder Zee. In twenty years hence some lout, on the authority of a newspaper obituary, will assign Loots a station in the fraternity of the inspired, though a tankard of sour beer, looming through his tobacco fumes, was the brightest vision he ever conjured.

Metropolitan Anomalies.—We are so rapidly losing our national characteristics of big headedness and absurdity in the growth of improvement, that were it not for some of the public functionaries indulging us with an occasional entertainment in the old vein, we should be almost sceptical of the whereabout of our locality. The London magistracy are, we opine, fast resolving themselves into a class *sui generis*, whose principal trait is the setting at nought of all rules that apply to the rest of mankind. The past month, it is true, has been plethoric in singularities of all sorts, and the vagaries of our police luminaries were correspondingly erratic. Mr. Shutt of Marylebone recreated in a practical pun on his unique cognomen in excluding one of the fourth estates from beyond the sphere of his jurisdiction because he reported the oracle verbatim; the man of brevities was, however, shortly permitted to deposit his foolscap in his old post through the medium of Mr. Secretary Rice. Mr. Rogers, of Hatton-garden, was applied to respecting the removal of a most disgusting nuisance at Pentonville, whereby the neighbourhood was scandalized, and the thoroughfares rendered impassable—we mean the wax-work exhibitions of Steinberg's atrocities referred to in our last; but the expounder of "Burns' Justice" declared his inability to mitigate the grievance. By way of a set off to the foregoing, Mr. Chambers, of Marlborough-street, decided that a few itinerant raspers of catgut, whose discordant concord attracted no very select audience, were rogues and vagabonds. When the Duke of Devonshire gives a fête, the Piccadilly pedestrians are unceremoniously put to the rout., but "the perfumed chambers of the great" can not perceive the harm of anti-plebeian disagreeables. One of the Middlesex Solons, in giving his veto against a tavern-keeper's music license being renewed, expressed his conviction that "music and dancing always led to the demoralization of females!" Look to this, ye patronizers of the "light fantastic toe," eschew Fanny Elsler, and convert Almack's into something better than a treadmill.

The True Touchstone.—In the celebrated will case at the late assizes at Lancaster, which puzzled the collective wisdom of the big wigs of the northern circuit for a fortnight, nearly two hundred witnesses were examined. The facts elicited from such a host one may easily suppose would convict Solomon of being a jackass. Mr. Baron Bolland was examined, and expressed his thorough conviction of the sanity of the testator—and wherefore? The reader will probably imagine that the legal functionary taxed the penetrative powers of his deceased friend in the ramifications of a labyrinthian act of parliament. No; he tried him with an infinitely more subtle test. The worthy dispenser of justice, it appears, had perpetrated a collection of what he called "poems," and submitted *them* to the critical

tribunal of the testator. Now one may very readily surmise that it required no ordinary comprehension to understand the effusions of the man of precedent's muse—if he could understand that, he could understand any thing. The Baron naturally inferred that the brain that could digest his elaborations in rhyming, had little need of being over rigid in the reasoning. We regret to say that this view of the sapient deponent's argument was not taken, as the witness was never once asked what was the opinion of the testator. We regret this ; as there can be but one notion of the bardic excellencies of the learned Justice. We think there could not have been a better criterion for ascertaining the sanity or insanity of the will-maker than his criticism on the lawyer's sacrifice to the tuneful sisterhood.

"MAKING A LEG."—An Emerald gem of the first water, named Norah Gaffney, who lives when at home at a public establishment maintained by the good people of St. Martin's, was, under a certain clause in a certain act, lately condemned to pay ten shillings fine as penalty for conveying three quarterns of rum into her domicile, situate as aforesaid. It is no easy task to eschew the lynx-eyed guardian of the portals of St. Martin's—one so "consumedly" cognisant of stratagy would be invaluable in any of our foreign defensive positions. The captor of Norah announced to the magistrate that she had dexterously adapted a peculiar kind of bottle to fit inside her stockings, as to exactly resemble the calf of her leg! "What will not the woman do who loves?" Byron, it is said, fancied himself something of a prophet! could he have had Norah in his eye when he wrote "She walks in beauty;" or is our heroine the prototype of Moore's "Norah Creina, dear?" But what are bards to Mrs. Gaffney now? She was tried at Bow-street, and of course her measures were not found leg-al.

A TRITON OF THE MINNOWS.—London is occupying itself in talking about the site of a new house of parliament, and a sage at Liverpool has likewise ventured an opinion. This worthy individual fancies himself, and half a score Tories, to be the world, and declare they will have no parliament in London! "What's the use?" inquireth our astute friend—"why drag nine-tenths of the *nobles and illustrious commons* to the extremity of the island for the accommodation of *lawyers and linendrapers who are senators?*" Now we would be sworn, this tilter with a bulrush is the seventh son of some tape-measurer from the Hebrides. Lawyers and linendrapers who are senators! He stole the phrase from one of Hook's latest, and thinks it sounds mighty polite to echo the jejune puppyism. Here we have a specimen of the "killing genteel, retailing, fashionable slang," with all the second-hand swagger of a milliner's foot-boy. "The true vulgar," says Hazlitt, "are the *servum pecus imitatorum*—the herd of pretenders to what they do not feel, and what is not natural to them." If the person of this unhappy scribe be no bigger than his wit, he deserves to be impaled on a knitting-needle for his pertness.

Hospitality of Old England.—Dining out has been the order of the month. Englishmen do dearly love a "spread;" and so, indeed, do Scotchmen, as they proved last month, and who, moreover, are by no means scrupulous about saying grace. Our City practitioners have read the various accounts of dinners with most unenviable feelings; their voracity has been whetted to an extraordinary pitch, and the 9th of November is most eagerly anticipated. The armour has been scoured as bright as a pot-lid, and already put out to be well aired, and the brewer's horses engaged. Gog and Magog have been fresh painted, and all smacks of preparation. We stumbled by hazard the other day on a book in which is extracted from the City records the following awful instance of municipal justice:—

"Nicholas Wyfford, an alderman, having neglected to line his cloak, which he ought to use in procession, therefore it is adjudged by the court that the Lord Mayor and aldermen should breakfast with him. This penalty is awarded on him as a punishment for his covetousness."

Let this be a warning to the dignitaries of the corporation in the forthcoming interesting ceremony. Let every man look to his gaberdine with the fear of the fate of master Nicholas Wyfford before his eyes. To those who in the pride of substance may treat lightly the visitation of a lord mayor and alderman to breakfast, we would reply with the anecdote of the late Dr. Baillie. In answer to his inquiries, one of his patients replied that he had "only a cold!"—"*Only* a cold, child!" said the doctor; "d'ye want the plague?" Corporation dinners are rare scenes for waggery—the learned remarks of magistrates yclept aldermen would furnish another edition of Joe Miller; indeed that celebrated work is mainly indebted to civic wit for its popularity. Who has not heard of Sir Willim Curtis, the life of corporation feasts? The humour of that illustrious individual was only equalled by a brother alderman, who, however, was a constellation of a lesser sphere; he twinkled at Norwich. Many anecdotes are extant of this worthy; it is said of him that when the late Duke of York returned from his campaign in Holland, he visited Norwich, and was of course addressed by the corporation.—"What family have you, Sir?" inquired the duke of the alderman, with his usual urbanity.—"Please your royal highness, I have three sons," returned the magistrate, "and they are all boys!"

Some member of the alderman's family having unfortunately fallen under his displeasure, he erased his name from his will; but time and the intervention of friends at last reconciled the old gentleman to the delinquent member, and he was reinstated in his forfeited position as regarded the legacy.—"Yes," said the old gentleman, in answer to an inquiring friend, "I have put the young dog again upon the list—I have added another *crocodile* (codicil) to my will this very morning!"

Industrious Idleness.—We find the subjoined in the newspapers. The research displayed by this German worthy must have excited the envy and admiration of our native calculators—curious students of Cocker, who enlighten mankind with the abstruse calculations of

the "united ages" of ancient parish paupers, or who fills up nooks of newspapers with the "important fact" of the relative proportions of births and deaths:—

"According to the *German Pædagogic Magazine*, there lately died in Swabia a schoolmaster, who for fifty-one years had superintended an institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers has calculated, that in the course of his exertion he had given 911,500 canings, 124,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,100 boxes of the ear, and 22,700 tasks to get by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 600 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,708 hold the rod."

We hope not to be accused of a lack of charity in surmising that the learned gentleman who made these "recorded observations," was not unfrequently associated with the illustrious 5,000 who figured in the above interesting list.

Here is another elaboration from the pen of one of those erudite worthies deep in the genealogy of learned pigs, mermaids, and kings of the Canary Islands, and profound on apple-trees in untimely blossom:—

"The *Whitehaven Herald* says:—There was left at our office yesterday, one of the most remarkable specimens of that useful root, the potatoe, which ever fell under our notice. This extraordinary tuber was grown on the estate of Mr. John Grindale, of Bootle Fell Side. It is of the kidney species, and its girth the long way is 44 inches, and round the middle 25 inches. Its weight, when first taken up, was three pounds, and to add to the wonder, it is one complete well-formed potatoe, and is not, like many other large specimens of the same plant, formed by a conglomeration of several contiguous roots united to each other."

The cranium of the chronicler and the pulpy phenomenon he records, we suspect to be one and the same kidney. They are both "large specimens of the same plant," and it is a pity to disturb the "conglomeration" of the "contiguous roots." Mr. John Grindale, of *Bootle Fell Side*, may well exult in the pride of possessing such a TUBER; but *Bootle Fell Side* has equal reason to rejoice in its historian.

BOASTED TORY INCONSISTENCY.—The late number of Blackwood contained a long article entitled, "The Austrian Government in Italy." We will not waste the time, or uselessly revolt the feelings of our readers, by the exposure of this disgusting tissue of falsehood and misrepresentation, founded entirely on a work of that miserable profligate, Dal Pozzo, whose whole work, even from the very title, "The *Happiness* of Italy under the Austrian Government," is the expression of sentiments the most directly at variance with his real ones—an eulogy on a government that he hates in his heart with the most perfect hatred, and would take any means to overturn. We content ourselves with simply referring the reader to the number of the same magazine for July, 1830; where the head of this same government is designated as "*the most double-minded and perfidious minister that ever existed*—one who will take a crooked path from his pure

love of fraud, *even when he could attain his object as easily by a straight one;*" and his representative in England, Lord Aberdeen, is held up to public reprobation as a politician of the same school. Whether the writer of the two articles is the same, we cannot say; it is enough that the management was precisely the same then as now; and this much is certain, that it was the identical person who wrote that, (the "Silent Member") that afterwards, when the Reform Bill came on, endeavoured to frighten the king with the idea that the fate of Louis XVI. awaited him, if he granted it. And the writer himself of the late article has the effrontery, in the very same place, to designate the narrative of Pellico as "affecting and beautiful," giving it even a merit that does not belong to it, for it neither is nor affects to be *beautiful: affecting* indeed it is; and for this sole reason—that it holds up to the *strongest possible* abhorrence that same system, and those same individuals, that this writer would hold up to our estimation—and that, too, after having formerly denounced the head of it as a "monster of duplicity and perfidy!" Such is the consistency of men whose sole end and aim is the advocacy of a party!

In the Midst of Life we are in Death.—At an inquest held lately in Surrey on the body of a female pauper, some delay arose in consequence of the jury having to inspect a certain apartment referred in the evidence of the witnesses. One of the "twelve good men and true" availed himself of the interruption to wend his way homewards, being somewhat more interested in the fate of a couple of partridges preparing for his dinner than in that of his duty. An officer of the coroner was forthwith sent after the delinquent juryman, whom he found despatching his prey. The gourmand threatened vengeance against any intruder, and denied him (as the functionary elegantly expressed it) even "a sniff" of the winged victim of the inquisitor's voracity. The delinquent having terminated, repaired to his incensed superior; but instead of feeling that universally benevolent and philanthropic suavity which is said to pervade most men when certain umbilical symptoms are assuaged, defended the propriety of his action, and declared his repugnance to the doctrine that would inculcate attention to the defunct in preference to the living. The coroner, overcome, we imagine, with the novelty of the logic, yielded the contest. We suppose that the old system of starving a verdict out of a jury may henceforth be looked upon as exploded. We have long been inwardly persuaded the opinions of men are regulated by their appetite; who can expect public virtue to resist a brace of roast partridges? many men have fallen before a devilled kidney; no man is perfect. Had the juryman above been thwarted in his repast, we have no hesitation in saying that he would have pronounced "wilful murder" against the first well-fed witness who appeared.

NOTES ON CABINET AFFAIRS.

With the exception of the Guerillada, in the mountains of Navarre, such is the political quietism of our European continent, that were the Abbé St. Pierre to rise from the dead, he would imagine that his impracticable chimera, *la paix perpetuelle,* was at last realized. —Louis Philippe retiring from the scene of his *roueries telegraphiques,* and his *jacqueries politiques,* and surrounded by his recently organized guard of *dandi mouchards,** has been entertaining a select few at Fontainbleau. The entertainments of the monarch were on a scale of economy that would have delighted even Joseph Hume himself; at the end of three days it was politely intimated to each visiter that his apartment is required. Frederick William of Prussia has been passing his time in a way that cannot fail to accelerate the march of civilization and philosophy in his states. Sometimes reviewing his guards, at others corresponding with the *Ecole de l'Etat Major* at St. Petersburg, on the subject of the new uniform recently introduced into the army of the autocrat. The critical acumen of the successor to the great Frederick still exhibits that consummate knowledge of the tailoring art, which so elicited the admiration of George the Fourth, and the contempt of Napoleon. Francis of Austria is fast verging on dotage, and leaves the sole direction of the affairs of his empire to the arch-chancellor, Metternich. In Old England political gastronomy has been so much the order of the day, and ministers of every hue, past, present, and future, have been gormandizing to such a degree, that poor Namick Pacha, the Turkish ambassador, could scarcely recognize some of his former friends in the well-fed and portly host of embroidered coated gentlemen at the last levee. Namick is quite a dandy Turk, sports a well-padded and richly embroidered coat, *à la Prussienne,* and fixed spurs of the most approved pattern. It was Namick's glowing description of oriental life that first raised in the mind of our accomplished Foreign Secretary certain cravings for the governor-generalship of our Indian empire. We understand that the chief object of this Ottoman plenipo's mission relates to the possession of the port of Anapa. "Baccallah! massallah!" exclaimed Namick, at his first conference in Downing-street, "since the Muscovite dogs have taken Anapa from us, the black-eyed houris of Georgia and Circassia no longer gladden the hearts of the faithful!"

Nothing, they say, has more completely opened the eyes of our Foreign Secretary to the gigantic strides with which the Russian autocrat is pushing forward the consummation of his ambitious designs, than the falling off in the supply of the harems of Constantinople. Whether it will lead to a more decided course of policy on the part of this government in the affairs of the East, time alone will show;

* The joke (we suppose it can only be considered as such) is at Paris, that the king employs many young men, dressed in the extreme of fashion, to frequent public places, and bring him private intelligence. The Parisians call them "Dandi Mouchards."

but certain it is, that in the regions of Downing-street alone does any ignorance prevail of what Russia is at present doing in that quarter of the globe. First then, she is at this moment establishing depôts and magazines in Bulgaria, along the line of march of her legions to Constantinople. She retains Silistria, by which she commands the line of the Danube. She has established a military route through the principalities, that will enable her rapidly to transport her barbarian hordes to the objective point of her theatre of operations on the Turkish frontier, and which, in her former wars with Turkey, used to cost her a campaign to perform. Her arsenals on the Black Sea are resounding with the din of warlike preparations; and the Crimea is crowded with troops, all panting for an "*en avant*" movement on the Turkish capital. The Dardanelles, fortified by her engineers, laugh to scorn the hostile demonstrations of the fleets of England and France.—The autocrat has only to give the signal, and the empire of Mahomet will cease to exist.

Hitherto the policy of the Russian cabinet has been studious to avoid giving umbrage to this country. Sure of arriving at her ends by the common course of events alone, Russia was far too wary to provoke the chances of a struggle in which she knew too well she must be worsted, and thus retard to an indefinite period the conquest of Turkey.

Here, then, we have the secret of her policy—the key of that magnanimous forbearance which so elicited the admiration of my Lord Durham. Let not the people of this country continue to hug the long-cherished fallacy of the disinterested forbearance of Russia; her resources are likewise increasing, and her energies are devoted to the consolidation of her means. At the late inauguration of the Alexandrine Statue at St. Petersburgh, 100,000 picked troops defiled before the emperor: during the last summer the Russian Baltic squadron consisted of eighteen sail of the line, besides frigates; nine more were getting ready, and in a state of great forwardness. Preparations like these certainly do not betray any want of money. We, at the present moment, have no such fleet. In the present state of our dock-yards it would take us some time to fit out such a squadron. What is the event of a rupture? A fair wind would, in a very few days, bring down to the mouth of the Thames, or entertain the world with a spectacle not often seen in latter times, *the blockades of Portsmouth or Plymouth!* Circumstances, however, have arisen, which may force the Russian Cabinet to deviate from its Fabian policy. Count Matucewitz, who, while hunting at Melton, remarked with a searching eye the march of affairs in this country, lately wrote to his imperial master, that Ministers would be unable to maintain their ground without a large infusion of more radical elements into their body. This has greatly alarmed the autocrat; for such a ministerial composition, he feels, would be favourable to a *guerre de propagande*, the effects of which might ultimately reach Russia itself, where great discontent at present exists among all classes. Nicholas, therefore, is about to proceed to Berlin, to try once more his influence upon his father-in-law, Frederick-William —to urge him again to rush into a fierce crusade against the spirit of

the age, which once already nearly cost him his crown. The visit of the Russian autocrat has, however, been retarded by a circumstance which will convey to our readers a just idea of the immense *materiel* of war he had at his disposal. We allude to the burning of the manufactory of arms at Toula, in which was consumed one million stand of arms! Such a loss, and at a moment when the emperor is so convinced of the necessity of giving an *external direction* to the spirit of discontent which exists in his dominions, has greatly embarrassed the Russian Government. Upwards of 6,000 workmen were employed in this manufactory, which produced annually 17,000 firelocks, 6,000 to 7,000 pair of pistols, and 16,000 sabres and bayonets.

While the magnitude of this establishment conveys to us the most favourable ideas of Russian industry, its destruction is another evident proof of the iron despotism of her ruler. It was destroyed by the very workmen themselves in the hopes of emancipating themselves from the tyrannical system in which, from generation to generation, they have dragged on a miserable existence since the first days of its foundation. Although upwards of 6,000 men were employed, not one was competent to manufacture any entire arm of any description, it being, by this complete division of labour, the policy of the government to retain them in more complete subjection. If a vent for the smothering elements of discontent be not found beyond the frontier, Russia will soon be the scene of a tremendous *boulversement.*

We are not of that class of politicians that would wish to represent the Austrian government or any other in the most odious light possible, and therefore to exaggerate its evils, or diminish its merits. We wish to exhibit the simple truth, and are much less solicitous to give "the whole truth" than "nothing but the truth." We shall gladly record, can such ever be found, any instance of beneficence or generosity on the part of that government; and in the mean time, so far from wishing to exasperate the Italians against it, we would wish to impress upon them a sense of whatever immunities they do enjoy, and to be patient under the ills they endure. It is not political freedom that Italy chiefly wants at present; it is freedom of the mind, such freedom as was enjoyed by the early Christians under the Roman emperors—a situation exactly similar *externally* to that of the Italians. Until they have gained this, until "the truth has made them free," national independence would scarcely improve their condition, and they have no reason to regret the failure of the monstrous attempt to transfer the government from Austria to the Duke of Modena, the most wicked despot in all Europe, and happily also the least. But much as he is mortified at the extreme smallness of his territory, he would probably prefer even that to a much larger, which he could only keep by good government; and, therefore, it can scarcely be doubted that had this plot succeeded, the condition of the Italians would have been worse instead of better.

We shall always be found willing to acknowledge to its fullest extent all that is good in either the Austrian government, or indeed any other; and we have pleasure in stating that towards its own subjects

(those of Austria Proper), it is, if not a good, yet far from a positively bad government; and, were its influence confined to its proper dominions, we should have no fault to find. But in its foreign policy, in its attempts to influence other nations, it must be still regarded by all civilized Europe in the same light as in the time of Gustavus Adolphus. Whenever indeed it will renounce that policy, as England and France have renounced *their* former policy (that of monopolising, the one the whole of the sea, and the other the whole of the land), then it may take a friendly place unmolested among the nations of Europe. But there can be no hope for this during the life, that is the administration, of its present head; one whose invariable motto has been, "Evil, be thou my good!" will not be reclaimed at the end of his life—"he will die in his sins." But there is reason to hope that the better spirit which is now taking root in Prussia, Baden, and many of the German states, and which was once springing up in Austria itself under Joseph II, will, when the present profligate minister is called to his account, gradually penetrate into Austria itself; and, without probably altering the form of either its government or religion, alter the spirit of both, by making both a system of light instead of darkness—of extended justice and beneficence, instead of fraud, oppression, and malevolence.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

THE lovers of the legitimate drama cannot, of a certainty, complain. Commencing the season with the revival of Coriolanus, was a fair pledge of the intention of the lessees of the larger theatres to put it in the power of the public to prove their love for the national drama, about which so much has been said lately; and he has followed up Coriolanus with several of Shakspeare's best plays, namely, Macbeth, Hamlet, Henry VIII, and King John—in all of which Mr. Vandenhoff has sustained the hero. We spoke of the general excellence of this gentleman's acting a month or two since, when he was performing at the Haymarket, and are glad to offer a more decided opinion upon his merits, now that he is in a situation more worthy his genius. The representative of the Roman heroes expired with the retirement of John Kemble; and we hail with pleasure their resuscitation in the person of Mr. Vandenhoff. His Coriolanus is a splendid portrait of Roman dignity and patrician pride,

"Ere Roman virtue dwindled to a name."

His representation of this character, so magnificently portrayed by the great dramatist, identifies it with the Coriolanus of history. His Hamlet is likewise an elegant and classical personification, and, taken as a whole, the most perfect representation the stage can boast. The great merit of this gentleman's style is consistency—he forms a bold, just, (and frequently original), conception of the character he has to represent; he never sacrifices his judgment to a vitiated taste for applause, but adheres to his orignal design, following in this the

advice of the best critics, both ancient and modern. We do not hesitate to say that it will be in the creations of Shakspeare's mind, which demand in their representative every variation of thought, feeling, and passion, that Mr. Vandenhoff will soon be acknowledged the first actor of the day.

The greatest novelty during the month at the large theatres has been a trans-atlantic importation of a six-foot young lady, named Miss Clifton, who, in one respect at least, is something out of the ordinary way, being to all appearance half a head taller than the rest of her sisters of the sock and buskin. She has, however, another very great recommendation—that of perfect intrepidity, and a readiness to perform her part, whatever it may be, in a bold business-like manner. Miss Clifton is, perhaps, the fittest *prima donna* for such a sized stage as ours, having a faultless figure, and sufficiently good looks to shew well enough at such a distance without the aid of a telescope. She is plainly an actress of the mechanical class, and does not seem to wish to be thought any thing more. This, to any one who has an exclusive fondness for nature and simple passion, is a fatal objection; but probably will not be such to the public, who seem to shew very little taste for those qualities. The dull tragedy of Bertram has been revived. The play possesses scarce a single merit, but a very pompous and full-sounding versification. Some sort of pleasure or admiration, however, it did seem to give, since Mr. Denvil was most vociferously applauded through the whole of his performance, and as loudly called for at the end, which he had the sense to refuse. He gave indeed abundant proofs of the possession of very uncommon powers; but the whole representation was, perhaps necessarily, of that artificial character which we must own ourselves utterly incapable of appreciating.

The English Opera has proceeded triumphantly. John Barnet's music appears never to tire, and it is only withdrawn for a time to allow fair play to others. Mr. Serle has produced a little piece of considerable interest, called The Widow Queen, in which he played the principal character with great success. We are happy to say that Mr. Arnold's exertions in favour of British talent have been amply rewarded by full houses since the commencement of the season.

The Adelphi has opened without any very great *eclat*. Mr. Buckstone has availed himself of a comic paper which appeared in our magazine some few months since, called the "Bloomsbury Christening," to build a farce upon, which he likewise calls The Christening. Our pages seem to be pigeons which every dramatist thinks he is at liberty to pluck without leave or hindrance. The *Monthly* has furnished no fewer than seven dramas, performed at various parts of the town during the past year, without our having received from any one of the talented concocters a single note of acknowledgment. We are not aware that there is any law to prevent such appropriation, neither do we consider it necessary that there should be; but we do think that those who condescend to appropriate the ideas of others to their own gain ought in common courtesy to ask permission of the author.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL FOR 1835. LONDON: CHURTON, 1834.

Of all the Annuals, past, present, and to come, commend us to the one before us. Nothing can be more exquisite than what is technically termed the "getting up" of this volume; and the letter-press, from the pen of the Rev. Hobart Caunter, is at once instructive and agreeable.

It is, we perceive, the intention of the proprietors to continue this work in yearly volumes, every three forming a distinct series. The Annual of last year described Madras; the present is occupied by Calcutta; and the third will describe Bombay.

The real worth of anything consists in its intrinsic value. Subjected to this test, how few of the "gilded toys," called Annuals, would be permitted to retain their splendid binding, and their unmeaning and miscellaneous plates! We do not desire to see so much fugitive literature clapt into a rainbow-jacket, and impeded in its course to oblivion; but a book of popular pretensions, whether in the illustration of history, or the advancement of polite literature. We would be elevated, delighted, or instructed; and not merely amused;—in a word, to speak in commercial phrase, we would have "a good article."

Mr. Caunter has executed his portion of the book in a very satisfactory manner. We are glad to perceive that he has not been led away by the magnificence of his materials from that simplicity and straight-forwardness of style, which a more ambitious author might perhaps have deemed appropriate, if not indispensable. We must confess that we are too far north to relish these Oriental vagaries of language; and we are content to be led where

> ——"the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,"

without insisting that our conductor shall undergo the painful contortions of an Indian juggler.

The plates, which are twenty-two in number, are from drawings by Daniell. The subjects are varied and well-chosen, and they have been engraved in the very first style of the art. The name of Daniell is a sufficient guarantee of their fidelity and truth; and, at the same time, a satisfactory assurance of their excellence.

We are reluctantly compelled to postpone our notices of the annuals till next month, when we intend to devote some space to them. "Friendship's Offering" and "The Forget Me Not" are among the best, and Miss Sheridan's "Comic Offering" maintains its reputation among the side-shakers.

FRENCH CHIT CHAT. BY J. N. VHILAND. MATCHETT, NORWICH.

This is a very useful work, and will be found deserving of the most unqualified praise. A series of phraseological exercises in the French language will be most beneficial to the student in the midway of his progress, and will amply reward the pains of a serious attention; if more advanced, they will furnish entertaining and instructive themes to occupy his leisure hours. The French charades, the explanatory dictionary, and addenda of idioms, are likewise highly valuable. We earnestly hope, therefore, that this work will meet with encouragement in private families and schools, commensurate with its merits; and to them we confidently recommend it.

The Collected Poems of the late R. J. Carrington. Edited by his Son. 2 vols. London, 1834.

The admirers of Carrington—and they are many—will hail with satisfaction the appearance of these two neat volumes, in which the works of the deceased poet are now, for the first time, collected. They are preceded by an interesting and well-written biographical preface, from the pen of his son, which does equal honour to both.

It were entirely a work of supererogation to discuss the merits of Carrington's poetry. Within the few years that have elapsed since the appearance of "Dartmoor," ample justice has been done to his claims by contemporary journals. Indeed, were we asked to point out an exception to the exercise of gross partiality, vehement injustice, or deplorable ignorance, which our modern critics severally exhibit, we should point to these poems as a slight palliation of the enormities in other cases so frequently perpetrated.

Without possessing any very striking originality of thought, or much felicity of langnage, the poetry of Carrington is altogether free from those meritricious aids, and that false splendour of diction, which disfigure the works of some others of more genius than himself. Entirely without pretension or effort at display, it appeals to the worthier feelings and passions of our nature. If we do not discover a philosophical, we, at least, meet with the results of a benevolent and a cultivated mind.

We are sincerely rejoiced that the editor has at length felt himself compelled by the numerous inquiries for this publication, to lay it before the public.

At this time of the year, when so many book-presents are made, we are certain that no better choice could be formed in the selection of an appropriate and a valuable present to the youth of both sexes, than these volumes; which are, at once, calculated to improve and to elevate the mind.

Belgium and Holland. By P. L. Gordon, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1834.

We see "Belgium and Holland," on the title, and "Sketches of Belgium and Holland," on the first page of these volumes. The latter is the more appropriate name. In truth, these volumes, though in the main amusing, are better adapted as a guide to the traveller, or the family preparing to settle in the Netherlands, than valuable for their information to the resident at home. The style of Mr. Gordon is pleasing, and there is a minuteness of detail in minor matters, shewing that he has observed closely what he professes to describe.

But there is also a great portion of the book which merely contains what has been told many times before; and the sketch of the Revolution in 1830, would be subject to the imputation of being out of place, were it not too brief and meagre to justify us in picking a quarrel with it.

W. Howitt's Abridgment of his *Popular History* of Priestcraft. London: E. Wilson, 1834.

The author of the volume, of which a *professedly* self-executed abridgment lies before us, begins very appropriately and consistently with a preface, abusing two persons who have together reduced the size and price of his original history. We take no part in the dispute; but of one thing Mr. Howitt has convinced us, that his cupidity is as decided as his malice. He would have full liberty indiscriminately to revile and insult a large and meritorious body of men, and to pander to the malevolence of others; but

he must also have to himself exclusively all that is *to be got* by so doing; reviling a class of men at this time, comparatively defenceless, may be very dastardly; but friend Howitt knoweth that it is very profitable, and he is sorely wrath against John Cleave for having intercepted a portion of his anticipated gains. The gall of bitterness is so very lucrative an article, that Quaker prudence will not allow him to suffer an invasion of his monopoly. It has been a moot point with many moralists, whether "*disinterested*" malevolence could exist; the great Butler argues that it cannot; it is his opinion—that pure, unmixed ill-will is impossible; our previous notion of his wisdom has been confirmed by the anatomisation of the venomous and venal vituperator who has scribbled the book yclept a "History of Priestcraft." Mr. Wormwood Howitt cannot deceive himself as to his own motives, he has too much self-knowledge for that; but he may foolishly imagine he can make a large portion of the world think him a man of injured merit; and that the many will impute the anger and contempt he provokes to a sense of the truth of his strictures and alarm for the effects apprehended from his writing. We will undeceive Mr. Howitt: the people are not so blind as he supposes, and wishes them to be, to his real character, the sordidness and spiteful recklessness of which are now rendered apparent. We can speak for others as well as for ourselves, both as to the original and the ultimate impression made concerning the author of this delectable history, and that, too, among men who are not at all disposed to be the servile flatterers of the priesthood—who, like ourselves, "would blame them when we must, and praise them when we can." It was thought at first to spring solely from hatred and envy; the desire of pelf is now fully believed to have been the greatest consideration in prompting the composition. The disgust which Mr. Howitt excites arises not from a besotted and undue partiality to the reverend gentlemen of the established church, but from a laudable distate for calumny. With a qualified approbation of the clergy, and a determination to oppose any encroachments of ecclesiastical ambition, we cannot applaud malignant vilification merely because directed against them by those who are instigated by the hope of gain, and the desire to annoy and harass; and so farewell, W. Howitt, L.S.D.

DISQUISITIONS ON THE ANTI-PAPAL SPIRIT WHICH PRODUCED THE REFORMATION; ITS SECRET INFLUENCE ON THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE IN GENERAL, AND OF ITALY IN PARTICULAR. BY GABRIELLE ROSETTI. TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY MISS CAROLINE WARD. LONDON, 1834.

IF extent of knowledge, depth of research, and ingenuity of thought could impress on a work the stamp of worth, little could be advanced in doubt of the value and importance of the book before us; but in this instance, the fertility of the author's imagination, and the excess of ingenuity displayed in his theory, are themselves sources whence spring doubts of the correctness of his views. One of the chief purposes of his general design is to show that the Reformation was the effect of causes remote in their origin and gradual in their operation; that the spirit of protestantism pervaded the breasts, and actuated the conduct of the wise, the great, and the good; for ages its trumpet was sounded, and its numerous adherents flocked to the standard which Luther unfurled. Another, perhaps the primary object, is to expose to view the hitherto undiscovered meaning of the allegory in which, according to the author's opinion, Dante, Petrarca, and others, enwrapped their sentiments.

The intolerance, persecution, cruelty—the avarice, ambition, and licentiousness of the popes and their court, had excited horror and disgust in the breasts of those in whom resided a love of virtue. So inconsistent was

their practice with their profession—so opposite were their principles to those of the religion of which they assumed to be the guardians by divine delegation—that there arose a belief that the reign of antichrist was come, that mankind had been given up to the dominion of Satan. This disapprobation of the principles of the pope's government, and disgust at the manners and habits of the papal court, are construed by Signor Rosetti into a declaration of hostility to the Roman church, and a denial of the authority of the pope. He asserts there to be identically two sentiments, which, though they may co-exist in the same breast, are essentially different, and by no means involve the existence of each other. He appears to confound a virtuous abhorrence of crime and depravity, with a dissent from the tenets of the church, in the conduct of whose rulers such crime and depravity had been exhibited. An endeavour is made to show that the reproaches cast upon the conduct of its members proceeded from that conviction of error in the constitution of the church itself, which was subsequently avowed under the title of Protestantism, which would be something like attributing to those who disapproved of the measures of our government respecting America, a secret desire for the establishment of a republic.

But the power and intolerance of the popes prevented the open declaration of opinion, or the free communication of sentiment. "Liberty of conscience was forbidden, and no feeling of the heart could be disclosed with impunity." Under this system of persecution men were obliged to disguise their sentiments under the mask of allegory—a plan which our author asserts to have been universal. He quotes the Abbé Plugurt, in proof of a general belief in the visible reign of Satan on earth. "This belief," he remarks, "being common to so many persons, it is very certain that they must have communicated with each other in some particular language, and that they did so will be proved by their own avowal, and by other and unquestionable evidence." This allegorical language collected its terms indiscriminately from mythology and scripture, "by means of which the world was described under two aspects, as what it was, and as what it ought to be." The author endeavours to shew, from the example of the priests of Egypt and Greece, of the druids in our own country, and of the ancient schools of philosophy, that the art of speaking and writing in a language which bears a double interpretation is of very great antiquity, and, from expressions in private letters of Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, &c. that these persons adopted this art. "When we read his (Dante's) vivid descriptions of the rivers of hell, of the various demons, as Charon, Minos, Cerberus, and the Minotaur, &c., and of the many condemned of antiquity, as Semiramis, Capaneus, Mahomet, Simon Magus, and Nimrod, the builder of the Tower of Babel, we can hardly divest ourselves of the persuasion that he must be speaking seriously and literally of the hell of another world, but that literal version encloses an allegory; and if we think attentively, we shall perceive that the rivers, and the demons, and the damned, all convey some allusion to the things and persons then living, in that Babylonish time when Lucifer's kingdom was on earth."—Vol. I. p. 130.

In these two volumes the author gives his reasons for divesting himself of the above-named persuasion. They are worth reading—they are interesting—but the professor admits, in the concluding letter to Charles Lyell, Esq. that "it is not a very easy matter to understand even the literal meaning of the divine comedy;" and conscience-stricken, as it were, at the hardihood of his attempt to give the meaning of its supposed allegory, anticipates, in the same letter, the disrespect with which his theory is likely to be treated, and deprecates the sentence he considers the world will probably pass upon his book. Of the translation we feel ourselves bound to speak in terms of high praise. Though not insusceptible

of improvement, it is on the whole extremely well done, and Miss Ward will receive thanks from those who do not read Italian, and congratulations from those who do. The former will be grateful that so curious a book is made accessible to them; the latter will be gratified by the general fidelity of rendering, and excellence of style in the translation.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH ISLES; IN 2 VOLS. BY MARY MARTHA RODWELL. LONDON: LONGMAN & CO. 1834.

WE have long wanted such a practical work as this; written, too, in a manner calculated to attract the attention of juvenile readers, and fix on their memory the leading geographical points on our insular kingdom. The plan of skeleton maps, with figures of reference, adopted by Miss Rodwell, is excellent, because it compels the reader to search for information. Her work will doubtless become a standard publication for schools and young persons: we need only add, that while it offers to the juvenile portion of the community every necessary information—adults, more especially those whose education has been neglected, will find much to instruct them in Miss Rodwell's complete and truly valuable work.

TREATISE ON THE PROGRESS OF LITERATURE AND ITS EFFECTS ON SOCIETY. EDINBURGH; ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK; NORTH BRIDGE. LONGMAN; LONDON, 1834.

WE learn from the preface that this production is the result of such hours as could be snatched from other and more immediate pursuits; and without flattery to its anonymous author, we must be allowed to say that of all the works which have come under our notice of late, this Treatise on the Progress of Literature is the most able and instructive—one on which the impress of an enlightened mind is most obviously, palpably, and unerringly stamped. Thoughtful, philosophical, and historically accurate, it contains the observations of a man of sound judgment, extensive reading, and refined taste; and whatever may be his private occupation, whatever his objects, we earnestly hope such extra time may be afforded him for the future, as to permit of his employing his leisure after a manner equally polite, beneficial, and elevated.

The earlier sections of the first chapter contain an account of the general character and progress of literature in ancient time, and affords to the merely English reader a popular and inviting abstract of its history and character, recommended by a learned ease and purity of style seldom observable in writers upon classic subjects; while to the scholar they equally furnish information and entertainment—entertainment without flippancy, and information without pedantry.

From the first section to the second the author takes a gigantic stride, and with one foot resting upon the classic times of Virgil and Horace, claps the other lightly upon the wonders of the fourteenth century, stepping from thence to the fifteenth with all the velocity of Time himself, and by that means, we think, imitates some of our youthful tourists, whose boast is generally founded upon the fact, or not the fact, of their having raced over some beautiful country with unprecedented rapidity, or during the night, leaving all opposition lame upon the road. With this movement we have alone to complain. Might not our author have tarried awhile, and with a poet's eye, from the high top of some cloud-touching hill, have watched the gradual waking of that glorious day that shone upon the world, chasing the ignorant shadows from the earth, and bringing on that intellectual sun, that afterward with such rare light

> "Trick'd his fresh beams, and with new-spangled ore,
> Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky;"

we mean the dawning of the Reformation; might he not have cast "one longing lingering look behind" upon the days of Gower and Chaucer? He might; but it is of little use to regret the oversight; and, therefore, let us be contented with what we have.

Speaking of the condition of women in the time of the Romans, after observing that "their influence in the later times arose entirely from their riches or their personal charms, otherwise considered more as an humble vassal than an equal partner," the author speaks very eloquently in p. 29.

And now we hope that the author of this work may stand upon his reputation, and boldly claim for himself the attention of our readers. With every qualification which learning and reading can bestow, the writer of this Treatise is eminently happy in the possession of a warm fancy, and a fervid love for all that is poetic and imaginative.

POEMS. BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON. CROFTS. LONDON, 1834.

It is a hard matter for a critic to speak his mind "when a lady's in the case." With Mrs. Richardson, however, there is little difficulty; she appears to be a lady possessing more than average talent, and we should imagine one that could enjoy a pleasant joke, or a clash of merriment—not that her poems are altogether of the mirthful class; some, indeed, are plaintive and pathetic, but the former are most to our taste. A pretty song, however, of the melancholy class, we very readily extract:—

THE FALLEN CHAPLET.

She sat apart—the circling throng
Were waiting for her thrilling song;
Long did she prelude, long and low,
Before her sweet voice utterance found;
And then the very soul of woe
Was in the sound.

Her lips were pale, but either cheek
Flush'd ever, with too bright a streak!
Fair was her brow, with roses crown'd;
And as she trembled with the swell
Of that sad song, upon the ground
Her chaplet fell:

He caught it up, whose ear and eye
Seem'd worshipping her melody;
He press'd it fondly to his breast;
She saw the action—'twas too late,
One earlier word had made her blest—
It was her fate.

Too long deceived, too sorely tried,
Oh! was it love, or grief, or pride?
But the fall'n chaplet ne'er again
Shall wreath her brows; for wildly gush'd
From heart and harp one farewell strain,
And both were hush'd!

ON DENTITION AND SOME COINCIDENT DISORDERS. BY JOHN ASHBURNER, M.D. LONGMAN, 1834.

EVERY body knows we make but little pretence to medical or surgical knowledge. We are not of the faculty—we never took a fee in our lives. We certainly have some cases of monomania come before us, of persons

who are strangely beguiled into the idea that they are enlightening the beclouded world with their lucubrations—fardlings, frantic novelists, and such like—these we treat after our peculiar fashion; but otherwise, we are quite innocent of any attempts upon the health of our fellow-creatures to the best of our knowledge. We, however, will very gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to hand over the above cases, for few have cut their "wisdom teeth," as peculiarly suitable to the care of Dr. Ashburner, and sincerely trust that "he will make the best of them." The *Medical Gazette*, in which it seems this work for the most part has been already published, is a good authority for its excellence and the medical world speak highly of the author.

TRUTH'S TRIUMPH. A POEM ON THE REFORMATION. BY C. R. BOND. J. HATCHARD.

MR. BOND, we have little doubt, is a very excellent gentleman; but we are candidly of opinion that *he* is not destined to supply the place of the departed Coleridge. We are not at present in the possession of any reason why he should lament it; for the profession affords but indifferent bread and cheese, after all, for the mastication of poetic enthusiasts. Mr. Bond has our best wishes, and, therefore, we desire him a speedy extrication from the grasp of the Muses. We have long since considered the poverty-stricken old ladies fit subjects for the workhouse, but are doubtful as to their eligibility under the operation of the new poor laws.

We have received a valuable work called "A Collection of Geological Facts intended to elucidate the formation of the Ashley Coal-field. By Edward Mammatt, F.G.S.," the notice of which we must postpone till next month, that a more careful attention may be given to it.

"The Tourist's Guide through the Swiss and Italian Cantons," is one of the best and cheapest works of art that we have lately seen. It contains four steel engravings illustrating Swiss scenery of first-rate merit for 2s.

"Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill" contain a series of exquisitely comic designs.

One of the most curious specimens of an almanack is published by Mr. Charles Tilt for one penny. He calls it "The Hat Almanack," being of a circular shape to fit the crown of a hat—it is quite *unique*.

IN THE PRESS.

The Exile of Erin; or, the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman.

The Bride's Book. By the Editor of the "Young Gentlemen's Book."

Lieut.-Col. Cadell's Narrative of the Services of the 28th Regiment.

The first volume of Mr. Murray's Variorum Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, printed uniformly with the Life and Works of Byron and of Crabbe, on the first of January next.

A New Edition of the Works of Milton, in the popular monthly form, with an original Biography, and copious Notes. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., and Historical and Imaginative Illustrations, by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

CAN THE TORIES TAKE OFFICE AFTER ALL?

THE consternation and dismay avowed by some of our contemporaries, upon the rather unceremonious dismissal of the Whig ministers, by his Majesty, are feelings in which, we must confess, we do not participate. Our surprise—and great it was—undoubtedly presented no tinge of consternation, and was wholly untinctured by dismay. There is nothing in the aspect of affairs at the present juncture, that can for a moment be supposed to justify, or even to excuse the indulgence of despondency. The people need not betake themselves to sackcloth, or make hair-powder of ashes, or wring their fingers out of joint, although the times may appear to be so. The Tories would fain try another fall with the nation. They had "a dying fall" about four years ago, but they are not yet dead. Another close hug, "as though you loved them," and they are extinguished for ever. They would pick the last crow in the rookery of corruption with us. Be it so. *We have got the bill*—they cling sadly and desperately to the tail; and it shall go hard with us if we show a white feather during the operation.

The particular causes that led to the extraordinary step taken by his Majesty, of ejecting the ministry from his counsels, by the neck and shoulders, are, as yet, enveloped in mystery. We shall wait patiently for its elucidation, contenting ourselves, in the meanwhile, with offering our own opinions upon the matter without scruple, reserve, or qualification. If the present compact cabinet chooses to hold its peace, the nation, at all events, should speak out; and if we have not even an explanatory Burleigh shake of the head, it is time that *our* heads should begin to shake.

Political motives that superinduce mystery are, in all probability, bad motives. It has become a thing of custom, when bad motives are assumed, to turn a suspicious eye towards the Tories. In a word, the Tories are at the bottom of this business. Does the reader suppose, for one moment, that the dismissal of the Whig ministry was the prompt and unprompted act of his Majesty? Does he imagine that this act, which in good time and happily, has brought the reformers to their senses, and knitted them instantaneously into a firm and invincible

phalanx, was not the *loyal* and *constitutional* device of a faction tampering with the royal prerogative, and erecting, as it insanely supposed, "a tower of strength" in the King's name? The plausible pretence of pleading an *alibi*, put forth by the Tory organs, is not only contemptibly absurd, but irresistibly ludicrous. This juggler's trick with the cup and balls—this "hey, presto, they're gone!" will not serve the turn of the Tories, when the imposition is discovered. They had laid the train long before—"the captain's a bold man," and waited on the spot to apply the match, while they got out of the way till the danger was over.

But, it may be asked, wherefore be at the trouble of devising this complicated and ingenious manœuvre? The answer is at hand. In the first place, it might tend to induce a belief (and to a certain extent the *ruse* has been successful), that there was no premeditation in the matter at all; and, in the next, it would afford time and opportunity to feel the public pulse, and, if the wrist were not riotous, to slip on our old chains once more, and so keep the pulse in subjection by steel hand-cuffs. And, in this *coup-de-main*, we find that the Duke has displayed more sagacity than he did at Waterloo, where he left himself no possibility of retreat; for, by reserving the premiership for his friend on his travels, he cannot be said absolutely to have seized the reins of government; and, should the public pulse beat too high, what more easy than to come before the country with Sir Robert Peel in his hand, and *frankly* tell the people that his friend and he find that they cannot undertake the government under present circumstances? In the meanwhile, he is no inactive or unskilful politician; he knows the time of day well, and, with the Horse Guards' clock in his fob, and the seals of office dangling before him, he parades Parliament-street, a virtual dictator in a mixed commonwealth, with a troop of slavish adherents at his back, crying "This is the King's prerogative!"

It is, doubtless, not only expedient, but just, for the preservation of the balance, as it is called, that the King should possess the power of choosing his own Ministers. The prerogative of the people it is to see that they propose good measures; and these failing, to dismiss them from the councils of the King, by means which the Constitution has pointed out for the preservation of their liberties—means which, till within the last three years, have been abused, to the

grievous wrong of the third estate, for the convenience, or pleasure, or profit, of the second. But, in the present instance, we are only, as yet, permitted to see a summary and ungracious exercise of one half of the prerogative; and to feel that there is a very unintelligible delay in putting in force the other. The Reform Ministry is dismissed of a sudden; but where are the new Ministers? Or are they to be put forward as a Reform Ministry, requiring merely a short time to turn their coats with becoming decency, so that they may not rush into the presence of the people, one with the hind part of his garment before, another with incongruous sleeves, a third with the seams torn, and the like?

When his present Majesty ascended the throne, he recognized, by the very choice of his ministers, the necessity of reform, and all measures that must inevitably emanate from it thereunto tending. We may safely assert, that he solemnly pledged himself to the people that the principle of reform should be, and with his concurrence, carried out to the fullest extent. It is idle to quibble about words—it is worse than idle to assume that this principle involves spoliation, anarchy, bloodshed, and many other bad things. We take the word in its true and plain sense. These results would not, nay, cannot arise out of reform; and we have yet to learn that the abuse of the principle by any set of desperate men, or the abuse of the word by any gang of desperate Tories, can for a moment affect the thing itself? When we say that reform is good and corruption bad, we think we need hardly take the trouble of proving either the one or the other; but laughter is good logic when a man seriously proceeds to contend that reform must inevitably breed confusion, and that corruption must necessarily engender good government; in other words, that virtue tends downwards, and that vice bends to the "skiey influences." You cannot pluck figs from thistles, or grapes from thorns; but if, as is their nature, some semi-quadrupeds prefer thistles to figs, they are not worth a fig; and if the grapes are sour, thorns may, perhaps, serve them in good stead.

This is the predicament of the Tories at the present moment. Let them, for a short space, masticate their thistles, and luxuriate on a bed of thorns; but let them not imagine that, by beat of drum, they can enforce the people of England to yield up the fig of representation; or that by firing a few canisters of grape shot they can destroy

the fruit of a vine which shall cling for ever to the British oak, and which is named REFORM.

But if—which Heaven forbid that we should ascribe to his Majesty—the king has seen reason to deplore the consequences of reform—if, actuated by the pernicious counsels of men who cannot bring one argument, whether drawn from the constitution of this kingdom, the practice of any free state heretofore in the world, or the philosophical theory of any government whatever, in plausible support of their own arbitrary determination to enslave the people of England;—if, we say, the king has been misadvised to thrust his hand between the wheels of the mighty engine propelled by the daily accumulated force of public opinion—then we plainly assert that the endeavour will prove, to speak mildly, impracticable. To go back now were indeed "as tedious as go on," and at the same time more difficult—more dangerous, and certain to lead to that which the Tories are perpetually deploring, and constantly seeking to effect, that is to say, confusion, anarchy, and bloodshed.

"If," says Milton, of the Tories of that day, "their absolute determination be to enthrall us, before so long a Lent of servitude, they may permit us a little Shroving-time first, wherein to speak freely, and take our leave of liberty.—They knew," he adds in another place, "they knew the people of England to be a free people, *themselves the representers* of that freedom." It *is* the absolute determination of the Tories to enthrall us; and we know the people of England to be a free people, themselves the representers of that freedom. Now, then, is the struggle; and, if the Tories will have it so, the people must once more shew them—and since it is to be for the last time, it were well to make it plain to the meanest capacity amongst them—that governments were made for nations by nations, and not nations for and by governments. The question, therefore, the Tories now have to resolve is this, *how* are we once more to enslave the people of England? and this would seem to be somewhat difficult of practical answer. It is, or may be, expedient, since they cannot at present cut his throat, that the rats should fasten a tinkling cymbal, or rather symbol, round the neck of Grimalkin.—But where is the Archibald Bell—the—cat among the Tories—that will venture to try the experiment?

To speak freely—during this our Shroving-time—we must confess

that the Tories have proved themselves more mole-eyed in this matter than even we had supposed them to be. How can they hope to govern the country at the present time? What new elements have arisen out of the late changes available to, or tangible by, the Tories? Is not the present House of Commons impracticable?—will not the next prove, if possible, still more refractory? Let them recal to mind the dissolution of Parliament consequent upon the rejection by the Lords of the Reform Bill? What was the result?—why, that the people sent up a Parliament determined to demand Reform; and the Lords were, at length, overborne. Here is an eternal precedent for the people, to which they will and must recur constantly. "Thou canst not teach them to forget," oh, Duke of Wellington! however much you may desire to make them remember.

Should the new Ministry—*if we are to have one, after all*— choose to meet the present House, or prefer to invite another—what then? Alas! Schedule A is no longer in the alphabet of corruption! It turns this way—there are the people;—and that, there are the people; and around, the people.

> "Where'er I turn is hell, myself am hell;
> And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
> Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
> Whereto the hell I suffer is a heaven."

The seals are thrown up with a curse,—"D—— the people! they're always in the way."

The strange and unintelligible principle to the Tories that the people have a right to a voice in their own government, leads them into the wildest mistakes, and will perhaps at length conduct them within the purlieus of legitimate impeachment. It might be very well, at one time, when they had an ostensible majority of the people on their side—a corrupt House of Commons then standing, by a strange fiction, for the people, as an Egyptian outline with a front eye in a side-face, and with one leg, is intended to represent a human being—it might be very well at that time to denounce the so-called minority as factious; and to talk, with loud and imposing utterance, of loyalty, and upholding the laws, and "things as they are,"—but we cannot understand, now that they are indeed the minority, why they are not, upon their own principle, to be justly stigmatised as factious—why they are not also bound to be loyal—why they are not

to uphold the laws—and wherefore they are not to subscribe to "things as they are."

They may, indeed, deny the imputation of disloyalty. How then comes it that we find them stimulating his Majesty to an act which directly places him at issue with his people? How does it happen that these men are found playing a game which goes in some measure to invalidate the influence which the King has hitherto possessed, and which, indeed, he had deserved at the hands of his subjects? They are, we say, abusing the King's name for their own desperate ends—they are cajoling the monarch and at the same time trifling with the people. The regal prerogative is sacred—and let it be so—but it is not well that things sacred should be too often seen, lest they lose that mysterious virtue which belongs to them, or which they are supposed to possess; least of all is it expedient in affairs of weighty public moment to urge no better argument than prerogative against a power which includes within itself not only prerogative but the option of transferring it.

But it is only fair to the Tories that the prevailing motives to their present proceedings should be shewn. It has long been supposed that the daily and weekly papers of this metropolis represent the true state of public opinion and feeling in the country at large. That they ought to do so we admit—that they have done so we deny. For the most part they have written *to* or *at*, and not *for* the people. The rock upon which the Tories have now, or are about to split, is the monstrous notion that by dividing the papers they have divided the people. Their motto has ever been "*Divide et impera*,"—divide and conquer; and they have thought that by dividing "the fourth estate," a clear passage might be obtained, through which they might lay hold upon the third with secure impunity. It may be well both as a hint for the present, and as a warning for the future, to state briefly what tender mercy or what strange justice the Whigs have met with at the hands of the independent "fourth estate."

When the Whig Ministers took office four years ago, they laid a plan of Reform before the House, which at once astounded the Tory party, and delighted the people. It might naturally be expected, that, during the early stages of this bill, the liberal portion of the press, in accordance with its previouly expressed approbation, should have lent the Ministers its support; and so, for a time, it did. But, immedi-

ately the difficulties commenced—so soon as the Tories had rallied their forces, and prepared to make a stand against this popular measure, then was the time for some of the liberal papers—to uphold the ministry? to proffer support? to extend assistance? No—but to announce suspicions of its sincerity, to hint a fault, if not to hesitate dislike. A less extensive measure, it is well known, might have satisfied the country for a time—a half-grown bill—a colt of legislation, as it were; but this,—which in one sense, might almost be said to be a gift horse—far from not looking it in the mouth, they proceeded to kick, to see if its wind was good, and to pluck by the tail to ascertain whether it were "a real thing," and not defunct horse-hair from the discarded sofa of a superannuated politician. All this, to say the least of it, was indiscreet. But then, when the bill was passed, arose another question: was the Reform-Bill a final measure? It was,—so said one or two of the ministers. We are far from defending this answer; it was a piece of purely absurd impertinence. How could it be a final measure? The people had now got a certain degree of available power into their own hands;—well, it was to be exercised, of course. How was its exercise to be frustrated? By the ministers? No. They were now at the mercy of the House of Commons. But no reasonable man, surely, could for a moment believe that the ministers intended no good to result from the reform-bill, as some of the liberal papers were wise enough to suppose. The question was, —Is the reform-bill, *quasi* a bill of reform of the representation, a final measure? The answer we have given above, and commented upon.

Again; in all subsequent measures brought forward by the Whig ministry, the same system of studied and elaborate misconception was acted upon; till, at length, taking the converse of a principle, which, we perceive, is once again about to be attempted to be made popular, some of the liberal journals, with one accord shouted, "not measures, but men," and personal attack was resorted to.

The chief object of attack, as the public well knows, has been Lord Brougham. Now, we do not think it necessary to justify upon paper the foibles, the weaknesses, or the follies of public men; neither do we think it likely that we shall, under any system of government whatever, be enabled to secure men altogether without these incidental conditions of humanity. But, by the leave of some of

these liberal journals, we shall frankly state our impression with respect to the system of perverse misconception to which Lord Brougham has within the last few months been subjected; of persecution, we may call it, to which the annals of party hostility afford no parallel. We have seen

> ——— "All his faults observed,
> Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
> To throw into his teeth;"

and this, too, by parties whose professed principles are in accordance with his own. We have read a great deal of vituperation—we have heard a vast quantity of abuse—but we have never yet been able to ascertain the grounds upon which these new enemies of the Chancellor take their stand, and justify their extravagant vehemence of hatred. There has been "much cry and little wool," so far as the staple of their argument is concerned; and we shall much marvel if, under present circumstances (to leave out of the question common fairness and common feeling), they can reconcile their proceedings to sound policy or expediency. We had, we thought it was agreed on all reform hands, a common enemy to resist; and it is but miserable trifling with the best interests of the country to fall to buffets with each other, and leave the Tories to take possession of the crown, and overawe the people with the king's prerogative.

Apart from a merely personal feeling, which might have been permitted to die the natural death of such feelings, we are certain that Lord Durham cannot and will not object to co-operate with the Lord Chancellor in the struggle (*should there be one, after all*), now about to take place between the Tories and the people. *We* will not flatter Lord Durham: he has proved himself to be a staunch friend to popular rights, and to public liberty. We have read his recent speeches, and we believe him to be sincere, honest, and incorruptible. But he would not, assuredly, be the last man to deny that Lord Brougham has done more—much more—towards the advancement of the "good old cause" than any man in England. He cannot but admit that, but for that great man, the people would not now have been in a situation to claim the whole entire letter and spirit of Reform; or to have made it manifest to their old rulers that they properly understand, and perfectly know, what the letter and spirit are—what their ancient tyrants the Tories are, and what they themselves are, and are destined to become.

The name of Henry Brougham will be regarded for ever by the people of England with feelings of grateful respect and affectionate regard. If ever one man created the spirit of an age, he is that man. If ever man passed through so long, so arduous, so perilous, a period of political existence, with hands more unspotted, with character more unblemished, with fame more untarnished, than Henry Brougham, we shall be glad to be told, for the honour of this country, who he is, or has been? But calumny is no dishonour, and detraction no disgrace. Shakspeare has told us that the best cannot escape them, and we know that they never do.

And yet, we are to spare this man; he has, forsooth, sunk into insignificance, being no longer Chancellor. He has no such "alacrity in sinking;" or, grant he be sunk, for a moment,—

> "So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed;
> And yet, anon, repairs its drooping head,
> And tricks its beams, and with new-spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

We have no hesitation in stating our belief, that the folly and weakness of some of these journals have led the Tories to the equally weak and foolish conclusion, that the people responded to their sentiments of hatred to the Whigs. It was an inference drawn from the gross mistake of supposing that the "fourth estate" represents the opinions and feelings of the nation. But now, it seems, at the instance of these papers, we are to merge all minor differences, and prepare to contest the pass with our common opponents. We must do so, indeed; but we know that well without their teaching. We do not laugh exultingly when Whigs go out to make way for Tories; nor are we prepared to admire the consistency of such exuberant gaiety. Blind guides, fit only to lead the blind—impatient of the ditch into which they are doomed to fall.

Of a truth, we shall see no press worthy the name until "unlicensed printing" be established in this country. "Taxes on knowledge" they may well call the stamp upon newspapers; if, indeed, it might not with more justice be termed a prohibitory duty.

But let us now recur to the situation of the country at the present moment. The great question is, can the Tories stand their ground against the people? and if they can, *how* are they to do so? While some of the party, of the Ultra breed, are in ecstasies at the prospect

of the Duke's return to power, leading, as they suppose it will, to old Tory principles; others, more moderate, are disposed to consider that their leader will propose certain *salutary* and *safe* reforms.

The Tory, *mutato nomine*—Conservative party—the distinction being, we believe, something like the distinction between a crocodile and an alligator, as Jekyll said of the difference between an attorney and a solicitor—this party, in our opinion, will be neither enabled to recur to old Tory principles, nor to propose salutary and safe reforms. The people will not have them at any price. Nor do we think that force will be resorted to, for the purpose of keeping them in place. We do not believe that the disorders of the State can be remedied by a regimental regimen. A great writer says, "The strength whereby such an effect can be expected, consists not in a pair of fists, but in an army; and an army is a beast with a great belly, which subsists not without very large pastures; so, if one man has sufficient pasture, he may feed such a beast; if a few have the pasture, they must feed the beast, and the beast is theirs that feed it. But if the people be the sheep of their own pastures, they are not only a flock of sheep, but an army of lions, though by some accidents they be, for a season, confinable to their dens."

It is, however, quite clear that should the Tories persevere in a determination to keep their places, and consequently to neutralize, or to destroy the growth of reform, they can only hope so to do by these means; and by the adoption of a line of policy which, to use the words of the same writer, "has more of the man and less of the law in it."

But affairs, as yet, are not come to this pass; and our perfect conviction is, that the turn that things will take must be a turn into the old channel, with the additional impetus of current which the compressed strength of the popular party must necessarily impart to it. The Tories will be in the predicament of the prudent Scot, who was seen stealthily crawling through a garden-fence. "Where are you going?" demanded the gardener. "Back again," was the timely reply. In like manner, and as speedily, must the Tories "go back again," and it will be well for them if, perceiving the analogy of the cases, they recognize at the same time the expediency of the retreat.

But we are told by some of the Tory organs, that it is unfair to infer this or that of a cabinet which is not yet formed. This device

of lulling suspicion, already sufficiently awake, cannot for an instant impose upon any man with a degree of reason above that of a beast. "Measures not men," is a maxim which, at the best, is something to be affirmed of tailors and their vocation; but when we know the men —when we have been made to feel their measures; when we see the late ministry dismissed with contumely and scorn—what more natural, proper, open, candid, than to conclude that they are not men whose measures (opposed as they must be to those of their predecessors, or why their dismissal?) are calculated to be palatable to the nation. Will the Tories satisfy the Dissenters? will they pursue the reform of corporations? will they reform the Irish, will they correct the abuses of the English, church? Not they. Well, then, they are not the men for the country.

Now is the time that the nation must bestir itself in the persons of its representatives. Now is the time, if ever, for the people to lay a broad and a sure foundation upon which their rights and their liberties may be erected for ever. "Government," says the writer quoted before, "to define it *de jure*, or, according to ancient prudence, is an act whereby a civil society of men is instituted and preserved, upon the foundation of common right or interest; or (to follow Aristotle and Livy), it is an empire of laws, and not of men. And government, to define it *de facto*, or, according to modern prudence, is an act whereby some man, or some few men, subject a city or a nation, and rule it according to his or their private interest; which, because laws in such cases are made according to the interest of a man, or some few families, may be said to be an empire of men, and not of laws."

In short, the question has been brought emphatically to this—whether the English nation shall be suffered to continue a free nation, by the regeneration of its ancient liberties, provided for it by the constitution of England; or whether it shall any longer submit to a ruthless oligarchy—made up of a few families, and constituting an empire of men, and not of laws.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—Seventh Yarn.

My hopes of hearing a yarn the following night were frustrated by a fatal accident that befel one of our best men, a fore-topman. We had that day sprung our fore-topsail yard, and immediately shifted it, the damaged yard being laid along the gangway by the booms for the carpenters to repair. After all orders, as is the usual custom in all well-regulated ships, we turned the hands up to reef topsails; just as the men were laying in, the captain of the top making a spring from the yard to the topsail haulyards, to come down by them, missed his hold, and fell headlong on the deck, striking his head against the iron of the fore-topsail yard that was on deck; his brains were scattered over the dress of the boatswain, who was standing close to where the poor fellow fell. Had he fallen one inch more to starboard, he must have broken the boatswain's neck. He was carried in the sick bay, and laid on the dissecting table; but nothing could be done, his head was literally crushed to pieces, it was impossible to decypher a single feature. When the doctor pronounced him irrevocably gone, he was laid on a grating, with a union-jack thrown over him, and placed under the half-deck. He was a great loss to the ship; a fine young fellow, who had only been made captain of the foretop for his good conduct a week before his death. No yarning took place that night, though the galley was as well filled as ever, and greater quantities of smoke, were for the most part, silently poured forth from the capacious mouths of the galley-rangers. The next forenoon he was buried, and that night Bob Short continued his yarn. And let it not here be said that sailors are an unfeeling set, so soon to forget their shipmates; for such is not the case; though their mourning is not so long or so often shown, as landsmen, they still feel as long and as deeply, perhaps more so, the loss of one of their shipmates.

The night after this accident I made my way, as usual, cigar in hand, to the galley. I was just in time.

"Poor Rusworth!" (that was the name of the captain of the foretop,) said Will Gibbon, "I wish he was here now, he was as good a feller as ever stepped atween decks; but he's gone, and there an end of it."

"Gone aloft, I hope," said Jack Murray; "for he was as honest a feller as I ever seed. I wonder who'll be captain of the larboard-watch in his room; we can't have a better."

"You may say that, Jack," said Tom Bennett; "he was a messmate o' mine in this ship the last three years, when she was in the West Indies, and a good feller he was as ever lived; but it's no use saying no more about it: he's gone where we must all go at last, and he's only come to an anchor a little while before us, and I hope he's safely moored in that place our parson talks about.

"I'm sure he is! I'm sure he is!" said Will Gibbon. "So now, Bob, finish that yarn you were a-spinning of."

"Very well, lads; here goes—and I wish that Bill Rushworth was here to hear it," said Bob; "but, perhaps, he's a listening to us, for all we know.'

Will Gibbon, who was a devout believer in ghosts, could not help giving a look behind him. After which Bob went on.

"Well! where was I, lads? ah! I know, young Watts was just wounded. Well; so when the Frenchman was taken, my father helped Watts down on deck, and took him into the cockpit, where his wound was dressed; it wasn't very bad—it was chiefly the loss of blood that made him feel so bad. When he come on deck again, with his arm in a sling, the skipper says, 'Well, my boy, I see you are determined to be an admiral, and you won't be long about it, if you go on this way.' Directly they had repaired damages, they made for Portsmouth, and when they arrived, the captain took young Watts on shore, and got him a good stock of clothes. After they had had a regular refit, they got under weigh, to join the squadron cruising off the coast of Portugal. Away they went, and when they joined the admiral, they found they were just in time; a privateer schooner was said to be in the bay of Vigo, and they were ordered to go and fetch her out; it was a fair wind, and in twenty-four hours they got off the harbour, and saw, laying moored under the land, a small schooner, with boarding nettings triced up, springs on her cables, and every thing ready for defending herself. There it was, 'Boatswain's mate, pass the word for volunteers;' aft jumped almost the whole of the ship's company. Three boats' crews were picked out for the two cutters and pinnace. 'Clear away the pinnace—up with the yard and stay tackles—turn the hands up out pinnace—man the stay tackle well—haul taut—hoist away.' Out she went. 'Ease in the stay—haul out the yard—belay—belay—lower—lower away roundly off all—let go—pipe the pinnace men away.' The second-luff went in the pinnace, with another midshipman; a master's mate took command of the first, and Watts, young as he was, had command of the second cutter, and my father went as coxswain of her. 'Now, Mr. Godfrey,' says the skipper, 'board her as much on the bow as you can; you'll be able to cut her boarding nettings better there; and mind, if you think she's too strong for you, and has got more men than we fancy, return without attacking her, and I'll give you more men.'—'Ay, ay, Sir.' 'We must try her first before we know whether she is too strong or not,' says young Watts, only loud enough for the boat's crew to hear him. Away they dashed gallantly into the bay. 'Give way, my lads, cheerly; we'll have the schooner in ten minutes,' says the second luff. Just as they got within gun-shot of her, she let fly a volley of great-guns and small-arms at the same time. A cry from the pinnace, of 'help, help,' made the two cutters back their oars. A shot had gone right through her bottom; she was filling fast; the second luff, midshipman, and four men were killed, while the two cutters had lost three men each. They stopped to take the men out of the pinnace. All this time the schooner was firing away at them with all her might, and the men dropping down like pigeons. At last a shot came and raked the first cutter, fore and aft, tearing the keelson out of her, and killing the master's mate and six men. By

this time they had only got twelve men left. 'You'd better go back, Sir,' says my father. 'No, that I never will alive,' says Watts, 'without I go in the schooner. What do you say, lads,' says he, 'shall we all die together?' The men couldn't refuse, you know, of course, tho' they thought it wasn't much use; but where officers will lead, I have heard my father say, men will follow."

"And that's true," says Will Gibbon; "I never heard all the war time of men refusing to follow their officers."

"No, and quite right. So on they went, giving way with all their might, while the schooner was peppering away as hard as she could. This did not stop young Watts, who continued to cheer the men up till they got alongside. Now came the struggle; to get on board was the thing. They were now on the schooner's starboard; both her hammock nettings were full of men. Two more men had been killed in the cutter. They had now only seven left. To attempt to board her with that number would have been madness. 'I believe we must make off, and try to save our lives, if we can, Short,' says Watts. 'Ay, Sir,' says my father, 'that's the only way we have left now, worse luck to it; and you must be ready for a swim, for I expect they'll sink us.'—'Let them, Short, let them,' says Watts. 'I'd rather go to the bottom than go on board, and say we were beaten.' By this time they had shoved off, and were pulling right a head of her, to keep out of the way of their great guns.' 'Hallo, Sir,' says my father, 'what's that—listen. I hear the sound of oars just round the point. Depend upon it it's one of our boats.—''Very likely. Then starboard the helm, and pull for the point. They were out of musket-shot now, and the night was so dark the schooner could not see them well, and so they kept firing at random, but not a shot came near her. When they got close to the point, they saw a large boat coming into the bay. 'Seringapatam! a hoy!'—'Hallo!' answered the launch, for it was the frigate's launch came in to look after them. They pulled up alongside, and young Watts told the first-luff, who commanded her, what had happened. 'But now you've come,' says he, 'I hope we'll be able to pay them off.'—'We'll try, at any rate,' says Mr. Willmott (that was the first-luff's name); 'do you take five of my men to make up your boat's crew, and you shall command her yet, my fine fellow.' Dashaway they went alongside, through a shower of musketry—there it was.' 'Throw your grapnels into her forechains.' Up they jumped in spite of the boarding pikes that were bristling through the ports. The first-luff was in the forechains first, and in he jumped through the ports. Directly he got inside he was pinned to the deck, by a boarding pike, from the hammock nettings. Young Watts followed, and received a cut on his left arm with a tomahawk. 'Never mind that,' says he; 'you should have hit my right arm if you want to save the schooner.' The men followed him gallantly, in spite of the Devil and *Brussel's Gazette*. When they were on deck the struggle began, hand to hand, cut for cut, and d—n all favours, they disputed every inch of ground. Their captain was a fine fellow, and fought like the devil; he had a tremendous broadsword in his hand nearly as big as himself, with which he kept cutting the fellows down most terribly, and he was

such a good swordsman nobody could hit him; at last he made a tremendous blow at Watts, who was fighting at the head of his men; he couldn't have guarded the blow off, it would have knocked his guard in. Luckily my father saw him lift his arm; he immediately threw himself before the youngster, and received the blow on his left arm, at the same time hitting the skipper on his head, which he had left unguarded for the moment; down he fell as dead as a door nail. —'The devil's dead, the day is ours; forward, lads,' shouted young Watts; the men gave a cheer, and rushed aft. The privateer's men began to give way; they appeared to have lost heart at the death of their skipper. Watts' party had now gained the quarters.—'I'll have their ensign now,' said he, and just as he made a spring forward a pistol-bullet, fired from the poop, entered his right breast, and backwards he fell into my father's arms.—'The poor boy is gone,' said my father, 'but I'll be damned if I don't make those fellers repent having killed as fine a feller as ever lived;' so he gave Watts to one of the men that was wounded, and rushed forward, followed by the rest of the men. After a short struggle they laid down their arms, and my father commanded the schooner. There was a little gig on the booms, so my father said—'Come, my lads, we must get this gig out at once, and four of you must pull to the frigate with all your might, and take Mr. Watts with you, for he's warm yet, and perhaps he's not dead; I've known people brought to life after being in this here state for more than twelve hours,' says he, 'and please God,' says he, 'my brave boys, that I hopes the captain won't die yet awhile. The men warnt long, you may be sure, in getting a little eight-oared gig out. One of the mess tables was brought up from below and laid in the stern sheets, covered over with flags, and young Watts, lowered gently into the boat, was laid upon them; they gave way cheerly, and were soon alongside the frigate. Watts was taken up, and laid on the table in the skipper's fore-cabin; and after the surgeon had probed and examined the wound, he said—'It's very lucky he was wounded so much, had it been a little less he would have died, but as it is I have no fear for him.'—'I'm glad of that,' says the skipper, 'but how do you make it out that he would have died had he been wounded less?' and my father told me that he gave some reason for it, but he did not remember what it was, something about his fainting and the heart ceasing to beat, by which means the artery that was cut contracted again, and some stuff o' that sort; but howsomenever that's neither here nor there, 'cause it's no matter how it was; he lived, and that's enough. Directly the skipper had time to speak to the man who brought him on board, he sent some fresh hands with a midshipman to bring the schooner out. By the time they got on board my father had pretty well got her to rights, thrown all the dead men overboard, and put the prisoners under hatches; got his boarding nettings down, and buoy'd both his anchors ready for slipping; but when the midshipmen got on board he said—'Now we're got fresh hands we won't slip, we'll weigh, and run out handsomely; so they manned the capstan, run both anchors up, made sail, and brought her to the wind, for it was just a soldser's wind for them; so they soon got to the

frigate that was hove to, waiting for them outside the harbour. She filled immediately, and with the schooner in tow beat up to the squadron that they expected to find at anchor in Oporto. Young Watts was still very ill, though getting better every day; there was no longer any fear of his dying. The captain had a cot slung for him under a screen, under the half-deck, close to his own cabin, and my father was taken out of the schooner to attend on him; every fine day he was carried on deck in his cot, and laid abaft on the signal-locker, under the awning, for the weather was very hot, and the surgeon said the more air he had the better. They had such light and foul winds that they were a long time on their passage; after they had been out three days, the mast-head men sung out 'a sail! a sail!' All eyes were on her, every glass in the ship was shoved over the hammocks'-netting; at last she became visible from the deck, and from the mast-head you could see her hull; and after the hofficer of the signals had been looking at her from the main-topmast cross-trees for some time, he came down and told the skipper he was sure she was a merchantman. She was to leeward of the frigate, so they bore up, and as she kept on a wind, they soon overhauled her. 'Hoist French colours,' says the skipper, 'and then if she is an Englishman we can soon convince her what we are.' So up went the tri-colour, old Bony's flag, and when she saw it she hoisted a tri-colour too, and made some private signal; there they were hauled. When the brig—she was a brig—saw the frigate didn't answer her private signal, she bore up, but she might as well have remained as she was. 'Oh! Oh! you are too late, you should have thought of that before,' says the skipper; 'I'll have you now, whatever you do, or I am mistaken, and I don't think I am.' They clapped stunsails on the frigate in a crack, and soon overhauled, and when they came within gun-shot, the skipper says—'Now just drop a shot alongside her: don't hit her; send it close alongside of her, and that will be a delicate hint we want to speak; if she doesn't take it so, we'll give her a broader one just in her stern.' But they had no occasion; she saw it was no use for a deeply-laden merchantman to try to get clear of a smart frigate, so she hove her main topsail to the mast, hauled her colours down, and lowered her top-gallant sails. The frigate run a little closer, and then hove to, and sent her jolly-boat with a midshipman on board, to take possession of her. After he had searched her, he came back to report to the captain, and brought her skipper, with his log-books, and all his papers. Among the papers was found a bill of lading for a hundred thousand doubloons, and the midshipman said he had seen a quantity of boxes like money boxes in her after-hold. 'Very well,' says the skipper, 'that's a good prize, and nobody in sight to share it but ourselves; get the barge out, and bring all the money out of the prize.' And when they had done so, the captain told the midshipman he should send him as prize-master. While they were getting his chest in the boat, the midshipman was standing on the gangway, the gunner comes to him, and says 'Now, Tyrrell,' that was his name, 'I'll tell you what you do directly you get on board that craft, do you furl your top-gallant-sails, take a reef in your top-sails, and get

every thing snug, for we shall have a fresh breeze to-night; and aboard them foreign vessels you don't know where the ropes lead; your men feel strange, and don't work so well.'—'Oh, no,' says Tyrrell, 'I'll be d—d if I don't keep up with the frigate.'—'Very well, you may do as you like; but mind I have warn'd you for your own good. You had better take my advice.' By this time his chest was in the boat, and away he went. Directly he got on board, up went his top-gallant-sails, all reefs out of his top-sails, and as the frigate waited for her boat to come back, the prize got well a-head. When the boat was hoisted up she filled, and away she went after the brig. The gunner had gone fored on the fauksle (forecastle), and was standing on the foremost gun, looking at the little brig. The breeze by this time had freshened up a good deal. The frigate was going seven knots, though she was on a bowline. The skipper and the only luff tackle they had left, were walking up and down the quarter-deck, talking, I s'pose, about their prize-money. The luff was a very young feller; he was our junior luff, but a devilish smart feller he was, and a capital sailor. All at once the gunner sings out, 'the prize has gone down, Sir.'—'Gone down?' cries the skipper: 'Good God! shorten sail, lower the boat quickly.'—'No, Sir, no,' says the luff, 'you'd better keep sail on her—keep sail on her for your life, Sir—it's your only chance of saving her.'—'You are right,' says the skipper, who was a good sailor, but had been taken quite aback by this coming on him so suddenly. 'Hands in the cutter, cast off the gripes—have her clear for lowering. Directly we come to I'll throw all aback," says he to the luff. 'Ay, ay, Sir, that's the only chance; and it's a very poor one I'm afraid.'—'I'm afraid so too,' says the skipper. Well, quicker than I have told it, they came just up to where the brig went down, throw every thing aback, lower away quickly, down went the cutter, and you'll believe how quick she must have been, when I tell you they picked up the midshipman's chest and one man. The chest was too large to go down the brig's hatch-way, so they had left it on deck. The man was not hurt at all, and after he had had a glass of grog (which the captain told his steward to give him) and put on dry clothes, he was as well as ever; so the skipper sent for him on deck, and said—"This is a sad loss, my man; twenty poor fellers and a good prize gone to the bottom. Let me know how it happened—who's fault was it? Mr. Tyrrell ought to have been more cautious—he shouldn't have carried so much sail; but he's gone, poor fellow! so we won't say any thing about him except what we can say in his praise; and we may say he was a brave young man, and would have made a good officer if he had lived; but put your hat on, my man, and tell me how you managed to capsize the brig.'—'Why, please, Sir,' says the man, 'I'll tell you as far as I know; but every thing happened so suddenly that I can hardly say any thing about it.—Well, Sir, directly we got on board, Mr. Tyrrell ordered us to make sail, saying he would be at Oporto before the frigate. After we got all sail on her, the wind began to freshen. I was at the helm, and Mr. Tyrrell was conning the ship, when it came on a heavy puff, and the brig heeled over a good deal; so Mr. Tyrrell sings out, 'Luff, luff, boy, luff!'—'Luff, it is, Sir,'

says I.—'Luff you may yet, lad—luff, and shake it out of her!' So I luffed her still more, when up she came in the wind. 'Meet her, meet her, lad!' smartly sung out the hofficer.—'Meet her, it is, Sir,' says I. But, before I could put the helm up a single spoke, she gave a lurch to windward, and over she went. 'Good God!' cries Mr. Tyrrell, 'she's gone; it was my fault.—What will the captain say?—he'll call me a d——d lubber;' and down he went in the whirlpool. I saved myself by making a strong push against the mizen-rigging, as she was going down, and getting out of the draught; but I should have gone down had you been a minute later, for it came so suddenly that I hadn't time to make any exertion. 'Well, my man,' says the skipper, 'I'm very glad you are saved; and I wish all the poor fellers had been so, too.—But Mr. Tyrrell is mistaken, I won't call him a d——d lubber: any man may make a mistake, without being a lubber; and he died as every sailor ought to die, thinking of his character and his duty till the last.'"

"Well, well, Bob," said Will Gibbon, "that's all very good—a very good yarn; but that's nothing to do with young Watts. I thought you were spinning us a yarn how he got made a skipper."

"Well, lad, you must let me spin my yarn my own way, or I shan't be able to do it all. I'm telling you just what my father——"

"That's right, Bob," said Jack Murray, "go on your own way.—Tell us any thing you like."

"Well, lads, now I've been digesting (digressing) a little bit, as the serjeant says, I'll take young Watts in tow again. I forgot to tell you that the schooner's name was Lee Dandy Lion (Le Dent de Leon.) Well, when they got to Oporto, the admiral received them very well, as he always does when they bring him a prize; for he always shares in every thing that's taken on the station where his flag is flying, whether he's present or not. By this time, young Watts had pretty well recovered, though he was still very weak; and the captain called him into his cabin one day, and said, 'Now, Watts, do you think you are sailor enough to take the Dandy Lion to England?'—Yes, Sir,' says he, 'I do.'—'And do you think you are well enough, because if you think remaining in this warm climate will recover your health, you sha'nt suffer by staying; for I'll write an account of your action to the Admiralty, and I've no doubt you'll be made leaftenant for it, for you are sixteen now, and I was made a leaftenant at fifteen.'—'I'd rather take her home, Sir,' says Watts; and I feel so much better, that I am sure the trip will do me good.' So the captain told the admiral how young Watts had behaved, and all about him, from the time he was first put on the quarter-deck. And the admiral said, 'That's the sort of feller I want; but I shan't send him home yet, for I want small craft out here; so we can smuggle his time a little.—He can pass his examination to-morrow, and I'll give him one of the vacancies in your ship, and then give you an order to man that schooner with fifty men, a leaftenant, and two midshipmen, will send his commission home, and the next packet will bring out his confirmation.' The next day he went on board the senior captain's ship—I don't know her name—passed his examination, and the day after he got his commission as junior luff of the Seringa-

patam. Directly he'd got it, he went on board the Dandy Lion with fifty men and two midshipmen, and took my father as his coxswain, read himself in, and the same night his signal was made from the admiral's ship to prepare for sea, and directly after for the captain to repair on board the admiral's ship. Up came Watts, my father was close by the wheel, he went up to him and said, laughing, 'Now Short, you must begin your duty as my coxswain.—Pipe my gig, away.'—'Ay, ay, Sir,' says my father; and when he got into her, was pulling on board, the admiral, he says, 'Short,' says he, I little thought when I was messenger-boy on board the frigate, that I should ever be a commander, and going on board, the admiral in my own gig with you, pulling the stroke oar.'—'May be you did'nt think so then, Sir, but you may think you'll be more now you desarves it,' says my father; 'and I hope to steer your barge soon,' he says, says he. When he got on board the flag-ship, he met the admiral on deck, so he goes up and says, 'Come to answer the signal, Sir?'—'Oh, you are Mr. Watts, are you not?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'Well, Mr. Watts, you are very young, but I was younger when I was leaftenant, for I was a post captain,' he says, 'when I was only a twelvemonth older than you are, and I hear so good a character of you from your captain,' he says, 'that I am going to send you to look out for a French privateer that I expect will be either at anchor in Cascaes Bay, or else cruising off just about there. If I had any other small craft here, I should send them instead of you, for I am told she carries twelve guns, and you only carry eight; but you must do the best you can, and if you take her depend upon it you shall be made a master and commander; what do you say, my boy, is that a prize rich enough to make you willingly engage a superior force?'—'Quite, Sir,' says Watts; 'if I come back, I'll bring the schooner with me, or else bring you word that she's not to be found.'—'I'm sure you will,' says the admiral, 'and if you don't find her there directly you arrive, you may wait there three weeks for her, but if she does'nt come by that time, the information I have received is false, and in that case you will gain some other prize if possible; but take care you don't become a prize to any one else. Good bye, God bless you, my boy, take care of yourself.' Directly he got on board again, hands up anchor, away they went steering for Lisbon, and at day-light next morning they were in Cascaes Bay, but no privateer was to be found; so Watts came to an anchor under the land, his anchors buoyed already for slipping the moment any vessel was in sight; he remained there all that day, but saw nothing; the next day was the same, nothing in sight; and so they went on day after day till he had remained there three days longer than he was ordered, he thought it was no use waiting any longer, so one morning he turned up the hands, up anchor, and was standing out when he saw a vessel standing round Fort St. Julien. There it was give chase; she was a schooner; when she saw him she run a little towards him into the bay, and then hove her maintopsail to the mast, immediately young Watts saw this he——

"But there comes the sentry to strike three bells, so I can't finish to-night; you must hear the rest to-morrow, when I won't keep you

so long, but give Jack Murray an opportunity to finish that yarn he has promised us for the last four or five nights."

"Ay, lad, very well, you finish your yarn; and, then Jack, you'll finish yours, won't you? and I'll give you a twister!' said Will Gibbon, not very well pleased at having been a listener so long.

"Very well, lad, you shall hear all about Zuthea to-morrow night."

I despaired of hearing any more that night, so quitted the galley, expecting Jack's yarn on the following night—nor was I disappointed.

IRELAND AND HER COMMENTATORS.*

THE Americans justly complain that our knowledge of their social system is derived from sources that for the most part should be regarded with scepticism. Of all the authors whose elaborations on the New World have found a market in London, how few have succeeded in conveying anything pertaining to a faithful portraiture of things as they really are in the United States. Runaway shopkeepers, deliberative as their own counters, and refugee lawyers, whose heads and brief-bags were equally well-furnished, have been the principal concoctors of "American Tours," and "Years in Philadelphia." When less questionable authorities have vouchsafed the fruits of their experience, it has rarely orcurred that some accompanying contingencies, as in the case of Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and others, have not in a great measure been sufficient to invalidate the importance of the novel truths. But with how much greater reason have the seekers for information on all things connected with Ireland to lament the total absence of any tribunal for the adjudication of disputed facts. There is hardly a single assertion, however well authenticated, made respecting Ireland, that cannot be gainsaid with success, owing to the facility of procuring adverse testimony, almost equally entitled to the credence of a third party. Hence arises the apathy of Englishmen to enlist their feelings on either side the contentions that are incessantly convulsing the sister kingdom. We do not mean that that portion of the British community whose interests are best promoted by the feuds of the Irish, ever allow their energies to become dormant in the advancement of disorder. It is of the last importance to the wreck of corruptionists in this country, that the vices of the old system be perpetuated in Ireland; and on no ally can they reckon with more confidence, than on the ignorance that unfortunately is but too prevalent throughout England respecting the goings-on across the Channel. Hitherto, correct intelligence could only be gathered at the sacrifice of much time and patient dispassionate investigation of conflicting evidence; and even then the chances were anything but numerous of arriving at the truth. Re-

* *A Journey throughout Ireland during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of* 1834. By H. D. Inglis, Author of "Spain in 1830," &c. &c. London: Whittaker and Co.

ligion sacrificed at the shrine of the most unchristian fanaticism, has been rendered subservient to the promotion of prejudice among those who, because of their distance from the scene of polemical machinations, could not detect the motives of the plotters; and hence it is, that the evils of Ireland, so far from being removed, because of their publicity, have been rather augmented by being referred by England to Catholic and Protestant squabbles. Agitators and ascendancy men have thus succeeded in victimizing the country with impunity—one inflaming to madness the passions of the people, already more than sufficiently excited by the spoliations of the other

An indifference, amounting to positive repugnance, has naturally been engendered towards Ireland from the causes we have just assigned. This distaste has been increased tenfold by the abortive schemes of the countless visionaries of both countries who have mustered sufficient effrontery to obtrude their little nostrums on the attention of the public. Every jejune perpetrator of print feels warranted to suggest his pet panacea for the ills of Ireland. Mr. Fusbos Boaden, the blundering playwrite, half-a-dozen years ago, in his Life of Mrs. Siddons, took occasion, in retailing green-room gossip, to make a demi-heroic transit to the political stage of the neighbouring country, and his temerity met the approbation of certain sages of the London press. His example stimulated a host of similarly well-qualified personages to descant on so prolific a theme; and the consequence has been, that while there is no country about which so much has been written in a given time, there is none about which so little is accurately known. The topography of Kamtschatka or of Borneo is comparatively familiar to the majority of English; and whether Cunnemara be a district on the coast of Labrador or of Connaught, is a question which we believe would nonplus many a prize-essayist. All things, political as well as geographical, partook of the evil of impressions founded in error; and the people of Great Britain naturally arise at conclusions respecting their Hibernian brethren the antithesis of truth.

Were correct knowledge of the true position of Irish affairs and the real state of that fine, but unfortunate country, placed before England, we have no hesitation in saying, that a marked improvement would speedily be achieved in her favour, and eventually an emancipation from all the evils that now oppress her. Mr. Cobbett has drawn pictures of Irish life in his recent peregrinations among the repealers, harrowingly vivid, and as painfully faithful. But though no man can convey a more lively impression of what immediately comes under his own observation, the member for Oldham has unfortunately his previous reputation to contend with, which at once stamps his statements with suspicion. The plain repetition of the most notorious fact coming from Mr. Cobbett, is sufficient to excite the incredulity of men not unusually scrupulous; so that the fidelity of his portraits is at once neutralized and forgotten amid the heap of ornate drapery with which he clothes the most ordinary subject. Irishmen sufficiently intelligent to investigate the causes of their country's misfortunes without being at all influenced by those causes themselves, have not yet been found; or if they do exist, they have not succeeded

hitherto in rendering any scheme for the amelioration of Ireland's burdens sufficiently plausible to warrant general support. No Englishman has done so. But of all men who have volunteered the erection of a substantial system of relief, the author of the volumes entitled—"Ireland in 1834," has laid the most permanent groundwork, and that simply by stating unvarnished truths.

We are of opinion that Mr. Inglis' publication will speedily remove that supine feeling we have deplored. Those who have extenuated their criminal indifference to the well-being of millions of their fellow-men, because of the lack of correct knowledge, are now deprived of that excuse. The long-exercised habits of inquiry which enabled Mr. Inglis to secure the approbation of the British public in his former works, and the aptitude therein abundantly evinced of his capability of seeing things with other eyes than those of ordinary tourists, pre-eminently qualified him to execute the volumes under the head already quoted. He has succeeded as far as success was practicable. Erroneous inferences he has certainly occasionally drawn; but those inferences were, perhaps, unavoidable, from the circumstance of his committing the result of his first impressions at once to paper. But his work is invaluable as a manual of facts—indisputable facts—told without bias, passion, or prejudice, and presented to the philosopher and statesman in a shape of fourfold the worth of all the commissioners' reports ever published on the same subject. If political theorists err in future in divining a remedy for the ills of Ireland, their errors will be attributable to other causes than those that have hitherto afforded excuse for their blunders. Ireland is unquestionably a paradox in many respects; but Mr. Inglis has demonstrated that she is an enigma of much less difficult solution than the majority of speculators on nations have supposed.

The importance of the subject warrants us in appropriating a more than ordinary space to its consideration; but our remarks must, nevertheless, be comparatively brief; because a less than total transference of nearly all Mr. Inglis' facts would not be sufficient to elucidate the numerous difficulties with which the question is beset.

Mr. Inglis landed in Dublin, of which he speaks favourably as to its architectural beauties; and, we are surprised to find, echoes the hacknied fallacy of Sackville-street being as fine as any street in Europe. There are a score of streets in London much finer, and Regent-street contains the materials of half a dozen such. Sackville-street, viewed from Carlisle-bridge, looks very well, but it lacks many of the attributes of a great commercial thoroughfare. The shops are neither many nor splendid, and the hotels, of which there are numbers, can hardly be discerned from private houses. Nelson's pillar, situate in the middle, and much resembling the York monument in Pall Mall, is a very ambiguous ornament; and, with the exception of the Post Office, which is really a handsome structure, we are unaware of any peculiar beauties of which Sackville-street can boast. It is the widest street we ever saw, and hence, we suppose, it is pronounced the finest. For our own parts we think it is eulogized more for fashion's sake than its own merits. However, this is a question of very minor importance one way or the other. Speaking of

the lower classes of the Irish metropolis, Mr. Inglis says that they are in an abject state of wretchedness. "I was also struck," says he, "with the small number of provision shops. In London every fifth or sixth shop is a bacon and cheese shop. In Dublin luxuries of a different kind offer their temptations. What would be the use of opening a bacon shop where the lower orders, who are elsewhere the chief purchasers of bacon, cannot afford to eat bacon, and live upon potatos?" That every fifth or sixth shop in London is a bacon and cheese shop, is not to be taken, we imagine, literally, though they are very numerous in the non-aristocratic portions of this vast city. By the way, what fancy possessed Mr. Inglis to Greecianize the homely potatoes into *potatos?* Authorities for the latter orthography are, we dare say, not wanting; but we would rather be conservative in that respect.

In Dublin, Mr. Inglis lived opposite to the Royal Society, and as a proof of the miserable condition of the Irish, he says, that at the cattle shows of the society, "the half-eaten turnips became the perquisite of a crowd of ragged boys and girls without; a half-gnawed turnip when once secured was guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, and was lent for a mouthful to another longing tatterdemalian, as much, apparently, as an act of extraordinary favour as if the root had been a pine-apple." The *Globe* quotes this, and views it in the same light as the author—as a proof of the wretchedness of the eaters. Now, although we very well know that the poverty of the Dublin poor is scarcely capable of increase, we look upon this as no confirmation of their misery. Did the *Globe*, which is usually so shrewd on these subjects, never see little boys, who were not ragged, contend for turnips, carrots, or ripe wheat in-ear? We have certainly seen those esculents the source of many a juvenile broil; and a visit to Covent-garden any market morning, will satisfy any one that there are other than Irish urchins who prize such roots as delicacies. We make this observation for the purpose of showing that if Mr. Inglis' assertion was not borne out by others than this proof, its parallel could be found in every village in the empire.

In the Dublin Mendicity Society there were, at the period of Mr. Inglis's visit, "2,145 persons on the charity, of whom 200 were Protestants." This Institution endeavours to keep a portion of the Dublin paupers from absolute starvation; but though it partially answers its end respecting positive beggars, the poor room-keepers, whose pride would brave the death of hunger rather than receive alms like the others, partake of none of its assistance. In *Saunders's News Letter*, April 13, 1831, we find, from a report of a benevolent society, that in the months of January, February, and March, 21,283 persons were relieved in their own residences, and the year before the numbers were even greater. Mr. Inglis says that the support of the Mendicity Society is owing to the Protestants in proportion of fifty to one. The principal gentry of Dublin are not Catholics, and are best enabled to remove the nuisance of street-begging, or at least to ameliorate it. But we know that the support of the indigent room-keepers falls in nearly the same proportion as the above, on the middle tradesmen and shop-keepers, who are of the Roman Catholic

persuasion. Our author's stay in the metropolis was short; as he justly remarks, Dublin is not Ireland, and it was Ireland he came to see. But we must record his opinion of Hibernian beauty, which certainly does not substantiate Mr. Alexander Walker's assertion, who, in his "Physiognomy," reviewed in the *Monthly* lately, says that the Irish "have a taste for ugliness." A difference, observes Mr. Inglis, between his own countrywomen and the Irish ladies, "will be remarked by a stranger, even on a very cursory glance, and certainly not to the disadvantage of the Irish females, whose generally high foreheads, and intellectual expression, were not thrown away upon me."

With upwards of 130 letters of introduction to persons of all ranks, and of all shades of religious and political opinion, Mr. Inglis proceeded to the south of the country, by way of Wicklow and Wexford. In the former county the state of the peasantry is deplorable, and the small farmers are but slightly removed from the same condition. The cabins are unfit for the residence of swine, who indeed are their chief occupiers. Our author's English sensibilities were at first outraged by witnessing pigs sharing the habitations of human beings, but a slight experience sufficed to convince him that, where there were not these quadrupeds, the condition of the reasoning animals was any thing but improved. Wages in Wicklow were sixpence a day, and potatoes fourpence a stone; so how life is sustained under such circumstances may well puzzle conjecture. The miserable sheds of the labourers are generally paid for in labour—eighty days' work, or 2*l.*, being the rent usually extorted for a hovel without chimnies, windows, or a particle of furniture. Wicklow is a county which, from its vicinity to the capital, and its picturesque beauties rendering it a resort for the nobility and landholders, one would suppose should be well off. But, on the contrary, Mr. Inglis found that any thing like constant employment at fivepence a day could not be procured by men with large families. Wives in rags, and children in absolute nakedness, are the consequence, while the unfortunate labourers themselves are not distantly removed from primitive nudity. In the county of Wexford things improved; the cabins of Wicklow did not so frequently appear, but dwellings less remotely allied to cottages, and kept in a state of comparative neatness, owing to the assistance afforded to the peasantry by loan societies, of the good resulting from whose labours Mr. Inglis bears ample testimony. He complains, however, that the great cause of the misery of the Irish agriculturalists—the exorbitant price demanded for land—prevails in this otherwise fine county. Land is invariably let at more than its value, and such is the competition, that it is taken at any price, because from the scarcity of employment, the occupation of a morsel of land is a question involving the very existence of the bidders. Pauperism is less prevalent in Wexford than most other counties, and in the town of the same name Mr. Inglis was not asked once for alms—a very different account, by the way, from that given by Mrs. Hall of her sojourn there. The Barony of Forth, a large district of the south of this county, calls forth the encomiums of the traveller, because of the neatness of the people, their superior de-

portment and industry, and the general correctness that characterizes all their pursuits. Yet this is the county, and this the people, that were goaded to madness by the tyranny of the Tory-supported factions of 1798. This is the county distinguished by pitchcaps and military torture, burnings and confiscations, and all the horrors of civil war, superadded to the unbridled licence of Orange yeomanry, and the scarcely less savage retaliations of the Catholic peasantry. The testimony of Mr. Inglis respecting the superiority of the people of Forth, and the neighbourhood is the best proof of the extent and bitterness of the persecutions they must have endured, before they appealed to force for a riddance of their grievances.

By way of illustrating the intimate knowledge possessed by certain landlords of the state of their tenantry, Mr. Inglis was informed that Mr. Lane Fox, who holds many badly managed acres in Waterford county, once visited his estates with his pockets full of beads, little mirrors, and such toys as would be adapted for the South Sea Island savages!

Waterford is much demoralized by the immoderate consumption of whiskey. The expense of a license is regulated by the amount of the rent of the house—so that a premium is thus offered to the lowest houses. Speaking of the condition of the very poor in the town of Waterford, Mr. Inglis thus describes a scene in one of its worst quarters:—"I found three or four families in hovels, lying on straw in different corners, and not a bit of furniture visible; the hovels themselves situated in the midst of the most horrid and disgusting filth." And yet Waterford contains a population of 30,000, and is the third city of the kingdom. The noted Beresfords, of fanatical and church-monopolizing celebrity, are the principal residents in the neighbourhood, but their pride is only augmented by the sight of the wretchedness of creatures who prefer their own way of going to heaven. Nevertheless, Waterford is an improving neighbourhood, and the county, on the whole, by many degrees superior to several others. Unfortunately, in the south and west of Ireland, "bad, and less bad," is the only comparison that can be instituted between one district and other. None of the towns and villages are as well as they should be, or even so well as present circumstances would permit. Waterford is less bad than Kilkenny, but what part of that fine county is the *worst*, it would not be easy to say. Mr. Inglis gives many pictures of agonizing privations endured by the tenantry of Lord Clifden, in Callen, whom he describes as living in a state little removed from earth-worms, or reptiles that burrow in holes, and drag out lives more wretched than a civilized being can conceive it possible to endure.

We cannot follow Mr. Inglis through the entire country. Every fact he enumerates is of almost equal importance to the perfect formation of a just estimate of the state of things in the sister kingdom, which renders the work of selection on our part anything but easy. We must, therefore, abandon details, which the volumes themselves alone can satisfactorily supply, and glance at the remedies suggested for the removal of evils, which, decidedly, will never correct themselves.

It has so long been the fashion of writers on Irish affairs, to attribute the calamitous condition of the people of that country to religious dissensions, that it requires the assistance of many stubborn facts to dissuade most readers of the fallacy of continuing to receive such doctrine implicitly. It is a favourite hobby with the *Standard*, and writers of that class, to contend that the existence of Catholicity and comfort in Ireland is incompatible; and in support of this dogma, they point to the superior condition of the Province of Ulster, with its comparative Protestant or anti-Papal population. Mr. Inglis maintains that the difference which is so easily perceptible between a Catholic and an anti-Catholic congregation in the south of Ireland, is the difference between the upper and lower ranks. The gentry and substantial farmers go to church—the labourers and working classes to chapel. One half the population in Munster cannot procure employment at eightpence, or even sixpence a day, without diet, while the peasantry of the north obtain much more constant work, and receive from tenpence to one and fourpence. Not only have better wages the effect of improving the Protestants of Ulster, but the Catholics also, very naturally, partake of the benefit. If there were anything in Catholicity to make men enamoured of poverty and filth, Catholics could not evince their capabilities of enjoying the antithesis of these evils as they do under all circumstances where the same advantages are held out as to the professors of a different creed. We find Protestants in Catholic districts, where competition for land is excessive, and the remuneration of labour insufficient, quite as badly situated as Catholics; whereas, were not Protestants just as susceptible as the others of being influenced by circumstances, they would be free from the general pressure. We do not find English Catholics different from English dissenters of any denomination, in their social habits; nor can we ascertain that Catholic emigrants are more slow that their neighbours of other faiths to take advantages of circumstances, after the ordinary fashion of the most orthodox. To argue, therefore, that any religion can make its votaries frugal, industrious, and wise, or the reverse, in the management of worldly matters, is merely to indulge in rancorous polemical vapourings. If any religion have such effect, it is surely not professed by civilized individuals.

But, it will be asked, if religion in no respect influence the conduct of men, how comes it, that while the Catholic south and west of Ireland are impoverished and distracted, the Protestant north is wealthy and tranquillized. Mr. Stanley, in his Cloncurry Prize Essays,* says, that originally all the cottiers in the north, professing the reformed religion received allotments of land, and were weavers; while they who did not embrace the new creed, were not so favoured, and were, for the most part, field labourers. Mr. Inglis also says, that the Scottish descent of the Ulster men gives them the provident and forethinking characteristics of the canny people beyond the Tweed; and enables them to avoid the carelessness and prodigality which are almost unfailing accompaniments in the compositions of the

* *Commentaries on Ireland*, by W. Stanley. Dublin: Milliken; London: Ridgway.

more southern. A Protestant merchant of Cork combines gaiety with business, runs into profusion equal to or beyond his income, and seldom provides for the casualities of commerce. A protestant merchant of Belfast denies himself trivial indulgences, adheres to his ledger, and takes time by the forelock in his expenditure of the "provision for the wet day." This, we think, is a satisfactory disposal of the question of the fitness or unfitness of religious belief to ensure the temporal prosperity of a people.

Had Catholicity in Ireland never been persecuted, we feel assured it would have now been well nigh extinct. With the example of England before her, Ireland could not have tolerated the domination of her priesthood. But misfortunes endeared them to her, and with the perversity of martyrs to false opinions, she made it a matter of exultation to resist what, if not proffered she would have embraced of her own accord. "In no country in Europe," says Mr. Inglis, "no, not even in Spain, is the spirit of Popery so intensely anti-Protestant as in Ireland. In no country is there more bigotry and superstition among the lower orders, or more blind obedience to the priesthood; in no country is so much zeal and intolerance among the ministers of religion. I do believe, that, at this moment, Catholic Ireland is more ripe for the re-establishment of the Inquisition, than any other country in Europe." To this we can unhesitatingly subscribe, and our assent is grounded on long personal knowledge of its truth, together with the minutest attention to the whole bearings of the question. But it is only the natural consequence of the system invariably pursued by the ascendancy; and we feel perfectly satisfied that the bitterness of Catholic feeling is at least equalled by the reciprocal and mortal hatred of the Orange faction towards all things Popish. We do not know that the difference between an envenomed partizan of either party is sufficient to warrant the adoption of a preference; and though we are of opinion that Ireland would now be less unfortunate had she been less Catholic, we think she would have been much more prosperous had she been equally Catholic, but less Orange. Of course it is presumptuous to declare that any people are not qualified to decide upon the most eligible way of going to heaven; but we opine that the chances of securing a moderate portion of contentment in this life, are in favour of the adoption of some creed besides that of the church of Rome—at least, such is our opinion as far as Ireland is concerned. It is but an opinion, to be sure, and does not at all imply that the adoption of any creed will work a physical change in the moral constitution of individuals, or multitudes. But we think that, indirectly, the evils of the mal-administration of successive English governments in Ireland would have been sooner remedied had not the religious prejudices of this country rendered the cause of justice of but little moment.

There is but little doubt that the influence of the Irish Catholic priesthood over their flocks is as potent at present as it was in the darkest era of mental thraldom. Mr. Inglis is of opinion that the hold of the secular clergy will he loosened by the extension of the monkish orders, whose members cannot officiate as regular priests, but are nevertheless bound by vows of celibacy and mortification,

and administer charity and pious exhortations to those in need of such assistance. The respect of the lower classes in Ireland for professors and performers of rigid self-denial is very great; but the power of saying mass, christening, and dispensing the eucharist, and other sacraments, together with the hearing in confession of all the secret and indefinite little spiritual lapses of which untutored minds can be so easily persuaded to accuse themselves, give the secular priesthood the complete mastery of the religious partialities of their penitents. Mr. Croly, in his recent very valuable pamphlet, which made such an uproar in the papers, says that the administration of extreme-unction is regarded as an almost indubitable passport to heaven, and that the friends and relatives of the man or woman who dies without it lament the double death of soul and body of the deceased. Now, monks cannot render this service, and cannot command the reverence due to the possessors of such power. We know something of those associations of men who think it spiritual heroism to act unlike the rest of mankind, and pride themselves on their total dissimilarity to their species. The frequent instances of ignorance which Mr. Inglis met among the secular clergy in his tour form the rule among the monastics. They are men of infinitely less cultivated minds than the priests, who, as a body, have little mental riches to boast of. For the most part they are bred to some manual occupation, for which they prove themselves incompetent, and then take to educating children in societies dependent on the contributions of those who think that unfitness for the ordinary pursuits of life is the best criterion of eligibility to save souls and "teach young ideas how to shoot." It is really prolific of indignation in any right thinking mind to see bands of stalworth fellows, whom nature never intended should move in any but the rudest sphere, setting themselves up as paragons of piety, and undertaking with the greatest possible self-sufficiency the direction of other men's thoughts. If the Irish ever resolve to think for themselves independent of their priests, we hope their mental allegiance will never be transferred to those spiritual hybrids called "Brothers" of innumerable orders.

We quite agree with Mr. Inglis in his estimate, in the chapter on Maynooth, of the Irish Catholic clergy. We regret he did not visit Carlow, of which comparatively little is known in this country, though there are abundance of materials for an amusing and instructive paper on that establishment.

Though one cannot but regret the absence of more intelligent spiritual guides for the Irish people, yet were there abundance of employment religious feuds would speedily disappear. A constantly occupied population could not be excited to excesses, or involved in endless broils about theological quibbles; for, after all, it should be sufficient that Christianity, of which charity is the basis, be professed in common by all parties. Poverty is the breath of faction, and idleness the parent of poverty. Let the people have but plenty of employment, and fair remuneration for their labour, and the grievances of religious disputations, even tithes, will cease to be a prominent source of complaint. The spirit of the age will rectify the absurdity of compelling millions to pay for the maintenance of the alien religion

of hundreds; but though that is partially effected, if something be not done for the improvement of the social condition of the people, but little good will result from the abolition of tithes. Ireland has always been wretched since her history has been separated from fable, and if the most glowing accounts of her welfare, according to the most favourable authorities, real or fictitious, were admitted, a brief analysis would demonstrate their fallacy. Colonel Torrens * says that "at the present time a common labourer is better off in England with respect to food, clothing, and furniture than were the kings of Britain at the period of the Roman invasion." Ireland could not have been much of an Utopia then, or for many a day after. Even about the time when, according to Irish chroniclers of the present day, she was at the highest pitch of her "glory," with her own parliament' &c. we find that Bishop Nicholson,† in a letter, dated Londonderry, June 24, 1718, speaks of the peasantry between Dublin and Derry as "wretches lying in laky sod-hovels, having no more than a rag of coarse blanket to cover a *small part* of their nakedness." Sir Henry Piers, in his Chrorography of the county of Westmeath in 1682, speaks similarly. But it is useless to multiply instances of the melancholy fact that Ireland and misery have been synonymous long before the present generation. Mr. Inglis describes a section of misery in Limerick, which persons reading of such scenes for the first time might well be excused in doubting. But unfortunately Mr. Inglis has told nothing in this respect at all novel.

It being then abundantly evident that the evils of Ireland are not of the growth of a day, and equally clear that however lamentable the state of religious feeling may be, the people on that score are not unfitted for improvement—the question is, what are the remedies calculated to ensure the satisfactory removal of the causes of misfortune? Want of employment for the agricultural poor being admitted to be the real source of poverty, it follows that to provide *that* in abundance would be to effect a decided and instantaneous improvement. But *how* to do so is the difficulty. The prevailing opinion in Ireland, and to a very great extent in this country, is that the residence of the landlords on their estates would achieve that desideratum. Mr. Inglis also entertains this opinion with some partiality, though by no means with undue zeal. We differ with him, however, on this head; his facts admit of no contradiction, but his inferences, in our mind, are not exactly correct. We also think we shall be enabled by the citation of a few authorities to prove briefly the error of the prevailing opinion just mentioned.

Sir Charles Morgan, in his preface to his accomplished lady's work, entitled "Absenteeism," ‡ observes:—

"So natural is it for men to complain of the evil which strikes the most powerfully on the senses—so convenient is it for those who are determined in the denial of justice to make absenteeism the *causa*

* "On Wages and Combination," by R. Torrens, Esq. M. P. London: Longman, 1834.

† See article entitled "Irish Peasantry," in the Captain Rock published by Robins in 1827.

‡ One vol. 8vo. Colburn, 1825.

causans of calamities which they want the humanity to relieve, that all classes of persons, the Catholic and the Protestant, the mere Irish and the lord of the pale, the oppressor and the oppressed, the Irish corporation and the English minister, have joined in a common cry against absentees."

Indeed so universal is the prejudice against non-resident landlords, that those who have not given Irish affairs their attention, naturally infer that a landowner who lives on his estate is quite a phenomenon. But the author of "Commentaries on Ireland" furnishes us with a satisfactory refutation of such notions:—

"There are 204 Irish temporal peers and peeresses: of these 110 reside in Ireland. Of the 28 peers of Ireland who sit in parliament as representatives, only three are absentees. The majority of baronets reside in the country; and of the proprietors who hold the rank of commoners, almost all are resident. They are the magistrates and grand-jurors whom the popular leaders continually denounce."

So much for numerical errors. Now for the refutation of the doctrine of the utility of residence of proprietors. "The prevailing errors," says a writer erudite on these matters in the Dublin and London Magazine (now defunct) "respecting the causes of Irish grievances and discontent arise from neglecting to apply the fundamental rules of immutable truth as a test to individual opinions, and rejecting them if they militate against these principles universally correct." Now the popular opinion on absenteeism militates against these principles *in toto*. Ireland is decidedly an agricultural country; rents are paid from the produce, of the soil, and it is quite immaterial to the farmer *who* buys that produce, so long as it is bought. If the labour to grow the produce be scarce, the wages of the peasant will be high—if labour be superabundant, (as is the case) wages must be low. What influence then can residence or non-residence of the proprietor have on the farmer or the peasant in the growing or the disposal of such produce? It is the *land* that gives employment to farmer and peasant, and not the rent: that is the result of employment, not the cause. Supposing that all the money spent in England by Irish absentees were spent at home, the consumption of Irish produce would not be increased. The articles consumed by absentees, which Ireland does not produce, comprise all things but the absolute necessaries of existence. England under all circumstances, could or can alone supply the luxuries, in the purchase of which landlord's incomes are chiefly expended—wines, silks, and the like. At first sight it looks feasible to imagine that a great impetus would be communicated to business of shop-keepers, and such tradesmen as live by waiting on the rich, were Irish absentees to live at home. But the benefit resulting to the nation at large, would be highly problematical. However business might increase, profits would not be augmented, though competition as in the case of the peasantry would in a five-fold degree—so that the haberdashery and confectionary markets would be overrun precisely like the agricultural-labour market. Moreover, where are the grounds to warrant the supposition, that any class of persons would make so great a sacrifice as to prefer bad articles at a high price, to good articles at a low one. It would be

absurd to imagine that Ireland could supply the wants of her gentry in luxuries, as well or as cheaply as England; and the facilities of steam navigation bringing the two countries, as it were together, a living profit is not to be made in the second market, if competition be not very moderate indeed. If the drain of capital from Ireland occasioned by absenteeism were not altogether imaginary, such a thing as money would long since have ceased to exist in that country. But the fact is, that she could not take five millions worth of English manufactures as she does annually, if England did not pay her rents by taking the same amount in provisions. It is not to the advantage of any country to supply all its own wants. It is better for England to procure Irish corn in exchange for hardware and cloths, than to grow so much corn additionally even if she could—and *vice versâ* for Ireland. It is certainly an apparent anomaly, that Ireland should send away provisions for the want of which her people are in a great measure actually starving. But absenteeism has nothing to do with that. Mr. Inglis gives abundant evidence that the absentee landholders possess as well managed estates, and as comfortable tenantry as the resident proprietors. Mr. Stanley in his work already quoted, furnishes testimony of the impossibility of the most zealous and philanthropic residents effecting any improvement in the peasantry on the lands of their tenants. The few individuals immediately about the person of the landlord, who benefit by the reduction of rents or pecuniary assistance, cannot be deemed an exception. If proprietors were to farm all their own estates, things would not be thereby improved, as the amount of labour necessary for their cultivation would be less than when divided among many small proprietors. Most of the large landlords hold more than one estate. A landlord in Kerry holds an estate in Antrim—he cannot be on both; so the residence of such owners in Ireland would no more answer the ends of the clamourers for a domesticated nobility, than would their residence in London. Had there been fewer resident nobility, political broils would have been proportionately few. Need we point to the doings every day recorded of noble marquises, earls, and right honourables in the counties they do visit? Meetings for the promotion of religious rancour and the perpetuation of the bitterest civil strife; the repression of industry, the renewal of outrage, the strengthening of corruption, and the increase of misery are the results of the residence of proprietors in more instances than it is necessary to record. Who threw the burdens of tithes almost exclusively and out of all proportion to their means of bearing them on the poor? To whom are to be attributed the vices of grand jury and corporation influence; and to whom the iniquitous pasture and leasing systems, but to the resident proprietors?

But granting that the demands of the demagogues for a resident nobility were complied with, would landholders be the less forgetful of individual aggrandizement than they are now? Decidedly not. It is said, that if landlords were to reside on their own estates, they would be enabled to judge for themselves; but landlords in any case will always be more ready to place confidence in the representations of their agents, than in the assertions of their tenantry. If Ireland

were to cease to import British manufactures to the amount of the expenditure of absentees, is it rational to suppose, that England could by any possibility import Irish produce to the same extent? The most favourable representations cannot make absentee expenditure exceed four millions, which is but one million more than the expenditure on British commodities in 1825. "Can it be then," asks Mr. Stanley, "that the expenditure of the four millions has not the same effect proportionately, as the expenditure of the five millions in causing the consumption of produce?"

Aye, but say the repealers, if we had a parliament of our own, we could then fix a tax of 75 per cent. on absentees, and make them spend their incomes at home. Not so; Mr. Flood could not do it, when the Irish parliament was in the zenith of its power in 1773. Besides if it were done, it would amount to absolute confiscation. There are not, perhaps, half-a-dozen large proprietors in the whole of Ireland that receive more than 75 per cent. out of their nominal rents. When such an impost is talked of, it is forgotten that there are such persons as mortgagees on Irish estates; and if absentees were taxed, the *purchase money* of domains would be withdrawn at once, amounting to at least thirty years' rent.

It is not to the residence of present absentees that Ireland should look for an exemption from her grievances. We could easily adduce arguments more potent then the foregoing in proof of this. But we have said sufficient to demonstrate the futility of building chimeras of national greatness on any such foundation. One fact in these matters is worth a volume of speculations. Admit that all the money annually taken out of the country by absentees were spent in the country—the profit on the whole four millions would at 10 per cent. amount but to four hundred thousand pounds. But let only half a million of labourers now partially employed at about eightpence a-day be enabled to earn an additional shilling a day, and their expenditure among the middle classes would amount to nearly eight millions a year.

Mr. Inglis advocates with much earnestness the necessity of government opening canals, and facilitating the carriage of merchandize, and improving in various ways the natural advantages of the country. This like the popular notion of absentees, sounds very satisfactorily, but it should be received with circumspection. The already great length of our remarks, precludes the possibility of our entering into the question minutely. Adam Smith* is decidedly opposed to the interference of government in such matters; the author of "*An Essay on the production of Wealth,*" investigates the subject with much diligence, and in our opinion clearly manifests the correctness of the opinion of the great economist. A perusal of the essay will amply repay the reader, but we can only quote a single sentence in support of the author's view. "With respect to the internal trade of a country, the whole art of governing is comprised in giving security to property, and opening an uninterrupted field to individual exertion."

* *Wealth of Nations*, Book V., Chap. I. Part III.

This can only be done for Ireland by the introduction of a well-digested measure, for compelling the proprietors of estates to support the poor, whom want of employment or other causes prevent from supporting themselves. All the evils of Ireland unconnected with faction, may be not only abated, but removed by a poor law—indeed those evils are nearly all deducible from the absence of some such enactment. A poor law would at once give the best possible security for the investment of English wealth—which, guided by English enterprize, and expended with English forthought and sagacity, would necessarily produce, among the peasantry, English notions of comfort and English desires and exertions to procure it. Mr. Inglis's reasonings on the Poor Law Question are among the most valuable portions of his valuable work. Our dissent from some of his views, is sufficiently indicative of the sincerity of our praise. A more seasonable production could not have appeared, nor one more deserving the earnest attention of all classes of political thinkers.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

Is there a happy, a truly happy, man in this world? Say, ye sages, who pretend (I don't question your qualifications) to monopolize all and every species of knowledge and experience, is there a truly happy man, I repeat, in this various or contrarious globe? If so, is he to be found within the compass of a day's journey—or two—or three?—for, seriously speaking, I should not consider the expenditure of a glorious three days uselessly or unproductively adventured, if crowned with the sight of such a phenomenon. The philosopher of old, who went about at such an egregious and unnecessary expense of rushlight, to find out, if he could, an honest man, was, I must be allowed to say, in my opinion, one who should have given any person but little trouble, who, with or without a lanthorn, should have gone in quest of an ass; for, independent of that reprehensible sacrifice of tallow-grease, of which I hope I have not captiously complained, the very fellow, of whom he purchased his meagre luminary, could have told him distinctly enough that the same Sir Honest Man was all a fudge; and impressed the truth of this upon his recollection by cheating him out of the odd farthing of his halfpenny. A pilgrimage to the shrine of human happiness would, I suspect, be equally vain and valueless; or, are we fools enough to suppose we discern the traces of it in the careworn and emaciated visages of the great and powerful? Pooh! "Uneasy is the head that wears a crown," says Shakspeare, the king of poets; and one or two of the sceptred race have, since his time, we believe, ascertained the additional uneasiness sustained by that body that wears not a head. May your statesman be quoted as a type of happiness? So far from that, we have it upon good authority, that the profession is an insufferable

bore—presenting no further claims to our ambition than the simple opportunity then afforded for cramming the pockets of our relations with the public treasure; and the liberty, moreover, of talking the utmost conceiveable quantity of nonsense, without a licence from the Lord Mayor. But this is neither here no there. Will you pretend to say that your bachelor is happy—poor solitary wretch! or your Benedict—poor hen-pecked misanthrope? Think you the bishop's mitre surmounts a head tortured with fewer troubles, of some kind or other, than the goodly triangular ornament that decorates the cranium of your dogmatic beadle? No such thing. Is your peasant happy? —your milk-girl?—your shepherd?—your chimney-speep? (alas! his *calling* now is o'er)—your huntsman, or your angler?—your coxcomb?—your gamester, or your poet?—none of them; not one. There is only one truly happy being (of course I mean one class), and that is, in one word, which I am appehensive may be adjudged to be two—your Castle-builder.

I maintain, and will through thick and thin, that Imyself am one of the happiest men alive, and I have been a castle-builder from my boyhood. The wealth of Golconda is small and contemptible compared with the exhaustless wealth that is ever within my reach—"king's barbaric" are but beggars to me. A thought will lay open the richest mines of earth, with all their precious stores, and with magician expedition, mint the prolific gold in what impression I shall please; while, with another thought, the whole is deposited, in sound, smooth, bilious little jockeys, safe and secure in the sacred precincts of my breeches-pocket. By the aid of this astonishing power, I have been enabled to travel through every country of the world, though at the same time I have never been an inch from my own. I have mingled in the gaities of Paris—visited the Alhambra and Escurial (I believe they call them in Spain)—Berlin, Vienna, Leipsic, Brussels, Constantinople, Naples, Milan, Florence, and the United States. I have skipped more than once over the Alps—taken the Pyrenees in a hop-step-and-jump—while the Andes have been kind enough to give me a back, and I have, accordingly, gone over his huge shoulders *à la* leap-frog. I am, likewise, very familiar with the Ganges, as also with the Nile: to which latter I am sincerely indebted for a polite introduction to a crocodile or two. The Mississippi commands my very best regards. In short, where is the limit to my vagaries? or to the delight and entertainments which my Castle-building propensities furnish for my daily recreation! Am I meanly attired? in a moment—and less than that—I have immediate access to numberless different and unwearoutable vestments, to a wardrobe replete with every various costume of every various nation. I am hungry, and behold! a banquet arises before me, richer than those described in the Arabian Nights, and other oriental works—abounding in every luxury—substantial as well as delicate—hot and cold—fruits from all climates, and wines from all shores. I sit me down. I nod permission for my guests to do the same. The covers are removed, and the steaming odours administer to the appetite delicious vigour. Some ten or dozen little black fellows, with snub noses, and large kidney lips, stand at my back, fanning me with the plumes of the ostrich,

and of the beautious peacock. I eat. Uncommon joy runs coursing through my frame. But soft—the emperor desires the honour of a glass of Burgundy with me; and bowing, I dispatch the contents of a huge goblet down my capacious throat. Soft music plays to the delightful accompaniment of the knife and fork. I smile benignly around me, which creates a disturbance among the courtiers as to which shall have the honour of being most prominent in their acknowledgments. I smile again, which has the effect of restoring order.

"Your highness's hunt and the brisk air appears to have given edge to your royal tooth," observes my Lord Montravers, the British ambassador.

"It has, fair sir, and let me hope my Lord Montravers brings a hearty pallet too."

"Indeed, your highness, I thank you."

"Montford!" I resume, "how is his Majesty of France? By the bye, allow me to help you to some curry, my lord."

"Your highness annihilates all powers of expression by your condescension. His Majesty, I should say, was considerably better. The fatigues of the coronation, your highness may well imagine, must have been very great. I fervently hope when it shall come to your highness's turn the same ceremony may be attended with different effects." I smile, as in duty bound, when my attention is delightedly attracted to the fair face of the Marchioness of ——, who is engaged in an animated conversation with the Count ——, and playing at the same time with the bone of a chicken. Merciful heavens! what a countenance she has! She has caught my eye, and starts a little. Sweet creature! It is all over with the count, I fear. His witticisms fall dead on the ear of my charmer; in vain he jests—in vain he gambols in the pleasant walks of compliment—in vain he rises into poetic eloquence—in vain he smirks—in vain he grins—in vain he sighs. Her gentle spirit is lost in the giddy sensations of a first passion; for though married, her husband is half a century older than herself. Her heart has received the fond impression—the whole scene is confused around her, and the unhappy count and his enamoured nonsense are knocked on the head together.

Now to the ball-room, what a blaze of light! the soul swims in wonder. A thousand, thousand lamps concentrate their lustre upon one spot, for there, in all her loveliness, is seated the marchioness. The count is by her side. A dozen gaping nobles hover around her. She blushes in her beauty. The count seems in the act of imploring her hand for a quadrille. She looks down, and half declining his inconvenient importunity, dispatches him to fetch her handkerchief, which she has left in the banquetting apartment. Away goes his countship on the wings of haste, with such unwonted speed as when an imp, on distant mission sent and lazy at his task, is urged to submissive by the quick toe-point of his demon's hoof; in other words, as though the devil kicked him. I advance, and bowing elegantly but respectfully, tender my hand for the ensuing dance. She timidly accepts it. The music sounds, and in a moment I lead my beauteous partner forth. The count returns, and wildly looking about him, at last discovers the marchioness in my custody, and apparently not a

little disconcerted at the change. He looks as though his whole features had been distorted by a galvanic shock. How enchantingly does my black-eyed beauty move to the inspiring tune! she glides through the figures like a thing of air. Matchless perfection! I fear I am deucedly in love. The music ceases, and I lead her to her seat. She seems pleased with my attentions; the count, strange enough, does not. He calls me aside—looks furious, and invites me politely to retire with him. In another minute he whispers to a friend, and they go out together. I cannot be doubtful of their intention, and excusing myself to the marchioness for the space of ten minutes, I drop a word or two as I pass to the grand Duke Charles; and descending a majestic staircase communicating with a magnificent hall, in which there is a door leading into the extensive gardens of the palace, we sally forth into the fresh air. I perceive the count and his friend waiting under the umbrageous shadow of a large tree, and as I advance I observe he is biting his lip ferociously, his whole countenance expressive of a savage and sanguine spirit working within.

"Your highness has been pleased to offer me the deepest insult that a man can sustain," says he, attempting calmness.—"Perhaps it may please your highness also to give me that reparation and satisfaction in the only way high feelings will permit, which I am, as a man of honour, justified in asking; though not, considering your high station, eligible to demand the trial of our swords."

"Certainly," I reply; and, following the example of my antagonist, release my weapon from its scabbard, and silently await the onset. His eyes flashing fire, he darts upon me; I parry his ferocious thrusts, delivered with greater force than discretion; and, watching my opportunity, wound him just above the wrist of his right-hand, and his sword falls to the earth. I stoop and pick it up, presenting it to him with a grave bow; but his hurt is of such a nature, that he finds difficulty in retaining hold of it; and, with the first pass, I strike it from his grasp again, and again return it to him. The grand duke interferes; and the count, with a look of bitter disappointment, expresses himself satisfied; and, calling his carriage, drives away to a doctor's; while I, with his second and Charles, return to the mirthful scene above.

Nothing can equal the delight manifested by the marchioness on my reappearance. As I take her hand, I think I perceive a slight pressure reciprocating to my own. She has refused all persons, though of the highest state, who have solicited her hand for a waltz. "I told them all," says she, innocently, "that I was engaged to you." Wonderful creature! Surpassing angel! The inspiring circles of the giddy dance have caused a faintness to creep over her; and in the balcony overlooking a still and silent lake, on which the moon throws all her temperate beams, we sit together—unnoticed, and alone. The scene around, the far hills stretching to the south, the soft breeze, the calm and peaceful heavens—all minister to that lovely sensation in the heart, when nature forgets the artificial world, and mingles soul and soul! Oh! who will say this life is not delightful—full of joys—abundant in blessings! Runs it not cheerfully as the stream of the moun-

tain? Oh! such a moment is a part of paradise! Her eyes are gazing on me with irresistible love! Our hearts are one, and so shall our existence be. Oh, precious joy!—unbound—— Curse the thing! I have arrived at the end of my sheet.

No matter: without much difficulty, and at a very moderate expense, I can rebuild my intangible tenement anew; for, with respect to these same fabrics of the fancy, the possession of them is by no means so annoying in its accompaniments as is the proprietorship of your real stone and mortar.

"A breath can make them as a breath has made;"

and, though temporarily annihilated, they spring up again in all the vigour of undoubted youth, uninjured, unimpaired. Time affects them not; their towery turrets rise unobscured amid a cloud of years. "The same is as the first;' and in the sunshine of creative thought a million living creatures play about their portals.

To turn from the thing to the person, the Castle-builder, or aerial architect, is a person as supremely blest as eminently exalted. He lives a life of sweet and agreeable luxury, or, as he pleases, of stirring and inciting grandeur. Excluded from no place, he walks at will through every degree of high, noble, and distinguished life. He feasts with kings, and plays at whist with emperors; sips souchong with the first cousin of the stars; wanders unmolested in the seraglio of the sultan; or, if so disposed, blows a cloud with the great mogul. Nothing can surpass his power, or measure his magnificence. He is bound to no place, but is a sort of sendentary traveller; and,

"At once as far as angels ken he views."

He conquers with the valiant, pardons with the generous, discourses with the wise, and struggles with the strong. He is eloquent with the orator, impassioned with the actor, natural with the artist, imaginative with the poet, sublime with the composer, or profound with the philosopher. Such is a Castle-builder, and such am I.

Oh! what a life has been mine. In my very school-days I was a man, and did mighty things. My soul used to walk about in Wellington boots, and a long-tailed coat, long—long before my body was emancipated from the degrading insignificance of a button-up suit, and brown pinafores. The usher, with his full-pleated inexpressibles, and stamping soles, used to stir my soul into a blaze of ambition; and often, when all the rest of the boys have been playing, have I sat myself quietly down, and in dreamy delight arrayed myself in noble pantaloons, raised myself some two feet higher, and sallied forth with all "the pomp and circumstance" of manhood. There was a little girl, who used to sit in the next pew to us at church; I was then about twelve, and very much attached to her. It is a fact: her name, I remember well, was Eliza Frost, but little resemblable was her name and her nature, for she was as gentle as a kid, and as warm as summer. Well, without more ado—Oh! the delicious walks I took with her, through woods, and by "the bubbling brook," on the banks of the rushing river, and through twilight shades, "unperceivable by any star!" Well—but I must really keep from wandering in this fashion—without more ado, as I said

before, I took a house, the most beautiful in the place, and led her to the altar. Much was the rejoicing on that day; I never shall forget it. The peasants made holiday; the men appeared in their Sunday suits, and the women in their gayest colours. The hills echoed to the shouts of merriment: I danced—I sung—I played—and my beautiful bride smiled and blushed, and smiled and blushed, like the morning bathed in sunshine! The parson honoured the feast with his presence—yet all was good-humour; the physician—yet none were ailing; the lawyer—yet was there no contention. All was freedom, ease, and merriment. We were the happiest couple. We purchased a phæton, and two beautiful grey studs, such as Sir Giles Gadborough drove; and, I believe, had a pack of hounds. The charity-boys opened their mouths, and seized off their muffin-caps when we passed; while the little girls dropped their arms on each side, and made curtseys till we were out of sight. My election to be mayor of the place was the realization of every thing deserving the ambition of man in this world—the utmost reach of human eminence. A pair of constables, exactly of a size, with little staves in their hands, and their countenances solemnly impressed with a sense of their momentous functions, walked in the front of me. Then came Mr. Minny, the mace-bearer, a little man, with a large stomach, and a sort of blueish physiognomy, all covered with red pimples. The sword followed, borne by a tall aud dignified personage; when —and then burst forth a rattling peal from the church bells—the chief magistrate, myself, advanced, bowing graciously, with a red gown on, the tail thereof upheld by Abraham Muggs, late beadle, but promoted to the office which he then filled, by reason of his decorous deportment, and never allowing the little boys to play at marbles on the tombstones, especially on those belonging to former mayors defunct. The unprecedented style of wig, too, which he was in the habit of displaying on great days—a sort of yellow-brown one, coming to a point in the front, and ornamented with four rows of stiff, regular curls, behind—marked him out favourably to the notice of his superiors, and it was justly considered wrong to allow such merits to go unrewarded. He was, therefore, as I have said before, preferred to the first vacant office that presented itself, I myself confirming the appointment, which, though it had been intended, had not absolutely been made by my predecessor.

None but those whose souls have panted, and bosoms swelled with the majestic consciousness of municipal distinction—none but those, indeed, who have served in the proud capacity which I then had the honour to hold, and stood alone upon that flattering eminence, so fatally calculated to turn the spirit of the individual giddy with its own elevation, and make the man aspire to something greater than mortality, forgetting the earth in his exalted sphere—none but such can appreciate the pride, the perilous greatness of that hour. It was under the influence of such feelings, and struggling heroically with the giant of glory, that would have borne him above his nature, that that wonderful and ever-memorable sentiment burst from the lips of the exalted, but generous citizen, "Oh! though I am an *alderman*, let me not forget I am a *man*." There was, indeed, the triumph of

virtue—the conquest of nobleness over selfish superiority—the victory of human love! I *have* experienced the battling sensations above described, and in their acutest and most etherializing shape, *for I have been mayor of Cuttleborough!*—but when in the very act of dispensing my favours, or astonishing the natives with the mild sublimity of my demeanour, the miserable school-bell has rung, and brought me back to the wretched drudgery of every-day humanity—*pro tem* only, luckily; for my soul has soon taken flight again, and mingled with its native element.

Imagination! what a—what a—I will be hanged if I know what you are. I begin to suspect it is all imagination together, and to think Berkley's theory well founded—on what I know not, for he favours us with so few material arguments, though with so many immaterial, that the consideration "must forgive us pause," and I, for my part, must beg leave to have a touch at him again before I venture a conclusion. Certain it is that he was a great enemy to matter, and as certain—his whole works prove it—an uncompromising disciple of the philosophy of Castle-building. Nay, he tells us that the whole universe is one huge castle in the air, maintaining his opinion with a force and eloquence that defies assault. Dear me! I think I could be brought to believe the whole was imagination, were it not for certain ugly realities that thrust their abominable faces through the curtains of my fancy, and convince me pretty well of their existence by sundry hints of a rather unambiguous nature, which I would fain were not so. I am persuaded, moreover, that the question of reality or imagination might be more prudently, if not more satisfactorily tried, than by presenting your calf to the surly menaces of a bull-dog, or your body to the soft embraces of a bear, or by the jocular experiment of tickling a sleeping tiger behind the ear.

Be this as it may, I think I may venture to say of a verity, though it may not be considered a very logical deduction from the above, and perhaps may not be—that at the age of twenty-one, I was as handsome a young fellow as ever pulled on a pair of breeches. For describing myself, it is necessary, probably, that the reader should be apprized that my general features were very much resembling those which comprise the countenance of the Apollo Belvidere, while the figure was far more beautifully turned and elastic. I am not vain, far from it; but the truth must be told, and I see no more vanity or conceit in speaking praisingly of your own charms than of those of others. I wrote a poem! The fame of Byron and of Scott—the fame then denied to Shelley—the poems of Southey, which I read with delight; of Coleridge, which I read with greater, and *some* of the poems of Wordsworth—had stirred my soul to a pitch of literary ambition, approaching to madness. I knew all of them, the men and their writings; was the friend of all. My work was done, and the awful time quickly approached, when I was either to "burst forth into sudden blaze" immortal, or curse the bad taste of the public, and revenge myself upon them by writing no more.

The morning of that day that was destined to usher my production into the world, rose lowering. Sad omen! I have always been superstitious, and I dreamed the night before that the ghost of Mr.

Murray appeared to me, and shook his head three times, pointing significantly to me. I was in a very nervous state, aggravated probably by the suicidal appearance of the weather; it increased so much that at one time, I could hardly persuade myself that I was not standing on my head; and was only satisfied as to my perpendicularity, by the appearance of the woman of the house, who, hearing a noise, came up, and found me in the act of attempting to raise myself upon my skull, which I was doing under the impression that I was restoring myself again, by that means, to my former upright positiou. Towards the middle of the day my mind became so disturbed that I rushed forth, with the determination of preventing the publication. I arrived at Albemarle-street—flew in—oh! fortunate for the world, I was too late—*it was out!*

In a short time it had gone through ten editions; but I will not describe my intoxication of delight—this fulness of my fame—I will leave something to the imagination of my readers.

My life has been somewhat varied, it will be seen, and not the least distinguished part of it is my being returned member of Parliament. My powers were always great as an orator. The effect of my satire was as a thousand darts striking into the brain—my irony was ruin to the victim—my eloquence either calm as the ocean beneath the moonlight, or furious as when it is tempest-tost, and lashed with impetuous lightning. I possessed the dignity of Pitt—the vehemence of Fox—the splendour of Burke—and the wit of Sheridan. It was quite impossible to report my speeches, the reporters being so rapt and paralyzed with them, that they forget their duties, lost amid the wonders of my inspiration. I shall never forget, nor will the world, the sensation created by one of my orations. The greatest compliment was paid to me upon that occasion by a country member, that ever was paid to man—for my arguments having pierced through insensibility into his very mind, he absolutely cried, "hear, hear!" in his sleep, and struck the heels of his top-boots so lustily against the floor that he awoke himself.

In the oration alluded to, I touched affectionately upon the situation of my country, and gave Mr. Pitt such a dressing as made him gasp with agony. Only one part of it unfortunately got into the papers, but so impassioned and glorious was the spirit, and sublime the diction, that a thrill of exultation went through the whole country, and in one day, from being comparatively unknown, I became one of the first statesmen of the land. The English nation is generally exceedingly jealous of superiority, but when once so manifest that it is impossible to mistake its existence, an enthusiasm proportionate to its former apathy bursts from its generous soul, surrounding the fortunate individual with a blaze of glory unextinguishably bright, and heaping upon him honours that he can scarcely bear. He is immortalized in tavern signs, and names of ships and coaches. The Flighty, fast-sailing vessel bound for Hamburgh. The Flighty, fast coach to Brighton in six hours. The Flighty's Head—good beds—excellent X, XX and XXX ales, &c. Coats, hats, and boats rejoice in the sunshine of his patronage; while the ladies, not to be backward, christen all new discoveries in dress with the name of the

favourite—Flighty silks, Flighty muffs, bonnets *à la* Flighty, and Flighty flannel petticoats.

Such was the glory that I acquired by my harangue, but even celebrity like this could not satisfy me. I entered into the army, and fought at all our most celebrated victories under the great duke. While actively engaged with half a dozen French lancers (with whom I played the devil), I was taken prisoner, and presented to Napoleon. His penetration soon discovered my genius for war, and he would have bribed me to turn my arms against my country; but with indignation I spurned the attempt, though accompanied with the offer of being made marshal of France. I escaped and returned to England, where for my services I was created a baron. At the battle of Waterloo I fought again, and may be allowed to take the opportunity of correcting an error into which some have fallen in confounding me with the Marquis of Anglesey. It was *I* that led on the guards in the gallant manner described—it was *I* that beat down the French cavalry; in fact (a word in your ear, gentle reader, let it go no further), it was I that gained the victory. I believe about this time I was married to a princess of some place or other, but that has almost escaped my memory.

And now who shall say that I deserve not a niche as well as many. True I have been the only gainer; is not that the case with many? I blow at will my bubbles in the sun—they glitter awhile and burst; —how many reputations originate after the same fashion, and explode after the same transitory existence! My habits of Castle-building, at all events, have allowed me to see much of life, associate with excellent company, and live a life of comparative pleasantry. I know no maundering and grumbling. I eat the bread of comfort, and lie down by the streams of happiness. My whole being is a delicious sleep—my whole experience a delicious dream—and

"Hors'd on the sightless couriers of the air,"

I ride away into the realms of blessedness. Oh! happy is the man who is a Castle-builder! W.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO BURNS,

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

My task is ended—fareweel, Robin!
My prentice muse stands sad and sobbin'
To think thy country kept thee scrubbin'
Her barmy barrels,
Of strains immortal mankind robbin',
And thee of laurels.

Let learning's Greekish grubs cry humph!
Hot zealots groan, cold critics grumph,
And ilka starr'd and garter'd sumph
Yawn, hum and ha;
In glory's pack thou art a trumph,
And sweeps them a'.

Round thee flock'd scholars mony a cluster,
And dominies came in a fluster,
In words three spans lang 'gan they bluster
Of classic models,
Of Tully's light and Virgil's lustre,
And shook their noddles.

Ye laugh'd, and muttering, "Learning! d—n her!"
Stood bauldly up, but start or stammer
Wi' Nature's fire for lore and grammar,
And classic rules,
Crush'd them as Thor's triumphant hammer
Smash'd paddock stools.

And thou wert right and they were wrang—
The sculptor's toil, the poet's sang,
In Greece and Rome frae nature sprang,
And bauld and free,
In sentiment and language strang,
They spake like thee.

Thy muse came like a giggling taupie
Dancing her lane; her sangs sae sappy
Cheer'd men like drink's inspiring drappie—
Then, grave and stern,
High moral truths sublime and happy
She made them learn.

Auld grey-beard Lear, wi' college lantern,
O'er rules of Horace stoitering, venturin'
At song, gildes to oblivion saunterin'
And starless night;
Whilst thou, up cleft Parnassus canterin',
Lives on in light.

In light thou liv'st. While birds lo'e simmer,
Wild bees the blossom, buds the timmer,
And man lo'es woman—rosie limmer!
I'll prophecie
Thy glorious halo nought the dimmer
Will ever be.

For me—though both sprung from ae mother
I'm but a weakly young half brother,
Sae O! forgive my musing swither,
Mid toils benighted,
'Twas lang a wish that nought could smother
To see thee righted.

Frae Kyle, wi' music in her bowers;
Frae fairy glens, where wild Doon pours;
Frae hills, bedropp'd wi' sunny showers,
On Solway strand,
I've gather'd, Burns, thy scatter'd flowers
Wi' filial hand.

And O! bright and immortal Spirit,
If ought that lessens thy rare merit
I've utter'd—like a god thou'lt bear it,
Thou canst but know
Thy stature few or none can peer it
Now born below.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.*

It might be an interesting question at the present day—as it certainly will be a course of speculation to future ages—why it is that, during the last century, this country has not produced such dramas as might naturally have been expected to succeed the glorious exemplars of the Elizabethean era? We are, at the same time, far from supposing that the genius requisite to the consummation of such triumph is at any time plenteous as blackberries; still less are we to be supposed to infer that the same progression was naturally to be looked for that we find in all the departments of physical science or of human ingenuity. We cannot respond to the wonder announced by a friend of ours, to whom we lent a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher, who, on returning it, could not by any means make out how it was that, seeing we had made so many and such wonderful advances in the mechanical arts, we were not equally progressive in the structure of plays; the modern performances being in his humble opinion (but he spoke under correction) no better than those of Shakspeare, if, indeed, they might even be considered superior to those of the authors, to whom we had been the means of introducing him. There was an unconscious good taste in this, and a heartfelt response to the power wielded by these great men; which, at the same time that it taught the great truth propounded, and perpetually and practically enforced by Shakspeare, that

"One truth of nature makes the whole world kin,"

might have been borne in mind by a dramatist as an evidence that his sole sphere—and it is a wide one—is the human heart.

From the time of Marlowe, Peele, and Green to that of Shirley, we had a constant succession of wonderful and glorious plays, to which all Europe put together can supply or oppose no parallel. They were not only pregnant with the highest poetical genius, but instinct also with dramatic vitality. Comparatively speaking, few of these now retain possession of the stage; but "this effect defective comes by cause." The taste has changed; we are perhaps, in some respects, over scrupulous, but these factitious and conventional prejudices laid aside, and there are few if any of these productions that would not profoundly excite the sympathies, and lay hold upon with no feeble grasp the feelings of a modern audience. In a word, they were written in a right spirit, by men whose genius led them to a preference of this highest walk of literary ambition.

Nor is the succeeding age to be despised, comprising as it does the names of Dryden, Lee, Otway, and Southern; but, at length, in an evil hour, French models took precedence of English examples; and the classical school, as it was strangely miscalled, daubed over with French polish, usurped possession of the stage, until it was

* "Queen Anne Boleyn; an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts. By George Lewis Smyth." London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1834.

yawned away by the common but drowsy consent of the British people.

The poets of the nineteenth century have shown every disposition to return to their best mistress, Nature; and we have abundant evidence to prove that genius is not wanting to supply the stage with dramas not unworthy of their predecessors. Indeed, the works of Sheridan Knowles sufficiently prove that, with proper encouragement, the stage might once more lift its head, if not in pre-eminence over, at least on an equality with our French neighbours, to whom at the present moment it is vastly inferior. We are inclined to believe that, much more than to any thing else, we are to ascribe the dearth of good dramas on our boards to the want of encouragement on the part of managers, acting under a mistaken conviction that English audiences will no longer patronize what is called the legitimate drama; and that in order to ensure success for any new piece, it is indispensable that it should be accompanied by meritorious attractions that appeal merely to the eye; and be rife with merits of which the senses alone are to take cognizance.

We have much pleasure in being among the first to introduce to the public an author who, in our opinion, were he to pay that due attention to the preparatory structure of his plot, indispensable to the production of a striking play, might achieve a reputation on the stage —were he permitted to find an entrance at either of the two great houses—neither inconsiderable nor ill-deserved.

Mr. Smyth has much feeling and spirit, and writes as though he and his characters were in earnest; and although we are far from denying that both inequalities and weak points may be discovered in "Queen Anne Boleyn," and that in some instances his versification might be improved; yet a little more attention, and, perhaps, concentration of plot, would remedy the former; while the latter would necessarily be improved by practice.

Our author says in his very modest and sensible preface:—

"In venturing to publish the following tragedy, it will become me, perhaps, to offer some explanation. The work has few, if any, pretensions to originality. My idea for some time before I began it, and also while writing it, was, that the subject, more than any other with which I was acquainted, admitted of the construction of a play which should be at once historically correct and theatrically effective. In preparing myself to produce a union so desirable in all such cases, but so rarely attained, I naturally sought out, and noted down such facts, sayings, and anecdotes of Queen Anne Boleyn, and the other characters I have introduced, as the authors of that period, and those who have since written of it, had furnished. And of these materials I did not hesitate to make a free use, not supposing that a custom so common with other authors would be seriously objected to in me."

Accordingly he has adhered closely to history, the play commencing with the estrangement of King Henry from Anne Boleyn, and his love (if it may be called by that name) for Jane Seymour, and terminating with the execution of the unfortunate queen. Mr. Smyth has exhibited no ordinary degree of dramatic skill in his portraiture of the uxorious but capricious tyrant; nor is his delineation of Anne Boleyn less felicitous. That time-serving tool of royalty,

the Duke of Norfolk, is also well discriminated, and the subordinate characters, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, and Rochford, the Queen's brother, have each a separate and marked idiosyncracy. But we will make a few extracts, which will at once justify our praise, and set our author in a true light with the reader :—

Enter Rochford and Wyatt.

Anne. Brother, Sir Thomas, welcome.
Roch. Madam, we bring ye news.
Anne. All news shall pleasure from so dear a tongue—
What is't?
Rochf. The Princess Catherine is dead.
Anne. Catherine no more—the princess dowager dead!
Now am I queen of England past recall!
Already lighter on my enlarg'd brow,
And full securely rests my well-lov'd crown.
My own excellent friends, a weight of woe
Unspeakable is lifted from my brain—
My heart shall ever thank you for this message!
Wyatt. 'Twere hard indeed to tell how much it glads us
To find your grace, and fortune so complacent.
Anne. While that ill-sorted one had breath, tho' spurn'd,
There was a void in all my spirit compass'd
Power insufficient—pleasure incomplete—
Consistent evil 'twixt me and the sun
Horriby interven'd, and cast huge shapes,
Blackening with anarchy my involv'd dower;
But, they are fled, bless'd Heaven! and I *am* queen!
Give joy, my brother, all is here confirm'd,
And every virtue of a lustrous rule,
From this hour takes new tides and gladly flows.
Rochf. Auspicious angels, make the wish prophetic!
May every image of romantic bliss
Thy shining youth enthusiastic drew,
Spring to reality for thy content;
Stamp glory no illusion to thy state,
But justify the confidence of welfare
A struggling age reposes in thy hopes!
Wyatt. Heaven send this may be!
Anne. It shall, kind Wyatt:
We shall win to us each deserving friend,
Reach forth an earnest welcome to all comers,
Appease the murmurer, the sufferer heal,
Reign in his grace's, and our people's hearts,
And gather a blest homage round the isle.

(*Enter* Henry, *with a letter in his hand.*)

Welcome, my liege—how generous to come to us!
Henry. Ha! ha! what voice exulting, have we here—
Has it not reach'd ye, we've sore cause to mourn?
Anne. My dear, dread lord!
Henry. Have ye not heard, madam,
Our noble Lady Catharine lives not?
Anne. Even as your grace had enter'd 'twas announc'd.
Henry. Aye, dame, and ye were rioting thereat.
Anne. We gave Heaven thanks for our security.

Henry. Out on't! poor Kate had shewn you better feeling—
Here doth she write us a death-bed adieu—*(producing a letter.)*
And half her speech craves heed of her few friends.
Half breathes forgiveness of too many foes.
Anne. Weak are we, but unpitying never;
We mark'd how far the course of nature here
Befriended us, ere yet we notic'd
How others were pain'd by it—'twas ungentle;
Be it agreed, my liege, I have your pardon for it.
Henry. Now, by our Lady, this offends us, ha!
No more; but to your chamber orderly;
And if the grace to honour circumstances,
As your degree and their import demand,
Possess ye not, shut yourself up, nor let
The index of comparison expose
How much the virtues that are gone to heaven
Excel the worth preferr'd so rashly to them!
Madam, we've said, away—to your chamber, ha!
[*Exeunt* Anne *and* Mrs. Lee.
Ladies and lords, be it known it is our will
The memory of the princess dowager
Be honour'd with all forms and state of grief.
We trust us to your loves for this sad duty—
Go to. [*Exeunt.*

Nor is the following scene less forcible and dramatic, in which the first indication of the king's desire to make or to find occasion of "letting her down the wind to prey at fortune," is manifested:—

Henry. Simple we found ye, dame; art resolute
To make us wish that we had left ye so?
Anne. Oh, most egregious simple; for I thought
That once made great by thee, my heart for ever
Would only feel the gentlest pulse of joy.
Henry. Less on this greatness would ye dwell, and more
On the pursuits that may undo it,
There were some hope ye might be happy.
Anne. Happy!
Was it some echo, or the word itself,
That mock'd my ear so strangely with that sound!
Happy and hope—they are twins; nay both but one;
For happiness is hope—a fairy flower
So sensitively fine, 'twill not be handled,
But prematurely dies of too great sweetness.
Like a fond gleaner, memory hoards the leaves,
Dreaming a warmer sun and softer breeze
May yet revive the beauties she has lov'd—
Dear are her cares but never to be bless'd!
Henry. 'Twas us'd to be an antient rule of conduct,
Told first by wise old men, or their good mothers,
That we should keep great minds in lowly bodies;
But now the prudence of the maxim's far
Outstepp'd: we bear most proudly mind and body—ha!
Is't not so?
Anne. Where has my exaltation fail'd ye?
Tender in duty, in devotion whole,

And only yielding or receiving pleasure
As the approval of my lord inclines,
What am I but the slave your highness makes me?
Henry. I'll tell ye, queen of ours, and though queen,
Like any other, still our subject and the laws;
Thou hast the nicest air of seeming to be all
We would have those be who deserve our love;
But giv'st us with that selfsame glossy seeming
The assurance that 'tis mask'd—dost heed us—ha!
Equivocation shining still pursues ye—
Even as to pleasure us ye mourn in yellow.
Anne. 'Tis an old usage—style by precedent.
The colour withering nature wears o'er field
And forest sear, was sure no unapt sign
To paint the death of man. But grant it faint—
Shall a difficulty in our humours quench
The honest love that join'd us first together—
When 'twas Midsummer morn, that streaks the East,
And straight unlocks the treasuries of light
Within the hour excursive o'er the spheres
With all that dignifies or can enrich?
Full frank and free as that my lord was once—
What think ye, sir, has he not alter'd much?
Ye speak not. I put one honest question more.
Was it or merit or desire of me,
Or but your grace's fancy that preferr'd me?
Henry. An if it where, what then?
Anne. Oh, sir, not much.
But I have at times been vex'd with changing thoughts
Which hope now idle deem'd, now fear made sure,
Lest the foundation upon which I rose
Had no fix'd site or strength; and your grace
Hath here the manliness to own—your love,
So lightly won, as lightly shall be lost.
Henry. Now is this subtlety to trick an angel!
Shall he who plucks a fruit for sweet and proves
It sour, be damn'd for the deceit on him!
Tut, tut, you trouble us. Pray Heaven to make ye
Humble, and take this for consolation—
We have sworn no more to get our boys with you.
Anne. Forgive him, Heaven! that speech has half unsexed me.
[*Exeunt.*

A soliloquy put into the mouth of Wyatt is very fine, and being poetical, in all respects appropriate. It will be, perhaps, the best evidence we can give of our author's poetical powers:—

Secret and shadowy comes certain death,
Arm'd in its fleshless hand with temper'd spear
Of monstrous length, and lightning tipp'd at point.
His aim is trembling, but a touch destroys!
Up starts the slavering fool appall'd,
His nostril fierce distended; in the damp
Of vacancy his lewd mouth hideous yawns;
There's one convulsive gasp shakes all his frame,
And he's stretch'd lifeless at the tyrant's feet!
The wise one lies a moment, as if fainting,

Th' expressive features shrunk, the jaws agape,
The eye unmeaning, and the mouth misus'd,
And every organ of high genius prostrate.
A sigh as gentle as the air of perfume
Awhile revives the sensitive machine,
And, as he lifts his languid face to Heaven,
He culls a moral for his weeping friends,
And yields submissive to the general ordnance.
So death makes poor distinctions, and the world,
Therein resolving death is right, ere long
Th' example follows, and forgets us all.

We have been led to indulge more in extracts from the production before us than is our custom; but upon the present occasion we think it right that our author should be permitted to vindicate his claims to the title of a dramatic writer of no mean promise; and we are too happy, in this unproductive period of dramatic labour, to forego the opportunity of making the most of a hopeful candidate.

One more extract, and we have done. It is the Queen's farewell to her attendants immediately before her execution.

Anne. And yet a moment's respite:
I had well nigh been most ungrateful.
My good, my gentle, and best hearted maids,
Ye, of the host that bask'd in my emprize,
Who have alone been constant to my woes;
And tended me more kindly in reverses
Than others ever did in golden state—
Weep no more for us or our parting thus!
But give me in prompt charity your pardon,
That of the good I have had power to do
So little hath been done. Here are we happy!
Our new spouse, death to a long bridal beckons,
And it were shame to tarry. So pass we o'er
Your several merits and our thanks to each,
And personal leave taking. Dearest and best,
Ye of the many that I counted friends
Have been the last to sever from me,
And unto you I bid my last farewell.
Adieu, I cannot kiss you singly, but Lee,
Come hither you, and for yourself and all,
Take this embrace and this penn'd book of prayer,
In honourable memory of poor Queen Anne Boleyn.
Bless thee, kind soul! so dry thine eyes so, so—
Look up, and heed how I shall triumph.
Now, then, Sir William, my pain must soon be o'er.

Mr. Smyth tells us, in his preface, that he has attempted to bring his play upon the stage, and that he has been unsuccessful. Nothing can be more likely—nothing might have been more certainly predicated of such an application to modern managers; and we think we may assure him, that unless he go before them furnished with a name—backed by a troop of horses—or strengthened by the fantastic toes of a *corps du ballet*, he will be as little likely to ensure attention for the time to come, as he has succeeded in awakening an interest for his play in the present instance.

THE RED TARTANE;

A TALE OF THE SPANISH COAST IN 1760.

Chapter III.

We must now refer to a period of our tale, antecedent to the gale before described, when the Tartane of the Gitano was riding in security in one of the numerous inlets or channels, formed by the rocks on the coast of Andalusia, the entrances and outlets of which were known to few human beings indeed, and to none so perfectly as the Rover. His vessel was moored almost beneath a steep and rocky cliff, the bottom of which could only be gained by a narrow and circuitous path cut into the rock; the Gitano was pacing the deck alone, apparently absorbed in a reverie, that was only interrupted from time to time by a searching glance which he darted along the beetling cliffs.

The sun had disappeared but a few minutes beneath the horizon, when a single horseman was indistinctly visible through the increasing twilight; at the commencement of the path, he appeared to hesitate, and confer with some one concealed by a clump of aloes, then took a cigarito from his mouth, and threw it down the rock, so as to produce a slight momentary train of fire; a signal, in reply, made by the Gitano, caused him to advance, attended by about a dozen Spaniards, all mounted, who evinced the utmost caution in descending the dangerous path.

Some of these horsemen wore the common sombrero, others had gay coloured handkerchiefs, the ends of which floated gracefully over their shoulders; their countenances were weather-beaten, their features strongly marked, and bearing that reckless bold expression, which distinguishes the Andalusian dealer in contraband; each of their horses bore two large, but exceedingly light panniers, covered with tarred cloth, the rider being seated behind, almost upon the crupper.

When the little troop had descended to the beach, the leader stopped his horse at about a hundred yards distance from the Tartane, and thus addressed his companions:—

"By the shrine of my patron, my friends, the light of the rising moon shews only on the deck of the vessel the cap and white feather of the accursed Gitano."

"Where then is the holy brother?" demanded several of the party.

"True," continued the leader, "if the holy man is not here, not the value of a real of this merchandize shall enter my coffers. Heaven help me, but I think the Superior of San Juan is wrong to employ such a miscreant to disembark this contraband merchandize; and, though we have a priest to bless and efface the marks of Satan's claws, I fear we shall, some time or other, be punished for trafficking with an excommunicated wretch."

The Gitano, who understood not the cause of their delay, repeated his signal, and a bright red flame momentarily illumined his vessel.

One of the party now advanced sufficiently near to hail the Tartane, and shouted in a tone of contempt:

"Señor Gitano, the accursed! have you forgotten that good Christians will not approach thee, unless the reverend father by his presence re-assures the consciences of his lambs?"

The Gitano, without replying, blew a shrill sound from his little instrument, and the black head of a negro immediately appeared at the hatchway.

"The monk!" exclaimed the Rover, and the black vanished; but almost as suddenly reappeared, making a negative sign with his head.

"Well, hoist him up then," said the Gitano.

The negro promptly rigged a derrick, fixed to it a tackle, and descended to the lower-deck; three minutes afterwards the reverend father arose majestically from the middle of the hatchway, hovered a second or two in the air, and then descended slowly to the deck, close to the Gitano, who hastened to disentangle him from the girths and cords that had sustained him. When the priest stood once more upon his legs, he regarded the Gitano with the utmost disdain, and assuming an air of dignity, looked like a martyr eyeing his executioner.

The Rover was the first to speak,—"Excuse me, father, if I aided you to ascend, but these honest smugglers are impatient that you should exercise your holy ministry;" and he pointed to the group, who had been attentive observers of what passed on board.

"With how much Christian charity," replied the monk, "must I not be endowed, to consent to pass entire days with an apostate—a renegade, like thee, and all to purify what thy heretic and satanic contact has soiled, in order that Christians may make use of this merchandize without fearing the wrath of heaven!"

"Between us, holy father, your benedictions and your exorcisms will neither render the silk finer, nor the steel more flexible."

"Execrable reprobate!"

"Enough, monk," continued the Gitano sternly; "begone to these people who wait for thee, for time presses, and night draws on."

The monk was put on shore by the negroes, while the Gitano, mounted on his little horse, landed without other assistance, and proceeded to give various orders to the blacks for the disembarkation of the merchandize.

While the Rover was thus occupied, the monk approached and accosted the smugglers with "Peace be with you, my brethren!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the leader, kissing the robe of the holy man.

"You see, my sons," said the latter, "what interest I take in your welfare, obliging to pass entire days with this son of Satan, that heaven may not be offended at your intercourse."

"Holy father, receive our blessings," returned the smugglers.

"My sons," resumed the priest, "I shudder that this Tartane should be commanded by such a wretch; is it possible he is the only

man thoroughly acquainted with this coast? Alas! alas! why does not a Christian present himself?"

"Listen, father," said the sailor, who had suffered the sanguine evacuation of Master Florès, "is it not a good action to rid the world of an unbeliever?"

"Doubtless, my son, it will render you worthy of heaven."

"Thanks, reverend father," returned the seaman, advancing towards the Gitano, who had dismounted from his horse, and was standing on the beach leaning against the saddle, as usual lost in thought; a sudden start of the animal caused his master to turn half round, in time to behold the knife of the mariner raised with deadly purpose in the air behind him; the Rover appeared almost instinctively to spring forwards, so swift was the movement of self-preservation; then drawing one of his long pistols from his belt, in another instant the assassin was stretched lifeless on the sands.

The priest and his companions rushed towards their fallen comrade, but ere they had half reached the fatal spot, the whole party were startled by the fisherman, Pablo, shouting from the top of the cliff—"Fly—by the holy Virgin, fly; we are betrayed, and the leather jackets are close at hand."

The holy man, although dreadfully agitated, enjoined his followers at once to seize the murderer of their comrade; but mounted on his well-tried Iskear, and guessing their intentions, he had, immediately after shooting the sailor, dashed into the sea, and was already far advanced towards his vessel; and notwithstanding their imprecations and loud threats that they would use their carbines unless he stopped, he still held on, until two or three balls whizzed passed him, when sliding off his horse, he continued to swim, keeping the animal between himself and the shore, till Iskear having received a fatal bullet, he was compelled to proceed alone; and so vigorously could he swim, that, in another minute or two, he was once more in safety on the deck of his Tartane.

The blacks who were toiling in unloading the vessel, were ordered to desist and prepare her for sea, while the Rover calmly paced the deck, carefully watching the proceedings of his treacherous confederates.

In the meanwhile the bales and packages of various articles already landed were hastily placed upon the horses; and the smugglers had commenced their retreat, when the reports and flashes of several muskets from the summit of the rocky cliff, shewed them their only means of retiring was already cut off.

"Heaven help us!" exclaimed the monk, "none can save us but the Gitano, who knows the secret passage through these rocks, but it is now too late—fools that ye were to meddle with him!"

Indeed their situation was most desperate; surrounded partly by the sea, which was rising rapidly, and by perpendicular rocks impossible for any human being to climb, while the only path of egress was occupied by the douanniers, who were now plainly to be seen in considerable force, gradually descending by the narrow way.

The monk turned towards the Tartane, and raising his clasped

hands, exclaimed as he pointed to heaven, "In the name of our Saviour, thou must save us! In the name of God, I command thee!"

A wild and taunting laugh from the Rover mingled in reply with the noise of the advancing surge, which was every instant rendering smaller the space occupied by the little band.

The Spaniards tremblingly made the sign of the cross; but one, cocking his carbine, was again about to level at the Gitano, when the monk, catching his arm, exclaimed, "Hold! he alone can save us—he alone knows the secret passage."

Two more rattling vollies now came from the rock, wounding at each discharge a smuggler, and the word of command given by the officer could be distinctly heard.

The horror of the monk was at its height; he crawled to the margin of the water, and shouted, with an accent of the most profound terror, "Save me, save me! By the soul of thy father, save us, and we will give thee gold!"

"Gold enough to fill thy Tartane," yelled the smugglers; and they implored his assistance with clasped hands, while three of them were already stiffening in the last agony of death.

"Heaven is deaf; invoke Satan," shouted the Gitano.

"Away, away, blasphemer," replied the monk, and he raised himself, shuddering with renewed horror.

The tide had now risen so much, that the waves broke over their feet, and their clothes were saturated with the foam.

"Invoke Satan, and I save you," again shouted the Gitano; "behind those rocks is a secret issue, masked by a moveable stone, which will at once place you beyond the reach of the coast-guard."

At this moment, although the douanniers were not visible, the noise of the cocking of their muskets met the ears of the monk, who no longer hesitated to obey the Gitano, exclaiming "Well, then, Satan save us; for you are, you can be, but Satan."

"Satan save us! save us!" shouted the band, with an accent of indefinable terror; then breathless, with fixed and eager eyes, they expected the reply.

"Seek the fissure nearest the path; three feet to the left the rock will give way, by pushing inwards and to the right at the same time," returned the Gitano; but ere the unhappy Spaniards could rush to the spot, the coast-guard had reached the bottom of the path, and the officer, seeing the smugglers advance, immediately formed his men in platoon, exclaiming, "Fire, by San Jago, fire!"

"But, captain," said one of the men, "I see a priest."

"Horrible, impious disguise! fire upon the apostate."

The monk received the ball in his breast, and fell upon his knees, while the few smugglers, who had escaped the last volley, threw themselves in the sea, and attempted ineffectually to gain the Tartane."

"My sons," murmured the unhappy monk, "I am a brother of San Juan, sent hither by my superior; pity, in the name of Christ, pity!"

"How!" shouted the officer, "the infamous apostate still alive—fire, fire upon the miscreant."

Three carbines were discharged at once and with deadly effect; the blue robe of the priest was visible for an instant on the waters, then horses, men, and monk were hid beneath the foaming waves, which already broke over the entrance of the footpath. The Tartane meanwhile was slowly making way through the breakers, and *malgré* the evil wishes of the douanniers plentifully bestowed, and the violence of the wind and waves, she ultimately shot through the narrow passage known so well to her commander, and was once more in deep water and in safety.

* * * * * *

We must now transport the reader on board the Tartane at a period immediately after the levant had comparatively ceased to blow, and when her commander, having satisfied himself of her safety, had quitted the deck for the luxurious accommodations provided below.

It would be scarcely possible to imagine any thing more dazzling than the little cabin of this vessel, in which the Rover and a single guest were seated at table. A lamp in an enormous globe of crystal, and suspended from the ceiling, shed a pure and brilliant light that played upon rich Turkish silk of a blue ground, on which were embroidered splendid crimson birds with gilded wings, holding in their silver claws long serpents, whose scales were green and bright as emeralds; a divan covered with rich brown velvet, was tastefully arranged around the cabin; the centre was occupied by a table served with admirable elegance and refinement, but instead of being supported by feet, four light chains of bronze attached it to the ceiling to secure it from the rolling and pitching of the vessel. Tintella of Rota, Xérès, and Pacœrete sparkled in costly flasks of crystal, the thousand cuttings of which reflected back the light in tints bright and varying as those of the rainbow.

The purple grapes of San Lucas, the black figs of Medina, the pomegranates of Seville, split by the heat of the sun, and the long oranges of Altrava, were piled in elegant pyramids, in baskets of filagreed gold and silver, such as are seen at Smyrna; whilst the table-cover of snowy whiteness was, after the oriental fashion, crossed every way by threads of mingled silk and gold. Plain bottles of brown glass, with long straight necks, and corks sealed and fixed with wire—bottles, in short, that reminded one of France and *La Champagne*, contrasted singularly with the Asiatic luxury that reigned in this apartment. And it was indeed champaign, for two tall slender glasses had just been filled with the glorious liquid, which rose sparkling and foaming over their edges.

"Attention, commandant, the tide rises," said the second personage, a mere stripling, on whose chin the down of manhood scarce shewed. "Commandant, the tide ebbs, and if you do not take care, it will be quite run out;" and at one draught he quaffed a glass of what he called the tide; then continued—"Ah! how I love this French wine! As for our dark yellow Xérès and Malaga, they appear to me as dull as a spiritual song sung by a duenna, whilst this rosy, laughing champaign entrances me with delight; by my soul it is as if I heard my Juana trilling some light and lively air on her guitar,"

cried he, joyously replacing his glass on the table with so much force that it broke.

"France, Fasillo," said the Rover, "by my word it is a noble country."

"The land of hospitality," continued Fasillo, drinking a second bumper of champaign.

The Gitano looked at him, and leaning back on the cushions of the divan, burst into a hearty laugh.

"And of liberty," resumed Fasillo.

Here the Gitano's shouts of laughter were so violent as to echo above the noise of the tempest that raged without, to the great confusion of poor Fasillo, who regarded him with a displeased and astonished look. The Gitano perceived it.

"Pardon me, Fasillo—pardon me, my friend, but thy *naïve* admiration of France, that smiling country as they call it, brought to my recollection many a strange thought."—After a moment's silence the Gitano passed his hand rapidly across his brow as if to chase away some painful remembrance, then smiling said,

"Now that our misfortune will no longer permit us to continue our contraband trading, whither shall we go, Fasillo?"

"To Italy, commandant! for there, as here, the sun is hot, the sky blue, the trees green, and the women brunettes, singing to the guitar, and kneeling before the Madonna! Besides, more than one creek along the coast of Sicily will afford good and safe anchorage to the Tartane; let us then turn her head towards Italy."

"To Italy? No! for there murderers are punished with death; do you understand, Fasillo?"

"Great God, you a murderer?" cried the horror-stricken youth.

"Listen Fasillo: I was fourteen years of age, when one day my sister Sed'lha and myself were supporting my father, who walked with difficulty, when he was killed upon the spot by a musket-ball—it was the deed of a Christian, who detested our faith. I had no weapon but my stiletto, but I pursued and overtook the assassin; he was strong and vigorous, but my father's blood had stained my hands, and I stabbed him with delight. It was thus I left Italy with my poor little Sed'lha; what would'st thou have done, Fasillo?"

"I should have avenged my father," said the youth, after a moment of expressive silence; "but surely, commandant, the law would have pronounced you justified in revenging your father's murder?"

"The Christians justify an infidel? an accursed Ghebie?"

"Then," said the young man sighing, "let us cross the sea, and visit Egypt. It is said Mahommed and Ismael Beys, receive strangers favourably; shall we go to Alexandria?"

"Alexandria is a fine city, it was there I disembarked after flying from Italy. A benevolent emir received myself and sister, and sent me to college, for there were as many colleges in Alexandria as in all Spain, Fasillo. There I learnt the French and Spanish languages, algebra and naval tactics; in short, they made a sailor of me."

"And by my faith, they made a brave one," said Fasillo.

"At the expiration of six years I commanded a galliot, which fell in with a fire-ship of Canaris; compelled to put back into port to

refit, and repair the ravages made by the fire, I was welcomed with joy at Alexandria. In truth it is a pleasant city on a fine evening, when the sun is setting behind the sandy deserts, and gilding with his rays the harem of Mohammed, the fortifications of the old port, the palace of Pharoah, and the pillar of Pompey; whilst the sea-breeze cools the heated atmosphere, and the negroes having spread their tents on terraces, repose on soft cushions and inhale the rose-scented tobacco of the Levant. Then a beautiful girl from Candia or Samos kneels, and blushing offers you a richly-chased cup of iced sherbet—you make a sign, she approaches, and with one arm round her lovely bending neck, you gaze carelessly on that sweet face, resembling a beautiful apparition amidst the clouds of blue and odoriferous smoke that curls from the amber-tipped hookah."

Fasillo's eyes certainly sparkled more brightly than the cuttings of the crystal flasks. Half rising, he cried eagerly, "Let us go to Alexandria, commandant?"

"To Alexandria! what dost thou desire, my poor boy? what, if they seated thee on the sharp arrow of a minaret, whose pewter dome almost reaches the clouds, and if they left thee in that horrible situation until the crows pecked out thy large black eyes?"

This question extinguished the ardour of Fasillo, who, however, quickly filled his glass, and smiling said, "Let us put about, commandant."

"Yes, Fasillo, for such is the fate that awaits me if ever the bowsprit of my Tartane should be directed towards that enchanting land!"

"Alas! commandant, why so?"

"Because I plunged my knife five times into the throat of the good emir who sheltered my Sed'lha, and instructed me like a rabbi."

"God of Heaven! another murder! you the murderer of your benefactor!"

"He took advantage of his hospitality to seduce my sister, and he could not marry her. What should'st thou have done in my place, Fasillo?"

The young man covered his face with his hand, then whispered, "and your sister?"

"There remained a last proof of affection for me to give her, and I gave it," replied the Gitano, his voice broken by emotion.—I killed her, Fasillo."

"Killed your sister, too!—accursed be the fraticide!"

"Boy, dost thou know in Egypt the fate that awaits a young girl who falls, should her seducer be already married?—dost thou know it? They strip her of her clothes, and lead her naked through the streets, mulitating her in the most horrible manner; after which, she is dressed in sackcloth, and exposed at the door of a mosque, where every one, even a Christian, may load her with blows and reproaches. What more wouldst thou have done for thy sister?"

"Hitherto, murder—nothing but murder—still, in spite of myself, I admire!" said Fasillo, dejectedly.

"Let us drink, boy!—look at the sparkling, silvery foam! Let us drink, Fasillo, and chase away the gloomy remembrances of times

gone by," exclaimed the Rover, forcing himself to smile.—"Here's to thy mistress—to thy Juana, and her black eyes!"

Fasillo repeated, almost mechanically, "To Juana, and her black eyes!"

"Where then shall we cast anchor, *mio caro?*

"By the love of Juana!" exclaimed Fasillo, arousing himself, "I am for France, if the French resemble their wine;" and he held up his foaming glass to the light.

"Right, Fasillo, right; like their wine, they sparkle, effervesce, and evaporate."

"But, commandant, I hope there are no minarets, with pointed arrows, on which to seat you; no mosques, where poor girls are tortured; nor Christians, who shoot old men as they would deer, because they are faithful to the religion of their fathers!—But you have been there?"

"Yes, Fasillo."

"And your sojourn was long in that beautiful country?"

"When I quitted Egypt, I went to Madrid; and during the reign of Fernando the Sixth, I became known to that excellent man, Don Josef de Carvajal, then minister for foreign affairs; through his friendship, my naval talents were appreciated, and I rose to the command of a frigate; but, having unfortunately incurred the hatred and resentment of Farinelli, a singer, and creature who almost governed the weak king, on the death of my upright and virtuous patron I ran the utmost danger of falling into the hands of the atrocious inquisition;—my eastern origin was discovered. I was denounced, and only avoided the horrors of burning by a timely escape to the French frontiers, where I first proceeded to Bayonne, and ultimately to Paris."

"To Paris, commandant!—you have been at Paris?"

"Yes, Fasillo; and I led there a new and singular life. I renewed my acquaintance with a merchant-captain, whom I had seen at Grand Cairo, at the moment he was about to be beheaded for having raised the veil of a wife of Ismael Bey. Through my exertions he was saved, and I received him on board my little vessel. Meeting me in France, he wished to give me some proofs of his gratitude, and introduced me to a select number of his friends as an Egyptian proscribed by the inquisition; this occasioned such warm and lively expressions of interest that I was quite overcome. In a short time, the circle was enlarged, and each one would hear the history of my unfortunate existence. I complied, for it is ever agreeable to speak of your misfortunes to those who pity you; and the unfortunate have even a miserable self-love which prompts them to say, "See, see, how my wounds bleed!" But I was cruelly punished for this pride in my sufferings. One day, I remarked they made me repeat my misfortunes so often as to fatigue me. I became mistrustful; and closely observed these generous beings. I listened to the reflections caused by my suspicions, until at length I appreciated the sort of interest felt for a man overwhelmed by grief. At first I was stupified—it has never since produced but a smile of contempt. Think, Fasillo, new emotions were necessary at any price, as they said; and to find such,

I believe they would have sought the bed of suffering of a dying man, to analyse his convulsive movements; but, instead of my death, they amused themselves with the recital of my misfortunes—they were gratified by making each painful chord of my heart vibrate, to ascertain the effect produced. Yes! when with eyes flashing fire, with my bosom swelling with indignation, I told them the agony of my poor sister—of my horrible imprecations on beholding her lifeless—dead—dead for ever, they said, clapping their hands, "what expression! what action! how admirably he could play Othello!" Again, when I described to them my dreadful retribution on the dishonourer of my sister, with all the fierce enthusiasm of my race and clime, and almost delirious, I imagined I again grasped the villain and stabbed him to the heart—they said, "He is an extraordinary man! he would play Brutus excellently well." Then, when they had witnessed the mental torture they imposed on me by recalling my *souvenirs* of past events, they would retire with indifference to dress for a ball—return to their business—or to various pleasures; for all was said—the piece was played. Then I seemed to awake as from a dream on finding myself with my friend only, who was as proud of me as of a tamed tiger for exhibition!"

"The wretches!" exclaimed Fasillo.

"No, Fasillo; these honest people sought amusement—time hangs heavily—the day is so long—and, besides, of what should I complain? They did not hiss me; on the contrary, they applauded—what would'st thou? My life has been my character; for in *that*, as elsewhere, all is character—friendship, courage, virtue, glory, devotedness!"

"Oh commandant," sighed Fasillo, bitterly.

"All, boy, all! even the pity of woman for misfortune. Listen: I loved passionately a beautiful woman, young, rich, and brilliant. One evening I slipped into her boudoir, and crouching behind a splendid glass I awaited her arrival. Suddenly the door opened, and she entered with a friend as lovely as herself. They spoke in confidence, and as her friend envied her success, Eulalie replied thus—'Do you suppose I love him? No, countess, no; but he astonishes me, he melts my heart, he frightens me—in fact, he amuses me. How insipid are the lamentations of a hero of romance compared with his despair! for, dearest, when I make the poor fellow recount the events of his past life, he *really* weeps, and—would you believe it?—I am quite moved,' added she, laughing aloud.

"Dost thou see she favoured me to witness alternately my remorse, my fury, my despair, my love? I pity her, Fasillo—but drink, my poor boy—so much for the hospitality of France of which thou speakest. Now for '*La Liberté*.' One morning my friend, the captain, came to inform me my presence in Paris would no longer be permitted, as the Spanish government had denounced me as a communero, freemason, and plotter against the state; that I was at Paris for the purpose of carrying on intrigues in Spain; and that, finally, unless I quitted the capital within three days, I stood a good chance of being arrested and conducted to the frontiers—there thou knowest what awaited me. Perceiving my embarrassment, my friend, who

was about to proceed to Nantes, to take the command of a slaver, proposed that I should accompany him. I agreed, and ten days after we were in sight of the Straits of Gibraltar. We put into Tangiers for a few days, and I fortunately encountered Zamerik the Jew, the bounden friend of my race; and here the wealthiest of that scattered people. It was then, *caro mio*, by virtue of what this belt contains that the Jew ceded to me the *twins* I love so much—and thou, Fasillo, into the bargain—thou, a poor volunteer of the Spanish navy, taken in a yacht in which nearly all besides were massacreed—thou attached thyself to my fate. Poor child! thou could'st love the accursed! Speak, Fasillo, dost thou love me?"

The Gitano pronounced these last words with much emotion; the only tear he had shed for years trembled a moment on his eyelids as he extended his hand to Fasillo, who seized it with the utmost enthusiasm, exclaiming "As my life—to the death, commandant."

The Gitano unclasped the ornamental belt from his waist, and pressing a small polished silver stud, a portion of the leather flew open, showing a little recess, from which the Rover took a slip of parchment, covered apparently with Arabic characters and various fantastic marks. Unsheathing his dagger he cut it into two equal parts, and returning one to its former niche, held out the other to Fasillo, saying, "Take it, boy; it is perhaps the best gift I can confer on thee, for whether thou art rich or poor, powerful or desolate, wherever a member of my race exists, with that scrap of parchment shalt thou command his services, his fortune—nay, even his life—'tis thine, Fasillo."

"Oh, commandant!" sighed the young man—his heart too full to find words with which to express his gratitude to his generous patron.

"Let us drink," continued the Rover, assuming an air of vivacity; "let us drink, for I have fatigued thee with a long and tedious confession, *amico caro mio;* recollect only never again speak of this—never, never speak of my past life! *Allons,* to Juana."

"To the *mouja,* commandant."

"Alas! I fear my project of escalade is useless; the walls are too elevated, Fasillo."

"By the heavens above us, commandant, if the walls of the convent of Santa Magdalena are elevated, an arrow attached to a silk cord, and launched from an arbulete, may reach still higher, and descend even in the garden of the old cloister."

Well, *mio caro?*"

"Well, commandant, your *mouja* will receive the silk line, of which you retain the end, and informs you of it by a slight movement; you then attach a rope ladder to the line, and the *mouja* makes it fast inside the wall, as you have already done on the outside, and, by the Virgin! you may on a fine night enter the holy place, and return again as easily as I empty this glass."

"By my kangiar, young man, thou understandest marvellously well the strong and weak points of the affair; it has all been considered, Fasillo, long since, and indeed I am—"

At this moment the old chief of the negroes, the only man of the

crew not dumb, descended rapidly from above, interrupted the Gitano by rushing into the cabin, and making a hasty salaam, stood upright again before him.

"How now, Bentek!" exclaimed the Rover, "what would'st thou?—why jump in upon us like a shark pricked with the harpoon?"

But Bentek, living almost entirely with mutes, had acquired a dislike to talking, and had almost forgotten how to speak, so that the only answer his master obtained was the monosyllable "Paong—paong!" accompanied by rapid and eager gestures.

"Ah! I understand, commandant," exclaimed Fasillo, "the old cormorant means the sound of cannon."

Fasillo was not deceived, for scarcely had the words escaped his lips, than a distant cannon-shot was distinctly heard, a second and third followed, and immediately afterwards the sounds of a sharp and incessant cannonade was heard above the rushing of the still angry waters.

ADDRESS TO DEATH.

Oh Death! grim Death! why com'st thou now,
With thine hollow eyes, and thy skinless brow?
Why is thy form so gaunt and so gray,
Like a skeleton stripp'd of its dress of clay,
Thus sternly still in the solemn night,
Now plac'd before my waking sight?
Vision of hope! Vision of fear!
Death, grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away! for the sick man's breath
Is spent in imploring thy presence, Death!
He'll welcome thee as the dearest friend
That heaven in his utmost need can send.
Away—then away! nor waste time here,
Thy presence, oh Death! is pray'd for elsewhere.
Vision of hope! Vision of fear!
Death, grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away to the princely tower,
And thousands will bless thy potent power;
For the tyrant's curse is upon the land—
Seize him, grim Death, in thy bony hand.
Away—then away—and a nation's breath
Will echo thy work in shouts, grim Death!
Vision of hope! Vision of fear!
Death, grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away to the battle-plain,
Where hundreds are wounded, and none are slain!
Why—why dost thou haunt my humble bed,
When so regal a banquet is for thee spread?
Away—then away—and the rattling breath
Will hail thine approach, thou grisly Death!
Vision of hope! Vision of fear!
Death, grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away! there's an infant's breath
Just struggling to be free, grim Death!
'Tis the first-born flower—the primrose child,
And hark thee!—the mother with grief is wild.
Away—then away—for there's music, O Death!
In the mother's groans—in the young child's breath!
Vision of hope—vision of fear!
Death—grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away!—there's a scream of pain,
The maniac is gnawing his iron chain!
Hie! hie! grim Death! he will laugh in thy face,
Haste to him, Death, with thy quickest pace.
Away—then away—why laggest thou here,
When the madman's cell has such noble cheer?
Vision of hope—vision of fear!
Death—grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away!—there are palaces built
For the children of sickness—the sons of guilt!
There thou wilt find thy most sumptuous fare
The ulcer'd breath, and the murderer's stare.
Away—then away—grim Death, haste away,
There are thousands that curse thy tardy delay!
Vision of hope—vision of fear!
Death—grim Death! why com'st thou here?

Away—away—ha! I see it now
In thine hollow eyes, on thy skinless brow!
I hear it, Death, in thy stealthy tread—
My hour is come—I must join the dead!
Haste thee, O Death! break the mortal chain
That fetters me fast, both heart and brain;
Loose the 'silver cord' which has held my life
Fast bound to this world of woe and strife.
Ha! ha! grim Death! I feel thee now,
Thy bony hand is upon my brow.
Vision of hope—vision of fear,
I know, grim Death, why thou comest here. P. G.

PANDEMONIUM; OR THE TACTICS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

" ——————————— facilis descensus averni."

THERE is no feature in the history of the present age which we venture to predict will more powerfully arrest the philosophic gaze of posterity, than the rapid rise, and the extraordinary influence on human affairs, acquired by our Stock Exchange.* We challenge the annals of the world to produce a phenomenon equal to this political *novum organum.* Woe to the northern despot, whose ambitious designs receive not its approbatory fiat! A mere decision of a committee of this financial inquisition will produce more effect in regard to a loan or any other monetary transaction, than the decrees of all the sovereigns in Europe put together. Truly we may now exclaim with Burke, that the days of chivalry are past, when monarchs make the telegraphs of their dominions subservient to the base purposes of stock-jobbing, and when the fate of nations are no longer decided by the astute combinations of the diplomatist, or the daring stratagy of the soldier, but by the sordid calculations of the Jewish financier.

Oh! for the magic wand of an Asmodeus, to draw aside the curtain that veils from public observation this corporation of hell, this sink of national honour and of public† happiness—oh! for Juvenal's pen of fire to paint the moral turpitude of the wretches who gloat upon the fruits of this system of delusion and fraud. Yet vain would be the effort, powerless the voice of admonition, when opposed to the glittering temptations of that fatal demon which pollutes every grade of society—which is found on the steps of the throne, in the chancellerie of the minister of state, the tribunal of the magistrate, the academic chair of the professor, the barrack-room of the soldier, the printing-office of the journalist, the counting-house of the merchant, the glittering saloon of the duchess, and the luxuriant boudoir of the

* The influence exercised within the space of the last twenty years by this community, through their colossal monetary transactions, is indeed extraordinary, while its operations are guided by no other principle than that of gain: thus it revolutionized South America, overthrew the Constitutional systems in Italy and Spain in 1823, re-established it in Portugal in 1834, and may be said to hold at this moment in their hands the destinies of Spain.

† "Le mal," says the *Constitutionelle* of the 26th of July, in alluding to the stock-jobbing phrenzy at present prevailing in Paris; "est plus serieux qu'on ne pense. En presence de ces fortunes scandaleuses et de ces ruines soudainès qui sont un egale sujet d'epouvante pour la societé, mal n'est content de sa position. Les commis sont quittes pour se bruler la cervelle quand ils ont joué aux depens de leurs maitres et trop souvent à leur example. Les travailleurs renoncent aux travail pour chercher leur fortune dans le jeu. Les femmes abandonent lés soins du menage pour courir après les courtiers marrons. Nous savons des proprietaires qui ont vendu leurs proprietés pour en jouer le montant; et nous voyons après plus d'un siècle et de deux banqueroutes recommencer les folie du system de law. Le Café Tortoni n'a plus rien à envier à la rue Quincampoix."

courtezan ;—nay, more, in the vestry-room of the church—for Protæan like, it assumes every form, and revels with fiendish delight in the wide-spreading misery of its deluded victims.

To what genus of the human species the stock-jobber belongs, I must leave the naturalist to decide, contenting myself with observing, that in the whole range of creation, a more singular animal is not to be found. Of him it may be truly said, as of the financier of old, that—

" ——————————— sang sagesse il est sage
Il a, sans rien savoir, la science en partage"—

for without the slightest pretensions either to literature or science, with scarcely the rudiments of an ordinary education, he is in geography, a Malte Brun—in politics, a Tallyrand—in statistics, a Schnitzler—in geology, a Humboldt—in war, Jomini. Again—

" Il est aimé des grandes, il est cheri des belles,—"

for so intimately acquainted is he with the secrets of every cabinet in Europe, that he can repeat every word of Nesselrode's last despatch to the Muscovite ambassador at Constantinople, and describe to you every member of the wily Metternich's female brigade, and even what passed at the last interview between one of these diplomatic Circés and our foreign minister ; nay, more than this, he knew what nobody else did, the secret of our late premier's resignation or expulsion, and the exact nature of the financial measure the Spanish minister, Torreno, was about to submit to the Cortes ; while with a map before him, he will criticise Rodil's movements in Navarre with all the professional acumen of a Bulow or an Archduke Charles. But this is not all ; he is gifted with the supernatural power attributed by the Brazilians to some mathematical instrument in the possession of the English mining companies, which had the singular property of discovering the auriferous lode hidden in the bowels of the earth ; for at many thousand miles from the spot, he knows the geognostic character of every mine in Mexico, and with mathematical precision will predict the exact moment they will come into *bonanza.*

Such is the versatile capacity of our English stock-jobber, on whose unblushing forehead the *impudens mendax* of the poet is written in broad characters, who is vulgar in mind, sensual and dissolute in habits, slangish in language—a singular compound of the citizen and the horse-jockey—an epitome, in the prostituted *modern* acceptation of the word, of the *gentleman* and the blackguard, the bully and the black-leg—a being lost to all sense of honour, to all human sympathy ; whose sole principle of action may be illustrated by those two well-known lines of the poet—

————————" rem facias, rem
Si possis, recte ; si non—quocunque modo rem !"

The funding system is a political system of such immense power, and has been used in this country for so long a period, and to such an extent and with such prodigious success, that to deprecate its existence would be considered as the act of a madman. Still difficult as it is at all times to predict what may be the ulterior operation of

any peculiar system upon this complicated machinery of society, this is one which it requires no great effort of sagacity to discover, that, from the excess into which it has degenerated, it must excercise the most baneful influence upon public morals and happiness. Were the operations of the Stock Exchange solely confined to *bonâ fide* transactions, the evil would be comparatively a minor one; but it is the fatal practice of *time-bargaining* that has grown out of this system, which so imperatively calls for the interference of the legislature. Of all species of gaming, this is at once the worst and the most dangerous.

Several great mathematicians, such as Pascal, Fermat, Bernoulli d'Alembert, Euler, and others, devoted much time and attention to the analysis of games of chance; and the result of their scientific labours ought to deter the most determined gambler from entangling himself in that labyrinth of chances which sooner or later must overwhelm him.

Thus at rouge-et-noir d'Alembert has triumphantly proved that it is impossible for human ingenuity to combine any system for winning with certainty, or even by which the chances of the bank can be in the slightest degree diminished. But time-bargains set all mathematical analysis at defiance. The player knows not even the extent of his risk, the very basis of all calculation. And yet strange as it may appear, it is with the furor of this fatal species of play that almost every branch of society is at the present day inoculated. Compared to the time-bargain operations of the Stock Exchange, the money lost and won in all the hells of Europe put together is but mere child's play.* In the course of a few hours, millions sometimes change hands, and thousands are reduced from affluence to beggary.

When we are assured that a certain event can only happen but in a certain determinate number of ways, and that we know that the advent of each of these is of equal possibility, we may with safety assume that the probability of the event happening in one particular way is equal to so many parts of the certainty. For instance, we know perfectly well in throwing a die, that we shall surely throw either 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6; the chances are the same for all these numbers; there are then six equal chances, which together constitute the certainty; each of these

* Since July last, by the fluctuations in Spanish stock alone, upwards of twenty millions sterling have changed hands, and the war of misery and crime it produced is truly appalling. To such a height was stock-jobbing carried in Paris, that Le Café Tortoni received the name of *La Petite Bourse*. Such was the crowd before its door at one time, that there was no passing, and bargains continued to be made till past midnight. On the expulsion of the ladies from the payment of the Bourse—a measure rendered imperative by their clamours—an old countess, who had imbibed the fatal mania of stock-jobbing, took lodgings immediately opposite the Exchange—taking a position herself *au premier*—her governor was posted at the bottom of the staircase, her cook half way across the street, and her *femme de chambre* on the steps of the Exchange—by means of this *échelon* of posts the fluctuations of the market were instantaneously conveyed to her. A committee of the Parisian Stock Exchange have by a late regulation greatly narrowed the field for time-bargains, while in Germany anti-stock-jobbing associations are forming.

numbers is, therefore, one-sixth of the certainty. It is upon this simple principle that all games of chance are founded, and in fact every chance is *susceptible* of calculation.

But do time-bargains come under this category?

Is it possible we would ask, 1st, to reduce to calculation the influence of the press upon the public funds. 2ndly. Is the complicated machinery of the market itself to be grasped by mathematical analysis. 3dly. Can you measure the rascality of your broker, or calculate the operations of great capitalists like Rothschild and others, who by means of their immense capitals raise or depress the funds at their *bon plaiser*; and lastly, can the advent of political events be calculated with such nicety as to form the basis of an operation extending from one settling day to another, an interval of only fifteen days.

But supposing, for the sake of argument, that this last point were possible—that the truths of the moral and political sciences, as some mathematicians have advanced, were susceptible of the same degree of certainty as those which form the system of physical sciences, and even the branches of those which approach mathematical certainty,—even then, without the possibility of reducing to calculation the elements we have enumerated, the results would be equally disastrous; for there is in this species of gambling one peculiar feature—which is simply this, that the player never knows the extent of his risk. Thus at roulette, or any other game of chance, we are acquainted with, he only risks the sum actually staked; but in making a time-bargain, let but a panic seize the market, and he may be ruined before he has the possibility of closing his account.

Nor are these panics of unfrequent occurrence; for if there be one thing in the whole range of creation more sensitive than another, it is the heroes of the Stock Exchange. A mere rumour, the absurdity or falsehood of which imbecility itself would detect, will produce in this singular region a panic that will shake the financial world to its foundation. And yet such is the infatuation, such the prejudice of mankind, that many a man who would deem his credit blasted, his moral reputation tainted, by being seen within the walls of a hell, day after day risks his fortune and his happiness in this fatal vortex, deluding himself with the idea that while the *habitué* of the hell is pointed at by the finger of public scorn as a gambler and a black-leg, the frequenter of the stock exchange, the worst gambler of the two, is, by the besotted prejudice of the age, *decoré* with the respectable title of a *man of business.*

"*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*"

Often, as I have lingered on the Exchange, it has struck me, that were the power of speech imparted to the regal statues that tower above its crowded quadrangle, what schemes of deep-laid villany, what tales of human folly and misery, might be unfolded! How plainly, in the care-worn countenances and shabby appearance of many of its denizens, can you read the history of their lives! It was an observation of Napoleon, that "two planks covered with a carpet make a throne." With equal justice may it be said now-a-days, that

a high stool and a desk, in some dark alley in the purlieus of the Stock Exchange, make a merchant. For no other right to that appellation have the crowds of these *soi-disant* traders who are seen on the Exchange from the hours of ten till three, and who derive a precarious subsistence from stock-jobbing—many of them by this fatal pursuit have been reduced from affluence to indigence. These men may be called the Cossacks of the Stock Exchange, and let the young tactician beware of them, or before he can look round they will be upon his flanks and line of communication, for there is no species of trickery and roguery with which these fellows are not familiar. As an instance of this, a few months ago a gentleman, a large holder of shares in the South American Mining Companies, was prevailed upon to sign what in the jargon of the Stock Exchange is called a *round robin*, or in other words, an engagement to support the market *coute qui coute*. No sooner had he done this, than two of the vagabonds, parties to the transaction, privately sold to a large amount, with a view of depressing the market, and thus made him instrumental to his own ruin.

In pursuing this fatal system of play, too much discrimination and judgment cannot be exercised in the selection of a broker. There are in this class, doubtless, many men of the highest integrity, and who are sometimes let in for large sums; though from the opportunities they have of *hedging*, it is seldom to the extent they would lead you to imagine; but, on the other hand, there are among them some villains of the deepest dye. The battery of invective, too, they open on the unfortunate defaulter on these occasions is truly terrific. Compared to their abuse, the language of Billinsgate is "the sweet south, or a soft Ionian measure." Some time ago, a young friend of ours became a defaulter to a considerable amount; his brokers having failed, by all the cajoling they were masters of, to extort from him a bill, which would have been a legal acknowledgment of their fictitious claim, tried what threats would do, and, by way of climax, threatened him with a visit from the notorious Colonel Ch——ty, "Tell your friend, the Colonel," replied the young gentleman, coolly, "that if I find him within rifle-distance of my father's park, I will effectually put an end to his bullying career; and let me tell you, that one who, like me, has for months past been in the daily habit of picking off the Miguelites across the Douro, is not likely to miss his mark."

Of the numerous schemes concocted in the City for picking the pockets of the public, none have been attended with more success than mining companies. It is true that the disastrous results of the South American speculations for some time discredited these operations; but of late a revulsion has been produced in the public mind, and under the specious pretext of developing the mineral riches of our own island, Cornwall has been selected as the theatre of operations.—Thus, in the course of a few months, companies have been brought out, bearing the high-sounding title of "British Copper Mining Company"—"Albion Mining Company," and so forth. Considering the characters of the individuals by whom similar schemes have been concocted, one might logically question the existence of

these mines. But not to dilate upon this subject, we shall endeavour, by the following rough sketch, to convey to the minds of our readers some faint idea of the nefarious manner in which they are conducted:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIRECTORS.

Duncan Camelo (Chairman),—a canny Scotchman, exercising the trade of wine and spirit merchant.

Christopher O'Faquin,—a low Irish Stock-jobber.

Dr. O'Faquin,—a curious compound of the quack and the knave.

Captain Ashtree and *Dr. Camelo*,—two respectable gentlemen, who apparently have forgotten the old adage of "*Noscitur a sociis.*"

SCENE.—*A large Room in a narrow Street of the City; Directors are discovered sitting at a long table covered with papers.*

Capt. Ashtree (*rising*). Mr. Chair, the preliminary business of this board having now been disposed of, I rise to offer a few observations of the highest importance to the interests of the company over which we preside. Gentlemen, surrounded as I am by men of such distinguished talent and ability (*hear, hear!*), by men of such high honour and rigid integrity (*immense cheering*), I hail the present moment as the proudest of my life. Gentlemen, we have a public duty to perform.—The object of this association, and I say it with the proud feelings of a patriot, are to develop the mineral riches of our own soil, which, to every well-wisher of his country, will be a source of bitter regret should so long have been allowed to lie dormant, while millions of British treasure have been buried in the exhausted mines of South America. Gentlemen, unlike the concoctors of those nefarious schemes, we seek not by golden visions to delude a too confiding public. Our motto, gentlemen, is honour and honesty, our determination, to faithfully discharge the trust reposed in us (*hear, hear!*) Gentlemen, you must all be aware that the affairs of this company are in a critical state (*groans*). We are deeply involved, without having the adequate funds to meet our engagements; the shares of the company, too, from the very general opinion entertained out of doors, that it was organized by a set of stock-jobbing swindlers, for the sole purpose of getting up a rig (*marks of indignation*), are at a discount in the market, and the result is that we have at this moment 500 shares still on hand. Now, gentlemen, as we have a public duty to perform, I move that these 500 shares be immediately taken up by the members of this direction, to enable the company to meet its engagements (*violent marks of disapprobation on the part of the* O'Faquins).

Dr. O'Faquin. By the powers! gentlemen, and is the honourable member, who has just sat down, after imagining that any rasonable man will be cajoled by his balderdash? Sure! and if we have a public duty to perform, does it not consist in taking care of our own pockets? Talk of honour and honesty, indeed! make money any how is my motto. Blood-and-ouns! when by the blessing of God I became a director of this company, it was with the expectation of filling my pockets at the expense of the public; and does he think

me spalpeen enough to be after touching the dirty shares now they are at a discount? I oppose the measure any how.

Duncan Camelo (*aside*). This smooth-tongued Ashtree will ruin us all. (*Aloud*) Although on a superficial view it will appear that the motion of the honourable mover be founded on justice, and emanates from that high sense of honour that so eminently distinguishes him, nevertheless, on a more matured consideration of the matter, I feel confident that as a *man of business* he will see that there really exists no immediate necessity for the measure, particularly as, by a little dexterous management, the unappropriated shares, which I allow we ought to take up, may be saddled upon the public. The honourable mover is but new in office. With a little more experience he will entertain, I hope, juster notions of the nature of a public duty.

Christopher O'Faquin. Question, question!

[Captain Ashtree's *motion is put to the vote, and lost by an overwhelming majority.*

Enter Mr. Doubledealer, *a broker.*

Mr. Doubledealer. Gentlemen, the Stock Exchange is in a blaze. Such has been the effect of the dispatch from the mine which I yesterday concocted by your orders, that the shares of the company are actually at 3 per cent. premium, and looking up!

Omnes. Hurrah, hurrah, hillabaloo!

Chairman. Mr. Doubledealer, open immediately a Bull account for 1,000 shares on the directors' account; and, do you hear, spread a report of our having struck upon a lode 100 fathoms in extent, and worth 100*l.* per fathom.

Broker. I fly to obey. (*Exit.*)

Chairman. Yes, gentlemen, after we have *rigged* up the shares to 10 per cent. premium, I shall instruct Doubledealer to close our account, and to *Bear* us 1,000 shares; by which means, and the false reports we must industriously circulate, we shall, I have no doubt, be able to *bang* the market down to par. and net a clear 20 per cent. by the transaction.

The O'Faquins. Bravo! Mr. Chair! Bravo! Mr. Chair!

Dr. Camelo. Have I heard rightly, or do my ears deceive me? What! lend ourselves to a system of robbery, fostered by falsehood and delusion!—sacrifice the interests of those it is our duty to protect? Gentlemen, I want language to deprecate in the terms it merits such an atrocious system of swindling. I shall oppose such a measure *toto cœlo*; and I further suggest that the 500 unappropriated shares which not many minutes ago it was proposed and negatived should be taken by the directors, be now sold for the good of the concern, as with the premium they will produce a sum equal to meet all the engagements of the company. (*Groans from the* O'Faquins).

Dr. O'Faquin (*with unblushing impudence*). Sold for the good of the *consarn* indeed! Sure the learned doctor has taken leave of his seven senses. And have we not a public duty to perform? and shall we for the credit of the company allow these shares to be thrown on the market? Och and by Jasus! have we yet touched a rap of salary? And now that we have an opportunity of making a

few hundreds, is it into the pockets of the shareholders that you will be after putting the dirty premium. As I am a gentleman, I move that we take the shares to our own cheek, and let the shareholders know nothing of the matter at all at all.

Christopher O'Faquin. Question, question!

[Dr. O'Faquin's *motion is put to the vote and carried.*

Dr. Camelo. I rise to pronounce the measure which has just been carried an act of the most deliberate robbery; and from the nefarious transactions of which this direction has been the scene, I am under the necessity of resigning a situation I can no longer retain with honour. (*The curtain falls.*)

Let not my readers suppose that this is a mere fancy sketch. With but a slight transmutation of the names of the actors, it contains all the elements of an over-true tale.

The company in question was established a few months since, for the purpose of working some English mines. The shares, which were at a discount, from the equivocal character of certain members of its direction, was suddenly, by some skilful stock-jobbing manœuvre—such as fabricating false reports, and so forth—suddenly got up to 8 per cent. premium. At this time there were actually 500 unappropriated shares lying at their bankers, which of course ought to have been sold for the benefit of the concern. And, in fact, had the premium realized by these shares been properly applied, they would not only have paid off the debts of the company, but have actually paid a dividend nearly equal to the sum originally paid, and this without working the mine—an instance unparalleled in these speculations. But this premium, amounting to some thousand pounds, was pocketed by the directors!

On expressing my surprise to a gentleman, who had the misfortune to have embarked some money in this concern, that the great body of the shareholders did not take legal measures to make the directors refund their ill-gotten spoil, and further to remove them from an office they were so glaringly unworthy of filling, I received the following answer:—"You must know but little of the City, if you think that the integrity of a great moral principle will be defended at the expense of the pocket. Unfortunately for the honour of our mercantile character, the reverse is but too often the case. Not a single shareholder will move in this affair, from the conviction that it would immediately produce a panic in the market, and send down the shares to a discount; and this the directors know too, and thus they will proceed in their course of iniquity with triumphant impunity."

The apathetic indifference with which the public looks on, and allows itself to be openly robbed by a few designing villains, is to be deeply lamented; but we earnestly hope that the legislature will some day interfere to check this national demoralization before it reaches a frightful climax; for even now may be applied the reproach of the Roman satirist to his degenerate countrymen:—

> "O cives, cives! querenda pecunia primum est
> Virtus post nummos."

NAVAL REMINISCENCES.

THE LATE LORD SPENCER.—His Lordship was a great ornithologist, and his collection is described as numerous and interesting; he was also a prodigious buyer of old and scarce books; and, what is better than either, he bore the character, I believe very justly, of being a singularly benevolent and well-meaning old man. He was not often nor long in office—I suppose from his love of literary ease; for a man so generally liked, and possessed of so large possessions and influence, might have taken office, and held it, when, and for what time he liked. He was first Lord of the Admiralty for a considerable time, and, in that capacity, contrived to win golden opinions from all the humbler class of petitioners that approached him—I don't know if he was equally acceptable to the aristocrats. He was, indeed, the most popular First Lord that I remember: or, perhaps, I should rather say, the most popular of those to whose conduct I have been at the trouble of attending, for there are many that I remember of whose popularity or unpopularity I never heard anything at all, or, if I did, it has passed from my memory.

The next to him in point of estimation was, I think, LORD MELVILLE. I mean the first Lord Melville—"Old Harry," as the Edinburgh people used to call him—not the present Lord. He, when in office, was a proud, cold-blooded, pompous old gentleman, one, forsooth, who could not condescend to see any one below the rank of a captain! "Old Harry" was terribly ridiculed for a scheme which he patronized or originated, I forget which, for shutting up Cherbourg harbour by sinking old ships filled with stones at the mouth of it; but, in the main, he was a good-hearted fellow, and, politics apart, very much disposed to give fair play to all men—I mean as head of the naval service, in which capacity alone I speak of him.

ST. VINCENT was excessively disliked. He promoted nobody, if he could help it, unless those who had sailed with himself; he was severe, tyrannical, and worse. I remember his sending some forty or fifty midshipmen to the West-Indies in one frigate, where commissions awaited their arrival, and where the yellow fever was certain to carry off the half of them in a twelvemonth; he did this rather than promote the midshipmen already there, and who had got, to a certain degree, accustomed to the climate. It was reported, at that time, in the service, that it was his rule, in promoting young men (unfriended ones of course), to send them to foreign and unhealthy stations in the first instance. There might be some exaggeration in the general charge. I well know that it was current, and that Sir John Jervis was very cordially hated in consequence.

Of BARHAM, who was also a First Lord in my time, I recollect nothing whatever, for good or for evil. I have seen in some of the journals, and, I think, read in Parliamentary speeches, that he was a great man, as all men holding high office are to those they befriend

in particular, and to the base part of humanity in general; but I never happened to see the grounds of his greatness specified.

But to return to Lord Spencer.

He was, I have said, very much beloved by the service, and more especially by the humbler and non-influential members of it. Of his attention to modest and unpretending merit, a case occurred within my knowledge, which is my present purpose to tell, and I shall do so in my own round-about way.

Our carpenter in the K—— brig—his name was John W——, but we used to call him Charley, for shortness—was pressed in the "Spanish Disturbance," as it was called, in the *eighties*, and served for some nine months in the Channel, and elsewhere. He was a raw landsman when pressed, but the violation of his freedom as a native of Britain and a citizen of London, in one instance, afforded an excellent plea for its violation a second time; for no sooner did the war of 1793 break out, than he was kidnapped *as an old sailor*, and hurried off to the West Indies, with as many companions of sin and misery, as the ruffians in the pay of Government, the press-gangs on the river, could contrive to pick up by fair means and foul. The ship in which he served was one of those that were destined to co-operate in the attack on the French islands; and Charley, who was a spirited active fellow, though he was a cockney of the first water, soon found himself "quite promiscuously," as he described it, amongst the party of sailors, which formed no mean nor useless portion of the force destined for the reduction of St. Lucie. The English forces seem to have been on that occasion, as on almost every other during the early part of the war, most scandalously led, and great loss was sustained in consequence. They were, at length, successful, however, chiefly, if not wholly, from the dare-devil character of the men, before which the better instructed and disciplined Frenchmen found it impossible to stand.

At the capture of—I forget whether it was *the* fort or *a* fort, but it was a station of importance, and its reduction led to the immediate surrender of the colony—the sailors, by chance or arrangement, were mingled with the military appointed to storm the place; and, in their helter-skelter way, they were foremost to scramble over the wall, and to take possession. My old friend Charley was second over. The first man that entered—he was also a sailor—with characteristic thoughtlessness made a spring to gain the colours of the fort, which floated over the bastion, into which he had clambered, wholly unmindful of the fact that the flag-staff was guarded by a French soldier, who was pacing within half-a-dozen yards of it. In his haste the poor devil happened to lay hold of the haulyard, instead of the downhaul, and he had drawn the flag half way through the sheave-hole before he noticed his mistake. Immediately on perceiving it he fell to climbing the staff, in order to disentangle the flag, when the sentry levelled and shot him through the groin, and both he and the flag came down, by the run, together. Charley was second over, as I said, and had got within a few steps of the flag-staff, when his unfortunate precursor fell. His first object also was to get hold of the colours; and, in the attempt, he might have shared the fate of their

first captor, had not a party of military been at hand, by whom the sentry was instantly bayonetted, and the remainder of the garrison, who were advancing, driven back. Having now no competitors but two dead men, he found little difficulty in appropriating the flag, which he secured by wrapping it round his waist; and, in this way, carrying it on board the vessel he belonged to, he presented it to his captain.

Charley was praised of course; promotion was promised him if the interest of the captain could procure it; and, altogether, he thought himself a particularly lucky fellow.

Some months after, the ship returned to the river, and, on an appointed day he was ordered to accompany his commander to the Admiralty, where the latter was to report his case, and to have him placed on the list for a commission, when it should please the First Lord to give him one. The commander entered the official residence of the great man, while Charley, who looked on it with very different feelings from those with which he used to regard it, when he mingled with the crowd in Whitehall to see the King go to Parliament, stood without to hear the issue of the application in his favour. One hour, two hours, three, four, passed away, and his commander did not re-appear; and still Charley lingered about the great door. At length the porter, seeing the poor fellow waiting and wearying so long, thought good to ask his business, and, on being informed of it, acquainted him that Captain —— had left the office by the park door, half an hour after he had entered. The truth was, the captain had succeeded in an application for promotion to himself; and as for Charley's case, he had never once thought of it.

"But I'll tell you what to do," said the good-natured porter; "when you get on board again, write an account of your services to the First Lord, in your own way, and be very particular in relating every thing you have done, and depend upon it the First Lord will examine into your claims; and if he think they are deserving of promotion, you will get it."

Charley thanked the porter, and promised to follow his advice, though he had some considerable doubts of the promised issue—however, it was but trying. Accordingly, as soon as he got once more on board, he turned to, and wrote a letter to Earl Spencer, in which he set forth every thing of and concerning the capture of the flag, as well as all the particulars of his connection with the service, from the hour of his first impressment downwards.

He had now a new commander; and one of the first regulations issued by this gentleman—a species of animal very common in the navy in those days—was, that no subaltern or sailor should correspond with any government-office on pain of his displeasure. The letter, however, was, by the kindness of a mess-mate, put into the post-office, and in eight-and-forty hours an answer arrived from Lord Spencer's secretary, directing Charley to transmit his certificates to his Lordship. On the letter, with the printed heading "On his Majesty's service," and the Admiralty seal on it, being brought on board, Charley was called up, and, after a few curses preliminary, informed that if he dared to answer it he would get a couple of dozen

forthwith. He trembled not a little under this threat; but at length he took courage from despair, and, by a bribe of a shilling and a glass of saved grog, the certificates were dispatched as the narrative had been before.

One week passed, and no answer came; a second wore away, and still there was none; a third week elapsed, and poor Charley's heart sunk to his heels; a fourth, and his hopes vanished altogether. At length, one day, some six weeks after his letter had been despatched, when he was peeping out at the gangway-port, the serjeant of marines, returning with the post-bag, tipped him a wink, and in half a minute afterwards he heard the boatswain's-mate exclaim—

"Pass the word for John W—— there forward."

"My eyes," said Charley, "how I shook! I thought it was all up with me then."

"You idle, mutinous scoundrel!" the captain exclaimed, holding out the packet, "what have you to say to that? Did not I tell you, if I caught you corresponding with the government-offices again, I would give you a couple of dozen? There, you rascal, read your letter, and then strip. I'll see if I can't make you obey my orders."

Charley took the fatal billet, fumbled at the seal, and after having with some difficulty broken it, opened and read:—

"Mr. John W——, I am directed, by the Lord Commissioners, to acquaint you, that their Lordships have been pleased to appoint you Carpenter of his Majesty's sloop of war K., now lying at ——, and it is their Lordship's orders that you, with the least possible delay, repair on board the said vessel. You will receive the warrant of your appointment on application at the proper office."

"D—m his eyes!" roared out the impatient captain, "is the fellow going to stand all day turning over and over that letter—what is in it, rascal?"

"Sir," replied Charley, a smile contending with the terror which had not yet altogether forsaken his face—"Sir, I am a warrant-officer!"

And so he was, and so, I hope, he is still, for it would be a pity for so honest a fellow to die one day under fourscore at least. The good old Earl had waded through Charley's long story, had deciphered his bad hand, his worse spelling, and worst grammar; he had examined his certificates, and having satisfied himself that the humble applicant spoke the truth, and no more, he at once raised him to the summit of his ambition, by making him a warrant-officer.

THE CATASTROPHE OF TWELVE HOURS;

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"A tale of sorrow—for your eyes may weep."—*Old Play.*

All persons to whom Manchester is familiar are aware that many of its more ancient portions consist of old but picturesque-looking black and white houses, built of wood and mortar. This style of building was in vogue during the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the strange and grotesque figures placed over many of the doorways, the carved and projecting cornices, with the low and pointed windows filled with exceedingly minute glass panes, on which much ingenuity must have been exercised, combine to produce a very singular external appearance. Many of these houses are still to be found surrounding the collegiate church, and forming portions of the streets known as Long Millgate, &c. &c.; that part of the town, in fact, originally inhabited by our wealthier progenitors. Some few still remain in all their pristine singularity, as far as the outside is concerned; but there are very few indeed with the interior in a state of similar originality. If we might judge of the character of our ancestors by their style of building, we should at once pronounce that it was pre-eminently social; for, not content with making their streets little more than eight feet wide, they contrived that, as their houses increased in altitude, they should in like ratio approximate towards their opposite neighbour.

In several of the courts and lanes in the immediate vicinity of the college this odd style of house-neighbouring is very strikingly seen; and any one disposed to make the experiment may readily step from one house to its fellow on the opposite side of the street, provided he is not troubled with a particularly short pair of legs. This contiguity overhead acted as a complete screen to the light of day, and as the streets were arranged with an utter contempt of right lines, ventilation was in like manner imperfect; and when we bear in mind that entire towns were composed of streets, lanes, and courts of similar narrowness—that these were uniformly unsewered—that the floors of the houses themselves were unflagged, and generally covered with straw or damp rushes, which served as a receptacle for family filth for many days—that the rooms were low, small, and irregular—and that the habits of their indwellers were coarse and rude—we can feel no surprise that the plague and other contagious and epidemic diseases have in past times made such horrible ravages; and it is equally consolatory to reflect that the removal of so many causes obnoxious to health will, in all probability, ever prevent the recurrence of similar scenes of devastation.

In one of these courts opening into Long Millgate dwelt the family to which our present story relates. It afforded one of the

very best sites for the development of disease, and is a prototype, both in its wretchedness and the miserable character of its inmates, of too many other neglected and secluded spots that may be found in the very heart of most of our large towns. Eleven separate tenements composed the buildings in the court, occupying a length of thirty-six yards, and separated from each other by a causeway partially paved, little more than five feet in breadth, in the middle of which ran, or rather stood, a gutter, forming a receptacle for the filth and ordure of the inhabitants. The houses are lofty; but the upper stories are much dilapidated in consequence of a dispute concerning ownership; so that although somebody has always appeared to claim a pittance of rent, no one has been found to keep them in decent repair. The roofs of most of them are almost entirely destroyed, and little left but bare and blackened rafters, affording a resting-place for a colony of rooks, which have, from some strange freak of fancy, taken up their residence amidst the noise and smoke of the town. Fortunately, however, for the indwellers, the upper floor is formed of thick oaken planks, which are likely to resist the ravages of time and exposure quite as long as the outer walls may stand, and these, with a layer of soot and other *dèbris*, compose a very tolerable roof. Except during the continuance of very heavy rain, little moisture finds its way below in a direct form, but gradually percolates the mud walls, and drops into the court. If, however, little moisture finds its way in a direct form to the inmates, it reaches them, if possible, in a much more obnoxious form. Gradually oozing into the structure of the walls, these have become little else than damp earth, and, sheltered as they are from the influence of the sun, evaporation goes on very slowly. Their cold feel and miserable aspect render them, in reality, no better than graves or charnel-houses. To one, indeed, who has never been in a thoroughly damp house, words can convey no idea of the strange and death-like chillness ever pervading it. Firing, clothing, every thing is in vain to keep out the insidious vapour, while the rapid decay and fungous appearance of all around, indicate but too truly that destruction is busily, though silently, at work.

The first floor of these houses is alone habitable, and it is almost needless to say, that none but parties in the severest gripe of penury or crime would ever live in situations which have long since been deserted by "rats and mice, and such small deer"—the pests it may be, but the never-failing attendants on man, in nearly all the localities where he is to be found. The furniture is in strict keeping with the dilapidated and mouldering walls; a few broken rush-bottomed chairs—wooden stools—a rude settle—an old bedstead, with a straw mattrass—a tattered blanket or two—no sheets, and a coverlet, once, no doubt, capable of confining animal heat, but long since reduced to a skeleton of its former self—a grate built up with loose bricks, in the enormous original fire-place, with a piece of a broken iron spike, forming the entire complement of fire-irons—a few potatoes, covered with tallow, as substitutes for candlesticks—a broken pitcher—a few fragmentary articles of brown earthenware—an old frying-pan, miserably battered—the remainder of a tin kettle, with the

stump of a besom, are all the household gear and culinary utensils to be generally found in these retreats of want.

Strange as it may seem, the whole of these ruins were constantly inhabited, and at the epoch of the present narrative forty-five human beings were to be found within their precincts. They formed a sort of colony, as completely excluded from the rest of the world as if living amongst the ruins of Balbec, as the court formed a *cul-de-sac* at one extremity, and laterally was bounded by the dead walls of lofty warehousing, whilst its entrance was so uninviting that few voluntarily advanced beyond its antique gateway, save its own inhabitants. The four first houses on the right-hand side were occupied by as many wretched-looking old couples, old men and equally old women, who picked up a scanty subsistence by vending matches, blacking, or small wares, about the streets and outskirts of this metropolis of the manufacturing world; the fifth house on the same side contained no less than ten inmates, women and girls, who supported themselves ostensibly by dressing flocks. On the opposite side dwelt families, consisting of children of all ages, ragged and dirty urchins, beggars, pickpockets, and prostitutes, living with their parents or not, as the case might be. The sixth house in the row stands rather farther back than its companions, and is somewhat smaller, and looks as if it had been thrust in by main force between its neighbour and the boundary wall, for its timbers were all awry, one window-frame seemed jutting out, and its door-posts approximated oddly, so that taken altogether it presented a most miserable and ricketty appearance.

CHAPTER II.

"Fearful of a living grave."—BROWNE'S *Pastorals.*

In the middle of September, 1832, when that singular, and somewhat equivocal disease, the cholera, was at its zenith; when the minds of all classes were too much disturbed by undefined fears, to admit of the adoption of any rational measures; when selfishness had, in too many instances, swallowed up all better and kindlier feelings—a family of seven persons was occupying the sixth cottage on the right-hand side of the court described in the last chapter—Robert and Sarah Hodgson; three boys, of the various ages of seventeen, fifteen, and ten; a daughter, thirteen years old, with their grand'am, now verging on eighty, though still a hale and vigorous woman, composed its members, with a tame jackdaw, and a grimy-looking, and apparently not a very young nor amiable cat. Every thing was clean, as far as cleanliness could exist in such a hovel; but every thing bore marks of the extremest poverty. The furniture was barely equal to what has been already mentioned. A few broken and defaced specimens of Derbyshire spar and lead ore might, however, be seen on the mantel-piece, marking to the observant eye that the family had been either born in the mountainous districts of that county, or had, during some period of their lives, resided there. How the family found resting-places for the night appeared somewhat difficult of expla-

nation, unless they lay down promiscuously on a part of the floor, bearing some faint marks of a bed; but of what materials made up, was not very clear, as little could be seen except tattered coats, and two parallel blocks of wood forming its sides. There was, however, something in the general appearance of the family inconsistent with such a barbarous mode of passing the night; though, had this been the case, it would have excited very little surprise. And, on more minute inspection, a few bundles of straw, partly covered by cotton-flocks, were discovered in a back apartment, partially separated from the larger room by a screen, formed of two or three old sacks. It required, indeed, quick eyes to detect any thing very clearly in this miserable abode, gloomy as it ever was from the narrow opening between the lofty houses, and the still loftier walls behind them. A blackened fragment of a pipe, and a curious leaden tobacco-pot, were also seen occupying a corner of the huge fire-place, shewing that some one, probably the old woman, indulged in the inhalation of that article.

A few potatoes, and a piece or two of scraggy and not very fresh-looking mutton, were preparing for dinner by the grand'am, whilst Sarah herself was busily engaged in arranging various ill-assorted platters and broken pewter spoons on a ricketty table, and the bell of the collegiate church hardly tolled twelve, before all the members of the family were standing or sitting round it, partaking of the ingredients of a large brown dish, filled with stewed meat and potatoes. Apparently, the meal was a more palatable one than had been recently enjoyed by the group, judging, at least, from the assiduity and continuance of each applicant. Few words were spoken for some minutes, and little heard, beyond the clatter made by the parties eating, and the tapping of the beak of the tame jackdaw on the window-sill, and the discordant solicitations of puss for her share of the dinner. There was an expression of considerable anxiety on the several faces of old and young; for the "plague," as they ominously termed the cholera, had already carried off several victims in a neighbouring entry. The terrors of the disease amongst the lower classes were at their maximum, aided, as these were, by several unfortunate, though fortuitous circumstances, and in one or two instances by the culpable conduct of subordinate parties connected with the hospitals.

"And so Mary Jones is dead of the plague," said the old woman, after a pause—"and they say that James is bad of it, and is to be removed to the hospital."

"Nay, grannie," answered the oldest boy, "he is already taken away; for I saw the plague-van fetch Mary, and very shortly come back, and the men put him in without any covering, and drove off at full gallop with him."

"Oh! the murdering, poisoning wretches," exclaimed the mother.

"I don't know, wife, how it is that the doctors should poison them, but every body says it is so; and I would rather rot where I am, than be carried away in that cursed van."*

* So strong were the objections of the lower classes to the Cholera hospitals, that they wilfully abstained from making their cases known, and many perished

"Ay, so would I, a thousand times," said the girl; "for didn't they cut off the head of poor William's boy, that hadn't got the plague at all, but was only sent to the hospital to be out of the way after his mother's death?"

"That they did, indeed," answered the father; "for I helped to take the poor creature out of its grave, and to carry it through the street headless as it was—ay, and had we caught the villains when we broke open the pest-house, every one should have been carried out in the same condition as the poor child; but the poisoning rascals had fled, and we could only wreak our vengeance on the walls and furniture of the house, and by breaking that accursed van into atoms."*

"God save us," said the grand'am; "Jane at the next door has told me, that no sooner is any one taken in, than the doctors pour down their throats, and have them nailed up in coffins, dead or alive, and carried away while they are yet warm; and then to think if any of the poor creatures should come to life again!"

"It's almost too horrible to think of," said the mother, "and if I should have the plague let me die quietly, and not be hurried away with the dread of being murdered on my mind. Perhaps even I might be buried alive, and reviving find myself thrown into a noisome hole amongst many others in the same condition, struggling and screaming to be released. Oh! it's quite horrible to think of."

"That you never shall be whilst I have life," answered her husband; "but whoknows if it has not been the lot of hundreds! for the moment a patient ceases to struggle, after he has been dosed with laudanum, he is taken into the dead house as they call it, instantly nailed up, carried off and thrown into a wide trench amongst the putrefying remains of many others, a few planks drawn over the opening, and not covered with soil till it is nearly filled with coffins."†

"It's very dreadful, and many may have been buried alive. Perhaps poor Mary Jones has met with this shocking fate, and her five little children will be left helpless orphans, for James will never come alive out of the pest-house."

No time was allowed for farther conversation, for the bell chimed three-quarters past twelve, and all but the mother and the grand'am were at once dispersed in pursuit of their various occupations.

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whom attention might probably have saved. One evil effect of this was, that the authorities seldom heard of a case till it was so far advanced, that removal almost invariably hastened death, and thus indirectly hastened the popular opinion, that they were carried away only to be destroyed.

* An incident like this actually occurred from the ill-advised conduct of a boy in one of the hospitals, which gave rise to many horrible, though unfounded reports.

† The most extraordinary tales were afloat of people being buried alive, and of others having been carried off by their friends when pronounced dead and found to be alive; in fact, a very curious book might be made out of these unfounded stories.

CHAPTER III.

"The mother and the wife."—SHAKSPEARE.

Sarah Hodgson was the remains of a very pretty woman, and although traces of suffering were visible in her face, she was still good-looking. She appeared to be about forty years of age, and a certain something not to be described was yet sufficient to indicate that brighter scenes and happier prospects had been once familiar to her. Married early in life to the man of her choice, with the sanction and high approbation of both her then surviving parents, she had left them a happy though weeping bride, and departed from her quiet and retired mountain-home to accompany her husband into the centre of a large manufacturing town.

For some years she was an equally happy wife, a family was rapidly born to her, and the world went well with them. In the meantime her father died, and her mother doatingly attached to her as her sole surviving child, left her native home and the graves of her husband and children to live with her son-in-law. But a sad change before long came over their fair prospects; visionary speculations reduced them to poverty, while bad passions and baneful habits developed themselves in him on whom the happiness of so many was now dependent, and the mother and daughter had long trod the thorny path of adversity.

Passive courage—that most beautiful attribute of woman—had, however, borne Sarah through her difficulties, aided by a devoted attachment to her family and her mother, and by undying love for her husband, who had indeed in too many instances shewn himself utterly unworthy of it. Many of her children had been removed by death, and she had laid them in their graves with a mother's sorrow, but with no farther regret; for their home had been one of ceaseless struggling with poverty, and, in spite of all her efforts, much was exhibited before them which tended to their demoralization. Her beautiful example—her patience under all sufferings—her unceasing devotion to their comfort, had, however, produced the most beneficial effects on the character of her surviving children, and all looked up to her with a love almost amounting to idolatry. For some time back also, her husband had much reformed his habits, and a gleam of hope seemed breaking through the dark horizon which had so long surrounded her.

Her mother possessed in a great degree the same excellence of disposition, but the change had come over her too late in life to accommodate herself readily to its privations, and one of Sarah's greatest trials had been the occasional querulence of her whom she so much reverenced. She had, however, gradually almost forgotten her former wants, and both were now engaged in earnest endeavours to cultivate and strengthen the improvement in Robert's morals, rarely looking back to a former state of enjoyment which they felt could never return.

For a time after the departure of the husband and children, Sarah and her mother sat in silence on opposite sides of the almost expiring

fire. Both were occupied by a train of reflections suggested by the previous conversation, and with thoughts of the family left by Mary Jones. Some degree of friendship had existed between the families, and to a certain extent gratitude was owing to Jones, who by accident had been instrumental in procuring work for her husband. It is rare, indeed, that benefits can be conferred in these situations, and Sarah had felt the obligation deeply. Suddenly rising, she spoke to her mother, and hurriedly putting on her cloak, seemed preparing to leave the house.

"Mother, mother," she said, "I must go and see Mary's poor orphans, and strive to do something for them."

At first it did not appear that her mother heard her, or if she did, she heard imperfectly; for time, which had passed lightly over her in some respects, had rendered her somewhat deaf, added to which her daughter spoke in a low and agitated voice, and it was not before she had addressed her again that she fully comprehended her intention. When she did, however, she appeared utterly confounded, and catching hold of her cloak, intreated her to remain.

"Oh! Sarah, you must not go. Remember, Mary caught the plague by visiting a neighbour, and the town will take care of the children. My dear daughter, you will not be so rash—what must become of us if any thing should happen to you?—we should all be ruined—think how you have toiled to keep me from the workhouse—a home I fear worse than death; but if you go, such must be the refuge for the miserable remant of my days. Think of little Sarah—you cannot go, my dear child!" and bursting into tears, she clung to her daughter, and in a voice choked with sobs, continued her intreaties. All were, however, in vain—governed by one of those impulses peculiar to woman, Sarah gently disengaged herself from her mother's grasp, and hastened away upon her perilous errand.

CHAPTER IV.

"A matter, deep and dangerous,
And full of peril."—*Henry IV.*

In a few minutes Sarah was approaching the house lately the abode of the deceased Mary Jones. It stood close to, and its walls were partly washed by, the foul and inky-looking stream of the Irk, which in this neighbourhood is almost built over by numerous dye-works, soap-houses, and vitriol manufactories, the noisome stench exhaling from which is enough to poison a whole district. It was slightly detached from a mass of other cottages, chiefly inhabited by individuals working at these various nuisances, upon a miniature peninsula projecting into the river. As she neared it, a confused sound of crying, wailing, and sobbing struck her ear, and opening the door a scene presented itself, horrible and appalling enough to have checked all but a mother's advance. A deadly faintness and sickness, indeed, came over her, as she stood within the room, and some minutes

elapsed before she could rise from the chair upon which she had nearly fallen. On the side opposite the door stood the bed, on which the mother of the family had died a few hours ago, and from which hardly an hour had elapsed since the father had been removed. The children, when all had become quiet, had crept out of the house, but had been harshly driven back by threats and blows by the more immediate neighbours. Thus cooped up alone, they had dismantled the bed of its coverings, with which the floor was literally covered, soiled and foul as they were from the effects of the disease under which their parents had laboured.

The oldest boy, a child of eight, was sitting sobbing on a low stool, profusely covered with blood, which had flowed from a deep cut on his head. The little fellow had been endeavouring to clamber up by the aid of two chairs to a high shelf, on which a loaf was seen, but had fallen in his attempt, and, independent of the cut, seemed very severely bruised. His right arm was supported on his knees, and was powerless, and on examination was found dislocated at the shoulder. The two younger children were rolling about the floor, alternately playing and fighting; and the youngest child, scarcely two years old, was lying beneath the bed, from which it had fallen, wailing in a voice almost exhausted by long continued screaming, and calling out at intervals, "Mam, mam, mam!" in a most touching and pitiable tone. The whole four were hungry, and the misfortune of the boy had been caused by the importunate cries for food of his younger companions.

The weeping Sarah proceeded to soothe the children, gave them food, lighted a fire, and after the youngest had satisfied its hunger, hushed it to sleep, and then set about arranging the room. She collected all the soiled linen, removed it into a back place, and immersed it in water. She tidied the house, washed the younger boys from the foul stains of the plague; but to their repeated questions, when would their mother come home, she could only answer by tears. Her efforts to relieve the injured boy only added to his sufferings, and before long he placed his head on a chair and fell asleep, exhausted by pain and weeping. A considerable length of time was of course occupied by these humane attentions, and before preparing to leave them, she got the children undressed, put them to bed, and sat beside them till sleep overpowered their young and harassed minds; she then extinguished the fire, placed the loaf and a bowl of milk within reach, and prepared to leave the house in haste, in order to make immediate application to the town authorities on the subject of the hapless children.

Nothing but the engrossing feelings of a mother could possibly have carried Sarah through the task she had voluntarily imposed on herself, disgusting as in some respects it had been, and joined with the terror of the "plague," in whose very path she had thus thrown herself.

CHAPTER V.

"Nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure."
All's Well that Ends Well.

The sun of early autumn was already declining, and the windows of the mass of houses crowning the summit of the eminence rising from the eastern bank of the Irk shone in his light like molten gold; whilst daylight, in the lower portions of the town, with its courts and lanes, was becoming gradually fainter, when Sarah issued forth from that house of misery and utter destitution. Sick, faint, and in slight pain, the cool air of evening felt infinitely grateful as she hurried away towards her own home, her mind filled with anxiety for the wretched orphans she had just left. Passing rapidly through several courts which separated her from the main street, a few minutes only elapsed before she entered its gloomy and gothic archway, and the visible darkness now spread over the court filled her with strange feelings of awe, and she panted some time ere she ventured to lift the latch.

The different inmates of the court were gathering together for the night, and various sounds were issuing from the separate tenements, but in hers all was silent. Even these were shortly hushed, and nothing heard save the cawing of the rooks now assembled on the roofless buildings, answered by the tame bird, which, perched on a piece of broken wood projecting from the second floor, was stretching his body, flapping his clipped wings, and vainly endeavouring to poise himself in the air.

As she stood in the chill atmosphere, dreading, though hardly knowing why, to enter her home, a startling conviction of the rashness and danger of the step she had taken burst upon her, and to her disturbed fancy already the plague seemed to have seized upon her family. Hastily opening the door, she was in a moment in the midst of her household, for the hour which released them from labour had been some time past. They were sitting in the deepest silence round the flickering blaze of a wood fire, which occasionally threw out a brighter flame as it was fed by the oldest son from a heap of chips that lay before him, and which he had procured from some building where he had been working. The husband had been informed by his mother-in-law, with constrained composure, of her errand, and all were sitting in the gloom of that miserable apartment, filled with fear and the darkest forebodings. All immediately rose on her entrance, and crowded round her, eagerly inquiring how she was, and in what state she had found the family of poor Mary. Her tale was soon told, and she urgently pressed her husband to go immediately to complete the good work she had begun, by soliciting the town authorities to remove the children to the workhouse. He complied reluctantly, not that he was insensible to the miserable state in which they were placed, nor from want of disposition to aid them as far as lay in his power, but he shrank from the idea of appealing to the Board of Health, from a vague fear that they would order them to the hospital. After much intreaty from his wife,

and not indeed before she hadexpressed her determination immediately to go herself, he put on his hat, and proceeded on his way to the Town-hall.

His statement was immediately attended to, and proper officers dispatched for the purpose of carrying the orphans to the hospital as a temporary abode, until it was ascertained whether the disease which had proved fatal to both parents (as he was here told that Robert Jones was dead) might not be lurking in the systems of their offspring.

In vain he appealed against this order—his remonstrances were listened to indeed, but he was coldly ordered away, and he left in a storm of anger and invective, impotently thrown out against those who had probably taken the most wise and humane course. He would have hurried, and removed them to his own house, but the terror of the plague was too potent even for his naturally strong mind to face it, and the limited room, and worse accommodations, would have rendered such a proceeding almost futile. It was hardly an hour since he had unwillingly left his own home, and to which he was now approaching with his worst fears confirmed, and in a frame of mind little consonant to the scene which was awaiting him.

The sounds of her husband's footsteps had scarcely ceased to be heard, when Sarah complained that she was ill—as yet, however, quite unconscious of the deadly nature of her ailment. She attributed it to the grief and fatigue she had undergone, and requested her mother and children to get their evening meal, whilst she lay down on her pallet, hoping that an hour's rest would in some degree recruit and restore her. Sadly, however, was she mistaken, and before long it was too obvious that she had not braved the plague with impunity. The change produced in her countenance during so few hours was very striking: she had left home in the enjoyment of health, and borne every trace of it upon cheek and person—she had returned, after a brief absence, pallid, drooping, and despondent, after the burst of excitement produced by seeing the family was past. She became rapidly worse, and fear and sorrow were at the height when Robert returned. He entered hastily, and in a loud and angry tone was proceeding to detail the occurrences of his visit to the Town-hall. The sight that was now before him rendered him instantly silent, and the anxious and terrified glance that met him from every eye, betokened plainly that the plague was amongst them. His wife was stretched on the bed, ghastly pale, and with features strangely sunk and contracted. The noise made by his entry roused her, and she anxiously enquired if he had been successful in his application? His faltering answer in the affirmative seemed to give her infinite pleasure, as she turned over as if relieved from a great burden, and he forbore to inform her where the children were to be removed, or rather had not the power, so overwhelmed was he at the sight that almost bewildered him.

CHAPTER VI.

"No dawn of hope broke through their dismal night,
No thought of help."—REECH'S *Lucretius*.

There are, perhaps, no periods in the course of human life in which so many harrowing and exquisitely painful feelings are crowded into the same short space of time, as when, unexpectedly and unwarned, we find ourselves on the brink of losing one who has been long dear to us. Vivid impressions of happiness long enjoyed, desolate anticipations of the future, are wildly mingled with the more immediate sorrow, and an unendurable weight of terrible agony is felt, far too deep for the source of tears.

The group now bending over her who, as a daughter, wife, and mother, was so beloved, presented a striking picture of the utter abandonment of sorrow. The Grecian painter might have shewn his sensibility by hiding the faces *of all*—for painting or language would alike vainly strive to portray their expression. The unusual sound of lamentation so extreme, quickly brought in several of the neighbours; but, no sooner were they aware of the nature of the disease, than they immediately retired, and "the plague! the plague!" was hastily shouted through the court. The approach of no mortal enemy could have so quickly emptied the houses of their inmates, in haste and terror—the place was abandoned, and the miserable family left to their own resources.

Meanwhile the "plague" was making rapid progress on poor Sarah—totally unchecked by the feeble means within the reach of her humble home. These were, however, diligently and earnestly employed—friction with hot flannel, mint-tea, and bags of hot sand were incessantly applied for her relief. The fatal prejudice existing in their minds prevented all recourse to means which might possibly have been more available. Hitherto her sufferings did not appear to have been of a very painful character, and her mental faculties had remained uninjured. Maternal feelings, gratified by having succeeded in snatching the poor orphans from a state of such utter misery, were mingled with bitter remorse for the lamentable consequences to herself. The evils of her removal were stretched wide before her, and as she turned from side to side, gazing wistfully at those around her, heavy sobs told how deep a regret and sorrow were preying upon her heart, not for her own sake indeed, but for the sake of those whose unwearied efforts to assist her, she felt to be quite hopeless.

The "plague" was rapidly mastering its victim, though a vitality which had withstood so many rude shocks of fortune, clung tenaciously to its possessor. Violent spasms, accompanied by throes of agony, came on, and the leaden hue and deathlike coldness of her extremities defied all the means used to restore their proper warmth. In a voice strangely thin and wiry, she earnestly begged her husband to cherish her mother and children—no word of reproach had she ever uttered of her "young hopes blighted," to him—even in his worst and most unkind moments—and now, as he bent

over, in an agony of tears, he vowed to do all she could wish. Gratefully blessing him, she became more composed; and, during a momentary respite from suffering, she slept. Her repose was, however, short; and the recurrence of still more severe spasms too plainly shewed that death was approaching with hasty strides. The groans of the father—the screams of the girl—the lamentations of the sons—and the wailing cry of the mother, sounded through the solitary court, and amongst the tenantless and mouldering buildings, as if some unholy sacrifice were proceeding.

Midnight was at hand, and her struggling and suffering became less intense. A more placid and composed expression of countenance gradually took place of the distorted and writhen features which had recently glared upon her miserable family; and now—"tears such as tender mothers shed," fell upon her children, as embracing them one by one she kissed and blessed them; and her mother, her fond and doating mother, was long locked in the arms of her dying child.

The concentration of sorrow was at its height, and all became silent, disturbed only by a sob or groan from one or other of the group. The angel of death was hovering over his victim, and the deep awe with which his approach is ever beheld had silenced even the grandmother, whose wailing had been most pitiable as she hung over her child, vainly imploring aid, when, alas! none could be found. The dimly lighted apartment, with its bare and blackened walls—its gigantic mantelpiece overshadowing the fire, harmonized sadly with the scene of death. A thin and solitary candle, placed on a stool near the head of the dying woman, served only to picture forth her sunken features and the convulsive heavings of her chest, whilst its dim light threw in strong relief the group around her.

The struggle was over—the "plague" was triumphant—and the shudder which marked the departure of life opened anew the floodgates of sorrow which the instant anticipation of death had partially closed. Noon had seen her in high health—midnight, which was now tolling, found her a blackened mass of inanimate matter. She who, but a short time previously, would have sympathised with the lightest grief of any one individual of her family, now was stretched before them passionless and stirless—and the Catastrophe of Twelve Hours was complete!

ANCIENT LANGUAGE OF ENGLAND:
Wickliff's Bible.

On some previous occasions we have expressed our sense of the importance of a knowledge of our original tongue, both for the right understanding of our early literature and history, and enjoyment of purity and nobleness of diction among our contemporaries. We had, however, almost began to despair of seeing any general attention paid to the Anglo-Saxon, or to the mixed dialect which was gradually formed in this country after the Norman Conquest. It seemed as if none but a few professed antiquarians could be brought to pay the homage of patriotic retrospection to the language of our forefathers. We have witnessed the establishment, and we have for years seen the continuance of a college in London (one of the laudably professed objects of which was to prevent the denationalization of the people), having professorships of the language and of the literature of every country, except that of England, as if her speech, the most variously derived, the most frequently subjected to change, and the most enriched from its use by thousands of powerful and inventive minds, were unworthy of separate and serious study.

The second university in the kingdom (*proh pudor!*) possesses not even a lectureship which comprises the slightest portion of instruction respecting the vernacular tongue, though its libraries are said to contain many old inedited works of great value and curiosity, by the publication of which a moderate proficient in old English might make for himself a respectable reputation. One of the most distinguished of our Saxon scholars, Mr. Kemble, the editor of "Beowulf," lately gave lectures at Cambridge to intelligent, admiring, and gratefully instructed auditors, on the value, interest, and beauty of the remains included in north-derived speech. He has engendered in many minds a conviction that there ought to be regular tuition in this particular—that it is a disgrace to the university to be wanting therein. But nothing has yet arisen in consequence of this rational belief; no opulent and munificent worshipper of the reverence-worthy relics of elder times has yet either consecrated a temple for their preservation, or endowed a hierophant whose pleasure and duty would consist in initiating the young and ardent in the Borealian mysteries; but the Mammon science of Political Economy, the offspring of calculation and cupidity, has found a wealthy patron, and a well paid expositor, within the very walls where neither Bede, Alfred, nor Cædmon receive the honour of due comment and praise. There the writings of Adam Smith and of his cashwise followers, are made text-books of—as if the wealth of a nation was wholly pecuniary—as if worth were synonymous with value, and nothing deserved attention which kept alive in the minds of the people of this day the characters, events, and ideas of ancestral ages. But we will not think that these disgraceful deficiencies will remain for ever a matter of just reproach to us, though we are hardly warranted in anticipating any improvement.

Hope dawns upon us from a new source—we are led to expect that the lore which ought to descend upon us from collegiate turrets, will take a welcome possession of the minds of many persons whose knowledge of English literature reaches back to the age of Queen Elizabeth, but does not extend to an earlier period. There are thousands who have often perused the plays of Shakspeare, who know no prior native compositions. The History of King Lear and his three Daughters is one of the works that is most studied by this very numerous class, who welcome any illustration of its meaning, or corroboration of its essential truth, and often complain of the meagreness of the information which commentators have attached in their notes upon it, and shrewdly suspect also, "that there may be in existence cotemporary details, that will, if ever discovered and published, throw light upon the dramatised history." Now it happens, that an English gentleman, already distinguished as a Saxon scholar, Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, has discovered a manuscript nearly nine hundred years old, which is a history in Anglo-Saxon rhyme of the worthy, ill-treated monarch and his cruel daughters. Mr. Thorpe has printed* some very curious extracts from this manuscript, and he promises to edit the whole of it; with an eye probably only to the gratification of a few veteran archæologians. We hope that so admirable an opportunity of creating interest in precious and recondite literature, by grafting it upon that which is both excellent and well-known, will not be lost; the gulph between the scholar and the mere reader of modern English may be lessened without any loss of dignity to the higher character, and with delight and advantage to him whose actual range of philological information is not extensive. We are apprehensive that, under the groundless fear of not being able to excite an extensive interest in the aforesaid history of King Lear, Mr. Thorpe may send it forth unaccompanied by those explanations which will be essential to the comprehension of it on the part of those who have not already received a good initiation into the language in which it is composed, and we, therefore, exhort him to popularize it as far as possible. We do not call upon him to make any sacrifice to popularity—that is a very different thing. But there are many who do not appear to recognize the reality and validity of the distinction between a vile *ad captandum* literature without depth, or elevation, instantly comprehensible—but not worth understanding—and a literature of which profound thoughts, noble principles, and high imaginings are the characteristics, and the comprehension of which is rendered easy to ordinary attention and capacity from the copiousness and the familiarness of the accompanying illustrations. They differ as the demagogue does from the philanthropist—the one of whom pleads *to* the people, but never *for* them; the man of sincere and comprehensive benevolence will plead *for* them, will instruct them, implant in their minds the most important truths, eradicate, if possible, the errors which may have taken root in their minds, and, as far as he can do so, banish from their thoughts all unhallowed purposes.—He

* In a graduated Saxon reading book, entitled "Analecta Saxonica," of which we shall ere long give a regular notice in our reviewing department.

may thus obtain an honourable popularity. His title to esteem is not invalidated because another may falsely pretend to a degree of humanity which he does not possess, and may mislead, inflame, and pander to the worst feelings of people belonging to the same class. The spirit of this contrast applies equally to matters of mere literature and intellectual instruction towards the mass of readers. We would intreat those heads of the University of Oxford who have the control of the Clarendon press, to attend to this earnestly enforced, and we trust valid, distinction. They deserve far more abundant thanks than they have received, for reprinting many works of great worth, which are little known, except among the inmates of their own learned halls. The edition of Isaac Barrow was worthy of the mind displayed in his masterly compositions; it remains a noble typographical monument to a great genius; it does ample honour to its object, and to the designers. More, however, might have been done than has been done, to encourage and facilitate the timid and admiring student, who knows or fears that he cannot master the whole of the vast body of thought before him; and who finds no indication, either rationally or alphabetically arranged, of the places where those topics are treated of, to which he feels most disposed to pay attention. This deficiency might be removed; and we hope it will be, by a separate copious index. Of English prose literature, during the 13th century, nothing of extent, value, or important, exists in print. The illustrious John Wickliff undertook and executed translations into the cotemporary language of the common people of England all the books of the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, and the New Testament. Manuscript copies of these versions exist entire in some of our public libraries. Wickliff's New Testament has been printed; but no individual or body of men has yet printed the early reformer's versions of the Hebrew Histories, Laws, Precepts, and Prophecies. The University of Oxford have most laudibly undertaken to publish this great mass of precious mattter: they will entitle themselves to the gratitude of all who have any right feeling towards the memory of a conscientious and intrepid opposer of eccleslastical tyranny, and a praiseworthy desire to rescue from unmerited and threatening oblivion the venerable remains of our ancient speech. We would suggest to the heads of Oxford the practicability and the desirableness of bringing out this work (at least one edition of it) in such a shape as may render it accessible to those who have within them the spirit of religious patriotism, but who may want the ample purse, which alone renders possible the purchase of fine-papered and broad-margined volumes; a few such may gratify the taste of those who are opulent; and let not the supply of their demand be wanting. We only deprecate an exclusive regard to the wealthier book-buyers, and a contemptuous slighting of the more numerous class of intellectual readers. We would further suggest, as a valid substitute for the very copious and frequently repeated glossarial notes which may appear to be necessary in illustration of Wickliff, a copious, verbal index (after the manner of the one which Mr. Todd has attached to his edition of the Poetical Works of Milton); this, by referring the student to every book, chapter, and verse in which each characteristic

and important word is used, demonstrates the acceptation and shade of meaning peculiar to the term; and, by deriving the sense of an author's expression from the testimony of his own context, invests the interpretation with a stamp of certainty far more satisfactory, at least in the majority of cases, than can belong to glossarial notes. In fact, the difference between the two modes is this: in the one case, the meaning of the author is fixed by the annotator; and in the other, he is suffered to be his own interpreter.

THE YOUNG POET'S FIRST LOVE.

* * * * * *

For weeks, from morn till sun had set,
I walked with restless pace,
From street to street, nor ever met
A single cheering face,
Save one—a portrait beautiful!
A maiden's features mild,
Placed in a dusty window dull,
Where sunshine never smiled.

And there I stood for hours, and gazed
Until my brain became
With bright delirious fancies raised,
And burned with hidden flame;
Until I thought each feature rife
With animation high,
And that the very soul of life
Was waking in the eye.

I wished to be alone, alone
With that beloved face,
Where other look might ne'er be thrown
To dim its lovely grace;
But still some careless passer by
Would come with stride of might,
And hide the glory of her eye
A moment from my sight.

That picture was my earliest love,
My most delightful dream,
The raiser of my thoughts above,
To fond poetic theme:
The dusty window was forgot,
The darkness all around;
And boyish fervour made the spot
A lover's holy ground.

That portrait lies before me now,
Still beautiful and meek;
But sorrow's lines upon my brow
Of different image speak;
The world for me is cold and void,
Ambition's cup is full;
O for that blessed dream beside
The dusty window dull!

W. M.

THE TALISMAN;

AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

A FEW leagues from the celebrated city of Barcelona is a small village, called Puebla Carmona. It stands at the base of a lofty and singularly shaped mountain, the Sierra de Montserrat. The inhabitants are chiefly the proprietors of the adjoining vineyards, and their labourers; hence, the houses and cottages are neater, and present to an English eye an appearance of comfort not very usual out of the large towns in Spain. During my wanderings in Catalonia a few years since, I took up my abode in this village, with the intention of making it my head-quarters for a time, and effecting some excursions in the neighbourhood, particularly to the ornamental caverns known as Las Hermitas (the Hermitages), which I understood to be situate at a very considerable elevation, and inhabited by some poor monks. I found but one public-house in Carmona, and it is dignified by the title of Fonda Catalana (the Catalan Inn). The *fonda* can at all events boast of cleanliness, and I did not look for any luxury beyond that rare one in a Spanish hotel. Nevertheless, there were more *agrémens* in it than I was at first prepared to expect. I usually sallied forth early in the morning, and passed the day in the Sierra. On my return in the afternoon from my mountain ramble, a well-cooked *olla podrida* awaited me, which I washed down with a bottle of a delicious red wine they called *guarnacha*. The evening did not afterwards pass heavily. The daughter of the innkeeper and vineyard proprietor, for he is both, Marguerita by name—a lively, olive-complexioned beauty, with a pair of sparkling intelligent black eyes, *ojos habladores*, as I called them—would, after attending upon me at my meals, bring her guitar, and accompanying her voice with considerable skill, sing to me some of her national *canciones*, those romantic ballads of the times of the Moors, which are so little known out of Spain, although they contain much beautiful poetry and music. One of these was my especial favourite, and alway received an encore. The number of couplets amounted to more than twenty. It was a Moorish love tale, the adventures of the valiant Gazul and the beautiful Lindarabel. With this and other songs, the time passed quickly enough. I found altogether so much amusement, and I regained my health and spirits so rapidly, that I was induced to extend my stay at Carmona, and at length I determined to make a longer excursion up the mountain than I had hitherto accomplished. I resolved to endeavour to reach the summit of Montserrat, and enjoy from thence the splendour of sunrise, which I had often heard described in flowing colours. Marguerita, however, used the most earnest persuasions to induce me to abandon the project. Although she allowed that my health had wonderfully improved, yet she insisted that I was not yet equal to the fatigue that I

must undergo. But she more particularly dwelt upon the circumstance of the Sierra being the rendezvous of a formidable banditti, whose detachments were then robbing on the roads towards France. It was impossible, she averred, that I could avoid falling in with some of the band, when I should certainly be plundered, and perhaps viewed and treated as a spy. I was, however, in an obstinate humour, and would not be scared from my purpose. Having made every arrangement for a pedestrian journey, I put into one pocket a few dollars, and into the other my small bright double-barrelled pistol, which although in reality a very inefficacious weapon, I have known to cause the greatest alarm to even a well-armed Spaniard. They rarely use the pistol, but have an idea that it is the Englishman's national weapon, and unerring in his hand. At this moment I remember me of an instance of this. I was passing on foot through a street in a town in Andalusia, when a savage-looking Spaniard rushed unexpectedly from a house, and nearly overthrew me. Instead of apology, he uttered some rude exclamation, and I looked at him, as I felt, indignant enough, adding a Spanish word of insult which I need not here record. My antagonist's eyes flashed fire. "I have something to punish you insolent foreigners," said he, drawing from his side-pocket the formidable knife, which, athough prohibited by law, every man carries in Spain.

"But I have an article worth more than that," I replied as coolly as I could; and I produced at the instant my small pistol, which, however, was unloaded, and by mere accident in my pocket. I cocked and presented it at him. The moment he saw the shining barrels, which glittered in the rays of the noon-day sun, he drew back and lowered his knife.

"You are right," said he, with amazing composure. "That pistol is of more value than my *navaja*. I ask your pardon."

I had not altogether lost my temper from the first, so that I was enabled to accept, with a good grace, his *amende*, and to add the *vaya usted con Dios* (God be with you), as I put up my weapon and passed on.

But to return to my Catalonian adventure. Prepared as I before stated, I set out on my trip. As I quitted the door of the inn, I found Marguerita at my side.

"You English are strange creatures," said she. "Had I spoken to a man of any other nation, half as much as I have done to you, to induce him to give up such a ramble, the scheme would have been abandoned at once. I ought to be offended. Nevertheless, I am interested about you. Take this."

She placed in my hand a lock of hair, of the same raven hue as her own. It was bound together by a narrow ribbon, striped with a variety of brilliant colours.

"If you encounter robbers, as I fear you will do," continued she, "make no resistance; but, in a resolute manner, demand to be at once conducted to their chief—to Alonzo, and exhibit this token; it will protect you."

I smiled at her earnestness, but expressed my grateful thanks, and pressing the talisman gallantly to my lips, I deposited it in my vest,

as I bade her adieu. I, however, considered that my pistol, which I had carefully loaded, would avail me more in any position of danger; but this I did not believe I was likely to fall into.

I proceeded cheerily up the mountain, having ascertained that all the footpaths, in the direction pointed out, led to the hermitages, in one of which I intended to pass the early part of the n ght, and then start betimes, so as to reach the summit at a proper hour in the morning. It was late in the afternoon that I had toiled through a thickly-covered brush-wood track, which conducted me to a small open space. A path led across this to another wood. I followed it, and was advancing to a large cork tree, standing at the entrance of the cover, when I perceived, protruding from behind it, the barrel of a gun levelled at me, and, on looking attentively around, several others were distinct to view. I could now have no doubt as to the profession of the party into whose hands I was about to fall, and I felt at once how little avail, in this instance, my pocket-pistol could prove. In a moment, some one on the other side of the tree spoke.

"Stand fast on the spot where you now are!—Stir not an inch! Lay down on your face instantly, or you are a dead man!"

Enforced as these commands were by the array of armed men, who emerged from their hiding-places, there was no remedy, and I obeyed. I was soon surrounded by a numerous band. One man approached close to me, and ordered me to rise, which I did quickly enough, feeling much humiliated at the grovelling posture I had been obliged to take. The robber, who I now met face to face, was an uncommonly handsome young man, dressed in the singular but rather unbecoming costume of the Catalan peasantry. He evidently had the command; for, at his signal, the guns which were all directed at me in a threatening manner, were removed.

"Who are you, my friend?" demanded he.

"I am an Englishman," I replied, "bound to Las Hermitas, to pass the night."

"*Valgame Dios!*" (God save me!) rejoined the bandit, with an "*Un Lordo Ingles!*" (an English lord!) "then you have some valuable watches, and plenty of money. Hand them to me!"

I earnestly assured him that I was but a rambling English military officer, without even *one* watch, and with only a very few dollars in my possession.

"So much the worse for you," said he. "If you have no money, or cannot obtain any from Barcelona as a ransom, there is but one way of proceeding, which is to shoot you through the head. Heretic as I am sure you are, we will give you a few minutes to prepare yourself, and then you shall sup with the angels, or otherwise, as the case may be."

I did not at all admire the half-jest, half-earnest, tone in which these words were uttered, and I heartily wished I had taken the advice of my little brunette of the inn at Carmona, of whose token I now bethought myself. Producing the curiously bound up lock of hair, which I thrust forward towards the capitano, and assuming as much as I possibly could an appearance of confidence I must confess I did not really feel, "Conduct me to your chief," said I. "If *you*

be not he, I demand to be escorted at once to Don Alonzo. I have a communication of some consequence to make to him."

He regarded me for an instant with an expression of amazement, and then looked at the token, which he had snatched from my hand.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed he, "is it so? Has she given you the safeguard? Why should she interest herself for such as *you*? No matter—I have sworn."

These words, muttered in various tones, somewhat reassured me. In a minute he motioned to the band; they immediately withdrew into the wood, except one man, to whom a signal had been made, and who loitered at a short distance from us.

"You are safe," said the chief to me. "I know not who you are, or why Marguerita should have given you this passport; but I have vowed to respect it, and I feel well assured that she would not compromise us by putting it into unwise hands, or allow a babbler to become possessed of our secret. You are at liberty to proceed, but as you may encounter others of my party, and thus be delayed, I will send one of my people with you as a guide. He will quit you to-night at Las Hermitas, but meet you again in the morning, and conduct you in safety to the vineyards at the lower part of the mountain, from whence you must return alone to Puebla Carmona."

"You say you are an Englishman," continued the robber, after a short pause; "I therefore know your word is of more value than a Frenchman's oath. Promise not only the strictest secrecy as to what has now occurred, but also that if you ever meet me again under other circumstances, you will not give the smallest sign of recognition."

I did not hesitate a moment in making these promises. Exchanging the Spanish adieus of "*Vaya usted en hora buena*" (Good luck attend you), and "*Queda usted con Dios*" (God be with you), I parted from Alonzo. Accompanied by the man who had remained in sight, and who received his directions in a few brief commands whispered by the chief, I pursued my way to the Hermitages. These I found to be twelve small grottoes of crystalline spars, ornamented with hanging crests in the form of icicles, the entrances to the caves decorated with a variety of evergreens and odoriferous plants. A single hermit dwells in each. I entered one of them, was received with cordiality by a venerable old man, and partook of his supper, consisting of wild fruit, boiled millet, and delicious spring water. My host also accommodated me with a bed, formed of fragrant dried leaves, upon a heap of which was spread a coarse rug. I obtained a few hours' sound sleep, and took leave of the hermit, placing upon the couch a dollar, which although he observed, he did not object to. Not far from the cave I fell in with my robber-guide. I signified to him my desire to move upwards before we returned towards Carmona. He nodded assent, and marched on before me. From one of the peaks of the mountain, although not from its highest point, I enjoyed a splendid view of the sunrise, and then was conducted down to the vineyards by my attendant, who took a very circuitous route,

evidently avoiding all the usual paths. I endeavoured several times to enter into conversation with him, but in vain; he always repulsed me, growling some few words in the Catalan dialect, which I could not understand, and he firmly declined to receive the two dollars I offered him when we parted.

I proceeded direct to my *fonda*, refreshed myself with a bath, and sat down to my meal with no false appetite, attended, of course, by Marguerita, who evinced much impatience to be made acquainted with the particulars of my journey, and why I had returned so soon. I recounted to her my adventure, expressing my sincere and grateful thanks for her valuable talisman, without which I considered it not improbable but that I should have lost my life. Marguerita, however, vehemently assured me that Alonzo must have been entirely in jest on that point; but she admitted I might have been stripped and maltreated.

"You will not, I am sure, betray me," continued she. "I need scarcely tell you that Alonzo is my lover—that I am his affianced bride. He is a *Valenciano*. Had he been of the violent and jealous disposition of the Catalans, I dared not have aided you; but he knows my truth, and justly confides in me. He is about to give up his present dangerous profession, in which he has been fortunate enough to amass some doubloons. We are to go to Valencia, where he has many relations, and we shall set up an inn there. If, in your travels, you visit that city, you may possibly encounter us; but I feel secure in your discretion and honour. You will not forget your promise. Remember, you must meet my husband as an entire stranger."

I remained a few more days in Puebla Carmona, and then returned to Barcelona. I did not part from Marguerita without repeating my acknowledgments for her invaluable protection, and expressing my sincere wishes for her future happiness and welfare. I also forced upon her acceptance a small diamond ring, which, on my first arrival, had several times attracted her notice. It was but a poor return for the very important service she had rendered me.

J. W.

LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

THE OWL AND THE LAMP.—THE DOGS AND THE BONE-GRUBBER.

Some critics wait with prudent care,
Coward assassins that they are,
Until their hapless victim dies
Before against his fame they rise;
For living authors have a sting
Which they may use in answering.
A tale which suits such persons well,
My good old grandam used to tell:
By chance an owl (I've heard her say)
Entered a convent-hall one day—
I lie—one day it could not be;
No doubt, full many a degree
Had sunk the flaming charioteer
Below the western hemisphere.
Be that, however, false or true,
As through the passages she flew,
A lamp or lantern, I forget
Which 'twas, the bird of wisdom met;
And turning suddenly about,
To this effect she hooted out:—
"Lamp! with what ecstasies divine
Would I suck up that oil of thine,
Did not thy flame so fiercely rise,
And with its radiance blind my eyes.
But though I cannot dare just now
T' attack a light well-trimmed as thou,
If I some future day return,
When thou art out and cannot burn,
Boldly thy harmless wick I'll pull,
And have a sumptuous belly-full."

Now, though the critics, whom I lash,
Resent my liberty, they gnash
Their literary teeth in vain,
Have at their worships once again!
Here is a tale, with touches rife,
Which draw their portrait to the life.
A dealer, then, in bones and rags,
Was grubbing up, to fill his bags,
A dunghill, or some other place,
When two of Cerberus's race
Barked at him, as they always do
When fellows of his stamp they view.
"Leave the poor wretch," exclaimed their sire,
"He is too worthless for your ire;
The mastiff dead he skins, but flees
Whene'er a living one he sees."

THE MOUSE AND THE CAT.

THAT Æsop had a brilliant brain;
How rich his moralizing strain!
What life-drawn incidents we note—
What happy wit, in all he wrote!
Perhaps 'twill be no mispent time
To put a tale of his in rhyme.
"Yes," said a sapient mouse, one day,
"Whate'er philosophers may say,
Fidelity must be confess'd
To be of all the virtues best,
And 'tis because his faith I know,
I love the honest spaniel so."
"Ay," cried a cat, "most true—most true,
And I possess that virtue too."
"You do, indeed? if that's the case,
(Slinking within his hiding-place,
And then with caution peeping out,
And turning up in scorn his snout),
My admiration passes by,
It is a worthless quality."
The attributes which many deem
The very best of virtues, seem
To sink to vices, when they grow
Within the bosom of a foe.

"And now, Sir Reader, may I ask,
If I have well performed my task?
How does the fable meet your views?
Does it instruct you, and amuse."
"It does indeed, throughout I find
The marks of Esop's mighty mind."
"Indeed! I am glad you do not slight it,
The more, as Esop did not write it;
Within my humble head it grew."
"The fable, then, is your's?"—"'Tis true,
And since as his, it seemed so fine,
Please now to cut it up, as mine."

THE OWL, AND OTHER BIRDS.

AMID the woodlands, sad and still,
Soft warbled music ceased to thrill;
The nightingale, the minstrel pride
Of sylvan solitudes, had died,
And left no one the birds among
Heir to her sorrows and her song.
That such, however, was the case,
Seemed not to all the feathered race;
For, when the sun had reached the west,
Instead of seeking each his nest,
Ambitious of a songster's fame,
A host of plumy rivals came,
And perched upon a willow-tree,
Scene of the late bird's melody:
Sparrows, and tom-tits, not a few—
Nay, I believe, a crow or two—

The very wrens did not despair
Of gaining some distinction there.
Such noisy persevering stavers,
Such shakes, and cadences, and quavers,
Had never in the woods resounded
Since first the universe was founded.
On went they, chirping, whistling, cawing,
When an authoritative pshawing
On the discordant conclave broke
Proceeding from a hollow oak,
And an old owl, who sat within it,
Begged their attention for a minute.
"Trust me," he said, "your noisy strain
Loud as it is, is all in vain.
The linnet and the lark are known
Each for a music of his own;
But, can your vanity suppose
That such as you are, wrens and crows!
Can make your voiceless throats avail
To warble like the nightingale,
Merely because by night you sing,
And try to mock his quavering?
Twit, chirp, and whistle as you will
His tuneful voice is wanting still.
Then stop these songs of yours, I pray,
Or if you must sing, sing by day;
But do not with this visitation
Disturb my hour of meditation."
The birds abashed, agreed to cease,
Went home, and left the owl in peace.
Oh! that as readily as those
Our literary wrens and crows
Would to the censor's strictures yield,
And leave the lyre they cannot wield!
Lo, when a mighty poet dies,
What crowds of poetasters rise,
Who think to claim his mantle, while
They copy servilely his style!
Is there no friendly Mentor near
This truth to whisper in their ear,
"Unless the muse inspires your strain
You twit and whistle all in vain?"

THE LION, THE EAGLE, AND THE BAT.

The lion and the eagle met
In solemn conference, to set
Some matters right which crossed th' intents
Of their respective governments.
Against the bat the eagle laid
A long and heavy charge, and said,—
"Why should this nondescript create
Misunderstandings in the state?
Oft 'midst my subjects he has come
And claimed, as if by right, a home.
A thousand arguments he brings,
And, above all, he shews his wings,
But when he chooses thus he'll speak,—
'Mine is a snout, and not a beak;

And if you dare for any cause
To make me subject to your laws,
Then be the peril on your head,
For, look you, I'm a quadruped.'
When, 'mongst my vassals, he'll complain
Of the excesses of your reign;
And when with you he lives, he showers
All sorts of calumnies on ours."
"'Tis well," the lion said, "I swear
He never more shall breathe the air
Of my dominions."—"Nor of mine,
I vow by all my royal line."
Since then, an exiled outcast grown,
We see the bat by night alone,
For neither quadruped nor bird
Will now with srch a comrade herd.

Ye literary bats, who strive,
Deceiving all with all to live,
To wear the hide and feather too,
This fable I inscribe to you.

THE ASS AND HIS MASTER.

"The blockhead public values still
At the same worth both good and ill;
My pen the taste depraved obeys,
And writes its worst secure of praise."
A playright, of the lowest station,
Poured forth one day this declamation,
Excusing, under such pretence,
His own defects and want of sense;
But a shrewd poet who was nigh,
Approached, and made him this reply:—
"A man, I know not what his class,
Or rich, or poor, possessed an ass;
He made him bear, he made him draw,
But gave him nought to eat but straw,
And, as he gave it, always cried,
'Eat, since with this you're satisfied.'—
The patient beast bore all awhile—
At length, his master roused his bile;
So oft the self-same thing declaring,
'Twas e'en beyond an ass's bearing:
So as he took his straw one day,
He thus with boldness said his say:—
"I eat, because I wish to live,
Whatever you may choose to give;
But why th' unjust conclusion draw
That therefore I prefer your straw?
Give me some corn to nibble at,
And see if I don't relish that."

Beware, ye authors, how ye blame
The public taste, to veil your shame:
You give her straw, perforce she chews it,
Try her with corn—she'll not refuse it. R. A.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

PATRIOTISM *v.* PENSION-HUNTERS.—A correspondent in a morning paper, emulous of Æsop, puts forth the following fable, not, however, disguising it in zoological clothing.—"The Duke of Wellington recently said, with references to many applications—'I have one answer to all: these are not times to consider what can be done for friends, but what can be done for the country.'"

Important, if true; but chiefly important to prowlers after pensions, or the Nimrods of place. In this confession, were it authentic, how much of the old system of Tory plunder is openly confessed. "These are not times to think of friends!"—an avowal leading to the foregone conclusion, that there *were* times when friends only wese thought of! It is now time to consider "what can be done for the country." *Now* time! the thing was never thought of before! "God bless my soul! we have hitherto quite overlooked that minor consideration, the country. The country! what was the use of the country, if it were not to be made to pay taxes at pleasure, and be quiet on compulsion." But now, it seems, something must be done for it. We are, however, in spite of these wolfish indications of amiability, rather mistaken if the country will consent to be "done for" by the Duke of Wellington.

THE MIRROR OF MAGISTRATES.—Somebody suggested as a reason why there was no longer, as of old, a Lord Mayor's fool, that the chief magistrate was himself perfectly competent to undertake the duties of that elevated office; and that accordingly, it had for many years become merged and amalgamated with the official routine of the mayoralty.

We have no overweening admiration of magistrates, although we feel duly solicitous for their intellectual improvement. In accordance with these sentiments, we presume to

"———————— Hold them up an ass,
Where they may see the inmost part of them."

The Lord Mayor has declined to call a Common Hall in compliance with the desire of a respectable requisition.

The Duke of Wellington may well cry, "Defend me from my friends," when he beholds his creatures attempting, by such means as these, to stifle the expression of public feeling;—or is this municipal functionary to be considered a *demy*-official organ of the new Tory Cabinet;—and are we to take his promises upon his recent election, of calling a Common Hall whenever the citizens of London required him to do so, as a sample of the sincerity with which the promises and indirect professions of his master, the Duke are likely to be fulfilled.

We call upon the citizens of London to mark their sense of the antics of this paper-headed person, in a marked and not to be misunderstood manner. How he can look the statue of Beckford in the

face after this display, we are at a loss to conceive; but certain we are, that all the foolscap in his warehouse would not suffice to furnish forth (ears included) a covering for that vacant globe—called, by courtesey, his head—commensurate with his deserts as a donkey.

We are prepared for a bushel of Tory impertinence from a chief magistrate of that persuasion; but we, assuredly, hardly expected to receive it by the "Winchester measure."

THE "OPERA" OF THE CABINET.—We find the following in the "Quarterly Review," just published:—

"There were two parties in the Cabinet: one, the majority, we fear, thought that they could not meet Parliament without announcing some strong measures of what they called church *reform;* or, to speak more truly and plainly, church *spoliation.*"

We really cannot by any means understand, or lend a sympathetic ear to, the various tunes which the organs of the Tory Cabinet are simultaneously grinding for us.

We are told upon "unquestionable authority," in some of the newspapers, that the Duke of Wellington intends to proceed with Church Reform; and yet the Quarterly Review, the most powerful instrument of the whole, repeats the old air of "things as they are,"—"the diapason closing in lluf"—church and corruption for ever.

Now, we may be permitted to enquire whether these jarring, if not discordant melodies,—emanating, as they do, from the same party, or rather faction, do not warrant the people of England in not only withholding their confidence from the Tory administration in embryo, but also in denouncing and openly protesting against their return to power.

But we are to wait and see what the Tories mean to do for us. We are to wait to see whether a twice-convicted pickpocket with fingers outstretched, does not mean to present us with an handkerchief, instead of abstracting one from us; we are to pause till a confirmed hectic transforms itself into the bloom of health,and eschew tonics in the meanwhile; we are to invite the wolf at the door, even though he do not come disguised in sheep's clothing, to take a seat in our open Cabinet,—and defer till the next morning, when we are awake —if we should ever chance to do so—the enquiry as to whether he be really a wolf or no?

No—no—old birds are not to be caught with chaff, particularly with chaff of this description. Neither can we hope to catch an old bird like the Duke, by sprinkling, after he has hopped into office, salt upon his tail. *We must give him pepper!*

REFORM IN A LARGE MEASURE.—Cambridge is minus a wonder this month—we don't mean that Gloucester is not as near as ever, but certainly Buckingham appears to have approximated marvellously. Eye-kill Law, Esq. of the first-mentioned place has been gathered to his fathers at the somewhat premature age of forty-four. We fear the poor gentleman has martyrized himself to a too rigid sense of duty; for during the last seven years of his sublunary existence he

duty; for during the last seven years of his sublunary existence he was accustomed to slacken the fires of his inward man with no less than *fourteen quarts of water daily!* He should assuredly be canonized by the lovers of intemperance; for if this be abstemiousness, we think it is a case of most absorbing interest to all concerned. Eyekill was appropriately interred at *Full*bourne; but would he not have immeasurably enhanced his reputation had he sacrificed himself at the lordly conflagration at Westminster—he would have "dropped like gentle *dew* from heaven" on the igneous embers of St. Stephens.

Base Imitators.—Our American brethren, who contrived to keep pace with our temperance antics in an inverse ratio, have lately become enamoured of self-denial to such a degree, as to dispense with wine in the sacrament of communion. When the gentry, whose meddling empiricism has succeeded in unhinging the machinery of every-day life, have so long exhibited themselves independent of common sense, it is time for those who are not so heroically constituted to cease to wonder at these marvels. We would venture, however, to suggest to all who are ambitious of the reputation of prodigies, that fêtes in the starvation way would be quite unique just now. Let any man ensconce himself for fourteen days on the top of the Monument, regaling his epigastric with the *sight* of civic demolitions of edibles, and we promise him a six months' immortality from the next general attenuation bill he submits to the collective wisdom.

A Friendly Lift.—An Irish journal, altogether emancipated from obligation to Locke or Murray, announces, with no little gratulation, the amount of the O'Connell rent for the present year. With an enviable happiness of diction sufficiently *pointed* to be almost epigrammatic, it exultingly declares that the county, beatified with its lucubrations, "contributed nearly one-twelfth of the *gross* collection!" What a delicate inuendo is conveyed to the genius of Derrynane by the word in italics! though the "hereditary bondsman" who wrote it modestly neglected to underscore it—Gross collection! This is, indeed, killing with kindness, after the true Irish fashion. We apprehend that the idol of the finest peasantry will strenuously pray for a deliverance from his *friends*.

An admirer of a certain naval writer finishes an elaborate encomium by designating his author "a prose Crabbe." This is nautical panegyric we presume.—It sounds oddly. In the ordinary acceptation of the words, "a prose crab," conveys nothing particularly lively—this fishing for pet phrases is amusing.

Distance between Friends.—If there be any class of personages this side of the Tweed who successfully emulate the caw-me caw-thee doctrines of Auld Reekie, it is that of the clergy and the magistrates. As the exception proves the rule, we find at the last Middlesex sessons, a gentleman paid for keeping the peace deliver himself thus to a publican, who sought a renewal of his license:—"The clergymen who signed the recommendation are men more fond of

THEATRICALS.

Among the numerous parts in which Mr. Vandenhoff has appeared since our last, there is none, perhaps, in which he has been more successful than in that of *Cato*. It has been said that he throws too much severity into his style, and is too vehement in his manner for the calm and philosophic *Cato*. Let us sketch a faint outline of the character of *Cato* as handed down by history.

Marcus Cato was the great-grandson of the famous censor. From early youth he was remarkable for the austerity of his manners, and the great object of his care was the safety of the republic, and the welfare of his fellow-citizens; one whose *religion* (in the words of the poet Lucan) whose *creed* it was

> " ——— patriæ, impendere vitam;
> Nec sibi, sed toti se genitum credere mundo!"

The stoic, however, was not exempt from the failings of our nature. He is represented not to have inherited the temperate habits of his ancestor the great Censor. *Seneca* has undertaken his cause; " for," says he, " it were more easy to look upon drunkenness as a virtue than to believe *Cato* guilty of a vice!" We question if this argument would have had much weight with the Temperance Society. There is another trait in *Cato's* life which proves his philosophy. *Cato's* second wife, *Marcia,* was a woman of remarkable personal charms; which Hortensius (the philosopher's friend) was not slow in admiring. *Cato,* perceiving the passion of his friend, with a disinterestedness which has few parallels in this degenerate age, *lent* her to *Hortensius*—mind we say *lent* her; for on the death of *Hortenesius, Cato* received his chaste spouse again to his bosom. Rare examples of the perfection of domestic felicity! But *Cato's* virtue was ever in extremes. Of however light and elastic a quality his *morals* may appear to have been, all historians are agreed as to the austerity of his *manners.* Plutarch adds, that he was not sudden in choler; but *being once enraged, implacable!* How then can it be objected to Mr. Vandenhoff's answer to the embassy from Cæsar, that he is too vehement in the expression of his feelings? Look at the author's own words. Does he not make his hero most violent in his expressions against *Cæsar?* Does he not make him exclaim to *Decius*—

> " Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
> With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
> *That strike my soul with horror* but to name them!"

Should this, *could* this be spoken with the calmness of a speculating philosopher? Impossible. On the other features of Mr. Vandenhoff's performance we have only to join in the encomiums unanimously bestowed. To conclude, we have paid this tribute to Mr. Vandenhoff because we think it due to a performer who in all his personations seems to make character especially his study, and who to the genius of the actor adds the elegant resources of the scholar.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL MAGAZINE. J. COCHRANE AND CO.

This work is put forth by a committee entirely composed of Members of Parliament, the chairman of which is Mr. Cayley, the member for the North-riding of Yorkshire. We have not had time to examine its merits: but any plan having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the industrious population of England, ought to have the best wishes and cordial support of society.

JACOB FAITHFUL, BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER SIMPLE," "KING'S OWN," &c.—SAUNDERS AND OTLEY. WILL WATCH, BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH," &c. &c.—COCRRANE AND CO.

IN a nation like that of Great Britain, to whose safety and welfare the empire of the sea is so indispensable, it requires no great show of reason to point out the cause of that popularity which necessarily attaches itself to every topic connected with the ocean.

The works, at the head of our page, are the last novels of two of the most popular naval authors of the day. The extraordinary circumstances which lately coupled together in public the names of these writers, naturally induce a comparison of their productions.

The page of the novelist—the companion of our lighter hours—has often judiciously conveyed historical information and moral precept in the mingled yarn of fictitious narration. Thus, frequently what was taken up only to amuse, has been found also to instruct. On the other hand, the author who, through the instrumentality of able writing, or humorous description, should familiarise grossness or indecency, deserves censure on his baseness, in proportion to the talent he displays in its advancement. From this latter charge, the author of Jacob Faithful, the first on our page, is not exempt. No one will deny to him the praise he justly merits, for the vividness of his descriptive powers, and the humour of his imagination; but this is poor recompence for the contempt of every well-disposed mind, which must scorn and condemn all, who by their writings, insiduously tend to gloss vice, and promulgate indecency. The low and revolting oath, together with the old and filthy story, the hackneyed yet indecent song—changed but in words, unchanged in sentiment—these, though they make the foolish laugh, yet cannot but make the judicious grieve. For the indignant blush of every modest female, who turns away from the inadvertent perusal of the ribbald page, what compensation can be found in the smile of the heartless—the applause of the polluted? With talents such as Captain Marryat possesses, a more honourable distinction might surely be sought. Grossness, however characteristic, is not to be excused where the subject of the author is one of his own selection. Gladly, indeed, would we otherwise recommend the perusal of Captain Marryat's works. In the narrative of Jacob Faithful, its author enters on no metaphysical disquisition. It is a mere sequence of common place events, given in broad comic humour—no display of the knowledge of the more hidden workings of the human heart (if we except the underneath extract,) but a caricature of low and vulgar life, interwoven with dialogues, scenes, and yarns, that

have no counterbalance to the indelicacy of their parts, but the vein of drollery in which they are told. To elevate the mind, to enlarge the understanding, to improve the heart, "*to leave no line that dying he would wish to blot*"—all the nobler and higher attributes of an author, as far even as they are to be attained in lighter works like these, if not beyond his capability, are not at least within his aim. The praise of a humourist is all that he desires. That the author is capable of deep-thinking, is proved by the following extract, a beautiful though single instance throughout his work :—

"How dangerous, how foolish, how presumptuous, is it in adults to suppose that they can read the thoughts and feelings of those of a tender age! How often has this presumption on their part been the ruin of a young mind, which, if truly estimated and duly fostered, would have blossomed and produced good fruit! The blush of honest indignation is as dark as the blush of guilt, and the paleness of concentrated courage as marked as that of fear; the firmness of conscious innocence is but too often mistaken as the effrontery of hardened vice; and the tear springing from a source of injury, the tongue tied from the oppression of a wounded heart, the trembling and agitation of the little frame convulsed with emotion—have often and often been ascribed, by prejudging and self-opiniated witnesses, to the very opposite passions to those which have produced them. Youth should never be judged harshly; and even when judged correctly should it be in an evil course, may always be reclaimed;—those who decide otherwise, and leave it to drift about the world, have to answer for the cast-away."

In nobleness of sentiment—in propriety of feeling, and morality of conduct, the author of "Will Watch," as exhibited in his work, is immeasurably above his rival. In humour he is but little inferior—it is true we have not the laughable episodes of the others yarns; but the interest of the story, and excitement of the incidents more than amply compensate. As a fair specimen of the work, we insert the following extract:—

Destruction of a Slave-Ship.—To windward in the East, the deep blue of the sky had begun to be broken by the faintest tinge of light, while before its pale silvery line of grey—the herald of the day's approach—the stars seemed counselling the night to withdraw, and, like true sycophants of royalty, to shew their queen by their example the path to retreat. In the middle of this dim gleam I beheld a dark pyramidal mass uprearing itself. It was the seventy-four in chase of the slaver on board which Will Watch and I were captured. With the most beautiful effect which it is possible to conceive, a sudden gleam of flame bursting from its base, seemed to spread itself over the whole space of sea and sky; the plunging of a shot about half a mile to windward, and the heavy sullen sound succeeding, announced that our pursuer had commenced firing. Looking on the instant towards the quarter-deck, to see how this summons would be received by Mackay, the captain of the slaver, I saw him standing by the wheel with upturned eyes, momentarily expecting to see some of his spars go overboard, or it might have been ransacking that receptacle and engenderer of guilty thoughts—the brain, for some new resource against approaching fate. If thus employed, it was in vain. His ship had been beaten on her best point of sailing. For a quarter of an hour after the first gun, no further notice was taken of us than by her continuing to bear gradually down. At the end of this time, one—two—three—successive flashes again lit up the scene around us with uncommon grandeur and beauty. Nor was that all—the flash was succeeded by a sudden tear—and crack went some of the canvas aloft, rending into strips—I looked up: a ball had passed through the leach of the weather-fore-topmast-studding sail, and the wind

following up the mischief which the shot had began, in two seconds reduced the sail to rags The captain regarded the spectacle with a mingled look of fury and despair, which would beggar all description. He uttered no sound, but stooping down, as I thought to hide his countenance, he patted the head of his spaniel, which was sitting at his feet; while I heard him say to the helmsman in a husky voice—'Take that poor creature below, and tie her up out of the way of them devil's messengers,' meaning the shots; after which little trait of kindness he took the steerage into his own hand, and cried out in a sullen voice—'All hands shorten sail! Aft there, Roberts, and hoist the red ensign.' The studding-sails were now by his orders successively taken in, and the top-gallant-sails clued up, when the ship's canvas being sufficiently reduced, he rounded her to the wind, and hove the main-top-sail aback. After this he called his mate aft, and gave some orders, which the latter executed by placing several of the crew in different stations. I, in the meanwhile, had been lying *perdu*, as it were, 'among the pots,' wondering not a little that he had never asked for one whose existence so strongly threatened his own. The seventy-four, for such, as Will had pronounced her, she now appeared to be, came rapidly up with us; nor since her last summons had she fired another shot. Before day had well broken, she too had shortened sail, and hove to at the distance of six hundred yards upon our quarter. Having us now pretty safe, she lowered down one of her barges, and manning it, sent a lieutenant and a midshipman to board us. How wildly my heart beat at this sight! my breath seemed to be impeded by my excess of joy at this approaching deliverance. Scarcely did I permit the lieutenant to ascend from the boat and gain a footing on the quarter-deck, where the captain was waiting to receive him, than I rushed forward, threw myself between them, and claimed the officer's protection. At the sight of me, Mackay, who before seemed cowed beneath the weight of his own guilt, now became transported with the most deadly rage. Stepping aside, and swinging round his head an iron bar,—a monkey-tail which he had hitherto kept behind his back, I suppose for the demolition of the lieutenant,—he struck directly at me. Shrinking myself, however, into as small a space as possible, I darted on one side to escape the blow, which thus fell upon one of Mackay's own 'gang;' and so effectually was the poor fellow's skull cleft, that he dropped instantaneously dead upon the deck. Incensed at this outrage, the lieutenant's sword was in a moment drawn, and pointed at the captain's throat. 'Sway away the main-yard," roared Mackay to his crew, who, it seems, had been ready primed for this occasion, and now surrounded the king's officer so closely, that it was impossible for him to get at the chief object of his vengeance.

The captain flew to the gangway, where one of his men was opposing the entrance of the barge's bowman, and thrusting at the seaman with all his strength, the blow hurled the poor fellow back into his boat; he at the same time knocking down two of the boat's crew, who were springing up to their officer's assistance. Under these three were thus buried the boat-hooks that had held the barge fast alongside, while the captain's order for swinging the main yard having been instantly obeyed, the ship had, in a few seconds, gathered sufficient sway to drop them ten or twenty yards astern, while all their pulling availed them not to regain their former position. No sooner, however, did Will Watch, who was on the weather gangway, hear the scuffle to leeward, than he sprang to our assistance; but not until the barge alongside had been detached by the attack of Mackay. The last-named personage, looking round for me, encountered Will face to face. Between these two a desperate struggle now began. Size was in favour of the captain rather, but youth, strength, and activity, were

possessed by Will Watch in a greater degree. The crew fancying, however, that the latter had met more than his his match, seemed to direct all their animosity against the lieutenant; who, most gallantly combating with his sword the disproportioned host assailing him on all sides with every species of weapon, was being slowly borne by his foes to the taff-rail, though every backward step he took was followed by a stream of blood. One fellow only, it seems, thought of me, as I lay alone, half-stunned, among the guns, where I had been thrown in the scuffle. Seeing this wretch approach—a drawn clasp-knife in his hand—I suppose with the kindly purpose of dispatching me, I sprang upon one knee, and as the villain stooped down, drew Will's pistol from my breast, and presenting at his—fired. Not until I felt myself borne down by his falling body, and weltering in his blood, did I know what I had done. Then it was, I suppose, the dash of the Black Douglas first showed itself in my disposition. Jumping on my feet, I seized the first object that presented itself as a weapon of offence, and looked round to see who should be my next assailant. To my horror, I was just in time to behold the unfortunate lieutenant hurled overboard from our weather quarter, when the villains who had perpetrated this outrage, made a rush in a body towards me. My days are over, thought I, as with all the fortitude I could summon I awaited my approaching fate. To my utter surprise, I beheld them, one and all, with terror in their countenances, dart down the companion-ladder to the deck below. Thus left to myself, I endeavoured to discover the cause to which I owed my safety, and beheld the seventy-four, her enormous spread of canvas distended by the powerful breeze, tearing across the waves towards us, like some infuriated giant of the deep, now within so short a distance on our quarter as to form, without any exaggeration, a sight at once terrific and sublime. The object of fear from which the slaver's men had fled was sufficiently obvious. Swarming on her forecastle, her bowsprit and fore-shrouds, appeared her grim-visaged crew, their naked cutlasses in their hands, ready to pour upon our devoted decks.—'Will Watch!' I shouted, in the utmost despair, believing that he must be lying wounded, or perhaps even dead, near me, and that I alone was on deck. No one answered me, and I, scarcely knowing what I did, or what to do, sprang over to windward, where the first object that struck my eyes was Will locked in a death-struggle with Mackay. The expression of either countenances was horrible to behold! Their eyes seemed starting from their heads—Will's as if with the fell intensity of his rage, Mackay's from the agony of his despair! The activity and strength of Watch had, as I expected, told well in the encounter with his bulkier opponent; who, with his back bent round upon the steerage-wheel, his feet entangled with its ropes, his head jammed in between its spokes, and his face rapidly growing purple from the suffocating grasp which Will maintained upon his throat, seemed like the Bengal tiger in the strangling embrace of the more slight but deadly boa!—'Port your helm! Port—hard a port!" shouted a hundred voices from the approaching seventy-four—their hoarse accents of command, mingling with the roar of waters, the crashing of spars, and an infinity of other sounds. —'Watch! Watch!' I exclaimed, franticly clasping my hands, ignorant of what to do, and unable to withdraw my gaze from the horrid struggle going on before me. Will replied not a word, but scowled upon his foe with eyes that only seemed to regret they had not the power, as fully as the wish, to slay. Without loosening his deadly hold, he looked around for some speedier mode of destruction; then, catching a sight of the approaching line-of-battle ship, something with the speed of lightning appeared to flash across his mind, as with one hand he rapidly untied a silk handkerchief from his waist. At this moment a sudden crash seemed to shiver the vessel into a thousand atoms, and the shock threw me with a violent blow upon the deck. I looked up—the figure-head of the seventy-

four was directly over me, her cutwater was grinding us into the yeast of waves beneath. 'Watch—Will Watch! for mercy's sake'—but, before I could utter another word, some one lifted me in his arms, and, springing on the sinking bulwark of our prison-ship, caught hold of one of the man-of-war's ropes hanging from above, and by this means seated himself upon the protruding muzzle of one of her guns. Frightfully insecure as was such a station, I did indeed feel thankful for attaining even that, and looking round to see who had thus rescued me, found, to my inexpressible joy, that I was again indebted to my old friend Will. Panting from the deadly contest in which he had been so lately engaged, he was only able to point to the scene on the deck of our late tyrants below. I shudder even to recall it. Writhing upon the steerage-wheel, to which his neck was bound by Will's silk handkerchief, and struggling in vain to get free—his blackened and distorted face the image of despair and guilt, and his hand uplifted in appeal to those whom he had taught any lesson but that of mercy—I beheld Mackay whirled heard downwards by a sudden movement of his ship's rudder, which left no part of him visible, save his feet, struggling in the air. In the next instant the seventy-four, like some vindictive and relentless monster of the deep, seemed to ride over the crushed decks of the slaver with her stern; and while her crew were starting from their hiding-places, with ghastly looks of horror, she disappeared swiftly from our view beneath. A mass of wreck amid the foaming surge—a slight perceptible grating of the keel for a second or two over the sinking and dissevered hull, was all that seemed to evidence the fact to our senses; and the line-of-battle ship sprang on, upon the blue bosom of each succeeding wave, as uninterruptedly as if, within a few brief seconds, she had not dispatched so many human beings to their irrevocable doom!—What that was to be, it was indeed awful to consider!"

We must not, however, omit to mention the several touches of real pathos which the author introduces throughout his work, and in which style we think he excels. The conclusion, too, of the orphan's remarks, on reading the manuscript of the fortunes of his family, immediately after his parent's death, is beautiful,—"The world was before me, and busy life teeming around me, but I—I was alone,—" and will be responded to by every heart of any feeling that shall peruse the work.

In comparing this work with "Jacob Faithful," we must remark, that, the author, though evidently a younger man, has drawn his knowledge of human nature from a deeper and a purer source.

From his perception of the workings of the heart, he represents the actions of the man, whilst it is only from the exhibition of outward acts that his competitor informs you of their inward inclination. In conclusion, we should say, that the author of "Will Watch," has decidedly powers of a much higher description than those exhibited by the author of "Jacob Faithful," and have no doubt, with experience and attention, he will increase the reputation his former works have justly gained him, and which this last is well calculated not only to support, but considerably to advance.

With these remarks we now dismiss, as a mere literary production, the above novel. In corroboration of our criticisms, we need only refer the impartial reader to a respective perusal. To Captain Marryat, however, it might not be improper to add a word at parting. Before he again industriously thrusts upon the public an invidious claim to *superior writing*, we would recommend him first to consider what may be the result of an impartial comparison.

As an appendix to "Will Watch" are the details of a correspondence which led to the recent collision of these two authors. We cannot but regret that these unseemly fracas should take place between gentlemen occupying a station in the literary world; but there are emergencies when the last resource of the insulted must be put in operation.—The letters of the parties speak for themselves.

CATARACT; A FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF ITS NATURE, SYMPTOMS, AND ORDINARY MODES OF TREATMENT. BY JOHN STEVENSON, ESQ., OCULIST TO HIS MAJESTY, &c. LONDON, 1834.

Cataract, a disease which consists in an opacity of the crystalline lens, middle humour, or apple of the eye, comes home to every one's feelings; since it is liable, as the author elegantly remarks, "to assail without discrimination, the rich and the poor—the indolent and the laborious—the old —the young—the middle-aged, and even the infant at birth."

It has hitherto been regarded as incapable of relief "until it has attained its last, worst, and most inveterate stage," and, during its more or less tardy progress, never fails to consign its unhappy victim to the complicated miseries attendant on blindness.

The object of the present little work—which is freed from technicalities, so as to become peculiarly interesting to the community at large,—is to enable the afflicted to recognize its existence,—to portray, in plain and intelligible language, the operations usually resorted to for its removal,—namely, those of *couching* and *extraction*—but, above all, to describe a mode of cure calculated to secure all the advantages which the ordinary processes seek to obtain, while it obviates the difficulties and dangers inseparable from those in common use.

The plan proposed—the efficacy and superiority of which the author has established, upon the firm basis of ample experience,—instead of being, like its predecessors, restricted to certain forms, and the advanced state of cataract, can be rendered available to every variety, and at the earliest invasion of the disease—is productive of little or no pain, or inflammation, and therefore, rarely requires bandages, local applications, or even confinement; and, what is of still greater importance, it accomplishes the restoration of sight in the highest attainable perfection, without occasioning any subsequent mark, or visible derangement in the structure or appearance of the affected organ.

Such is a brief sketch of the contents of this small, but truly classical and valuable publication, which affords satisfactory proofs that cataract, —for centuries esteemed one of the most formidable and terrific among the numerous complaints of the eye,—is at length stripped of its terrors, and placed under complete control by the simplified and eminently successful treatment, devised and matured by the genius and industry of Mr. Stevenson.

THE POPULAR ENCYCLOPÆDIA; BEING A GENERAL DICTIONARY OF ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY. Reprinted from the American Edition of the "Conversations Lexicon," with Corrections and Additions, so as to render it suitable to this Country, and bring it down to the present time. WITH DISSERTATIONS ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF LITERATURE, BY SIR D. K. SANDFORD, L.L.D., OXON: AND ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE, BY THOMAS THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.S., L. AND E., &c. &c. PARTS I. AND II., COMPLETING VOL. I.

The appearance of the second part of this volume enables us to take a more integral view of the work, and to obtain a more definite opinion of its merits, with respect to those peculiarities which form its characteristics. The facts that of the original "Conversations Lexicon" more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold in Germany alone, and that it has been translated into the Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Italian, and French languages, form a sufficient guarantee for the value and interest of the work.

But the Americans have produced also an English version, enriched by contributions on matters of native interest, from the pens of their own writers; and to us is left the graceful task of receiving from the hands of the Americans, that which we ought to have presented to them!

The object of the "Conversations Lexicon" was to furnish accurate and condensed information on subjects likely to be discussed in enlightened conversation. This was accomplished in a most complete and attractive way. The Americans have added what they deemed important relating to themselves; and the advertisement to this edition contains a promise of further additions, equalling in extent nearly a fourth of the whole. Dissertations on various topics are announced, and one given, as a sort of introduction to the first volume.

Many *popular* works have appeared of late, which are not of the least benefit to the people: this, however, is of a totally different class, and we have given the title fully to prevent mistake. There are other cyclopædical publications professedly based upon the "Conversations Lexicon," but which, in point of worth, are not to be compared with the "Popular Encyclopædia." To this, the first volume, is prefixed a "Sketch of the Progress of Physical Science," by Dr. Thomson, in which is traced the growth of this branch of knowledge since the revival of letters. This sketch, on the whole, is admirably drawn, and is a very interesting and useful accompaniment. The short, but well-written lives of eminent men in the body of the work, enable the reader to contemplate each as an individual; whilst in this and the other dissertations, they will be found grouped, compared, and placed in their relative positions. These prefixed dissertations complete the interest and convenience of the publication. In the purely scientific parts, Dr. Thomson is at once succint and perspicuous; but when he touches upon metaphysics, he seems to be treading on ground with which he is not familiar. A profound knowledge of metaphysics is not necessary to the formation of a good chemist; it is, therefore, not intended to charge Dr. Thomson with being incompetent to the task he undertook, but we should have been glad to see the positions of so great a man as Leibnitz handled a little less unceremoniously; and it would have been gratifying if the Doctor had engaged so much logic on his side, as to prevent his intended refutation of Leibnitz from appearing as an actual demonstration of the position in question. Nor can we resist the conviction that the following flippant, unbecoming, as well as scanty notice of Descartes, in the Section on "Mechanics," is the result of prejudice, or a want of power to judge. "Descartes, whose reputation was so great, and his pretensions so high, likewise treated of motion; but in general his opinions were so erroneous or unsound, that in the present rapid sketch they are not entitled to notice." We do not consider the rapidity of the sketch an excuse for either this treatment, or the grammatical blunder in the second clause of the sentence. But we are bound to acknowledge that, with these exceptions, the perusal of this treatise afforded us much pleasure, and we feel assured it will be very acceptable to the purchasers of the book.

Of the work itself we cannot speak in terms of too high praise. The variety of topics; the candid, condensed, and lucid manner in which they are discussed; the skilful adaptation of the book to the wants and tastes of the English; the excellence of the plates, of which there are sixteen to the first volume; and, though last, in no way least in importance, the very moderate extent of its cost,—render the "Popular Encyclopædia" a production to which we can most freely give our recommendation. In this age of utility, it is the most full and comprehensive of the publications that have appeared. It will be a most instructive and attractive object on which to occupy those interstitial moments, from the judicious employment

of which, Dr. Johnson justly remarked, so much wealth of knowledge may be acquired. And it will serve as a satisfactory work of reference, or an intelligent guide to further investigation on all subjects of general occurrence. We shall expect with pleasure the appearance of the next part. The title-page of the second part announces a third dissertation, by Allan Cunningham, Esq., on the "Progress of the Fine Arts."

LARDNER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY. BY WILLIAM SWAINSON, ESQ. LONGMAN. 1834.

THERE is much harmony, eloquence, and acuteness of observation in this volume, much useful and sterling information—much research, and much matter eminently deserving of the attention of all those who love nature and her wondrous works—manifold, various, infinite. The study of Natural History is of all pursuits the most interesting. Man put aside for a while, we trace the evidences of that marvellous spirit that fashioned and put into shape this glorious world, to the mighty beast or the minutest insect—hear him in the wilderness—see him in the woods, and in the desert and the distant valleys, tread in his awful foot-marks. We have always been attached to the enquiries of naturalists, and delighted in their speculations; and, therefore, we sat down to the perusal of the book before us, with the complacency of an old acquaintance, and the anxiety of a friend. Mr. Swainson, however, in a very short time, apprized us of our being in superior company, and we rose from his work, we hope, a wiser and a better man. It is decidedly one of the most valuable of the many valuable works that have appeared in this collection.

Our space will not permit of our noticing, at any length, the method, style, and arrangement of this Preliminary Discourse, which, we think, are excellently adapted to promote a sound and serviceable intelligence in all classes; and especially fitted for the perusal of the general reader, for whom, unhappily, so few works of science have any charms, in consequence of the startling—many-syllabled—amplitudinus—obfuscating—obnubilatory—anti-simplifying—human-intellect-distracting manner in which the learned professors think fit to array their thoughts and hypotheses. We have no fault of the same nature to find with Mr. Swainson; he is, in general, clear and perspicuous, and endeavours, as far as possible, without impoverishing his style, to meet the quality of the meanest apprehension. Why all interesting truths connected with the sciences should be smothered beneath the weight of a pitiless circumlocuting hyperbole we know not. A thunder of diction is raised to describe a dew-drop—a fifty-four pounder is found necessary to dispatch a tom-tit—the daisy dies in a whirlwind—and the unfortunate little ant, tugging its grain of wheat along, is crushed into annihilation with a mountain's ponderosity.

There is one part of this discourse, irrelevant though it be to the general subject, to which we must call the particular attention of our readers; it is with reference to the uses of honorary titles conferred on men distinguished for high literary or scientific excellence—on men foremost in the van of enlightenment—on men who elevate the character of and adorn the age in which they live—of men, in fine, whose genius or whose industrious and unwearied talents have exalted the thoughts of their species — refined their feelings—and kindled the light of truth throughout the world. Mr. Swainson combats eloquently, and with a warmth which manifestly springs from a true love of what is truly great, the unworthy and narrow-minded sentiment delivered by Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons on this subject. We remember him well, and remember also a blush of what we hope was honest indignation that mounted into our cheeks on reading

them, mingled with somewhat of regret that such a man could have so forgotten, as well what was due to common sense, as common honour, as to have uttered them. It has indeed been too much the fashion to leave greatness to the uninterrupted enjoyment of its immortality, and the pleasant companionship, moreover, of unmitigated wretchedness. They are beyond this world—earthly honour could not elevate them—they are constitutionally unfitted for the enjoyment of competence—misery agrees with them—they thrive in indigence;—money in their pockets, a house to shelter them, and a meal in prospect, would be the death of them. Bah! That which is good for the goose is good for the gander; and the poet or philosopher have as good an appetite, as lively a notion of what is comfortable, and as shrewd an idea of the convenience of a five-pound note as your statesman or your warrior. Furthermore, if honours have anything in them at all, they may be considered equally honourable to the man, who, by his genius, has achieved a victory over error or ignorance, as to the hero who has routed his country's enemies; and since they express—and by that means become honourable—the admiration of his fellow-countrymen for that genius and those achievements, they become gratifying, and a source of pride to the possessor of them. "What," says Mr. Swainson, "it has been asked, could a blue riband or a collar do for a Newton?—would they make his name more hallowed, his family more durable?" "What," let us in return demand, "can a multitude of ribands, and crosses and collars, do for a Wellington?—will they make *his* name more famous—*his* family more endurable?" The answer to both has been already given—"No, certainly not." What, then, is the use of such things, baubles though they be? The answer is obvious,—"They evince the gratitude of a nation for benefits conferred.

"What could a blue riband or a collar do for a Newton?" asks Sir Robert Peel. We cannot say we have any idea that either would add many inches to his height, or parts of inches to his nose; nor is it probable that he would magnify to the size of Daniel Lambert. But we have an idea that he would become a nobleman by that means; and that, as the world goes, a title is a distinction, and the conferring of it the only delicate method by which a nation may make manifest its opinion and sense of genius or valour—its appreciation of what is noble, and its admiration of what is great. Supposing, too, the title was accompanied with a more tangible distinction, and the patent of nobility happened to be wrapped in a parliamentary grant for the sum of a few thousand pounds, which is not altogether, we believe, unprecedented, we may readily imagine that "a Newton" would not be fool enough to turn up his nose at it, but might probably be prevailed upon to believe that it was a very agreeable assistance, and decide that it would "do" a considerable benefit to his temporal concerns, while his hereafter immortality would not be affected very grievously by the bounty of a generous people.

How is it, that with the idea of great genius, especially poetical, is invariably associated the concomitants of misery, penury, and distress? How is it that the mental portrait of a poet or philosopher stretched by the fancy shall generally present the figure of a noble man in mortal shape, and the back-ground occupied by hideous objects — ghastly and horrible—bearing every appearance of want and wretchedness? Or, how is it, if the imagination take a lively turn, the possibility of a goodly joint upon his board is connected inseparably with the necessity of his flying over the street to the baker's for it—hurrying down from the top of the house, and bringing it himself smoking in his grasp to his habitation, and afterwards, flying like mad for a pot of porter, and carefully protecting its foamy head, placing it beside its hard-bought companion, to the infinite delight of himself and some other unfortunate wretches who happened to be cursed with

the affliction of original thinking! This is a picture not over-drawn of the fate of many men who are now held to have been the primest spirits of our country. The truth is, that if a man possesses a genius at all, either poetic or scientific, he had far better either engage himself to Mr. Warren to indite his puffs, or invent some new easy chair, than apply his powers to the prosecution of higher and nobler pursuits—for he may well know from the fate of others that the result must be either a razor or a work-house:—

"————As the poor bird, his eyes put out,
Doth cheer the sorrow of his sightless gloom
With plaintive songs of precious melody;
So in the poet's heart sits misery perch'd,
And through the thronging region of his thought
Makes such immortal music, that men
Enchanted come, and dream they are in heaven."

THE BOOK OF FAMILY WORSHIP. WAKEMAN, 1834. DUBLIN.
THE SACRED HARP. Ditto.

We earnestly recommend these two pretty little works to all persons who desire to bring up their children in the ways of truth and rectitude. At this time of the year the presentation of such a gift to the young, instead of ridiculous story books, would undoubtedly much better promote the desirable end of impressing on their minds an early sense of religious duty, which we hope is the first consideration of all who have the guardianship of children. We repeat our recommendation of these useful little works.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALCULES. BY ANDREW PRITCHARD. LONDON, WHITTAKER AND CO., 1834.

This is a most interesting, instructive, and curious book. Mr. Pritchard, deserves great praise for the labour he must have employed in constructing his treatise—more particularly for his complete classification and arrangement of his materials. This department of zoology has not hitherto found many students; but, we think, now that Mr. Pritchard has pointed out the the facilities of its attainment, and has shewn how interesting the study itself is, scarce a drop of water will escape the microscope of the philosophical tyro. The work is illustrated by plates, containing more than three hundred figures on steel, and great care has been taken to give the drawings as nearly as possible the appearance of what they are intended to represent, when viewed under the microscope.

THE COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1835, WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MONTHS, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. TILT, LONDON.

THIS is the most original thing we have seen for some time past—it is what the publishers call *a hit*. George Cruikshank's name is a tower of strength at any time, and here some of his most exquisite touches of humour are brought out. The work contains all that is useful in an almanac, accompanied by considerable wit and satire at the expense of the old almanac-mongers and their astrological productions. The MORAL is peculiarly appropriate at the present time in more ways than one.

"WHILE WE VENERATE WHAT IS DESERVING OF VENERATION, LET US NOT FORGET THAT QUACKERY, KNAVERY, BIGOTRY, AND SUPERSTITION ALWAYS MERIT EXPOSURE AND CASTIGATION!"

The work does great credit to the press of Messrs. Vizetelly, Branston, and Co.

THE BIBLICAL KEEPSAKE. JOHN MURRAY, AND CHARLES TILT, LONDON.

MANY have been captious respecting the appearance of this beautiful volume, on the ground that it is illustrated by engravings which have already been before the public. This fact has been made known to the world by the publishers through extensive advertisement, and does not in our opinion deteriorate in the slightest degree the merit of the volume. The engravings are from drawings by Turner, and embody all that is interesting and beautiful to the enquirer into sacred history.

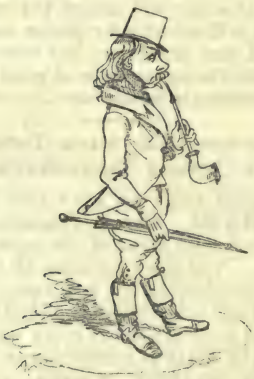
FAUST. A SERIO-COMIC POEM, WITH TWELVE OUTLINE ILLUSTRATIONS. BY A. CROWQUILL. B. B. KING, MONUMENT-YARD.

ALFRED CROWQUILL has lately been gaining ground in public estimation by some comic sketches, which bear great evidence of talent. He has now entered into competition with the various humourists, who have lately elevated their powers to clothe "the German in an English Dress," and, we think, with much better success than his rivals. Lord Levison Gower, Hayward, and others have been completely eclipsed by Alfred Crowquill. We extract his preface:—

"So many translations, both in prose and verse, have already appeared of Göethe's celebrated drama, that we consider some apology due to the reading public for this new attempt. The fact is, our predecessors, one and all, only draw this wild poem into tame English. Now, we propose, not to give a dull and literal translation of our author, but the true spirit and meaning of the poem in the vernacular.

"In order to prove that our ability to execute this proposed task is equal to our inclination, we beg to inform the gentle reader, firstly, that our brother played the German flute; secondly, that we have fed invariably on German sausages during our labours; thirdly, smoked a veritable German maerschaum; and lastly, to perfect our Teutonic inspiration, have swallowed two tonics every night.

"This explanatory exordium, we think, will be sufficient to confound the critics, and win the admiration of the public at our extraordinary endeavours at perfection. And now to the goodwill of our amiable readers, we introduce and leave



THE GERMAN IN AN ENGLISH DRESS.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE RED TARTANE;

A TALE OF THE SPANISH COAST IN 1760.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER IV.

As the boat containing the unhappy Jago and the ten seamen gradually receded from the lugger, the active imagination of the lieutenant conjured up with tenfold horror the fearful reception so maliciously described by the gunner, and every instant he expected to receive a sudden discharge of cannon and musketry from the still silent Tartane. The boat, notwithstanding, continued to approach without interruption, and in a few minutes was alongside, but in so doing she unfortunately touched so rudely as to cause some little noise; and Jago, remembering this was the time when the masked guns were to be discharged, cried in a low voice, but loud enough for every man to hear, "Kneel, my friends, or we are lost,"—an order the boat's crew at once obeyed; and seeing their commander throw himself down in the bottom of the boat, they were not slow in following his example. Still, however, the same silence continued, and nothing could be heard or seen, but the solitary light that burned in the cabin. Jago, somewhat reassured, raised his head, and perceiving neither *tromblons evasés* nor masked ports, assumed an air of martial ardour, and courageously ascended the vessel's side, the men being actually astonished at the valour of their commander. On gaining the deck, the only objects to be discerned were torn sails, shattered yards, &c., the wrecks of the vessel's rigging, scattered in the utmost disorder—every thing, in short, combining to show that the Tartane had suffered most severely from the gale. Perceiving no appearance of resistance, Jago and his men boldly advanced towards the helm, until they were suddenly alarmed by a movement below, followed by a loud crashing, as if part of the bulkheads dividing the cabin from the centre of the vessel had been forced in. Alarm immediately seized upon the boarders, and two or three retreated so hastily as to capsize the lieutenant down the main hatchway; quickly regaining his legs, the astonished Jago discovered at one glance the cause of their alarm; for a moment he was irresolute, then advancing rapidly he extinguished the light, and called loudly on his followers to descend, or fire down the after-hatchway. The seamen prudently preferred the latter; and, after discharging their carbines into the cabin, precipitately retreated to the boat. The victorious Jago soon after came on deck, battened down the hatches firmly, and then rejoined them, ordering the seamen at once to pull for the lugger, whose commander and crew were by this time extremely anxious to learn the event of the expedition.

Scarcely had the valiant lieutenant returned on board, than he gave, with the most consummate impudence, all the details of a most sanguinary combat, which he averred he had maintained with the Gitano, assuring the Captain at the conclusion he was either dead or *hors de combat*. Massareo, who was well aware of his lieutenant's cowardice, heard with astonishment this story of his bravery, in which

it exhibited itself for the first time, and could by no means understand the sudden change, till observing some stains upon his dress, he exclaimed with interest, "You are wounded, Jago; your sleeve is stained with blood."

"It is nothing, nothing at all, Captain," returned the lieutenant with the utmost coolness; "but it is now of the first importance to sink this accursed vessel; the hatches are battened down—a few broadsides will do the business, and we shall then have finally purged the coast of the greatest miscreant that ever infested it."

Massareo acquiesced in the propriety of this proceeding, and by the orders of the valiant Jago, so vigorous and continued a fire was poured into the unfortunate Tartane, that it was evident that a few minutes would complete her destruction. The lieutenant's shrill voice was heard throughout the Shrine of San Joseph, encouraging the men at the guns—"Courage, men; God is just, and with his assistance and mine we shall shortly be delivered from this infernal Gitano."

"You are then certain," demanded Massareo, "that the accursed cannot escape?"

"Do you suppose in such weather as this a man can save himself by swimming? besides with my own hands was he not mortally wounded and bound!"

"Thy hands!" exclaimed Massareo, with an air of incredulity.

"If you had seen him, Captain, when I lodged two balls in his side —his struggles were dreadful; by the seven pains of our Lady his blood was black—black as pitch, and smelt so strong of sulphur that Bendito thought they were burning matches in the hold."

"Holy Virgin protect us!" replied the worthy Massareo, extremely interested; "but why did you not give us these details at first?"

As a broadside was discharged at this moment, Jago pretended not to have heard his commander's question, and continued with the most imperturbable assurance, "I fancy I still see him, dressed in scarlet, the wretch! with deaths' heads embroidered in silver; and then his stature—six inches higher than the tallest of men, with shoulders as broad as the stem of the lugger. As to his feet, they were cloven like those of my father's cow Peleika."

Massareo crossed himself, and devoutly blessed Heaven t t had been pleased to remove so vile a reprobate,

At this moment the Tartane went down with a crackling noise, amidst the joyous shouts of the whole crew of the lugger, and the thick mists which, during the cannonade had been partially dispersed at intervals, now appeared denser than ever. The sea had become almost calm, the feeble breeze which blew from the south scarcely agitating its sullen waves.

"At last then," cried the Captain, "we have succeeded by the intercession of our Lady and the courage of Jago, which may be considered as a miracle! but God's will be done in all things—kneel, my sons, and let us return thanks to Heaven for the favours it has shown the blessed, and its anger towards the accursed."

"Amen," responded the seamen, as they sunk on their knees.

Massareo had already begun to pray, when the words died away

upon his lips, and the whole crew remained as if petrified, kneeling upon the deck with fixed and haggard eyes and terror-stricken countenances. We have said the sea was calm, the night dark and misty, but at this moment a brilliant red flame burst forth a short distance from the lugger, so powerful that the very atmosphere appeared on fire, and the light reflected by the waves rendered the scene most awful. Fresh bursts of flame ascended in streams every instant, and then again descended in showers of blue and golden light.

But the object that operated most fearfully on the nerves of the trembling seamen was the Gitano himself, who appeared with his Tartane in the midst of this flood of fire. It was indeed the Rover, surrounded by his black slaves, whose hideous features showed like masks of bronze, reddened by intense heat. The Gitano stood upon the deck as usual, dressed in his sable habiliments, his head covered by his black cap and white plume; his arms were folded, and, like the whole of his crew, he was motionless and silent. On his right hand stood Fasillo, dressed also in black, his arms resting on a richly ornamented carbine, while in the back ground were ranged Bentek and the negro crew in two equal lines, every third man bearing a slight rod lighted at the extremity, ready to be applied to the small but efficient battery before them. Nothing can well be imagined more imposing than this spectacle, which had every appearance of an infernal assemblage, for the profound silence of the crew of the accursed, their motionless attitudes, the dark vessel with its red sails in the most perfect trim, and which seemed to have sprung from the abysses of the ocean in the midst of volumes of flame and light, at the moment when they believed they had for ever destroyed it—the calmness of the Rover, whose countenance bore an expression almost superhuman—all combined to terrify the unhappy Massareo, who could see only in this fiery vision the triumph of Satan.

The Gitano at length broke silence, and the crew of the lugger, who had remained kneeling, at once prostrated themselves on the deck. "Dost thou see, miserable man, that neither fire nor water can injure me—that each of thy balls has repaired some part of my damage? By Satan, my master, wilt thou expose thyself again in the pursuit of the Gitano? Dost thou believe that miserable wretches like those can arrest in his course he who resists the fury of the tempest and the will of thy God?"

Not a soul on board the lugger felt inclined to reply to these questions, and the Gitano continued: "Begone, and tell the bloodhounds of the Douane and the Governor of Cadiz, that I *could* have crushed thy vessel like a nutshell, but that I spared thee. Look at me well"—placing his finger on his forehead—"look at me well, and remember the clemency of the Gitano; but lest to-morrow thou mayest think that it was a dream, I give thee one proof of the reality of thy vision." Taking a lighted match from Bentek, he pointed a gun at the lugger with great care and precision, then applied the fire; the ball whistled through the air, shattered part of the bulwarks and took the mizen-mast by the board, besides severely wounding three, seamen by the splinters.

Scarcely had the report died away, than the light on bord the Tartane began rapidly to diminish, and in a few moments so deep

was the obscurity that succeeded to the dazzling brilliance of the flames, that not a single object could be distinguished, nor could the slightest sound be detected.

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The reader will doubtless recollect quitting the cabin of the Tartane at the moment when Fasillo interpreted the grimaces of Bentek to signify the sound of cannon: it is precisely at that moment we resume our narrative.

"By all the saints of heaven," exclaimed Fasillo, "it is cannon!"

The Gitano listened anxiously for nearly five minutes, while Bentek continued his "paong! paong!" accompanied by lively gesticulations; and Fasillo buckled on the belt of his sabre, into which he slipped his poniard and pistols, and the latter had already placed his foot upon the first step of the companion-ladder, when the Rover sunk down upon the soft cushion of his divan, exclaiming—"Let us drink, *caro mio;* let us speak of the *monja* and the escalade of the convent of Santa Magdalena."

"Drink and talk at such a moment as this?" demanded the astonished Fasillo, letting fall the purple silk man-rope attached to the ladder.

The Gitano, ere he replied, fixed his eyes upon Bentek, and made a sign, which the old negro fully understood, for in two seconds he had disappeared.

"Yes, *caro mio*, let us drink at this moment. Fasillo, thou art like the young and eager falcon, which knows not the peaceful note of the halcyon from the war-cry of the tarak, and spreads its wings and sharpens its beak to sustain an imaginary encounter."

"How, commandant?"

"Listen attentively to the reports, and thou wilt hear that the cannonade is not returned. If thou wert not here—if thou hadst not been compelled by this hellish levant to abandon the poor sister of my Tartane, which now drives a mere wreck at the mercy of the waves, like the deserted nest of a gull—if thou wert not here, I tell thee, *caro mio*, I should not long remain extended on this sofa while danger threatened thee. So calm thy ardour, Fasillo: it is assuredly some vessel that is perishing and implores succour—let them implore—what I did for thee once, I never did, nor ever will do again, for another."

"I owe you my life a second time, commandant. Without you, and but for the fortunate wave which threw me in your course, I should have been engulphed with the frail boat in which I left my Tartane."

"Poor fellow! thou nevertheless manœuvred rarely to lead those heavy guarda-costas far from the point of La Torre, whilst I, concealed by the rocks, and having housed every mast and yard, disembarked in safety my contraband and the *shaven crown*."

"By my soul, commandant, your second Tartane was as beautiful as a gold-fish—she could almost tack in a goblet of water. Alas! what is there now remains of her, with all her trimness and beauty, but a few planks smashed upon the rocks?"

At this moment the cannonade became so distinct that the Gitano sprung upon deck, followed by Fasillo. The night was dark and

thick, and the Rover, finding himself to windward of the vessel from whence the cannonade proceeded, was enabled to approach within pistol-shot without being seen, as the firing was wholly directed to leeward.

The Gitano had previously ordered all the lights to be extinguished, and now hove to, close to the guarda costa, for such the vessel proved to be, which was now firing upon the disabled Tartane; part of the crew were busy at the guns, the remainder were grouped upon the nettings. The shrill voice of Jago, and the orders of the worthy Massareo, could be distinctly heard.

"By heaven, it is the wreck of the Tartane that the dogs are sinking—would that it had other defenders than a poor bullock!" said Fasillo in a low voice, pointing out to the Gitano the remains of their poor bark, which was lighted up by each successive shot, and was evidently settling downwards. "Fire upon them, commandant—fire."

"Silence, *caro mio*," replied the Rover as he led Fasillo back into the cabin, where Bentek was also commanded to join them. The result of their deliberations is known; the Gitano made the different arrangements requisite to produce the fiery apparition already described, in which a considerable quantity of fire-works used for signals, and no small portion of gunpowder, were consumed.

After quitting the immediate vicinity of the lugger by means of very long sweeps carefully muffled, that the mysterious manner of their departure might appear an additional prodigy in the eyes of the fanatic Spaniards, the Gitano and Fasillo again descended to the luxuriant little cabin of the Tartane.

"Well, Fasillo," demanded the former, "what thinkest thou of my vengeance?"

"Your *vengeance!* commandant—your *vengeance!* How, then, would you treat your friends? Indeed you know not what I suffered to behold the poor Tartane sinking under the fire of those wretched cowards."

"Thou art a child, *caro mio.* Had I destroyed their miserable lugger, who would have known it? It would have been considered as lost in the gale, and to-morrow two others might again be in pursuit of us; as it is, neither lugger, brig, nor frigate will dare to follow me, such is the terror I have inspired. I *might* have destroyed a score or two of poltroons. I *shall* paralyse the efforts of thousands; for your countrymen fight valiantly against men, but they still fear the devil. The monks know it well, and they avail themselves of heaven as I do of Satan."

Fasillo made no reply, but contented himself with asking what were his future intentions?

"We have now but one Tartane, Fasillo, and it would be difficult to continue the contraband trading; I have, therefore, resolved to visit South America, after having once more seen the *monja.* The terror of the Spaniards will last some time; besides which our retreat is as secret as it is safe; thus it can be accomplished with little danger; let us discourse, therefore, of the convent of Santa Magdalena."

Long and animated was the discussion that succeeded—the final

arrangement being that Fasillo should remain on board the Tartane, taking care that every thing was ready to put to sea, while the Gitano proceeded alone to visit his mistress.

* * * * * * *

Seven days subsequent to the events just described the Tartane arrived in the port of Tangiers, commanded by Fasillo, alone, and almost heart-broken; for the Gitano—the unfortunate Gitano—had ceased to exist. Discovered in the garden of the convent, an alarm was immediately given. The Rover attempted to escape as he had entered, over the high wall; but almost at the moment when he had gained the summit, the lines were cut on the outside, and the Rover fell senseless to the earth. It is needless to add, he was made prisoner, and, after a brief trial, was ignominiously executed in the principal square of Cadiz, amidst the yells and execrations of the populace.

Dire were Fasillo's resolutions of vengeance on learning the fatal news: his first step to their execution was to turn the vessel's head towards Tangiers, which he reached in safety after a short voyage.

No sooner did he tread upon the soil of Africa than he directed his steps towards one of those dirty narrow streets, having on either side lofty houses without windows, which branch from the Ma-Moa-B'd'hal. This is indeed a miserable street; for, in the first place, a burning sun almost calcines the earth; and, secondly, it is the abode of the Jews and Armenians, who find means of displaying their natural propensities even in the midst of the colony of pirates that inhabited this part of the African coast.

It was not without some personal danger that the street of the Jews could be visited, for often would the Arabs of the Bey amuse themselves by lying in ambush at each extremity, armed with their long guns, beautifully inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, to watch the appearance of its unbelieving inhabitants. As soon as an unhappy Jew put his head out of his door, four or five shots informed him that the sons of the desert had been drinking of the good c'hirpa, which the old Moor who lived in the fish-market sold so cheaply, and that they were inclined for a little diversion.

Before one of these high houses Fasillo stopped, and endeavoured vainly for several minutes to attract the attention of the inmates; at length the long and cadaverous visage of a very old man, surmounted with a sort of yellow skull-cap, appeared at the narrow grated wicket or entrance, and harshly demanded the purport of the stranger's business.

"You are tardy in attending to your door, my father," said Fasillo, "though you well know that it rains balls for Christians in this accursed street."

"Is this then your only business? Adieu, young man!" returned the jew.

"Stay yet a moment, a word ere you close the wicket," continued Fasillo; "since you refuse me entrance, I must have recourse to my best friend," and he drew forth, and exhibited to the astonished Israelite, the talisman of the Gitano.

"What do I see?—such a treasure in thy hands—who—but enter, my son, for a ball would pass easily through such a garment

as thine, and for my life I would not that the precious talisman was defiled by these miscreants of infidels."

Fasillo passed through two strong iron gates, which were again carefully made fast; and preceded by the aged jew, whose spare and angular form was enveloped in a loose yellow robe, he entered a narrow passage, lighted only from above.

"Wait, wait, my son, while I examine the precious scroll more closely," exclaimed the old man, his eyes twinkling with eagerness, beneath his thick eye-brows. "By the five stars of Stenboth, these are the proofs of high rank, indeed, amongst the select, and I obey with life and fortune he who bears them. Young man, thou hast but to command."

"Thou art called Jacob, but thy name is Zamarik," said Fasillo.

"True—may the blessed angel touch me with his finger if I lie!"

"Then, Zamarik, thou hast magazines, to which an entrance near the cave of Betim Sah gives access?"

"True—may the blessed angel touch me with his finger if I lie!"

"And in these magazines are stored the rich tissues of Tunis, the costly silks of Turkey, and the splendid cachmeres from Ispahan?"

The Jew turned pale, but, nevertheless, a third time answered:

"True—may the blessed angel touch me with his finger if I lie!"

"Thou wilt go there to-night, and without delay—without evasion—allow this merchandise to be conveyed on board a Tartane now lying at anchor under Danish colours in the cove of Betim' Sah?"

The Jew, who had hitherto been standing in an attitude of the deepest humility, started back as if he had been bitten by a viper, exclaiming:

"By the girdle of the magi, thou canst not do it—it is impossible—my hair stands on end at the mere thought!"

"Infamous Jew," returned Fasillo, "dost thou believe I desire thy merchandise for nothing? Thou shalt have gold—gold enough to buy thy magazines, thyself, and thy rabbi, twice over."

"Divine Spirit, protect thy terrified servant—keep thy gold, young man; thou art strangely deceived as to the motives of my refusal; do I not know that, with this sacred symbol, thou can'st demand all I possess—my fortune and my life?—but dost thou know what it is thou askest?" And, clasping his hands in the most profound terror, with eyes fixed with intense interest upon the young man, he awaited his reply.

"I do know, Zamarik," returned Fasillo calmly.

"Thou dost know! but, no, it is impossible;" then looking timidly around as if he feared to be overheard, he approached Fasillo, whispered in his ear a moment, and fixed upon him a look of terrified anxiety.

"Again I tell thee, I *know*," said the latter, without the slightest symptom of irresolution being discernible in either his countenance or voice.

"And thou wilt?"

"I *will*."

That night Fasillo saw the merchandize embarked, and, as Bentek and the negroes carried the last bales on board, the Jew, who had not

been present, arrived from the town, and once more addressed the young Spaniard.

"A demon alone, my son, could have charged thee with such a commission. I am innocent, but vengeance will fall heavily on thee, and on those who instigate thee."

"May heaven be as merciful to thee as I am, Zamarik," said Fasillo, offering him his hand, which the Jew shrunk back from in horror. "Ah, true," he continued, "I did not think of it. Adieu, Zamarik, *au revoir.*"

"*Au revoir?* We must meet then to-morrow; for, in three days thy mother will no longer have a son."

"Perhaps so, Jew; but, still we shall meet again—thou understandest—down below, where our first greeting will be the gnashing of teeth—for, though *I* may visit first the fiery furnace, thou mayest depend the hottest nook will be reserved for thee—therefore, again, *au revoir.*"

"He thrills me with horror and affright," said the Jew, as standing immoveable on the shore, he followed with his eye Fasillo, who speedily regained his Tartane, weighed anchor, and made sail. Profiting by a favourable south-east wind, which carried her rapidly towards the straits of Gibraltar, he hauled up to the north-east, and gradually disappeared in the mist of the horizon.

When the Jew had somewhat recovered himself, he slowly returned to the town; but, coming to a low vault, which opened on the sea-shore, he redoubled his speed, and raised his clasped hands to heaven—it was the fearful entrance to his magazines.

* * * * * * *

A few days after the execution of the Gitano in Cadiz, a Tartane was run on shore and abandoned at the foot of fort St. Catherine.

The news soon spread through the city; and, ere long, the vessel was entirely pillaged of its cargo by the people, who appeared dressed in the richest shawls, silks, and cachmeres,—and the richer classes, finding it very agreeable to procure these articles at a low price, purchased considerable quantities; even the Alcade and the members of the Junta could not resist the desire to see their wives and daughters clad like the nobility of Spain. Thus the cargo of the stranded vessel was dispersed throughout the city.

When Fasillo bought these stuffs of the east, then desolated by pestilence, he knew they were infected, and that the Jew* only waited a favourable opportunity to purify them. Accordingly, three days after the appearance of the Tartane, the plague broke out with frightful violence, and, in an inconceivable short space of time, carried off upwards of thirty thousand souls.

What became of Fasillo and the blacks was never known; but he had indeed kept his word—the death of the Gitano was fearfully avenged.

E. B. S.

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* Several Jews at Tangiers made a profitable business of buying infected goods at a low price, purifying, and selling them again in Europe.—This was the real cause of the plague of Cadiz.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—Eighth Yarn.

"Hurrah! lads; hurrah! sweethearts and wives," shouted Will Gibbons, as he made his way to his customary lounge on the gun tackle; "it's Saturday night, lads; now for your yarns, my bo's. Bob Short and Jack Murray, you are both booked for it to-night, so heave a-head, and let's see what sort of a fist you can make of it."

This was said by Will Gibbons just as I had lighted my cigar and taken my place in my usual retired niche. The weather had been unusually tempestuous; it had moderated a little towards the evening, though it still blew very hard, and the ship had close-reefed topsails on her. It is in such weather as this that Jack most enjoys his pipe. Wedging themselves in together they laugh at the roaring of the winds and waves, and numerous are the jokes thrown about from one to another at every lurch; indeed, the harder it blows the merrier is Jack, as if he thought it necessary to salute his old friend, a gale of wind, with a merry welcome.

"Pish, pish," said Jack Murray, as the ship gave a lea-lurch, and sent two or three fellows rolling to leeward. "Steady, old lady, steady. She's drunk, I'm sure; we must give her a week on the black list."

"The devil she is drunk," returned Will Gibbons. "I wonder where the devil she got the liquor. I wish she'd tell me, for I should like very well to drink 'sweethearts and wives,' as it's Saturday night."

"No wonder she's drunk, lads, for she's rolling in liquor," said the serjeant of marines, who seldom neglected an opportunity of making a pun, and not having his bosom friend, the ship's cook, near him at the time, he condescended to give Jack the benefit of his learning.

"Liquor, do you call it," said Tom Bennet; "I'll be d—d if I call water, liquor. Good rum's what I call liquor."

"Ay, you are right, Tom," said Jack Murray. "I was capsized in a boat some time ago, and then I drank water enough for the rest of my life; I don't care though I never taste it again. I shouldn't much mind being drowned in a cask of rum."

"Drowned in a cask of rum, be d—d!" said said Bob Short. "It would take a d—d lot to drown me, for I think they'd get tired of filling before I would of drinking. I wish our old Nibcheese (purser) would try."

"I dare say you do, lad; I don't doubt you're an able feller in that way. But come, let's have your yarns, or I shan't have time to spin mine," said Jack Murray.

"Well, lads, here goes, though there arn't much more to tell. I was just going for to tell you about the schooner what com'd round fort St. Julian; that's the fort just at the entrance of the Tagus, and a wopper it is too. Well, directly Watts saw she hove her main-topsail to the mast, and got all ready for having a game at bowls, beat to quarters, and bore up, she being to leeward, with the in-

tention of running under her stern, and raking her; but directly the Frenchman saw this, he filled his main-topsail, and hauled his wind to meet the Dandy Lion. Watts took care to keep well on his enemy's weather bow, and directly he thought he was near enough, up went his helm to run across her bows, and rake her; but the Frenchman was a good sailor, and saw what he was about, so he put his helm up immediately, and ran along in a line with the Dandy Lion to leeward of her. Neither had yet fired a shot; they were both determined to get close alongside, and not waste their powder and shot. After they had been running on this way a little, both appeared to sail equally well—neither got a-head—Watts threw his main-topsail to the mast, and let the Frenchman run a-head. When the Dandy Lion had dropped a little astern, she filled, and bore up to run under the Frenchman's stern, but he was too quick for them. Directly he saw what she was going to do, he wore round and met her. They were again running in the same line, looking at each other without firing a shot. At last young Watts jumped up in the hammock nettings; the French captain was standing in his. Directly he saw Watts, he took off his hat, and Watts did the same; just at that moment one of the men on board the French schooner lifted his musket, for the two vessels had been edging closer and closer to one another till they had come within musket-shot. When the French captain saw what his man was about, he ordered him to desist. Watts saw it all, and in French he thanked the captain, and at the same time asked him whether he would surrender? 'Impossible,' said he; 'I was just going to ask you the same question.'—'It's equally impossible on my part," said young Watts; 'so we must try our strength I see I have got a brave enemy to contend with.'—'No more than you deserve,' said the Frenchman: 'brave men should always have brave enemies,' and he made a low bow, which Watts returned; and after these compliments he jumped out of the hammock-nettings. 'Close with her, Short,' says he to my father, who was at the helm; 'put the helm up starboard, Short, star-starboard.'—'Starboard it is, Sir,' says my father. 'Now lads,' says the young skipper, 'give it her as hard as you like.' They were close alongside now, and directly the men heard him say this, they let fly; they could'nt see what damage they had done, for the Frenchman returned the fire immediately, and the wind having died away, they were soon so enveloped in smoke that they could not see one another, so they went on firing at random, broadside after broadside. Watts was standing leaning against the companion, and cheering the fellows up. 'Hurrah! my lads,' says he, 'in another broadside we'll have her; aim a-midships—aim a-midships—give it her in the slaughter-house; and then, if you miss her there, you'll hit her fore'd or aft.' Well, the men kept it up cheerily; every time Watts spoke to them, they answered him with three cheers; every one of them had stripped every thing off but their trowsers, their handkerchiefs tied round their waists, and a cotton handkerchief, or night-cap, on their heads instead of their hats. At last, just as they had fired about their twelfth broadside, my father sings out 'Boarders, Sir, boarders, Sir; boarders on the starboard quarter;' and at the same time, leav-

ing the wheel to take care of itself, he jumpt aft with his cutlass in his hand, to repel them; Watts followed, and all the boarders after them. The French captain led the boarders himself; he was a fine young man, about nineteen, a good deal taller than Watts, but much thinner; they met: the Frenchman was at the head of his men, so was Watts. Without being seen they had managed, under cover of the smoke, to gain the Dandy Lion's hammock nettings. The struggle was severe. 'You are mine, or I am yours,' says the Frenchman. 'I'll not be yours alive,' answered Watts. 'Nor I yours as long as my schooner can swim.' The men fought like devils. 'Strike hard for Old England,' cries Watts. 'Remember you are of the great nation,' said the Frenchman. 'We've had harder work than this, my boys. Bear a hand and take her, lads. I want to splice the main-brace.'—'Hurra! Short;' says Watts, 'you shall command that schooner very soon. After a desperate struggle the Frenchmen were driven back to their own ship. Both had sustained great loss. Watts had lost six men, and five more were below with the surgeon, badly wounded. Directly they had driven the Frenchmen back, they all flew to their guns, and began to hammer away again. After they had fired two or three broadsides, Watts sings out, 'Come, lads, they set us a good example, let's follow it; boarders on the starboard bow, follow me, boarders,' and away all ran to the starboard bow, and attempted to board; but the French captain was there to meet them, at the head of his men. 'We mustn't be driven back, lads—fore'd;' sung out Watts; and fore'd they rushed: but they had to fight with brave fellers, who gallantly repulsed them. Watts and the French skipper appeared to single each other out; they were always to be seen fighting hand to hand in the thickest of the fight. 'Short,' says Watts, 'take half-a-dozen men, and make a diversion upon her starboard quarter, that may deceive them.' Away went my father aft, attacked her on the starboard quarter; and, at the same time, shouted out with all his might, 'she's ours—she's ours—three cheers.' The men cheered; and the French captain, thinking they'd actually got possession of the quarter-deck, flew aft to oppose them. 'Now's your time,' cried Watts, 'one rush, and she's ours.' The men dashed on; but the French fellers fought well, and repulsed them again. By this time the French skipper found it was only a feint upon the starboard quarter; so leaving men enough there to engage my father, he flew fore'd again to meet his old enemy, young Watts. They met. 'Glorious work this! you are an enemy worth fighting against,' said the French skipper, as he made a blow at Watts's head.—'You are worthy to be an Englishman!' answered Watts, as he warded off the blow, and made another at the Frenchman's right wrist. The Frenchman guarded it off; and, in making a blow at Watts, his foot slipped, and down he fell. Two or three of Watts's men flew in upon him, to seize hold of him, and drag him on board. 'Let him alone,' said Watts.—'Get up, Sir,' said he: 'you saved my life when one of your men pointed a musket at me.—I give you yours, in return.' Up he jumped: their swords were crossed again. Watts and his men fought like devils; and so did the Frenchmen, who drove Watts back to his ship again. 'To your guns, lads!' cried Watts; 'we'll

give her two or three more broadsides.' At it they went. Watts had now fifteen men killed, and ten wounded. 'Reduce your charges, lads—but double-shot your guns! we'll fight her till she sinks.—The harder she is to conquer the more credit it will be to us to take her—and take her we will, or else go down with the buntin flying,' said young Watts, who had, in his last encounter with the French captain, received a stab in the thigh, but not sufficient to make him quit the deck—it was a mere flesh wound; and, tying his pocket-handkerchief tight round it, did not inconvenience him much, except making him limp a little. The Dandy Lion's men were terribly cut up—they had only twenty fighting men left out of the fifty they went into action with; but by the Frenchmen's fire not being so regular as it was, they fancied she was hurt more than themselves; this made them keep at it cheerfully, in hopes of silencing her. After they had fired a few more rounds, the Frenchmen's fire became so slack, that Watts said, 'Leave your guns, lads, and follow me; we'll try her again—we shall have better luck this time. — The starboard-bow again, lads! we'll go in at the hawse-holes, and work our passage aft.' Fored they run. The French captain was there with about eight or nine men: his left-arm was in a sling, and his clothes all covered with blood. Watts had about twenty men. 'Forward, lads! they are done up—she must be ours this time.' Forward they rushed. The Frenchmen fought well, and opposed them as well as they could; but it was no use—they hadn't men enough. The French skipper was every where calling on his men to remember the great nation—the conquerors of the world! but it wouldn't do; nothing could rally them—they fell back, seeing it was no use. Watts followed them to the quarter-deck, where they laid down their arms. And then, the Frenchman coming forward, said to Watts, 'It is truly mortifying to be beaten; but it greatly allays the pain when we know it is by a brave enemy, and to such a one I now resign my sword. At the same time he handed his sword to Watts, who took hold of it; and, turning it round again, so as to offer the handle to the French skipper, he said, 'Keep it; for you have proved to-day it could not be wielded by a bolder hand, or directed by a nobler heart.' Well, directly they were in possession of the shooner, they set to and repaired damages; for they were both terribly cut up. They found the Frenchman was called the Lespire (L'Espoir) of twelve guns, and seventy-five men. Out of these, she had forty killed, and twenty-seven wounded, the captain among the number, leaving only eight men; while young Watts, who went into action with fifty men, had twenty killed and ten wounded, including himself in the latter number. After they had rove some fresh running gear for that which had been shot away, and got both crafts a-tanto he got his anchor up that he had slipped on first seeing the schooner, and made sail for Oporto. The French captain, having accepted his parole, he messed with Watts in the cabin, and came on deck, and acted altogether as he liked, without any watch being kept upon him, the men of course were kept generally under hatches, allowed to come up now and then. The wind was very light and variable, veering right round the compass, and, after a tedious passage of two days, they anchored

at Oporto, with the French schooner in tow, with the English ensign flying at her peak, and the tricolour under it. When they had anchored, away went Watts on board the admiral, and reported what he had done. 'Well done, my boy, I see your captain told the truth when he said I could not have employed a better man, for you have made yourself a man now,' he says, says he, 'and I'll write a flaming and a true account of your action to the Admiralty, and I have no doubt you'll be made a master and commander.' Well, all this was very comfortable, to jump from the galley to the captain's cabin; but it was common enough in them days: there are skippers in the navy who have smoked their pipes and told yarns in the galley, as we are doing now."

"Ay, to be sure there are, lad," said Will Gibbons; "there's fighting Jerry, as I sailed with, was taken by Lord Exmouth from a collier brig, and now he's commanding a fine frigate in the navy."

"To be sure, lads, hard fighting did it; but howsomnever, young Watts' confirmation as a lieutenant had come from England by the last mail, and a navy list, in which was his name. After he had remained with the squadron at Oporto about a fortnight, one morning the admiral made a signal for the skipper of the Dandy Lion, and away he went. When he got on board, the admiral says, 'Mr. Watts,' says he, 'you have only about eighteen men on board your schooner, and that is not enough; but the squadron is too much in want of men for me to man you, so I shall send you to sea with the few hands you have, just to look out for English merchantmen, and press as many men as you can, taking care to leave them enough to work their ships with; and if you should meet with any French men-of-war, mind you don't attempt to bring them to action with so small a crew as you have, you would be sure to be taken, and so have all your laurels stolen from you.'—'Hands, up anchor,' directly he came on board, and away they went, steering to the nor'ed and eastward. I forgot to tell you, lads, that my father had been taken out of the Lespire and sent back to the Dandy Lion. After they had been knocking about at sea two or three days without seeing anything, one evening, just as the sun was setting, they saw a little speck on the horizon to leeward. 'Bear up hands, wear ship.' Away she went, spanking right before it, and they soon got near enough to see that it was a brig and a merchantman, and as the schooner sailed much the fastest, young Watts said, 'up with our ensign, she can't escape us, be she what nation she will;' up went the flag, and directly the brig saw it, she hoisted an English ensign, and lowered her topgallant sails, but did not attempt to come to or shorten sail. 'Oh, that's it, is it?' says Watts, 'she knows we want men, and doesn't feel inclined to let us have them; but if she doesn't understand how to serve his majesty, I must teach her; so just fire a blank cartridge, a gun is a very convincing argument, and better than all the logic in the world.' Directly they fired she hove to, and Watts went on board himself, with my father and eight men well armed. Directly he got on her deck, Watts says to the skipper, who was as civil as a Jew on pay-day, 'get all your men aft here, and let's have a look at them.'—'Ay, ay, Sir,' says the skipper,

and he began to bustle about, calling all hands aft to muster on the quarter-deck; aft they came, six men and a boy. 'What is this all you've got, old gentleman?'—'Every one, I assure you, Sir; only just enough to work her home, I hope you won't take any away, Sir.'—'Why, perhaps not,' says Watts, 'I'll consider about it; and while I'm thinking about it, Short,' says he, to my father, 'do you take four men with you and go down in the hold, and see if this good gentleman hasn't made a mistake in the number of his ship's company.—Perhaps some men you know, my old friend,' said he, turning to the skipper, 'might have been down in the hold when you called them up to muster, and didn't hear you; go and see, Short,' he says. My father was just going with four men to search, when the skipper, who saw it was no use, that he was found, and couldn't hide his men any longer, said, 'you are a very young man, Sir, but I suspect you are an old man-of-war's man, for I see you are up to all our manœuvres. I'll save you the trouble of searching the ship, and I hope you'll let us off easily for my telling you there are six more men stowed away in my cabin; I'll go and call them up;' so away he went, and brought up six fine fellows.—'Oh, oh!' says Watts, 'I see you are a cunning feller, you kept the six best men for yourself. Well, well,' said he, 'you were quite right to try it; every body for himself and God for us all, is the general maxim; so in pursuance of that same maxim that you have taught me, I shall take these six men with me, and leave you the other six.' The skipper growled a little at this, you may be sure, but Watts wasn't to be done. 'Come jump into the boat, my lads,' says he; 'I'll treat you well you may depend upon it, give you lots of fighting, lots of grog, and lots of prize-money.' Away they went and soon got on board the schooner, hauled to the wind, to back and fill about there, and look for more merchant ships to complete their complement; just after they had made sail, coiled the ropes down, and were standing watching the brig, who was going fast away from them, the new men began talking on the gangway—'Damn it,' said they, 'I'm almost glad I've left the brig, the skipper was a d—d beast and has stopt my grog twice for nothing; I'm a great mind to go aft and tell our skipper of something he'd like to know.'—'So am I,' said another, 'he treated me badly enough.'—'What the devil are you going to tell,' says my father, 'that your skipper stopped your grog; if that's all you've got to tell, you may as well keep it to yourselves, for our skipper won't care a d—n about that.'—'No, no, that's not it, something he'd like to know; shall we tell him, Jack?' said he, turning to one of his old shipmates. 'Ay, lad, why not, d—n our old skipper, say I; lets go aft at once or it will be too late, the brig is making off fast; and look at the old rogue, he's setting royals and crowding all sail to get out of the way.'—'Well, come along then.' So aft they all went to Watts, who was walking the quarter-deck. 'Well, what do you all want, my men?' said he. 'Why, please Sir,' says one of the fellows, taking off his hat, 'that brig has got a French pass, it's concealed in the sole of the captain's—'—'A French pass,' says he; 'hurrah then, she's a prize; quick lads, turn the hands up; wear ship smartly, my lads; fire a gun for her to heave to;' they did, and were soon alongside. 'Now, Short,'

says Watts, 'do you go on board and bring the skipper back to me; don't tell him what I want him for, and take care he doesn't change his boots.' Away went my father, and when he got on board, he says to the skipper, 'our commander wants you, he wants to speak to you.'—'Wants to speak to me?' says the skipper, 'what does he want, do you know?'—'How am I to know what he wants; do you think commanders tells the likes o' me what they wants? But you're going to England, arn't you? don't you think it may be to take a letter, I saw him go down in his cabin with, just after he gived me the orders to bring you on board. I don't say it is so, but I only say don't you think that's the most likely?'—'To be sure,' says the skipper, 'I didn't think o' that; I'll just run down in my cabin and dress a bit, and be with you again directly.'—'Oh, no occasion for that, no occasion for that at all,' says my father; 'our skipper is a rough-and-ready sort o' chap, he wants you just as you are, 'cause he's in a hurry;' so after making two or three more attempts to get below, which my father prevented, he got into the schooner's boat, and was soon on board; when he came on deck, he went up to Watts smirking and smiling as civilly as possible—'Did you want me, Sir? can I be of any service to you in taking letters home, I'll take the greatest care of them; I assure you, Sir, I shall be most happy to do any thing for you.'—'Thank you,' said Watts, 'you are very kind, I am very much obliged to you, but at present I don't want to send any letters home; what I sent for you for was, because when I was on board your brig, I noticed you limped a little, and as you haven't been in action to get any wounds, I conclude you boots pinch you, so I am going to have them stretched. Here, Short,' he says, says he, 'just pull this gentleman's boots off, perhaps there may be some oakum inside, or something that hurts his feet.' At the same time three men jumped fore'd and held him down, while my father pulled off his boots, and in one of them was found the pass, inclosed in a piece of lead covered over with wool, to prevent its rubbing the foot. 'Oh! this is what's the matter with your feet, is it my friend? I shall take you to the admiral, he'll be your doctor. Short,' says he, 'you'll take command of his brig with six of our men, and follow me to Oporto.'—Well, lads, I shan't say no more about young Watts, 'cause I want to give Jack Murray time to finish his yarn, but just say he was made master and commander, and after being in two or three actions, he got his post rank, and at the conclusion of the war he went on shore, and took my father with him, who had refused a warrant, saying he would rather remain as Captain Watts's servant; and there, lads, he is now. So now, Jack, it's your turn."

"Well, lads, I arn't got much to tell, 'cause if I was to tell you all my cruisings I should take you up too long; perhaps I may some day, but not now. I wish I hadn't promised to finish my yarn, but howsomnever as I have, I'll just tell you that when we got to Portsmouth, I sent my letter to Lord ——, and he desired me to call upon him. I did so, and then he asked me what he could do for me; whether I should like to be a warrant officer, or be coxswain to his brother, who was a post captain; 'or would you,' said he, 'rather leave the sea altogether and come and live here? whichever you like; take your

choice.'—'Ah, my lord,' said I, 'I'd rather ten times be coxswain to your lordship's brother.'—'Very well,' said he, 'I am glad of it, for my brother would like to have a coxswain he can trust, and by the letter I have received I know he can trust you.' Well, I went as his coxswain, and a good feller he was; I had lots of fun and plenty of fighting; and he is going to have a ship again soon, and then I shall sail with him again as his coxswain, and that, lads, is all I have got to tell, 'cause I can't stop to tell you more now."

"Is that all you have got to say? Why I thought we should have a good long yarn," said Will Gibbon.

"Well, lads, I meant to tell you one at first, but I've altered my mind, so its no use jawing about it."

There was no more yarning that night, and I left the galley greatly disappointed, I confess, at Jack Murray's ending, but hoping that he would again alter his mind; but I left the ship soon afterwards, and on being appointed to another, I heard a number more of Jack's twisters, with which I shall commence a new series in a future number.

ANACREON.—ODE XLIII.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

RESENTED
8 DEC 1949

Happy insect! blest art thou,
Sipping dewdrops from the bough:
Pouring from some lofty tree,
Like a king, thy melody.
All is thine which flow'ry fields,
Or the verdant meadow yields—
Thine the varied rural stores
Cherish'd by the vernal hours.

Friend of husbandmen, from thee
Nature fears no injury:
All on thee their praise confer,
Summer's vocal harbinger!
Thou wast e'er the muse's choice;
Phœbus gave thy thrilling voice:
Wrinkling age, another's bane,
Brings for thee alone no wane.

Child of wisdom and of song,
Bred thy native fields among,
From blood, from flesh, from passions free,
Thou'rt almost a deity. W.